

Poetry Series

**Ryan Lee**  
**- poems -**

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## Ryan Lee(10/29/1972)

Ryan currently lives in Houston, TX. He's married to Lisa Wilson Lee and they have two sons - Jeffrey and Nicholas. He's a teacher and football coach. Ryan enjoys reading, writing, and following sports. He's a big New Orleans Saints and LSU Tigers fan. He also likes Notre Dame Fighting Irish football. Ryan writes poems, short stories, and he's currently working on a manuscript. One of his many aspirations is to get published one day. His main ambition is to try and become a better writer each and every day.

# A Spirit Never Dies

Death can cause grief and never ending cries.  
It takes a while for the pain to go away.  
But remember a spirit never dies.

We try to live our lives from day to day.  
Build our legacies as we live.  
Our bodies are just a holding shell.  
Our spirits are here to give.

Loss of loved ones can bring great pain.  
A pain that is difficult to subside.  
Remember the sun will shine after the rain,  
because a spirit never dies.

Ryan Lee

# A Teacher's Poem

The students before me will they finish school and go to college.  
Will they have the maturity or will they have the knowledge?

Some act like they don't care or is that the way it may seem.  
Will they have the drive, the focus, or the ability to dream?

Do they know that they are the future of this great and proud nation?  
Or will they malingering and allow their brains to take a permanent vacation.

All we can do in this day in age is to find the best way to cope.  
And remember to stay positive, persistent, and have hope.

Ryan Lee

# Autumn Saturday In South Bend

Oh how I love that golden dome;  
it gives me a feeling like I'm close to home.  
Game day arrives and the leaves are brown.  
Playing of the Victory March is a joyous sound.  
Fans from all over attend the big game,  
pray in the Grotto, and cheer Notre Dame.  
The cool breeze is like an old friend,  
when it's an autumn Saturday in South Bend.

Ryan Lee

# Blanchard Drive

Nostalgic feelings about this memorable ground.  
Neighbor's voices were a welcome sound.  
Our family lived there for thirty years.  
A place of laughter and a few tears.

Up and down the street I would roam.  
Always knowing my way back home.  
Christmas lights were a wonderful sight.  
Trick-or-treaters strolling on Halloween night.

Work week bustle just before dawn.  
Saturday afternoons of mowing the lawn.  
Ligustrums blooming in the spring.  
Kids riding bicycles, skateboards, or the latest thing.

Late night coffee; an afternoon beer.  
Feeling at home every day of the year.

Ryan Lee

# Chalmette Monument Memories

A breath of fresh air and a walk in the park.  
An early evening stroll before it would get dark.  
A chance to gather my thoughts and get a peace of mind.  
For days that would get rough and not be too kind.

The Monument would be the place where I would take my two boys.  
When they would were bored, and were too old for toys.  
I remember those days when I was younger and in school.  
The teachers would take us on fieldtrips to visit this jewel.

A breath of fresh air and a walk in the park.  
An early evening stroll before it would get dark.

Ryan Lee

# In The Moment

Live in the moment and not in the past.  
Life is too short and it moves too fast.  
The future can be promising; but it can scare you to death  
So enjoy the present and take a deep breath.

Happiness, you will sometimes find;  
is all about your state of mind.  
Take care of what you can control.  
Hold onto what you can hold.

So pack up your troubles and come along for the ride.  
Focus on your faith and give it over to God.

Ryan Lee



# Jackson Barracks

I worked there for many years;  
until it was destroyed by a storm.  
I felt the pain and cried the tears.  
Life now has a different norm.  
For yesteryear had a steady routine.

Friendships were dear and sweet.  
Working in that historical scene.  
Cherishing each person I got to meet.

Although the Barracks is now restored;  
and the years have passed and gone.  
I think fondly of that place I adored.  
As I move into a brand new dawn.

Ryan Lee

# Longing For School Days

I miss seeing students in the crowded hall.  
Longing for football games in the fall.  
Passion and enthusiasm to make an impact.  
Patience to keep my sanity intact.

Working the lessons; loving to teach.  
Seeing the students I'm hoping to reach.  
Summer break comes and it's much anticipated.  
However, it can be hot and a little overrated.

I'll enjoy the beach and do other summertime things.  
But I'll be excited when that first school bell rings.

Ryan Lee

# Navarre Beach

So excited to be vacation bound.  
Smell the salty, breeze off the sound.  
White sand beaches glaring bright.  
Waves crashing day and night.  
Enjoying time with my kids and wife.  
Getting away from the pressures of life.

Being at the beach with not many concerns.  
Only jellyfish stings and bad sunburns.  
Evening time walks on the sand.  
My wife and I hand and hand.

Kids in the pool or on the beach.  
Ice cold beers always within reach.  
Having fun and making the most.  
Enjoying vacation on the Gulf Coast.

Ryan Lee

# N'Awlins State Of Mind

Saints on Sunday and a familiar buzz.  
Seeing familiar faces saying, "Where Y'at Cuz?  
Walking in the Quarter on a warm, spring day.  
The bands and the music and all the jazz that they play.

Mr. Bingle, Canal Street, Christmas in the Oaks.  
Lunch and Dinner at Rocky's with all the fine folks.  
Audubon Zoo in the middle of the fall.  
Getting a burger and a beer at the Port of Call.

New Orleans is the place where I feel at home.  
A place where my spirit will always rest and roam.

Ryan Lee

# Respect

Respect has become an ancient word.  
Practicing it is hardly ever heard.  
Respect you, respect her, and respect me.  
The reality of that happening you rarely see.

Respects starts in the homes.  
And it continues in the schools.  
Do what you are supposed to do.  
And just follow the rules.  
Treat people like you want to be treated.  
Have some humility and don't be conceited.

You say, where's my respect? When do I get mine?  
Start giving it and you'll start getting it in due time.

Ryan Lee

# She Lives On

She lives in the sound of church bells ringing on the hour  
and in the sound of blue jays chirping in the yard.  
She lives on.

She lives whenever I watch Jeopardy, Wheel of Fortune,  
or any new game show.  
She lives on.

She lives in the smell of sycamore trees blowing the breeze  
or in the preparation of a holiday meal.  
She lives on.

She lives whenever I hear a hearty laugh, a funny story  
or a good piece of gossip.  
She lives on.

She lives in Heaven and she lives and me. My grandmother  
passed away many years ago, but she is still with me.  
She lives on.

Ryan Lee

# Stop The Bullies

Stop the bullies from prowling around school.  
Tormenting kids just to be cool.  
Stand up for what is right.  
And keep these cowards far from sight.

The bullies need to think and reflect  
on how they can learn to respect.

The damage that they inflict is great.  
When it stops it can be too late.  
Some victims die both inside and out.  
And to escape it they take the wrong route.

Instead of speaking to people who care.  
They get suffocated by overwhelming despair.  
Instead of seeking help from friends and loved ones  
They resort to suicide from pills, knives, and guns.

Stop the bullies from prowling around school.  
Tormenting kids just to be cool.

Ryan Lee

# The Overwhelming Feeling Of Home

I used to feel the overwhelming feeling of home.  
The feeling you get from a place where you grew up.  
A place where you first did this and you first did that.  
A place where you seem to know everybody, everything,  
and you knew every nook and cranny of the town.  
A place where you felt like you were amongst your tribe.

Then comes a day when that place can no longer be home.  
Mother Nature makes you pay the price for living in a bowl.  
And you pick up and move on and try to get back some normalcy.  
You make frequent trips back to try and find the home feeling.  
But, it's like the Benny Grunch song, "Ain't There No More."

You live in a bigger city now, a different kind of place,  
and it has a lot of nice things and different people to meet.  
A place that just about has everything,  
except that thing you can't put your fingers on.  
The overwhelming feeling of home.

Ryan Lee



# You Will Rise Again

You're down, but it won't be for long.  
Because your will is great, and your faith is strong.  
Life is tough; you must take your shots.  
Your nerves get frazzled and your stomach in knots.

There are times in your life when promise can be seen.  
But then things can turn on a dime and not be too keen.  
Fight the good fight and stay with the course.  
Live life to the fullest without any remorse.

There are times when you are frustrated and suffer burn out.  
Don't give up on yourself; don't succumb to the doubt.  
You have the strength to get through it my friend.  
Because you are indomitable and you will rise again.

Ryan Lee