

Poetry Series

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(james)
- poems -**

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50 year old male married and living in N.M. founder of Poetry in Motion in Artesia N.M. Have some poems published still working on the the books

A Kitty Cat Heaven

When a cat dies and it goes up to heaven,
What about the two lives plus seven?
(A hard way to rhyme but you see,
I had trouble with heaven so let it be)

Anyway does it get to see the other lives,
Will they have harps and what of kitty wives?
When they get to heaven now I'm in a dither,
Will all the streets be made of Kitty litter?

Will there be mice to chase for eternity?
Or will they just lay around in serenity?
I don't have all the answers I know,
But this is true my cat told me so,

There will be humans there with big laps,
Just for them to take thier long, long, long, naps
So perhaps what is heaven to a Kitty Cat,
May not be for us, and that's a true fact.

richard (sean) scarbrough (james)

A New Year Is Coming

A new year is coming, let's hide and lock the doors,
Put the car keys in the safe underneath the floors.
Grab the children, hide them in the closet,
Run to the bank and take out all our deposits.

Put food into the basement, just the cans please,
Make sure we have broccoli but forget the peas.
I know that I might be over-reacting just a tad,
But if I'm right things will be awful, awful bad.

What do you mean I am totally beserek,
I will not let my family think I am a jerk.
The bug is going to hit us and hit us hard,
A new millineum is coming, be on gaurd.

Oh! Oh! I am so ashamed, I am wrong,
You tell me 9 years have come and gone.
Where have I been? Well let me explain,
I have been playing this cool video game.

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A Poet In Heaven

I think that when I die, I shall many poets get to see,
Wether it is Poe, or Dickens, Frost, or even Emily.
We'll all shake hands and give each our names,
But what won't matter will be our amount of Fame.

There will be things to write with, pencil or computer,
Plenty of paper, stone but I can't fathom pewter.
The sun will always be shiny except for maybe Poe,
He might prefer a gloomy day I really don't know.

Our muses will be there too to give us each a start.
My wife will be there, For she has my loving heart.
But when I get to heaven and on those streets of gold,
I know that I will not have to worry about getting old.

I believe that God is a poet too at heart for you see,
He made all things beatiful just for you and for me.
The roses and trees and all that we write about,
Was given for us to use, of that I have no doubt.

richard (sean) scarbrough (james)

Bzzzz Goes The Phone

bzzzz goes the phone as it does in silence,
what gave us the right, what license?
What have we become that even our phones,
must be silenced, are we never alone?

I want to shout that I am alive and not guided,
by those who are offended yet delighted.
These people laugh at you for what you are,
but yet are offended by the shape of your car.

There is always that one who ruins it for the others,
Surely they were never loved even by thier mothers.
When did the rights of the few start to outweigh,
the rights of the many, oh and by the way.

Merry X-mas and Happy Hanukuh and all of that.
Let me tell you friend this is where it's at.
Do unto others as we were once upon a time taught,
Then your lives will not have to come to naught.

I've been on my soap box long enough I guess.
I can hear some one saying give it a rest.
This little poem is not meant to offend,
I'm sorry if I did, ..oh yeah this is the end.

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Don'T Read Under The Covers

Don't read under the covers if you are all alone,
but most importantly don't answer the phone.
Turn all the lights on in the house,
and please be as quiet as a little bitty mouse.

Now you're asking what is wrong with me,
I, m not afraid but you will soon see.
That when you read under the covers all alone,
and you happen to have to answer the phone?

Well what if your feet get all tangled up in the sheets,
you might fall out of bed and cause some grief.
You might step on the dog, or even the cat,
then you'll be sorry, I promise that.

So read in a chair and not in the bed,
If you must then please use your head,
Get slo..wl..y out and put your feet down,
the stand up and check all around.

My uncle Angus broke both of his arms,
and one of his legs, the cat? no harm.
But as he tried to get his balance you see,
fell down the stairs, and spilled his tea.

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Heart Of A Dragon

I have the heart of a dragon, for I fear no one,
From the morning till night i will not run.
I have the heart of a dragon, i will fight,
I will fight, i will stand up for what is right.

The heart of the dragon does not make me mean,
I am brave, steady, strong, but never obscene.
My heart has the need of purity in my strength,
I will fight for this, go to any lengths.

The heart of the dragon means I am strong,
The heart of the dragon must have a song.
A song that all can hear and all will know,
The heart of the dragon is not for show.

I have the heart of the dragon and i must share,
Share with all that ask, all that show they care.
So stand with me, do your part.
Share with me your precious dragon heart.

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I Care

You cared for me when I was lost,
You cared for me regardless the cost,
When I was flailing trying to live,
You gave me hope, allowed me to live.

I care for you for all you have done,
I care for you, because I have won.
My life has changed and it is better,
I will love you my wife for ever.

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I Gave My Cat A Bath

I gave my cat a bath just the other night,
and man can that cat ever bite.

I started with the tail and then the feet,
Then she sliced me up nice and neat.

I suppose I should really have known better,
but my cousin sent me this e-mail letter.

He said his cat loved to get really wet,
I thought he was lying I would have bet.

Well come to find out it was a practical joke,
He sent me this picture of a cat in a boat.

Fishing pole in his little paws and a hat.
Well my cousin don't have a boat or a cat.

Today I sent my cousin a e-mail letter,
Telling him I hoped he got better.

Cause i sent him my cat in a box,
soaked to the skin along with some rocks.

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I Live For...

I live for tomorrow of course and then some,
I live to see the rising of a newborn sun.
I live for the love of family and friends,

I live for a chance to grow old and then die,
I live for a whisper of love or a child's sigh.
I live that I might spread the news of God.

I live for the right to speak my piece,
I live for another day of love and peace.
I live that I might live and God in me.

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I Made A Friend Today

I made a friend today she's as pretty as can be,
Her name I don't remember, she is a friend to me.
She doesn't have to pretty or do hefty deeds,
As long as she listens to my poems, a friend indeed.

I made a friend today his name I do not even know
But a friend he will always be because I said it's so
He doesn't race around in cars or put on a show,
He reads my stuff and that's all I need to know.

I made a friend today and maybe he/she has your name,
If you read my poems I hope you'll know my name.
If I make a new friend I hope you give me your name,
He or she it doesn't matter, after all what's in a name?

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I'M Serious

I'm serious when I say that I Love You, because I do,
I'm serious when I say that you should love me too.
Can't you see that all I have is yours?
How could you even complain that the hamster snores?

I bought him for you so you would not ever be alone,
I mean after all you gotta give a dog a greasy bone.
How could you not love the rodent?
If only his smell wasn't so darn nasty and potent?

Well my dear I will check him out, perhaps new litter will do,
My dear when was the last time you fed little kalamazoo?
His body is stiff and his fur rather molted,
I can see why his smell had made you rather revolted.

I know this poem will certainly strike a few chords just watch,
It talks of death and love and of friendship that was lost,
But I can assure all of you without fighting,
No hamster was harmed through out this writing.

richard (sean) scarbrough (james)

Important..Read This Quick

you must read this quick,
or i will be sick.
so please read this,
and i'll not be...mad.

richard (sean) scarbrough (james)

In Just A Minute

In just a minute, stars have ceased to exist,
In just a minute, a handshake becomes a fist.
In just a minute, worlds are turned upside down,
and in just a minute, I felt like a clown.

It only took a minute for me to fall for you,
but the love I have will last forever, you too?
In just a minute I had to really decide,
should I marry you or to run and hide?

Well today's the day we will call ours,
In just a minute though it seems like hours
We will say our vows before God and men
I should say God, man, and even women.

I take my place beside before the preacher,
I see tears in your eyes, a becoming feature
Tears of happiness I just know how you feel,
Then you say something that made me reel.

I can't marry you please try to understand,
I don't love you, but it's not another man.
In just a minute my world was torn apart,
She loved another to her belonged her heart.

I know there is no one else for me, I love her
So I will take my love and find another.
In a just a minute kingdoms are lost
But the bill goes on and what a cost.

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Is It Fiction Or Non-Fiction?

Listen to my story and I will tell of a midnight ride,
Not by Paul Revere but my great uncle who never lied.
He was there on that most famous of nights,
He was the one who decided on using the lights.

He took his place in history by keeping quiet,
Of the argument that almost started a riot.
You see my friend, Mr. Paul Revere, rest his soul
Wanted to use arrows to mark the toll.

Two arrows would mean the British were coming,
One would mean all was well to keep on humming,
He never understood what that meant or so he said,
But it was night how could you tell what the arrow read?

Paul was outraged and jumped on his mighty steed,
Fled the meeting before the fight could him impede.
Grabbed a lantern on his way out to the streets,
The rest is history including his greatest feats.

Now I have told you the tale of the ride of Paul Revere,
Now get up close so all of you can hear.
Was it fiction the story I just told about the famous ride,
Or should I like my great-uncle not beat against the tide?

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My Cat's Fur

My cat's fur is so soft, he'd make a wonderful glove,
I will wait until he's gone to let him show this love.
He purrs for me when he's happy and content,
I wish I knew just where it is he went.

I told him about him being a glove, just one you see.
He's not big enough for two at least not for me.
Now he's gone and I don't know where but I miss him so.
Surely he did not understand, surely he did not know.

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My Computer Whiz

I have a friend who knows computers really well,
All they do for me is make me scream and yell.
I have seen here make one sit up and beg,
For me? I'd do better to fry an old egg.

It's not fair for I really like computers,
I'd rather do that than be a commuter.
But it is so hard whenever I give it a try,
to have the computer spit in my eye.

So for now I'll leave all the work to her,
I'll go out and buy her a brand new fur.
For though I hate her for making it easy,
computers do make me kind of queasy.

I guess I'll just have to do my very best,
to learn the computer and leave the nest.
But if I do this and it becomes my life,
I have noone to blame except my wife.

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My Love

You are there no matter what and hold my hand.
You do it quietly, no five piece band.
A look or a touch so small and tender,
Sometimes that is all I can seem to remember.

When times are tough and I want to sit and cry,
You come along and ask me why.
Things will get better they always do.
Some how I always seem to trust in you.

So when I'm down you can lift me up on high,
This is what love is about I say with a sigh.
I forever will love you as our life goes on,
You bring love to me in a precious song.

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Poetry As Therapy

I write when I am sad or when I am just plain mad.
I write when I have the blues or hear from Aunt Sue.
I guess I write when I have something to say,
So my feelings won't get in the way.

I can yell and scream, cuss or just plain spit,
but this is the whole and the gist of it.
I write to get things off my chest and to relax,
I don't send them to any one, even in a fax.

I keep some just for me, that no one will ever see.
those are my special ones, they set me free.
They free me from the anger, hate or just the blues.
I can write about the man who hasn't got a clue.

He cut's you off and then it's your fault, GET A LIFE,
I can even tell you how much I Love My Wife.
When I'm blue, sad, or just plain downright boiling mad
I can write it down and not feel quite so bad.

Here's the lesson for today and everyday,
when mad or sad don't run away.
write it down put it on paper or computer,
Don't let someone else make you a pooter.

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Read My Poem Or Else

read my poem or else..I will have a hissy fit,
read my poem or else..i'll write one to fit.
I will write one about you and then,
your life will never be the same.

read my poem or else..i will call my brother,
read my poem or else.. i will tell your mother.
I have written this for all to see,
so please read it just because i am me.

read my poem or else.. i will write two more,
read my poem or else.. i will close the door.
I know that you will like it and nor will you die,
but read my poem or else.. you will make me cry.

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What Is In A Friend?

A friend to me is some one who listens to you and hears,
what you have to say even when you are in tears.

A friend is some one who when they are sad comes to you,
knowing that you would listen to them too.

A friend is there no matter the cost, to them you're the best,
and always will be worth the cost of the test.

A friend is there when you write really mushy poetry for them,
and doesn't mind that you are a guy just like him.

A friend will tell you, you are being stupid and you don't get mad,
because they are the best friends you ever had.

A friend is there when all else is said and done, they're there
A friend like you is so very, very, very rare.

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When A Cat Loves You!

When a cat loves you it will: nip at your hand,
(it thinks you are food, next meal man.)

When a cat loves you it will: bring you mice,
(it is trying to fatten you up, ain't that nice?)

When a cat loves you it will: sleep in your face,
(It's thinking the end of the human race.)

When a cat loves you it will: run between your feet,
(hoping to trip you and be more tender to eat.)

Now don't get me wrong not all cat's are this way,
I have a cat who loves me no matter what I say.
But I really have a confession to make, right now,
I really LOVE cats sharing my kung pau.

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Where Did It Go?

I wrote a poem yesterday and my computer stored it away.
Went to look for it today and this is what pooter had to say.
What poem? I remember no such thing, and are you sure?

Well I hate to complain, not even about the rain,
But I liked the poem, it was about lost love and pain.
Now I must rewrite it but that will be so very hard.

A poem once written can never be written the same again,
For today I might write about loss and pain but with a grin.
So to my compooter I give this word of most serious advice.

Computers can be replaced at a very, very fast pace.
Soon I found my poem and much to my surprise,
It was on a pad of paper, though it was not written by me.

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Why Does Love...?

Why does love have to be so hard?
Why can't it be a sending of a card?
Why does love bring such turmoil?
Because to love means to spoil.

You give everything to the one you love,
Your heart, your soul, your favorite gloves.
You bare your soul, only to have it torn,
To be put together again sad and forlorn.

I have been and always will be in love,
I do not care about the stupid gloves.
So to the love of my life here's a hint.
Protect my love it's heaven sent.

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Why Oh Why! ! !

Why oh why must cows never fly, do you think they might?
Why oh why do camels never cry, do they cry at night?
And why oh why must pigs just live in a pigs sty?
Would'nt they be more comfortable in a mud sty?

So many questions and so few the answers Why oh why?
Why oh why do I wonder so much I could just die.
All my questions I know must have some answers
It's not like I want to marry a big Russian Dancer

Insatiable curiosity is what I'm told that I have,
Is it fatal, do I need a will or maybe just some salve?
I know that puppies do not run faster than cars
But can an aardvark really hum a few bars?

I guess I probably will never have all the answers,
but I still will not marry a big Russian dancer.
So to all of you who think the thoughts I think,
Tell me does Moon cheese really stink?

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Why The 13th Poem Is Bad

Legend has it that a poem about thirteen,
Will cause you to lose weight and get lean.
It will take your will to live and make you mean.
Your poems will all end it the same sound it seems.

So be careful when you write about thirteen,
be sure you are over weight and not to lean.
Take out a policy, not to be really mean.
The poem will haunt you or so it seems.

I'm just kidding there is no such legend about thirteen,
It is just a number and I am fat never have been lean,
I love all my friends and I am never ever mean,
So get off my case, Maybe it's true it seems.

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