

Poetry Series

Stephen (Steve) Howard

- poems -

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Stephen (Steve) Howard(1948)

Born in North Carolina, spending his early years in the Appalachian mountains. There weaned on bluegrass and gospel music, and listening to the tales and stories of the misty highlands. Now retired, he spends as much time as possible in the woodlands and on the sweet rivers of his adopted home of northwest Florida.

2012

Oh Kukul Khan the Mayan god,
did make the cornstalks grow.
And if you slaughtered lots of folks,
he'd be beneficent below.
Then in the can of Kukul Khan,
a long long time ago,
an old Mayan poked a feather,
for a chuckle, don't you know.
The feather was a frilly thing,
but proved much more than show.
For it tickled kukul's fancy,
when the Mayan winds did blow.
This was written in the codex,
and some scholars think it so,
that the feather ticked ol Kukul
off.
That's why the Mayans had to go.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

A Different Drummer

I marched to a different drummer,
we marched round quite a bit.
Upon my soul, his drum did roll,
as we marched into the pit.
I marched to a different drummer.
His cause I did extol.
Now he's climbed out on top of me,
and left the drum down in the hole.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

A Little Nap

When I awoke this morning,
the sun was in my eyes,
and life called through the window,
"Come try me on for size!"
But I was still quite sleepy,
and turned my face away,
"It's just a little nap I need.
There's lots of time to play."
The noonday sun was awfully warm.
Much cooler where I lay.
"It's just a little nap I need,
I still have time to play."
Evening found me ready,
but somehow time had slipped away.
It's funny how a little nap,
can last the entire day.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

A Magnificent Haiku

He who seeks the wind.
Must go to the land of beans.
There he shall find it.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

All Too Soon

My love and I went dancing,
on the dark side of the moon.
But there the light, was much too bright,
so we stayed till all too soon.
We strolled along the milky way,
on that balmy night in June.
But there the air was much too rare,
so we stayed till all too soon.
We stopped for tea on Saturn,
with our celestial cup and spoon.
But there our things, spun off the rings,
so we stayed till all too soon.
My love she turned and said to me,
"Oh my, how late the hour!
Shall we return back home my dear,
to our humble earthy bower? "
"Oh yes! ", says I, with starry eye,
and as we passed the moon,
"Perhaps we'll come tomorrow night,
and stay till all too soon."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Alleasyum

Alleasyum, Alleasyum,
I sure do wish I had me some.

It takes the cake, it cleans the pool,
it keeps your moustache looking cool,
it sends the dropout back to school.
Alleasyum.

It picks your nose, it sorts your mail,
it puts the wind back in your sail,
it even dusts the dusty trail.
Alleasyum

It beats the band, reduces sludge,
it bakes a fairly decent fudge,
it hardly ever holds a grudge.
Alleasyum.

It shines the shoe, unsticks the stuck,
it fixes flats on car or truck,
it grows hair on a rubber duck.
Alleasyum

It calms the nerve, it dries the tear,
it blows the wax out of your ear,
it makes your cat abstain from beer.
Alleasyum.

Alleasyum, Alleasyum,
I sure do wish I had me some.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

An Epic Verse

I went out in the morning,
went out in the dew.
Stepped in an epic,
and it stuck to my shoe.
I ran in a circle,
"Oh my what to do,
with this pesky old epic,
now sticking like glue."
I went to the wise man,
to see if might be,
relief for the epic,
the shoe, and for me.
He said, "Settle down!
Walk softly with care,
for epics are precious,
and epics are rare.
You've come for advice,
so here's what to do,
watch where you're going,
stay out of the dew.
My council is free,
as free as can be.
But I need something to read,
so the shoe stays with me."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Apologies To Shelley A Travesty

Boofalootabiffutus.

Far greater was he,
than the rest of the lot of us.

Boofalootabiffitus.

His empire stretched both far and wide.
So wide it only had one side.

Boofalootabiffitus.

Yet his empire was covered by the wind and the sand.

The legend is lost, no plaques or monuments stand.

Oh what a great loss, and what a great shame,
but who in the world could remember that name?

Boofalootabiffitus,

Boofalootabiffitus.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Apologies To Tennyson..A Travesty

Beyond the tethered sheaves of barley,
she sent me and cousin Charlie.
Beyond where Lancelot had ridden,
into the farmer's fields unbidden.
There to fetch on home an onion,
to make a poultice for her bunion.
We gathered here, we gathered there,
in abandon wild, without a care.
We filled a sack up to complete.
With various veggies'twas replete.
At first me lady seemed quite thrilled,
but then her sweet demeanor chilled.
For in the sack she found no onion,
for remission of her bunion.
A likely tuber I held high,
"Doth this thing not suit the eye?
I say to you, this thing will do.
No need to vote and count the ballot.
What you see, is what you got.
Just shut up and use the Shallot.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Appalachian Ladies

And the sweet mountain girls.
Those of gentle glances.
Mona Lisa smiles.
Bright rivers of hair.
Cascading to the small of the back.
Patiently, pensively brushed, morning and night.
The poorest, having no perfume,
a touch of vanilla behind each ear.
The stain of wild cherries, upon soft lips.
To feel more feminine, more lovely.
Necessary only to themselves.
Angels in cotton dresses.
Perfection.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Arrows

Some words are like arrows,
loosed in the dark, out of hand.
Not to know who they'll strike.
Not to know where they'll land.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Ars Gratia Artis

Off to the museum of art we go,
with she in front and me in tow.
Absorb some culture, see the show!
She stands before some framed mish mash,
that seems to me a plate of
hash.
“Look closely at this painting
dear,
do you see deep meaning here?”
I stand and gaze professorial
style,
with stifled laughter, stifled
smile.
I poke my finger in the air,
with a critical look, and a critical flair.
“It's the product of a masters hand.
Primordial dawn in a primordial land.
The offering of some cosmic mind,
chaos complete, yet well defined.
The music of a soul in pain,
yet a symphony of sweet refrain.
A vision of perdition's maw.
Or perhaps he simply couldn't draw.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

As Of Old

Hush!
Be still!
Can't you see them?
Just beyond the fire light.
Souls.
Old souls.
Your fathers.
They wait.
They would dance about the fire.
In dreams.
As of old.
They wait.
Sleep now.
Dream.
They come.
Now dance about the fire.
In dreams.
With the fathers.
Dance.
As of old.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

At Table

I sit alone at table,
at a place self pity has set.
To gnaw old dry and dusty thoughts,
that taste much of regret.
I sit alone at table,
at a place self pity has set.
Trying hard to remember,
all the things I want to forget.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Au Contraire

I can't recall the story,
I remember it quite well.
And since there is no story,
it's a story I will tell.
It was a dark and stormy night,
the skies were bright and clear,
as we a cask of wine unstopped,
to have a glass of beer.
Silver were the golden hues,
of spring that winter's day,
and when I saw her leaving,
I knew she'd come to stay.
We've grown to loathe each other,
we have a love both fine and rare,
and since she's always with me,
I can't find her anywhere.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Bannenir

As I set out for Bannenir,
the night was dark, the night was drear.
The night the deepest of the year,
as I set out for Bannenir.
And the spirits rose above the spires,
their voices cold ancestral fires.
"If you go forth, then you may find,
what lies ahead still lies behind,
and what seems far, just could be near,
on the road to Bannenir.
Steel the soul ere you depart,
the road leads straightway through the heart.
You will become what you most fear,
on the road to Bannenir."
So, clad in princely armor bright,
sword held aloft against the night,
the night the deepest of the year,
I set out for Bannenir.
I timeless traveled far and near,
without a guide, a star, a seer,
each cobblestone a bitter tear,
on the road to Bannenir.
Hope had long since gone to dust.
The sword and armor gone to rust.
It was the waning of the year,
when at last I came to Bannenir.
And the spirits rose above the spires.
Their voices warm ancestral fires.
"So long to wander, lost, alone,
to seek a truth you have always known.
Forgiveness sweet, redemption near.
The day the brightest of the year.
Welcome back to Bannenir."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Beans

Then Mama said,
'Don't put a bean in your ear.'
She said it quite loud,
said it right in my ear.
Now, I'd never thought,
to put a bean in my ear,
until Mama said,
'Don't put a bean in your ear.'
Now she's saying something,
that isn't too clear.
I can't hear her that well,
there's a bean in my ear.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Berry

Some prefer the apple,
while some prefer the cherry.
Some would simply eat them both,
or with either one be merry.
And some prefer to gather thorns,
choosing neither fruit nor berry.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Bite

Be not angry with the mosquito,
for the small bite he would wish,
and be not angry with the heavens,
for making you a tasty dish.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Blossoms

Who shall stay the morning,
when blossoms open to the sun?
Who shall stay the passing day,
the blossoms every one?
Who shall stay the evening,
or the timely blossoms fall,
in the orchard on the hillside,
there beyond the garden wall?
Go and love the morning.
Love the day, come rain or sun.
Go and love the evening.
Love the blossoms every one.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Bubble Bath Sea

I was the captain,
rubber Ducky was mate,
when Mom cried, "All aboard!"
every Saturday late.
Then away we would sail,
faithful Duckey and me,
away we would sail,
on a bubble bath sea.
We coursed all the inlets,
explored all the coves.
Sea monsters and pirates,
we defeated in droves.
We rode out the tempests,
every maelstrom and storm,
and strayed far from port,
while the water was warm.
These times are long over,
times are not as before,
and now Ducky my mate,
is tucked away in a drawer.
But if I ever have children,
if a child there might be,
we'll have a new captain,
and aboard will be three.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Buford

I chanced to meet old Buford,
who looked at me and grinned.
I shook his wrinkled hand and asked,
"How are you my friend?"
He said, "They tell me I've been better,
but I cant recall just when,
for it's best to think on here and now;
not what was, or might have been."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Bug

She wanted to live in the forest.
Be free and be one with the land.
Eat apples and cherries and gumgums.
These things would just fall in her hand.
The wildlife would gather around her.
She would kiss them and have a group hug.
She wanted to live in the forest.
Until she got bit by a bug.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Bust In The Garden

I'm stuck here in the garden.
I watch the flowers come and go.
I wish they'd turn me just a bit,
so I could see another show.
It seems they have abandoned me.
I don't much care for that.
The sun is getting awfully hot.
They could at least give me a
hat.
But looking on the brighter
side.
Just being fair and square.
Although I'll always be a bust,
I'll save a ton on underwear.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Caladis

In Aldelon, fell dragon's keep,
Caladis lay, but did not sleep.
His heart was as the hearts of men.
Fire banked, but bright within.
He smouldered there, and all alone,
upon the pain and grief he'd sown.
Yet anxious still, he was for flight,
to slip his bonds, and shred the night.
In Aldelon, fell dragon's keep,
Caladis lay, but did not sleep.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Caledon

Two moons do lie off Caledon,
hung in a yellow sky.
The wind blows cold down the Insit vale,
where the Yolon flows swift by.

Two lovers dwell in Caledon,
on Yolon's banks, on either side,
and they will never ever meet,
across the Yolon wild and wide.

Two lovers dwell in Caledon,
who stand beside the rushing stream,
and cast their hearts into the mist,
where true love is but a dream.

Two lovers dwell in Caledon,
two bells that cannot ring.
For they listen, never hearing,
the love songs others sing.

Two lovers dwell in Caledon,
and beneath a yellow sky,
they will never ever meet,
yet the Yolon still flows by.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Canyons

In the canyons of my mind,
I searched to see what I might find,
in the canyons of my mind.
And some things there, I found, I find,
were better left untouched,
behind,
in the canyons of my mind.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Carnivores

He was younger and taller,
dressed nicer than me,
as I went in the store,
for some smokes and some tea.
Then when I came out,
He was waiting you bet,
and he said kinda loud,
"Hey man, you got a cigarette?"
I said, "No thanks, I'm all good.
Got a pack as you see.
But I'm grateful for sure.
Thanks for thinking about me."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Carpe Astrum

Young folk think to live forever.
At least I thought that way.
I saw my days as countless stars,
lined up in bright array.
Young folk think to live forever.
At least I thought that way.
Endless on were my tomorrows.
It seemed no harm to waste today.
Young folk think to live forever.
At least I thought that way.
Until my stars became bright fleeting birds,
I could not persuade to stay.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Cast Away

Behold the perfidy of sky,
in roiling hosts clouds legions fly.
Bring the thunder, shake the soul,
let the drums of heaven roll.
Lash the wind, and lightning play.
Cast away, oh cast away!
Into the storm now, struggle, strive.
With each moment be alive.
We have the garden but a day.
Cast away, oh cast away!

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Cayuse

From riding a rowdy cayuse,
old tenderfoot has bruised his caboose.
All the saddle bumped inta,
turned sorta mauve and magenta,
and his giddyup a lovely chartreuse.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Celebrity

When I see me I get all inspired.
It's a wonder I'm not more admired.
On a pedestal high I should be,
turning slow for the faithful to see.
Then should I belch or pass gas,
I'd cry, "How rude and how crass!"
and the world a contrite, "Pardon me!"

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Charlie And Smiley

Smiley was a mongrel dog,
Charlie a lonely boy,
so the fates threw them together,
to share life's trials and joys.
Always on adventures,
they were wont to rove,
upon the shining hillside,
or in the shadowed grove.
Then an unknown trail they traveled,
Winding wild, hard by a bog,
there to see a thing of evil,
squatting, grinning on a log.
Charlie's heart was filled with terror.
He could not move, or even scream.
He had never seen a thing like this before,
while awake or in a dream.
Smiley was the bolder,
he barked, and he gave chase.
Ran the thing into a thicket,
to disappear without a trace.
That the thing would hurt his Smiley,
was now what Charlie greatly feared,
so he gave a shout of gladness,
when Ol Smiley reappeared.
Later on that evening,
safe and warm in Charlie's room,
soft fingers of the lamplight,
brushed away the deeping gloom.
"I'm glad that you were with me.
Good dog, good dog!" young Charlie said,
and the thing that wasn't Smiley,
smiled a smile by Charlie's bed.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Cheese

To rush headlong, just might prove wrong.
Look about with your nose in the breeze.
Things just might be as the old saying goes;
the second mouse gets to eat the cheese.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Choka..Sort Of

Good deeds are water
in a dry and thirsty land
and he shall not thirst,
he who would bring forth water
even if he cannot drink.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Close Of Day

Before there is the close of day,
before this world you must depart,
try to sow the seed of love,
in the garden of your heart.
Where grows love, grows understanding.
It is a thing God has designed,
that the soul and what you've planted,
in the end shall be entwined.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Coconut Grabs

Wiffilabiffila put out to sea.
Typhooned then marooned,
on an island was he.
Yet he found all he needed,
yes he did, yes siree;
oysters, and fishes, a coconut tree.
But he was lonely and bored,
yes he was, yes siree.
There was not much to do,
on his isle in the sea.
He said through a mouthful of coconut grabs,
"Life is ho hum just cavorting with crabs."
Then early one morning,
out with the crabs on a spree,
he spied a young woman,
washed up from the sea.
He rubbed her, and drubbed her,
and twiddled her nose,
until she was huffing and puffing,
and pink as a rose.
Then she hopped all about,
with a tumescent sheen,
shouting, "This is my island,
and I am it's queen! "
She said, "You have been lazy,
lying about in the shade,
but now there's work to be done,
and there's plans to be made."
She made him sweep all the dunes,
wash and stack all the shells.
She hated disorder,
she didn't like smells
She made him cut back on the coconut grabs,
She made him abstain from cavorting with crabs.
She made life a misery.
Yes she did, yes siree.
He longed for the days,
when he was lonely but free.
Then on the horizon,

a sail did appear.
Both he and the queen,
gave a whoop and a cheer.
She said, "I am saved,
I an saved from the sea!
You shall come too,
and my servant you'll be."
Wiffilabiffila said with a wink,
"That's just what I thought,
what I thought you would think."
Then he said through a mouthful of coconut grabs,
"Have a nice trip.
I'm staying here with the crabs."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Come Softly

Come softly love and timely.

Come softly love and slow.

Come softly love and kindly.

Come softly love will grow.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Comfort

Some find comfort in not knowing;
and the place they'd rather be,
is in the dark, without a spark,
of any truth that they might see.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Common Sense

My common sense is drifting,
on a sea that has no shore.
And since I've never been there,
I don't go much anymore.
If I had a boat I'd find it,
and bring it home with me,
but I have never had a boat,
and I've never seen the sea.
So I guess it's gone forever.
It's lost without a doubt.
But since I've never used it,
there's not much to fuss about.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Conscience

Conscience, O conscience,
with you i've been blessed.
You've flown into my soul,
and there made a nest.
You flitter and flutter,
and perch by my ear,
sometimes singing a truth,
that I don't want to hear.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Cream And Sugar

I think upon my now ex wife,
who was to me all joy in life.
Still her precious voice I hear,
"Would you like some coffee dear?"
"Why, yes I would, how sweet of you.
I sure could use a cup of brew."
Then she would say, she had a way,
her eyes that twinkling blue.
"Well, since you're going to the kitchen,
bring me a cup back too."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Creek

There are some quaint old adages,
I can't quite understand.
Some seem quite insightful,
and some seem poorly planned.
There is one that comes to mind,
I hear from time to time,
and in the heart of what it says,
an error I can find.
There is no question to decide,
no fence I need to straddle.
For it's up the creek I'd rather be,
than down without a paddle.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Crescendo

Hush the darkness silver light.
The moon sits on my window.
Smiling as she shares her light,
to quell the night's crescendo.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Cup

The moon does tip her silver cup,
to share her light with me.
Perhaps she knows that in the darkness,
lie many dangers we should see.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Daisies

I was a daisy among all the bluebells.
The bluebells made sure I was told.
But I'm having a ball as a daisy.
Being a daisy has never grown old.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Dance

Life is a dance.
So it would seem.
Done by moonlight.
Done in a dream.
Life is a dance.
So it would seem.
Life is moonlight.
Life is a dream.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Death

I see you, and I know you sir.
You would make of me a slave.
You are a slinking, sulking shadow,
that dogs my footsteps to the grave.
And as the sun is sinking low,
on a day of seeming brevity,
it's now your hateful face you
show,
without conscience, without
empathy.
I say I do not love you sir.
You play a game I cannot win.
You would rob me of the things that were,
and all that might have been.
I tell you I despise you sir.
You are a clinging dark depravity.
And I shun your greedy grasping claw,
with disgust and bold temerity.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Decorum

I've lost my way on the road to decorum.
No more polite and contrite infinitum.
So if you don't agree, with some action you see,
talk to the hand, then go sit on a quorum.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Deep

Some say that I am not too deep.
Naive they scoff and chide.
But whosoever tries to cross,
might find me swift and wide.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Do Not Follow

Do not follow, do not follow.
'Twould be unseemly, untoward.
Do not step upon my shadow.
I'm afraid you'll step too hard.

My shadow is my conscience.
My right or wrong, my yes or no.
And he says you should not
follow.
Do not follow where I go.

Do not follow, do not follow.
It would only bring us grief.
For in time you'd be but shadow,
and like time, I'd be a thief.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Down Undah

I'd love to go to the land down undah;
walkabout where people are few.
Have a little chat with a wallaby,
while I play with my didgeridoo.
I'd like climb like a koala,
in the eucalyptus tree,
look around and find no troubles at all,
for as far as the eye can see.
I'd like to stroll along by the billabong, ,
to sing with the kookaburra bird,
to sing a little song about the joys of life,
that brings joy with every word.
I'd love to go to the land down undah.
That's a trip i could surely use.
Where I can lose my blues,
where the wombats cruise,
and be mates with the kangaroos.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Ebbins Moor

Have you ever been to Ebbins moor,
as the moon arcs through the sky,
the wee folk dance beneath the stars,
with the sea strand there hard by?
Have you ever been to Ebbins moor,
neath a dark and roiling sky,
as the witch wind moans in the heather,
and you hear the banshee cry?
Have you ever been to Ebbins moor,
neath a bleak and brittle sky,
as the white mist ghosts across the land,
and the unseen about you sigh?
Do not go to Ebbins moor,
but it be noonday not alone,
lest the Fae at last reveal themselves,
and claim you for their own.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Ectomy

When you get old and can't half see,
while shaving you must careful be.
Or like as not, you'll miss a spot,
or perform a wattle ectomy.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

El Viejo

My teeth sleep in a water glass,
my hair is falling out,
I have an everlasting hemorrhoid,
the shingles and the gout.
I get lost in my own kitchen,
but find the doorway by and by.
Just to find I'm in another room,
and can't remember why.
I know you think I'm whining,
but just wait you brash young pup.
One day you'll need to go lie down,
if you could just get up.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Empathy

The meat is quite juicy,
tender and pink.
You stuff it on down,
there's no need to think.
Served up with a garnish,
such a fine meal.
It's only just lunch,
if you don't hear it squeal.
How quick we ignore,
refuse and deny,
if we don't see a face,
if we don't hear them cry.
It's not our problem.
There's no need to feel,
if we don't see them fall,
and go under the wheel.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Et

Beneath the bright unearthly strobe,
here comes ET and he's got a probe!
He hasn't come to make war.
He hasn't come to kill or invade us.
He hasn't come to make peace.
He hasn't come to help or to aid us.
The reason he's here,
will soon be perfectly clear.
He'll be searching for life on Uranus.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Experience

I must go change my points of view,
on lies that once I thought were true,
in a youthful state of mind.

I hope you will excuse me now;
for I'm quite a bit behind.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Eyebrows

Do moo cows come with eyebrows?
I'm really not quite sure.
But I wonder if they had them,
would they act more haute couture;
or simply stare across the fields,
and be content with cud du jour?
Would they take up a philosophy,
strut around with savoir faire,
seek the meaning of their lives,
and try to put on underwear?
If you asked a silly question,
would they still answer moo, moo, moo;
or simply raise an eyebrow,
with a scathing look or two?
Do moo cows come with eyebrows?
The yes or no I cannot share.
But when it comes to eyebrows,
I don't think moo cows really care.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Farnsworth

Farnsworth caught the poison oak,
while questing in the fen.
Rubbed each bump and gall with alcohol,
then ran circles in the glen.
The wildlife watched in wonder,
as Farnsworth scampered by.
And from crotch to knees,
he was ill at ease,
as he gave a mournful cry.
The titmouse he took pity,
and said, "Give this a try.
Apply a goop of titmouse poop,
you'll feel better by and by."
Yet Farnsworth seemed ungrateful,
and gave forth no reply.
He just ran in itchy circles,
with a whimpered itchy sigh.
This made titmouse angry,
who while leaving on the fly,
did shoot a goop of titmouse poop,
right into Farnsworth's eye.
Now some say he ran to Memphis.
Some say north to old St. Paul.
But I think he's still here with us,
and not left the place at all.
So should you woodland wander,
and hear vague rustlings on the breeze,
it might just be old Farnsworth,
scooting doughnuts through the trees.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Fickells

I found fickells on the doorstep,
in me tea and on me toast.
I found fickells in me pockets,
and on the Sunday dinner roast.
There are fickells in me hairbrush,
fickells up me nose,
fickells on the door knobs,
and on a pile of dirty clothes.
There are fickells on the ceiling,
fickells on the cat,
and a flock of them seem right at home,
on uncle Wilburs hat.
They mostly seem to lounge about,
I surely hope they mean no harm,
for if I open up a window,
they come in by the swarm.
They seem to be most everywhere.
I've got fickells on the brain.
It's becoming most annoying,
it's becoming quite a strain.
And as to where they're coming from;
I haven't got a clue.
And as to what a fickell is;
well..I'll just leave that up to you.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Finga

Muldoofus Muldinga Balinga,
got angry and gave life da finga.
To which life in reply,
poked right back in his eye.
Poor Muldoofus Muldinga Balinga.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

First Love

Seek me in the quiet places.
The quiet places in your mind.
Among some things that used to be;
perhaps you thought you'd left behind.
Seek me in the quiet places.
It's there my heart you'll find.
Among the things that used to be.
A place it cannot leave behind.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Flamenco

Long ago a young man from Durango,
smeared habenero sauce on his mango.
Then later that day,
whilst shouting "Ole! ",
invented a dance called flamenco.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Flung

Spring has sprung, the pollen flung,
that's how nature's garden grows.
But I cannot see, for the life of me,
why nature would suppose,
that as she flings her flung about,
I'd need a garden up my nose.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Flux

In flux is the crux, for aardvarks and ducks.
For all things that wiggle, waddle or fly.
And the earth too is changing, herself rearranging,
as moment by moment goes by.
It's either warm or it's snowing,
calm or it's blowing,
sometimes it's rainy or dry.
There's always coming or going,
wilting or growing,
saying hello then goodbye.
Sometimes life is amusing, confusing, bemusing,
and for its reason we look up at the sky.
Yes, life was designed, by a far greater mind,
and there's a rhyme and a reason to why.
Search your soul and you'll find,
we're just here to love and be kind,
and watch the ducks and the aardvarks go by.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Fore

When I must hand pick the driving range,
unprotected by a cage,
it seems that hitting range balls,
of a sudden is the rage.
The other day as I picked range balls,
I heard a duffer say,
"I hit the ball like Lee
Trevino,
but I need practice every day.
I'm gonna go and hit some range balls.
Hit em high, and hit em low.
Hook em, thin em, slice em,
I don't care which way they go.
I'll try not to hit that cart boy,
but if I do I just don't care.
Cause cart boys come a dime a dozen,
and have at least one eye to spare."
Well, it's time to pick the range again,
and if that duffer comes today,
I'm gonna go and hit some range balls.
Only back the other way.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Forgiveness

They cried, "You're covered with scars,
you poor pitiful thing.
What heartache and misery the memories must bring."
I said, "They're only just scars.
Have no pity for me.
They don't hurt a bit.
They're where wounds used to be.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

From One Of Granny's Old Jokes

I wanted me a polar bear.
I made a plan both bright and bold.
Then traveled to the frozen north,
where all is raw and cold.
I cut a hole there in the ice.
Cut it right there in the floe,
until I could see the frigid sea,
lying many feet below.
I took a bag of frozen peas,
placed them round the hole just so,
and waited for a bear to come,
which wasn't long you know.
Then there beneath the northern lights,
somewhere near the pole,
when a bear came up to take a pea,
I kicked him square in the ice hole.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Genius

There is a genius of the spirit,
a genius born of old.
A genius more than conscious thought.
A genius of the soul.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Gentle

Gentle come the morning mist.
Gentle come the day.
Gentle as they come to touch.
Gentle as they play.
Gentle come my thoughts of you.
Gentle come each day.
Gentle as they come to touch.
Gentle as they stay.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Goldenrod

When it comes that I am gone,
do not mourn the wasted minute.
Live on, live on, embrace the day,
and everything that's in it.
Do not think upon the time,
I passed and lay beneath the pall.
For the bee was on the goldenrod,
as if nothing passed at all.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Golf Spelled Backwards Is Flog

I think my ball went amuck.
It just bounced off some rich fellers truck.
Can you imagine the money he spent?
Would you look at the size of that dent!
I didn't mean it I swear!
Now who'd park a truck over THERE?
I think my ball went awry.
I hope it's not in someone's eye!
Man, that old lady looks hot!
Would you look at the size of that knot!
I didn't mean it I swear!
I'll just put her back in her chair.
I think my ball went astray.
I may have hit a few stinkers today.
Excuse me there pard,
I'll just play through in your yard.
I didn't mean it I swear!
Now who'd build a house over THERE!
From the clubhouse a marshal was sent,
and my golf clubs he broke or he bent.
He said, Farewell and goodbye!
He didn't even say why!
I guess when your balls go astray,
they want you to go far away.
I didn't mean it I swear!
I'll buy the old broad a new chair!
Then can I come back and play?
Do you rent clubs?

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Goodness

I cannot find the goodness.
I know that it is there.
I cannot find the goodness.
The darkness does not share.
I cannot find the goodness.
It is hidden from my sight.
I cannot find the goodness.
I shall go and find a light.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Guises

Evil comes in many guises,
many forms and shapes and sizes.
Be careful when the heart surmises,
for the heart can deny what the mind apprises.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Haiku

Insults are ripples
Ripples are waves on small seas
There sinking small ships

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Haiku 2

I gave her flowers
Her smile among the roses
Two bouquets I see

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Haiku 3

Sweet love of my youth
Sunset last touches the hill
I wait for you there

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Haiku 4

That sweet sip of wine
I will taste for a lifetime
That sweet sip of you

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Haiku 5

He who seeks the wind
must go to the land of beans
there he shall find it

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Haiku 6

Sand in the oyster
A treasure once rejected
Shall become a pearl

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Haiku 7

Some thoughts it would seem
are butterflies always lost
above flowered fields

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Happenstance

I find no peace within the garden,
there among the ordered rows.
In the orchard on the hillside,
there among the sheltered groves.
Only in the seeming happenstance,
that mother nature grows.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Harvest

The grape will come to season.
Time for harvest and the wine.
Yet as there is a ripening,
one still need tend the vine.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Hat

You pull into the parking lot.
Day is steamy, day is hot.
Then you catch that pungent scent,
a diaper full, fresh from the vent.
The parents and now empty spawn,
have lent their load, and now they're gone.
If there were justice on this earth,
if I could get ny moneys worth;
I'd go to where this bunch are at,
and have them wear this for a hat.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Hear

The ear can hear the sound.
The mind can hear the truth.
The heart hears but its own voice.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Hiking

Off she went hiking,
with her friends, just a few,
bird watching for sparrows,
a titmouse or two.
She hugged up a bunny,
then grabbed her a bear.
The bear didn't like it,
but she seemed unaware.
When the bear threw her down,
and proceeded to chew,
she said, "My oh my,
would you just look at you!
If I knew you were hungry,
I'd have brought the whole crew."
She said, "I'm saving the planet.
It's the right thing to do,
to be returning to nature,
even if as bear poo.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Holes

"There's a hole in the boat! ",
I heard someone shout.
I said, "Yep, that's a hole,
that's a hole no doubt.".
"There's a hole in the boat! ",
I heard another one shout.
"There's about as much water,
within as without! ".
"There's no need to worry.".
I heard another one shout.
"Let's all make a hole,
so the water runs out.".

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Homespun

Homespun is homespun,
homespun that's all.
Not really in style,
at the masque or the ball.
Some verses are homespun,
pushed aside, to the back,
as if sweet simple words,
depth and eloquence lack.
Yet homespun is sturdy.
It's not easily torn.
Some homespun is lovely,
and by all can be worn.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Hook...A Childrens Verse

The fisherman went to the sea he did,
he did, he did, did he.
To catch a fish, a tasty fish,
tra lo, tra la, tra lee.
He was in a hurry, a dither, a flurry,
he was, he was, was he.
So he could hardly wait, to cast his bait,
tra lo, tra la, tra lee.
He felt a tug on the end of his line,
he did, he did, did he.
But when he pulled it back to shore,
there was no fish to see, to see,
there was no fish to see.
A fish rose up in the water,
he did, he did, did he,
and said, "You were in a hurry, a dither, a flurry,
so much you did not see,
that your bait was barely on the hook,
but thanks for feeding me, tra lee,
yes thanks for feeding me."
The fisherman went to the sea he did,
he did, he did, did he,
and because of a hurry, a dither, a flurry,
he caught no fish you see.
So supper was late, and supper was bait,
tra la, tra lo, tra lee.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Hope

Comes the morning, thrush will call,
from brambled hedge, or garden wall.
Sing he must, and sing he will,
though even to a silent hill.
And be there but echoes all along,
he will forget the day, but not his song.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

How Are You Doing?

I've got me the pinkeye.
My sciatica hurts.
I've got some sort of rash,
and a touch of the squirts.
I've contracted a hangnail.
My fungus came back.
I'm allergic to soap,
and there's a wart in my crack.
I can't find my glasses.
There's a rock in my shoe.
I've got halitosis,
and a skin tag or two.
My wallet got stolen.
My wife threw me out.
I can't do the tango,
it riles up my gout.
But I've learned to adapt.
I've not given up hope.
Since my teeth all fell out,
I just floss with a rope.
I'm not one to complain,
and I'm not one to whine.
So to answer your question;
I'm doing just fine.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Hurry Hurry Little Child

Hurry hurry little child,
Summer's on it's way.
Through the tattered gown of April,
shows the brighter cloth of May.
Hurry hurry little child,
Autumn's on its way.
All the leaves are falling now,
there must be no delay.
Theres no more need to hurry child.
It seems Winters come to stay.
And if this is what you hurried for,
you should have stopped a while to play.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

If You'd Be A Sailor

If you'd be a sailor,
if a sailor you'd be.
Don't sit on a mountain,
and wait for the sea.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

In The Know

It must be nice to know just everything.
Everything that comes along.
The answer to each riddle,
the words to every song.
It must be nice to know just everything.
You must be in great demand.
There is no question you can't answer.
How insightful, oh how grand.
It must be nice to just know everything.
We should get on our knees and try,
to have you come and take command,
since you alone know how and why.
It must be nice to know just everything.
Everything that comes along.
It must be nice to know just everything.
Everything but when you're wrong.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Inchworm

The inchworm stops to look around,
as he inchworms now and then.
He don't know where he's going,
but he knows how long it's been.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Inclination

I've a strong inclination,
for some procrastination.
I think there's some on the shelf.
I'll go find it tomorrow,
if I can find time to borrow,
it's a lie I keep telling myself.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Innocence

There is a garden in the heart,
where we as children can play.
And there when we gather the flowers,
not need to know this is called a bouquet.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Instinctive

There is a genius of the ages,
a genius born of old.
A genius more than conscious thought.
A genius of the soul.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Issues And Tissues

Issues and tissues,
whiskey and wine.
Drink em and sink em,
you're gonna be fine.
Then you wake up,
with a pain in your head,
with the issues and tissues,
still waiting in line.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Jealous

Time is but a jealous thief,
who comes each night and day,
to steal the things he cannot use,
and then in silence slips away.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Just Ducky

When you get sad and lonely,
your heart dry and gone to seed.
Don't try to find a woman.
A duck is what you need.
A duck won't say you're lazy,
won't call you a disgrace.
Won't laugh when you get naked.
At least not to your face.
A duck don't like to argue,
won't mope around and cry,
pitch a total hissy fit,
then whack you in the eye.
A duck won't hog the covers.
Won't tell you that you snore.
Make you leave your shoes outside,
or lock the bedroom door.
If you need a bosom buddy,
a duck will be right by your side.
Just ignore the laughter,
when you take him for a ride.
All these things I've told you,
are true, not just a hunch.
And if he ever aggravates you,
you can serve him up for lunch.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Just Eighteen

Mab and I were sweethearts,
when we were just eighteen.
I the strutting rooster,
she the faerie queen.
We would go a wandering,
when we were just eighteen.
Searching for those ins and outs,
and all that in between.
We would slip behind the dunes,
when twilight came to call,
and there discuss the mystery,
not saying anything at all.
Later on within the midnight,
clothed in starlight's silver hue,
I would tell Mab that I loved her,
and she would say she loved me too.
All these times have gone away,
like morning mist upon the stream.
There but in a moment gone.
In a heartbeat it would seem.
Yet how sweetly come the memories,
of the things we've done and seen.
Somewhere Mab and I are holding hands,
and we are just eighteen.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Keyholes

Who is it now that can describe,
how the whole thing is designed,
when each man only takes a peek,
through the keyhole of his mind?

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Kindness

Kindness is a flower.
More precious than the rose.
And it blooms in every season,
to make bright the garden where it grows

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Les Misérables

They hide their eyes from the morning,
in hopes the light goes away.
They turn their face from the dawning,
the truth in its frightful display.
They sit within an unlocked cage,
in their huts by a haunted sea,
to shake old chains at passers by,
crying, "Bondage sets you free!"

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Life

Life, O bright ephemeral day,
fleeting breath that slips away.
Self portrait of unique design,
critiqued and judged by One devine.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Looking Back

Looking back upon my life,
it comes as no surprise,
that at times the hands that hurt me most,
are the hands that dry my eyes.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Lunch

Little mouse wished she could fly like a hawk,
as she sneaked out on clover to munch.
Then lo and behold, her wish came true.
But that was right after lunch.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Mars

I once met a fellow from Mars,
who carried a jar full of stars.
When asked the meaning of this,
he said, "When my lighter's remiss,
they're quite handy for lighting cigars."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

May I Take Your Order?

Two large cheese burgers,
with double the cheese.
Tomato and onion,
mayo if you please.
Three orders of fries,
the extra large size,
two Caesar salads,
four fried apple pies.
Let's throw in some sundaes,
I think three will do.
With whipped cream and sprinkles,
a cherry or two.
What I can't finish here,
I'll take home in a poke.
And since I'm watching my weight,
I'll have a small diet coke.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Me

Me, me wonderful me.
To hell with the others,
it was all about me.
I used and abused,
pushed others back on the shelf,
while I stood in the limelight,
and applauded myself.
I danced only for me.
No stage would I share.
Until I looked on the crowd,
and no one was there.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Me Valentine'

I gayve me luv me faythful eart.
I gayve me luv a rose.
She used me poah eart for a futboll,
en shuved de flowah up me nose.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Mimosa

The mimosa shows her flowers.
Thank you kindly, very much.
But remember the mimosa,
has leaves that close to every touch.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Minute

How vain to measure an hour,
an eon, a minute.
Time doesn't pass.
Only that which is in it.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Misplaced

There was a time,
ago,
embraced,
when a woodland walk,
brought a state of grace.
Sun bright October,
the crisping morn,
the earth renewed,
the soul reborn.
Each day different,
each day new,
each with wondrous things to do.
Each a song that could be sung.
Sung forever,
forever young.
There was a time,
ago,
misplaced.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Moment

And what shall you do,
when I am no more?
No light in the window,
no smile at the door.
What shall you do?
Life will go on.
Forget then the sunset,
embrace the new dawn.
The world is not ending.
To weep would be sin.
Dwell not too long,
in the moment I've been.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Neglected

When I feel a tad neglected,
as the unappreciated will,
I remind myself that I am me,
and give myself a thrill.
Then should I get downhearted,
and no longer feel the thrill,
I tell me that I love me,
and that I always will.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Nettles

Even nettles have flowers.
Even nettles need love.
But the flowers on nettles,
should be touched with a glove.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Night Light

Inconstant form from shadow rises.
In the darkness fear surmises.
What light reveals, relieves, surprises.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

No Time

I have no more time,
to stumble, or bumble,
fumble, fidget, or fall.
I will go over,
around, through, or under,
every time that I meet a wall.
I have no time to grumble,
whine, pine, or mumble,
or on past glories to sit.
Life is a river, a taker, a giver,
I have no time for missing one bit.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Non Compos Mentis

Non compos mentis they says of me!

Nay, nay, no, no says I.

Oh do come take a peek,

it will prove what I speak,

I have plenty of compost in mind.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Nonsense Song

I climbed alone upon the mountain,
to sing my nonsense song.

I climbed alone upon the mountain,
to sing it loud and long.

I climbed alone upon the mountain,
to sing my nonsense song.

And there upon the summit,
found myself among a throng.

I climbed alone upon the mountain,
to sing my nonsense song.

And there upon the mountain,
with the others sang along.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Nostalgia

I sit and smile in reverie,
of things that used to be.
Of woodlands wild, seen as a child,
of friends from long ago.
My heart goes back to the meadows,
to the hills I used to know.
To sunrise on the river,
the evening campfires glow.
My heart goes back to younger days,
as the sun is casting low,
as time would seem a rushing stream,
with me trapped in the flow.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Nothing New

To me it seems there's nothing new,
it seems there's nothing new to me.
It seems everything that might be new,
it seems I find in used to be.
Still it seems there should be something new,
something new to me.
Perhaps it lies behind a veil,
through which I choose not to see.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Now And Then

It's only now and then I think of you,
as life goes on it's way.

When the sun wakes up the morning,
when the moon comes out to play.

Every time that I hear laughter,
or when the teardrops start.

Every time I take a breath,
or feel the beating of my heart.

It's only now and then I think of you,
as life goes on it's way.

It's only now and then I think of you,
every second of the day.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

October Sky

Let us go upon the meadow.
Let us go there you and I.
As the sun begins to lift his head,
in a new October sky.

Let us play upon the meadow.
Let us play there you and I.
And make our castles from the clouds,
in a noon October sky.

Let us linger on the meadow.
Let us linger you and I.
Until the heavens are but mellow gold,
in a late October sky.

Let us dream upon the meadow.
Let us dream there you and I.
And share our dreams with all the stars,
in a night October sky.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Off The Coast Of Macaroon

Off the coast of Macaroon,
I set out to catch a whale.
Teacup for a barquentine,
napkin for a sail.
The harpoon was a salad fork,
the rudder was a spoon.
No finer craft ever braved a wave,
off the coast of Macaroon.
Yet off the coast of Macaroon,
there was no craft that could prevail,
against a dozen hurricanes,
some light drizzle and a gale.
I'm lucky to have made the shore.
I would not be alive to tell the tale,
but for a raft of jelly toast,
of which I made a good avail.
Off the coast of Macaroon,
I'm gonna go and catch a whale.
I think I need a bigger boat.
Next time I'll use a paila

Stephen (Steve) Howard

On Finding Love

Go lightly through the garden,
to find the flower you would choose.
Go lightly through the garden,
for the buds so easy bruise.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

On Principle I Suppose

Dirt, O dirt, O dirtious dirt,
mud and silt and sand.
It's found on your clothes,
tween your toes, up your nose,
and often is found on the hand.
But dirt, O dirt, without dirtious dirt,
just where in the world would we stand?

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Opus

The butterfly his opus writes,
on breezes passing by.
Yet as he writes he does forget,
the how, the when, and why.
A butterfly I'd love to be,
but the fates will not comply.
For I still remember how, and when.
At times I've just forgotten
why.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Oubliette

Have I been gone?
I tend to forget.
I may have went back,
to the old oubliette,
for some self flagellation,
with whips of regret.
Have I been gone?
Sometimes I forget.
I may have went back,
to the old oubliette.
I never can tell from a gash or a weal.
They always look fresh.
I won't let them heal.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Our Fine Feathered Friends

Ho ho, ho ho, and we did go,
out to the momo tree.
And there we played within the shade,
for count of one, two, three.
"Which way, which way? " I heard me say,
to my faithful friend the duck.
"Should we peramble north or south,
or simply trust to luck? "
The look upon his ducky face,
did not reveal the choice to come.
He just looked me in the eye and said,
"I can't believe that you're so dumb."
"What we, what we? ", he says to me,
then with a scornful sigh,
"Preamble where the heck you want,
but me I'm gonna fly! "

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Oz

I woke up this morning in Oz,
the Munchkins embroiled in a cause.
They cried, "All the people are free,
Except those who do not agree.
In freedoms chains we will bind them with laws."
So I hitched up my load,
on the yellow brick road,
and it's back now to Kansas for me.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Peas

Never ever shove a pea, up your nasal cavity.
It makes you wheeze, it makes you sneeze,
and dance a strange fandango.
And although it's just a little pea,
your nose thinks it's a mango.
Some folks will simply stop and stare
Some will laugh, and some won't care,
and some will wonder why you chose,
to shove a legume up your nose.
So wheeze and sneeze, and hop about,
and if the dang thing won't come out,
you better hope it doesn't sprout.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Pebbles

Many skirt around the boulders,
in lifes road as they go through,
to let themselves then be defeated,
by a pebble in their shoe.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Pecos Pete

Now Pecos Pete was a sad galoot,
who always had holes in the top of his boot.
He weren't too bright, the old owlhoot.
He was slow on the draw, but quick on the shoot.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Periphery

Along the sharp periphery,
between the now and used to be,
I walk a cluttered corridor,
from which I am never free.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Piddlin

I wandered about in the Windiewiddle,
with a duck, and a mouse, and a moose with a fiddle.
We paused for a while to piddle in a puddle,
as we mused confused, in the
middle of a muddle.
"I think", said the mouse,
"we've gone astray.
We're all quite lost is what I'd
say."
"Oh my!", said the duck,
"That's such bad luck,
but isn't it a lovely day!"
The moose, if he heard, never
ever said a word,
as he took up his fiddle to
play.
Then poor old me, confused old me,
could say not yea or nay.
So if you wander about in the WIndiewiddle,
with a duck, and a mouse, and a moose with a fiddle,
don't piddle in a puddle, too
long in a muddle,
or you just might lose your way.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Piffleduns

Murlington Piffledun fell on his ass.
Which at times we're all apt to do.
He would not try to rise,
He just growled at the skies,
and uttered some oaths three or two.
He said, " I'll just sit here and pout!
I've been mistreated no doubt!
Misery, oh misery boo hoo! "
He just sat with a groan,
until he turned into stone.
Which at times some Piffleduns choose.
A stone in the grass, all alone on its ass,
by a road all must travel and use.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Pigwiggle

Roostus P. Pigwiggle lived in a bog.
He piggled and wiggled at night through the fog.
He creeped and he peeped at the house on the hill,
where lived Aggie, and Maggie, Old Granny,
and Bill.
He looked in the windows, he snuffed at the door,
this nasty wet thing from the
bog on the
moor.
He thumped and he bumped and he
fumbled about,
until Old Granny heard him, and
raised up a shout.
"Oh what could that be on such a cold night so damp?
I'll build up the fire, I'll turn up the lamp."
Pigwiggle came and he beat on the door.
He beat and he banged, till his beatbanger was sore.
Old Granny was frightened of what might be in store,
but was afraid some poor soul had got lost on the moor.
So she flung the door open, then said with a grin,
"Why it's Mr. Pigwiggle, please won't you come in?
'Tis a raw bitter night, hang your cloak on a nail.
There are scones in the cupboard, and milk in the pail."
Pigwiggle said, "Thank you Granny, that's sweet,
but I was hoping for candy.
It's Halloween!
Trick or treat! "

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Pinderbiff

And Pinderbiff McAsterson,
might be a happy man today,
had he not passed his years,
all in arrears,
in search of April during May.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Point Of View

I went to see ol Stinky,
in his shack down by the sea,
and saw an open window,
as open as could be.
I turned and said to Stinky,
who just sat there with a grin,
"If you don't close the window,
the bugs will all get in."
Stinky looked at me and said,
"My friend, there is no doubt,
that's not where the bugs get in,
that's where the bugs get out."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Pollenated

Spring has sprung, the pollen flung.
That's how nature's garden grows.
But I cannot see, for the life of me,
why nature would suppose,
that as she flings her flung about,
I'd need a garden up my nose.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Ponderous

That must be a ponderous poem.
Profound in it's profundity.
It must be steeped in meanings deep,
complex in it's complexity.
That must be a ponderous poem.
I hope it is you see.
For after fourteen readings,
it doesn't mean a thing to me.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Primrose

Sweet primrose pressed between the pages.
A book of verse from bygone ages.
A token kept, and treasured then.
But to what purpose, to what
end?
A lovers gift, tucked dear away,
a flower picked one idle day?
Who now can say a time, a place,
what yearning heart, a name, a
face;
a crumbling flower the only
trace?
Perhaps it's only heaven knows,
the lives that once entwined the rose.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Privilege

I'm hungry for some oysters.
I shall brook with no delay!
I told the oysters that I'm hungry,
and to serve me right away.
I do so wish they'd hurry.
I should be on my way.
My newest yacht needs fitting out,
I have a tee time late today.
I simply must go have a manicure,
and then there's bridge to play.
The sun is getting awfully hot,
I do not care for sand.
I feel the need to be cooled off,
massaged then gently fanned.
This waiting unattended,
is becoming more than I can stand.
And I find the oysters quite ungrateful,
not to come at my command.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Push

A push is a pull.
Now isn't that grand?
So then a pull is a push.
It just depends where you stand.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Rainbows

If all I ate were rainbows,
I would never leave the sky.
But you can't just live on rainbows.
However hard you try.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Reading A Book While Listening To Your Wife

"So galard, galard galunderous,
did doop with a dalious whoop,
when galick galack perfunderous,
shalo, shalo, shaloo!
Then wahoo ignate delitebus,
came pato, pato, patoop,
as enon, enon, ashay depay,
shalon shalon shaloot shalay!
"I'm sorry dear, what did you say? ".

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Reflections

Having two reflections,
is a thing you might recall,
that hardly happens much too much,
to hardly anyone at all.
So, having two reflections,
is somewhat rare we can agree,
but that seems to be the very thing,
that's happening now to me.
And the thing that makes me wonder most,
about the the how, the why, and what,
is that one of them is smiling,
while the other one is not.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Reflections From Bear Lake

I'd rather be upon the hillside,
when the night mist rolls away,
and watch the sky run into scarlet,
at the start of such a day,

I'd rather be beside the rushes,
where the lonely peeper pleads,
and the flashing red wing blackbird,
sings his soul into the reeds.

I'd rather be within the woodland,
on some wild and winding way,
to have a talk with solitude,
and see what he has to say.

I'd rather be where misty willow,
goes to stand down by the stream,
dip his toe into the water,
and dream his willow dream.

I'd rather be upon the meadow,
when the fireflies come to play,
and watch the sky run into scarlet,
at the end of such a day.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Requiem For A Day

Now let twilight sound the knell,
for a day I've lived and loved so well.
A day of warmth when I am cold,
a day of youth when I am old.
Each hour marked by it's own song,
with hopeful dreams that sang along.
Let this day's timely blossom
fall,
in the orchard there, beyond the
wall.
To be remembered in a dream,
where all good things are what
they seem.
Goodnight, goodnight, the vespers call.
God bless you one, God bless you all.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Revolution

On the steps of Chichen Itza,
we stopped for lunch, and I had pizza.
The Mayans gazed a greedy gaze,
for all they had to eat was maize.
I said, "Hold on my friends,
it's rude to stare.
You know there's not enough to
share.
Don't be crass, and don't be
crude.
Be grateful for your humble food."
On the steps of Chichen Itza,
the Mayans came and took my pizza.
I sat upon the steps forlorn.
They wouldn't give me any corn.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Rumor

A rumor is a nasty bird,
that loves to sing bile, hate and scandal.
And daily visits the village pump,
to crap upon the handle.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Sand

The sea was before him,
the cliffs were behind,
so he sat down and thought,
till a thought came to mind.
'I'll build me a house,
there's plenty of sand.
I'll build it right here,
right here on the strand.'
So he built him a house,
oh so lovely and grand,
and he settled right in,
settled in as he planned.
He felt safe and secure,
as he said with a grin,
'I'm glad it's all done,
cause the tide's coming in.'

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Sarcasm

Once I got a nickel raise.
I guess I wasn't worth a dime.
But I really didn't notice,
our hours varied all the time.
The boss came up to me and said,
"I've given you a nickel raise."
I said, "I'm truly thankful sir,
for your generous, kindly ways."
Then I started crying,
and said through grateful tears,
"Now I can finally get that loaf of bread,
I've saved for all these years! "

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Sauce For The Gander

I've reached that special time in life,
when about some things I just don't care.
Like what the heck that I've got on,
or if I've shaved or combed my hair.
And when it comes to women;
well, I've had quite enough of that.
I'd rather set my shorts on fire,
or be mauled by a feral cat.
But there's still one thing I want from women;
one thing I'd truly love for them to do;
and that's to raise the lid back up,
on the toilet when they're through.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Seams

When I have grown older,
worn out at the seams,
I'll flop on the couch,
and cohabit with dreams.
I'll wear only my boxers,
strut around in the sun,
wink at young women,
and cause them to run.
I'll take out my teeth,
at your formal affair,
break wind in public,
and scratch like a bear.
I'll boast of old glories,
and bore you to tears,
while I play with the hair,
that grows out of my ears.
They'll say I'm disgusting,
but I won't give a crap.
Now find something to do,
cause you're ruining my nap!

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Seasons

The young cling to their causes,
the old cling to their reasons.
The young think in minutes,
the old think in seasons.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Send For Me No Flowers

Send for me no flowers.
No flowers send for me.
Plant a lovely primrose.
Perhaps in fall a willow tree.
There is no need for sorrow.
No flowers send for me.
Save the flowers for the butterfly.
Save the flowers for the bee.
And should you come to visit;
do you come in early spring.
And should you come to visit;
a present kindly bring.
Bring the seeds of flowers.
Sow them wide and sow them free.
Sow them on the meadow;
a gentle coverlet for me.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Senru 3

I gave from the heart
And you, thinking I owed more
became your own slave

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Senryu

I have made this bed
And now in it I must lie
Until I waken

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Senryu 2

Storms surely will come
All will be spiritual
Whilst in storms they stand

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Senryu 4

Sometimes we complain
about the hole in our roof
to those with no homes

Stephen (Steve) Howard

September

Then came my friend September,
who took me by the hand,
and we sang a sweet September song,
as we strolled across the land.
Our paths were bright, complete delight,
from morn till end of day.
Our souls were filled, our hearts were thrilled,
to see Autumn on display.
At last September said, with nodding head,
"I've grown too sleepy now to play,
but I'll be waiting here, for you next year,
when again you come this way.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Shadows

I know that shadows shadow me.
Sometimes in front, sometimes behind.
At noon I'm right on top of one,
but he doesn't seem to mind.
Then on rainy days, or moonless
nights,
or in a darkened room.
I know there's one just waiting
there,
hiding in the gloom.
I know this shouldn't bother me.
I know I shouldn't care.
But each time I close my eyes to
sleep,
they seem to be most everywhere.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Shadows Come And Shadows Go

Shadows come, and shadows go,
to oft times give us quite a fright.
But wherever there are shadows,
there must also be a light.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Shoal River Morning

New wind weaves the willow wood,
the sleeping vines entwined,
stirring deep damp forest thoughts,
in nature's timeless mind.

New rubies are the grass bourn dewes,
the river dons her morning hues,
as she, without a backward glance,
runs on in winding happenstance.

The silvered mist, still caresses, clings,
to sleepy moss grown shadowed things,
and looks askance, at the advance,
of sparkling sunlight's water dance.

The night, reluctant turns away,
to hide her face from newborn day.
To bide her time with practiced art,
until time once more to play her part.
God smiles. Shoal river morning.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Shod

One foot is shod,
the other is bare.
She's walking in circles,
yet seems unaware.
She looks for a shoe,
that no longer is there.
She's wasting her time,
but does not seem to care.
Fruitless and pointless,
to search in despair.
When she can look in her heart,
and pick out a new pair.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Should A Morning

Should a morning come I do not know,
and you awake to see the day,
would you have had a fleeting dream,
of something lost and gone away?
Then later on, when all alone,
would your memory stray,
to walk the fields of days gone by,
where you and I still play?
And I hope there would be comfort,
and in your heart some joy to find,
to recall I loved you dearly,
with heart, and soul, and mind.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Sing

Some voices may not shake the earth,
move the mountains, bridge the span.
But the songs are no less wonderful,
of those who simply sing because
they can.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Skip

I skipped along, free as a lark,
there on the lane, there in the park.
Me heart was light, with joy o'er filled,
to hear the little birdies trill,
then whiff and sniff a daffydill.
I skipped along with natures grace,
tripped and fell flat on me face.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Snare

Spider spins her silver snare,
bejeweled with the dew.
Sparkling in the morning sun,
a kaleidoscope of hue.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

So It Goes

God gave flowers to the nettle;
as well as to the rose.
So it would seem he loves them both;
so it is, and so it goes.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Sol

He climbs above the eastern wall,
as in a dream he must recall.
To the rustlings of desire,
of those who burn beneath the fire.
The earth will spin, the day
repeat,
the circle then again complete.
Then as of old the dream reset,
so what has been will happen yet.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Soup

We were poor when I was young.
I had a hog trough for a crib;
horse shoe for a teething ring,
corn shuck for a bib.
But my crib did have a mobile;
on loan from my sweet dad.
A worn and torn old photograph,
of a pork chop he once had.
He'd borrow it most every night,
when time to feed the family group,
and dip it in hot water,
so we all could have some soup.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Sparrows And Wrens

'Tis said Hansel and Gretel went into the wood,
sparrows and wrens, sparrows and wrens,
leaving their bread crumbs as everyone should,
sparrows and wrens, sparrows and wrens.

Be careful, be cautious,
for at times now and then,
to know where you're going,
you must know where you've been.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Stars

Young folk think to live forever.
At least I thought that way.
I saw my days as countless stars,
lined up in bright array.
Young folk think to live forever.
At least I thought that way.
Endless on were my tomorrows,
it did no harm to waste today.
Young folk think to live forever.
At least I thought that way.
Until my stars became bright fleeting birds,
I could not persuade to stay.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Start Of The Art

There was a Cro Magnon named Dave,
quite refined, if not overly brave.
On the hunt he would pass,
sit at home on his ass,
and draw on the walls of the cave.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Stinking Shoes

Oh, I did whine and sing the blues,
cause I was broke, and needed shoes.
Yet as I grumbled down the street,
I saw a happy man who had no feet.
Why wasn't he sad, I pondered, mused.
Why didn't he whine and sing the blues?
Then the answer truth ensues.
It's cause he didn't need no stinking shoes!

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Stones

Friday comes as Friday will,
like a slow stone rolled,
to the top of the hill.
The weekend comes,
like a feather in the wind,
which you run and chase,
with a childlike grin.
It seems but a moment,
but you realize then,
the stone rolled back,
and it's Monday again.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Summer

I see her barefoot standing there,
in one of her Summer soft dresses.
The woman I love, in Summer soft tresses.
I kiss her mouth, her breast, her eyes,
she Summer sings to me with sighs.
She Summer brings me to the floor,
she loves me now, I love her more.
In Summer's love I'm now embraced,
Summer sweet, sweet Summer taste.
Summer has sweet Summer charms,
as Summer sleeps here in my arms.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Sweeter

'Twere sweeter done from love than conscience.
At least from where I sit.
'Twere sweeter done from love than conscience,
but I shall take what I can get.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Take Another Tack

Sometimes I sail a silly ship,
as both captain and the crew.
Sometimes we sail in silly circles,
without a clue what else to do.
We always need refitting.
Storms have tattered every sail.
The hold is taking water,
and I'm constant at the bail.
I think I'll plan a mutiny.
Things can't go on as before.
I shall maroon this silly captain,
and leave him on some silly shore.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Tanka

Good deeds are water
in a dry and barren land.
And he shall not thirst.
He who would bring forth water.
Even if he cannot drink.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Tea Time

Tea, tea, wonderful tea,
a cup for you, a cup for me.
These tea inclinations,
bring on tea assignments,
I'm ready for tea totally.
Just a dollop of cream,
makes it smooth as a dream.
And some sugar?
Just one lump or two?
Oh I'll have nothing that's sweet,
it goes right to my seat,
but a wee drop of brandy will do.
We can chatter for hours,
births and deaths, baby showers.
About things when we don't have a clue.
About the neighbor's new beau,
he's a doctor you know.
By his car it just has to be true.
We'll show off our new frills,
talk of our ailments and ills,
and whether we're happy or blue.
Drinking tea, tea, wonderful tea.
A cup for you, a cup for me.
Come whenever you're able,
there's a place at the table.
The pots always on, and it's free.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Tempus Fugit

He and I were best of friends,
when we were young and small.
Years ago he'd left his number,
so I gave him a call.
He talked about his marriages,
how his roof leaks when it rains,
how dandelions have claimed the yard,
and how easy carpet stains.
He talked about his children,
Bill and Bob and Sue.
How they never come to see him,
I helped him cry, oh my, boo hoo.
He talked about his aches and pains,
hemorrhoids and rashes too.
How he had almost died last year,
from hangnail and the flu.
I told him I was sorry,
"I wish there was something I could do,
but I think my wife is calling me,
so I'll get back to you."
He and I were best of friends,
when our world was bright and new.
But now he's just a memory,
with a hemorrhoid ortwo.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

That'll Show Em

He latches the gate, and closes the doir,
so those who don't visit, can visit no more!
He sits in a pout, and turns off the phone,
so those who don't call, can just leave him alone!
He mumbles and grumbles through all of his days,
forgetting the phone and the gate work both ways.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Appalachian

Child of the mountains,
child of the hills,
child of the mist,
the rocks and the rills.
Take me back home,
in the highlands to be,
to bide in the wildwood,
that knows not the sea.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Box

In a box I placed my brain,
through seasons wax and seasons wane,
away from harm 'twas safely lain.
No work to do, no wheel to spin,
no die to cast, no lose or win. There I neatly stored some
things,
some plans and schemes,
some hopes and dreams.
I muse about it now and then,
with a shake of the head,
and a wistful grin.
For things might be,
what might have been,
if I could find that box again.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Brook

She took the flower,
the flower she took,
that came down with the water,
that came down with the brook.
She kissed every petal,
every petal so sweet,
from an invisible lover,
she might never meet.
She looked up at the heavens,
the vast empty sky,
looked down at the flower,
and started to cry.
She dropped the flower.
Dropped it back in the brook.
Along with some tears,
from her heart that she took.
She then dried her eyes,
dried her eyes on a dream,
turned her back to the flower,
and started upstream.
For there will be more flowers,
more flowers will be,
far away from her tears,
that now flow to the sea.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Cage

Some birds that have been caged from birth,
that have never known the sky,
will try to make you love the cage,
as they wonder why you wish to fly.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Camping Trip

Went camping with some poets,
three or four or two.
But it weren't long till we noticed,
that something was askew.
We forgot to bring some TP,
for natural things that come to pass.
But in the end we were relieved to see,
that Whitman brought his leaves of grass.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Case For Independent Thought

Some people are like rows of birds,
peached together tightly on a wire.
One flies off, then most fly off,
one heart, one mind, and one desire.
Perhaps there'll be a few remain.
Perhaps a few I could admire.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Embrace

I open my arms to the morning,
with love to embrace the new day.
I scratch like a bear as I'm yawning,
and hope that the rash goes away.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Emperor That Never Was

It must be hard to be the emperor,
when there's no one there to reign.
Ignored, abhorred and treated with disdain.
It must be hard to be the emperor,
when none are left to play your game.
To sit and pout within the throne room,
wondering who you now can blame.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Face

I went into the meadow,
to seek the face of God.
And in the quiet of the morning,
saw the face I've always known.
I went upon the city streets,
to seek the face of God.
And there among the teeming throng,
saw the face I've always known.
I went into my heart of hearts,
to seek the face of God.
And saw the face I once denied,
yet the face I've always known.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Fae And The Huntsman

The Fae came down the mountain,
down,
her heart soft summer rain,
for she had fallen Fae in love,
with a huntsman on the plain.

The Fae came down the mountain,
down,
her song soft as a sigh,
and sang him deep, to faerie sleep,
with a Fae soft lullaby.

The huntsman dreamed he had a dream,
of endless Summer skies,
of silver wings, and faerie rings,
of a queen with opal eyes.

Then the huntsman dreamed he had a dream,
of endless Winter skies,
of gray and old, alone and cold,
of a queen with empty eyes.

The Fae came down the mountain,
down,
her heart soft summer rain,
for she had fallen Fae in love,
with a shepherd on the plain.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Fence

Her name was Jenny Pickles,
and in the days of innocence,
she'd share her jelly sammiches,
and kiss me through the fence.
A princess and her faithful thane,
we'd hold court upon the lawn.
But with time, and tide, and circumstance,
the kingdom's lost and gone.
Now and then I think of her,
and when life gets too intense,
my heart goes back to younger days,
and jelly kisses through the fence.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Fold

They were told what to think,
and thought what was told,
that the ice was quite hot,
and the fire was quite cold.
Don't believe what you see,
it's a lie you've been sold.
You'll be safe in the flock,
you'll be safe in the fold.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Fox And The Moon..A Children's Verse

The moon that came to the meadow,
was as moon as a moon can be.
And the moon was old, and the moon was cold,
cold and old as a moon can be.
The fox that came to the meadow,
was as fox as a fox can be.
And the fox was old, and the fox was cold,
cold and old as a fox can be.
The moon looked down at the meadow.
"If a fox I could only be.
It could do no harm, just once to be warm.
To scamper wild and free."
The fox looked up at the heavens.
"If the moon I could only be.
Just to glide away till the break of day,
no hounds a chasing me."
They lingered there in the meadow,
until the sun ran both from sight.
But the moon was a fox, and
a fox was the moon,
on an old cold meadow night.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Fox Hunt

What beating heart neath heavens deep,
could neither mourn nor open weep?
The baying hound, the braying horn,
now into a life a terror is born.
The thunder of horses, O pitiless sound,
God hears his last cry, as ol Reynard goes down.
Thoughtless and callous the ways of a man.
How shall he be judged, with judgement at hand?
Foxes and huntsmen, blood and distain.
A soul is a soul, to differ only in name.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Garden

My heart has made a garden,
where the thorn falls away from the rose.
Where every flower has your face,
the only flower that grows.
And I tend it oh so carefully,
in rows both pure and true,
and there each breath i take is love,
and there each breath is you.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Gateway

"The gateway is barred.",
he said with a grin,
"But am I without,
or am I within? ".

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Idealist

And Allemon Invincible did sail a troubled sea,
in search of things that never were,
and things that cannot be.
Of men renowned he gathered,
a crew immune to siren song.
All steadfast stern and stalwart.
All valiant proud and strong.
The ship she bore a golden standard,
the light of truth shown round the bow,
and did illume the waves of darkness,
that smote the silvered prow.
Aloof, they rode, the peak, the crest,
of each and every wave.
no thought of veering, intent on steering,
in the selfsame wake they made.
The hold was filled with good intentions,
that warped the boards with useless schemes,
until the waters of delusion,
poured through all the opened seams.
The quest became a weary wind,
and then an endless gale,
that set the heaving decks awash,
and shredded every sail.
Endless on, and evermore,
night was day, and day was night.
They ignored the rocks and breakers,
their course was pure and true and right.
So Allemon Invincible, did sail a troubled sea,
and dashed his dreams upon the rocks,
where rocks could never be.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Jester

The king called for the jester,
and the jester was no fool.
He sensed there might be trouble,
for the summons seemed quite cool.
He was a little frightened,
his knees a little weak,
and he hung his head in silence,
as the king began to speak.
"Long have you been with me.
We have walked a happy mile.
But you no longer make me laugh,
you no longer make me smile."
The jester said unto the king,
"Yes, we have walked a happy mile.
I know that you no longer laugh.
I know you do not smile.
Long have I been with you,
always bowed to your commands,
but in truth the choice to either laugh or cry,
has always been in your own hands."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Kudu

The kudu set out for the river,
dressed up all kudu style,
and as she did pass,
the lion from the grass,
purred ' Stop and stay for a while.'
'Oh that won't do.', Said the wise kudu,
'Although I do admire your smile.
I know about you, from my friend the gnu,
whose bones now lie in a pile.
And I'd hate to be late,
to a previous date,
for a drink with the crocodile.'

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Latch

Just inside the garden wall,
a genius waits, I hear him call.
He sits there with a taunting grin.
He knows I'd like to enter in.
He knows the problem, knows the catch,
I've found the gate, but not the latch.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Maiden And The Dragon

He did alight, from a lofty height,
near the maiden on the strand.
Surprised to see, her standing free,
unfettered foot or hand.
"Oh tell me tender maiden,
for i would truly love to know,
why you have come so bravely,
to where others fear to go."
"Oh pretty, pretty dragon.
long have I loved you from afar.
By day you seem the burning sun,
by night a shooting star."
"I have come to pledge my love to you, "
said the maiden with a sigh,
"and I hope to go back with you,
to your lair up in the sky. "
"Oh silly, silly maiden,
you have made a silly plan.
You should never love a dragon,
you should love a silly man.
Yet I shall take you with me.
But from within, not from without.
And I admire a frisky supper,
so feel free to hop about."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Maze

Then in the night, the clinging night,
the moon she comes, the moon she calls,
and then like silvered teardrops falls,
upon the ruin, the broken walls,
the empty path, the empty halls,
where our love used to live.

Then wander I between the days,
within the mist, the silent haze.
Forever trapped within the maze,
where our love used to live.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Mending

Let shadows of the passing night,
take flight before the sun,
as bright hands of the morning,
work to mend the things undone.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Meocentric Man

"I am the Meocentric Man.
I know the earth is flat.
I don't give a damn what others think.
It's flat, and that is that.
I am the Meocentric Man.
I won't back up or hedge.
And if with me, you won't agree,
I might go over the edge."

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Mob

Come join in the group,
the mob and the crowd.
There's no need to think.
There's no thinking allowed.
At last you'll belong,
chant along and be proud.
How sweet to be safe,
in a dark mindless shroud.
Turn your back to the truth,
let the truth go to sleep.
Don't stray from the flock,
be a good little sheep.
Nameless and blameless,
in whatever you do,
for you are the mob,
and the mob now is you.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Most Impossible Shop

Now Dingus McGruder's Most Impossible Shop,
is way up on the bottom, and way down on the top.
And if you pass by, and find occasion to stop,
you'll find a mop that's a broom, and a broom that's a mop.
There's a happy old parrot, that walks around as he flies,
and row after row of cakes that are pies.
There are big rubber mallets for slicing your bread,
and off in the corner, are shoes for your head.
There are lots of boiled eggs that are ready to fry,
and umbrellas to use when the weather is dry.
There are racks of old shirts, that if given the chance,
will prove quite the rage, when you wear them for pants.
There' free soda pop, and there's not any there,
so they keep it in kegs for the crowds to all share.
You'll be greeted by Dingus, a right friendly old guy,
who'll be saying hello, while he's saying goodbye.
So do come and visit The Most Impossible Shop;
it's way up on the bottom, and way down on the top.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Myself & I

Once I had a railroad line,
the Me Myself & I.
I used to love to ride along,
and watch the world go by.
Then I tore up the railroad tracks,
to spite my enemies and rivals,
which only hastened up departures,
and cancelled all arrivals.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Old Man From Navarre

There was an old man from Navarre,
who loved to smoke a cigar.
One night when plastered on beer,
snuffed one out in his rear,
And was left with a permanent scar.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Pot

Sometimes you say a lot in a little.
Sometimes you say a little in a lot.
Sometimes it's best to say nothing at all,
and leave the lid on top of the pot.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Question

My child asked a question long ago.
I had no answer, did not know.
"Where are butterflies to sleep at night,
when the sun has set, and the moon is bright.
Do they dream within the closing flower,
or find welcome in the faeries bower.
Do they nestle with the drowsy trees,
or slumber on the midnight breeze? "
Now after many years have passed,
I still muse upon the question asked.
"Where are butterflies to sleep at night,
when the sun has set, and the moon is bright? "
I need no answers, no surprise.
Sometimes it's sweet to just surmise,
and see things through a child's eyes.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Seer

The seer wasn't very good.
Quite poor as seers went.
For he was unpredictable,
and rumored importent.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Shaman

The shaman built his shaman fire,
small but bright as fires go.
Then safe behind his only mask,
he proceeded with the show.

He thought his words both sage and subtle,
precise, profound and true.
Yes, beautiful they were to some,
but understood by very few.

He did not seem to grasp that fact.
He did not seem to know;
and wondered why his following,
in numbers slow to grow.

So he sang out even louder,
wishing more would sing along,
in hopes his tiny gathering,
would turn into a throng.

The shamans song went on and on,
but at last came to an end.
To drift away into the night,
to die upon the wind.

Alone, he paused and pondered,
until beneath a shrinking moon,
he knew he should remove the mask,
and sing a kinder tune.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Ship

If I must steer this ship alone,
the sea uncharted, ports unknown,
with no lighthouse on the headland,
to mark a dark unfriendly shore,
no line that's cast to find the shoal,
no guiding star that goes before.
Then I shall fly before the wind,
my back turned toward the gale,
and sing my song into the storm,
whilst setting every sail.
And should you come along beside,
let us exchange a cheerful hail,
with no need to ask,
"What ship is that?"
just take my hand across the rail.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Ticket

Bought me a ticket, but missed the train.
Clickety click, clickety clack.
For me that was lucky cause it jumped the track.
Clickety click, Clickety clack.
You never know what life has got planned.
It deals out the cards, and you play the hand.
Clickety click, clickety.....

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Water Bearer

When the tiger comes to bite,
tomorrow is today,
and forgotten is the earthen pot,
you dropped along the way.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

The Whimsicle Pickle

The Whimsicle pickle,
was out for a stroll,
when he spied a fresh egg,
who was out for a roll.
"Oh you fresh little eggie,
from here I can tell,
you've taken a notion,
to come out of your shell."
Then he said with a flourish,
old fashioned and droll,
"Let's go make a salad,
I'll find us a bowl!"

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Those I's

There are lots and lots of I's.
Can I, did I, do I.
Then around the bend,
there's more my friend.
Will I, would I, could I.
There are lots and lots of I's.
You'll remember if you try.
But the most important I of all,
most of the time is should I.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Thursday

Thursday is gone, Thursday is spent,
to come never no more, I sadly relent.
Thursday is gone, and I confess and resent,
that I'm still confused,
as to where Wednesday went.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Tick Tock

Tick tock, tick tock.
Did I forget, tick tock,
to lock the lock?
Tick tock, tick tock.
Cause I forgot, tick tock,
to wind the clock.
Tick tock, tick tock.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Time

Time, a mindless bird in flight,
knows not the passing day,
and never sees the grasping hands,
that try to stop it on it's way.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Tiny Light

A smile it is a tiny light.
A gentle word, a kindly deed.
But often in the darkness,
a tiny light is all we need.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

To Faerie Land

Leave back, leave back,
the meadow land,
where flowers come to grow.
To look upon a darker place,
a dappled sun will show.
Go down, go down, the leafy deeps;
to the faerie ring;
in the mist;
below.
Then wind along the winding way,
where lonely fireflies glow.
Seek out the path the old ones walked,
so long, so long ago;
until time turns back upon itself,
and the world begins to slow.
It's there that you will find them;
and in that stillness know,
that you have come to find a place;
you were not supposed to go.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Tolkienesque

Not every sleeper can waken.
Not every heart feels the cold.
Not every soul can be shaken.
Not every harp is of gold.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Tomorrow

Should tomorrow come,
come yea or nay,
I do not know, I cannot say.
That promise is not given,
the sun is up, go out and play.
Life is but a heartbeat.
Live each moment, now, today.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Toot

There are things of which I'm doubtful,
some things I haven't figured out.
But there is one thing I'm sure of,
and I'm sure without a doubt.
I'm sure that Otto is a toot,
when Otto's inside out.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

True Love

True love is never weary.
True love is never blind.
True love dwells within the soul,
not in a state of mind.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Turn

I used to turn the young girls heads,
but that was yesterday.
Now every time I turn their heads,
it's around the other way.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Understanding

At times a wounded creature,
in fear and pain will rise and strike.
And if the wound go deep enough,
strike friend and foe alike.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Unnoticed

The tree that blooms unnoticed,
bears sweet blossom still,
and has it's time of beauty,
even on the silent hill.
And the lone flower on the meadow,
neither grieves nor mourns its plight,
but opes its petals to the
morning,
and revels in the light.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Upside Down

To me the world seemed upside down,
"What a silly world!" I said.
Until I found, after looking around,
I'd been standing on my head.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Valentine's Day

Now every year at Valentine's,
my mind goes blank and flat.
It seems everything I try to do,
is trite and quite old hat.
I cannot buy her flowers,
she says flowers make her cry.
She says it makes her very sad,
to watch the flowers die.
I cannot wine and dine her.
Wine makes her want to have a spat.
I cannot buy her candy.
She says candy makes her fat.
So I think I'll just go fishing,
and see what she makes of that.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Walls

There comes a time;
when the walls fall down.
We see age in the eyes of our friends.
We smile.
Accepting.
Remembering.
And there; amid the ruins of pretense,
we shall come to love the evening;
no less than the morn.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Wandering

My heart wanders now the woodland,
where the oak and chestnut grow,
to sense again the wonder,
that as a child I came to know.
My heart wanders on the hillside,
to see the valley down below,
to see the morning form her mist,
that marks the rivers flow.
My heart rests upon the meadow,
bathed in starlight glow.
It rides upon the gentle wind,
that moves the grasses to and fro.
My heart is the summer shower,
lilies on the pond,
the fox within her burrow,
dew drops on the frond.
Grateful now I am to life,
for these memories that I own,
and that my heart can still go wandering,
finding joy to be alone.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

We Two

Her mouth, her kiss, sweet summer bliss,
soft and warm to me.
Her sighs a rare ethereal air.
The breath of a willow tree.
Her eyes were bright with sparkling light,
sapphires of the moon.
And the song they sang, they sang to me,
an ancient, urgent tune.
So there upon the scented earth,
beneath a summer dome of blue,
we became the universe,
and the universe we two.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

What Good A Mansion

What good a mansion, with no way in,
to those outside, when the rains begin?
What good a mansion, without any doors,
as the lightning strikes, and the thunder roars?
What good a mansion, be it made of gold,
to those outside, afraid and cold?
And what good a mansion, of most precious stone,
to be inside, unloved, alone?

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Where The Willawikki Flows

Where the Willawikki flows,
the lolo swim, and the gumgum grows,
along the banks in scented rows,
where the Willawikki flows,
where the Willawikki flows.
The people dress in old place
mats,
they all wear rubber boots for
hats,
where the Willawikki flows,
where the Willawikki flows.
The houses look like brass
spitoons,
the streets are paved with
macaroons,
where the Willawikki flows,
where the Willawikki flows.
They don't need money if you
please,
for that's where money grows on
trees,
where the Willawikki flows,
where the Willawikki flows.
Work is a word that no one knows,
all they know is sweet repose,
where the Willawikki flows,
where the Willawikki flows.
They dance all night by the the
lolo moon,
then sleep till lunch at half
past noon,
where the Willawikki flows,
where the Willawikki flows.
They live their lives without a care,
there's peace and love enough to share,
where the Willawikki flows,
where the Willawikki flows.
I'd love to live where the
gumgum grows,

just sit on the porch and count
my toes,
where the Willawikki flows,
where the Willawikki flows.
There's just one problem I can
see,
me oh my, and my oh me.
None here have seen it, no one
knows,
just where the Willawikki flows,
where the Willawikki flows.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Whispers

I had thought to rise above the strife,
upon the dreams of younger days,
or hide on wasted paths of time,
in some silent, selfish maze.
Yet in seeing all that passes
now,
I cannot call myself a man,
to simply turn my face away,
and not help but as I can.
I see the trouble there before
me,
the misery and travail,
where evil is a living thing,
with no deed beyond the pale.
So I must stay and speak the truth,
though but a whisper in the
gale.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Willful Child

And I shall be that willful child,
who does not wish the end of day.
Who willful lingers in the twilight,
and pleads one minute more to stay.
And I shall be that willful child,
who, when at last is called away,
will turn briefly at the threshold,
one willful minute more to stay;
in hopes to see the stars come out,
or watch the fireflies play.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Willwon't

Some say they won't but they will,
some say they will but they won't.
"It's quite confusing," he said,
"it befuddles me head,
and all I know about know,
is I don't.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Wind

The wind touches her hair.
Becoming visible with it's caress.
Fortunate wind.
Jealousy.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Window

To me a woman's mind is like,
a room that has no door.
I did climb through a window once,
but I won't do THAT no more.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Yoga

The mother of Caesar,
and his paw the old geezer,
said." Son, take heed and take care.
It's impolite to do yoga,
while dressed in a toga,
unless you've got undies to wear.

Stephen (Steve) Howard

Zoology

Just to go among the entitled,
at times a thing which I must do,
I know why apes and monkeys,
throw poo when in the zoo.

Stephen (Steve) Howard