COLLECTION OF

104 VARIETY POEMS

The following poem are a variety of poems dealing with a a pot pourri of subject matter,hoping that one might bring you my reader a lift for your day.

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105-NO WORRIES

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NOT ENOUGH TIME

I raised my children four,with many dreams for them in store.

I loved and prayed them through their life,mine being so filled with trials and Strife.
Now they are raising their own flock, I dare not bother them
And on their door knock.
They 've all told me they are busy around the clock.
The cycle has changed,I used to be that busy to.
I remember so well my mother also feeling so blue.
She 'd say you have so little time that you can spend
With me,but way back then..I 'd think her unfair I just
Couldn 't realize how she felt, I just couldn 't see.
Mom was always in my heart as I rushed around and did
My thing..not realizing her long day 's and her need,I after
All had all my meetings to attend and my children to feed.
Now she 's in glory with the Lord. Her days are short, she 's never bored,
And I realize now that she 's gone, I could have found a bit
More time,to maybe give her phone a ring,or to her
Doorsteps her grandchildren bring,
Even just for a little while, to put on her face, a happy smile.
I did what I could, and I shouldn 't be sad, I was busy and
Rushed and had the weight of the world, that made me feel crushed, it's
Just that sometimes now I get lonely and blue, I too need the love

But somehow it doesnt come through, so I busy myself with

All I can find,and say to myself that it 's all in my mind..I

Shouldn 't be bored and on my family depend,so I take a

(cont.)

Deep breath and brush back a tear and know in my heart

Ternity and mother are near

To be told there's no time for you will be a thing of the past

Earthly hurts and emotions,thoughtlessness,will not last,

Our time will be devoted to God on His throne, we will sing forever, we will be home

21 YEARS

I lived with a man for 21 years through toil, worry, cares and
Tears, yet through all that we went throught.
I still have respect for you.
There was quite a family to be raised, believe me it was so
Hard those days. Demands, commands, do this, do that, I
Gave up sometimes and just plain sat.
Than the other women that came around, quite silently,
With out a sound. A person that I thought was a friend
Hastened the play, provided the end.
Both were at fault, which is always the case, it was a bitter
Pill to face.
We were given two others with whom life we'd
Share, undertaking projects everywhere.
We are friends till the end of this life, all sharing and
Caring without any strife.
God is upset with contracts that are thus broken..God set
His laws He has thus spoken.
God did send His son to set sinners
Free, thus we shall all share eternity.

NOW I TURN 62

Now I remember so well the day , my sainted mother
Said,
"Dear,can't you stay just a while longer? I'm so lonely
And blue."
But I had so many things to do.
Now today I turn 62
What do you want as a gift you say?
I just want you to be with me longer today.
More time to see you laugh and talk, while we are in
This earthly walk.
But I realize that you have so many things to do, I can
Only wish I could bother you.
Now today I turn 62
The story goes on from one to another, you realize only
When you have a sainted mother, how she tried to tell
You she also needed you,
But you had so many things to do.
Now I am 62

Thanksgiving Morn

Tis 5 AM, get the turkey in the oven, get quickly back to bed.
Set the alarm for 8AM, the guests must soon be fed.
Up at 8 and going strong.
Peel the veggies, make the salad, check the turkey and the
Pies, swat the few remaining flies.
The table is set with linen so fine, best dishes are out
With their label, esp. to impress aunt Mable.
12 Noon and all is ready, wait now for the family, they 'll be
Here soon.
The whole bunch will be happy as punch as we celebrate
Thanksgiving Day.

Baby Joy Baby

A most unholy alliance produced the very joy of our lives.
She was born into this
World unwanted, except for the child who carried her.
I accepted her with love and unconditional understanding.
I knew there was to be a monstrous task ahead to preform.
Thus I gathered all my wits about me and hoping no one would
Cruel be.
We gathered the family around to see on what foot the
Support would be.that was really quite a day.
OH why has this befallen us..all teary eyed and in a fuss?
Oh get thee down satan, and for all saints hush.
Put your hands on my tummy grandma and feel what has
Befallen me and is so
Real, must I abandon this reality and suffer for it's mortality?
No not on this grandmothers life, you will never suffer needless strife.
You my child have fallen prey to sin, but the Holy Spirit lives within
And Jesus has forgiven your every sin.
As your child breathes within you now we will
Survive with God"s help, survive it all.
The family's not present war called and told than a true drama did
Unfold.. what should be done,the what to do..the true person in each
One came through.
Each one was told, speak now to me and forever more hold your peace
Or better yet let your words go forever more unspoken.

This eve. a decision has been made, this drama is now forever

Played.The war will now begin purging all lives from sin.

Blessed child was born, new life

Was given out of sin a blessed life will begin.

There were moments precious to remember, priceless visions oh so

Tender fill all the hearts in this family with the joy and the

Peace these grandparents feel, for the greatest gift was

Sent from heaven was sent to live amongst us to be loved and enjoyed

As all of God's innocent children all truly having been born of sin.

The greatest love of our lives is the baby we all share with

Rachel, our baby Alexis

Tuesday

Today is Tuesday,we keep great grand child this day, we
Quickly get ready for work and play.
Alexis sets here early, staying until five,
All the while so good and so alive.
Papa gives her breakfast, while Nanas still asleep
Both are very quite..I don 't even hear a peep.
Than Nana gives her a nice warm bath,
This is always good for a laugh
Now the bottle and all wrapped so snug.
Papa gives her a nice big hug.
Nana rocks Alexis to sleep and sings her a tune.
She will now sleep until noon.
Tues is our happiest day, when our baby Alexis comes to play.

B BRODHAGEN

Tuesday Joy

Up with a gleeful cry and an expression of WRY?—
I fell asleep and there is so much new to do,
I 'll now put Nana through the paces that is what I 'll do.
Lunch time, than play Alexis is having a great day, by four
She begins looking toward the door.
Sleep once more overtakes, Nana quickly dinner makes.
Mama comes from work, uncle Steven 's here too,
Now we have really many fun things to do.
Dinner and home is next plan for her day for night will be
Quickly on it 's way.
Papa and Nana stand and quietly wave as Tuesday is over
We truly have found in Alexis, our four leaf clover.

FLEA

A flea is a miniature form of life, so tiny yet what a bite.
It does it's destruction in such a small way,
That's all it takes to make your day.
AND THE FLEAS LIVE ON
More and more fleas hatch, more and more itch and
Scratch, than comes the break out of rash.
All because of the fellow called flea, an allergy
Now this cannot be.
AND THE FLEAS LIVE HAPPILY ON.
The dogs have recently been flea dipped,
What did I get out of that ,ya I got nipped.
That was my pay for the work of my day.
AND THE FLEAS LIVE ON.

MY NORTHWEST

No traveling on my agenda to the south,
To escape the seasons rain,
It's to beautiful here, I prefer all my aches and pain.
My first ache is in my neck today..another my back and
Then I began to pray.
I almost feel like admitting defeat, than I look out the
Window and it is so neat, the wind is playing on the panes,
Than follows soon the gentle rains.
The neighbors are quickly fleeing Dodge,
Going south to seek a steaming lodge.
Sun burn they will receive and someday skin cancer, that is
Most certainly not my answer.
Each person to their very own, as for us we'd rather be home.
Let the winds blow and the heavenly waters flow as our
Aches and pains cone and go.
For in summer we have the green, the autumn, and the
Fall,the wonderful, believe me we have it all;

We will sit in the window looking at what we love given to

Us by the creator from above we watch our seasons come and go,

It's our northwest and in our hearts we know WE HAVE THE BEST.

FALL

The ever bearing raspberries are bearing in great form
This is the month of October and this is really not the norm
They are not dreading the frost, they are bearing us food, as
Well as a joyful mood for nothing is more fun than picking
Berries on the vein, especially in the cool, crisp fall time

COZY

All is becoming cozy for the winter soon will appear,
We feel it in the morning when we sit down to say grace and light the Fireplace.
We bundle up and go for our day, wheaher work or play
I just feel cozy, same as spring to me feels rosy
Than we are home as the day ends, a nice hot supper shared with our Friends.
The fire glows as do our hearts, as we delight in delightful
Tarts than off we go to our feather beds, as the rain pours down over our heads.
OH MY IT IS SO COZY!

THIS SUBJECT NOT FUNNY

I was enjoying the great out doors when I had a call from nature

I promptly fled behind a tree

There I began to look at logs

What I really did was, I sat on some healthy nettle plants.

I jumped up and began a dance complete with frantic

Chants I felt like I had a million ants invading my pants.

Moral to my serious poem; It is best to go potty right there

At home, watch outdoors on your TV screen,

Can you possibly understand what I mean?

IF not sit on nettles.

When

When I raised my children four I didn't have to worry
About locking the door or searching the neighborhood to
See if perchance a sex predator might be—my neighbor—
The world was still in a state of safe!
In this generation, an era of hatred and strife,
We must constantly be on guard hanging on to sheer life.
Satan's servants of evil our streets roam, be aware always
When away or at home our world is in a dangerous state,
It is end times.
Boys and girls are treated so cruel, while sick parents are
Playing the fool, torturing and killing oh so young, some
Of their lives have scarcely begun.
The world has never been this cruel!
Books and porno are there on the screens, providing the
Means for a sneak, promising the wicked a hellish peek.
We must band together to band their hands,to prevent
From reality their demonic plans.
This part of the world is from the pit.
You and your children are gifts from God above, so be alert,
Watch all, guard all, protect all with love,
Be not of the world today, talk to God and constantly pray.
THE WORLD IS SAFE WHEN WE PRAY AND WORSHIP HIM.

MAD

IF you are without hope and feeling sad, don't come

Knocking at my door, what I will tell you will only make

You mad. I am away in our motor home today, sick and

Tired of satans temptations, I could write books on

Problems of all nations.

People voicing, from, my toe is sore to I 'll kill myself,

I have over extended myself..I 'm stressed, ready to tell them

I will get the gun for them off the shelf. I took the problems

On myself, I should have given them to God.

I love to serve my Lord do as He has taught us

To, sometimes one 's advice is not the answer, only God 's

Love will see us through.

I 'm not God, I am chief of sinners and very mortal, more

Often I am wrong instead of right.

Try to stand on your feet and look up to God, pray for the

Answers with all your might

I 'm away up on the mountain, talking with my Lord,

Asking for the help only He can afford.

I 'll get my head together and come back to the dry land,s

I can be of service to my God and help my fellow man.

Burden Not

My friend had a burden to great to bare, I asked her what

She would do? I plan to tell all my problems to you, for I

Know you will see me through,

I will be free of my care and ready for a flare and you will

Than be heaven only knows where.

I corrected her quite on the spot, explaining to her that I thought not,

I was concerned and sorry..I d heard of her heavy

Load, but telling me would not set her free, it would only be

Putting the problem off on me.

We would talk it all over right good, try to solve her

Problem that is if we could, if not, we would decide on the

Spot that worry we would not , FOR WE KNEW THAT GOD COULD !

CLICKATEY , CLACKATY

CLICATEY CLACKATY was a frog, he lived in a log

He wondered why he had such a name, it seemed such a shame.

He croaked to the birds above in the tree,

Why couldn't my name have been Fiddle Dee Dee?

They chirped back at him and said

Maybe you go clickaty clackaty when you walk or

Maybe even when you talk.

Go ask the wise owl in the tree , maybe she can be of help to thee.

Good idea frog thought, as be began his hop.

OH wise owl can you answer me, why was my name

Clickayy Clackaty instead of Fiddle dee dee ?

Not a lash did she move as she said with a grin,

I would have named you Tiny Green Tim.

He realized he should ask her why, instead he just began to cry

If everyone gave him a different name it would be like

Playing a silly game.

Clickaty Clackaty decided to enjoy his name,

Maybe someday it would bring him fame.
From hop to jog, hop to jog back home he went

To his home in the log

ON BORROWING

Choose, use..BUT RETURN TO ME!

Not broken..chipped,scratched or marred

Not burned or charred.

There's not worse than one who would borrow

And return not.

By the standards of old he would have been shot.

When you borrow ,you are asking for what belongs to another.

This could be aunt, neighbor,sister or even your mother.

In return for lending to you, they expect the item back,

As it belongs NOT TO YOU.

It is far best if you have and borrow not, indeed there

Are times, when down trodden and much in need, you may say

Please, may I borrow from you?

I will truly pay you back when I am quite through.

POTTED TREE

I just freed the potted tree, it was not as God meant it to be,
He had in mind that it would grow up tall, not maned and
Ruined so it wouldn't grow at all.
I WATCHED it when it first came to my home,
I was not to give it any room to roam.
It was to stay in that very small pot,
Having to be pruned also quite a lot.
I had the feeling of being so closed in, the tree felt the
Same our feelings begin.
We both felt it better as we conversed, that the process
Quickly be put in reverse.
I went to the store and a huge pot bought, expansion and
Freedom we both sought.
Now free to grow to it's greatest degree, oh how wonderful
Just to be free.

Garage Sales

Helter, schelter, here they come from all parts of the
Country from far and from near,
Faces eager purses ready, they speed from their cars, trucks and motor
Vans, they have hopeful expectant plans.
There watch that lady push another while yet another goes
Falling in the aisle, causing this person to smile.
Treasure for you treasures for me, from wood to jewelry, laid
Out for us to see.
People of normal, compliance dispositions will turn from
Jackal to Hyde in a short period of time, when they can run
Out and spend a dime.
The rich the poor,the young, the old are all out today,
Yes looking for their POT OF GOLD

THOSE WE LOVE

There are those we meet, we love to greet, we are impressed

At the very first sight.

Than there are those with warts on their nose, bells on their

Toes that we look at in disgust.

The difference in appearance can be ever so great, thus we

Rate persons in certain categories. If these same persons

Were nude, not meaning to be rude, they might be the same

Altho I rather doubt it.

It would be great if all people were neat to know, remember

The distasteful need loving too.

Try loving the wretched , ugly and the scorned, maybe than

You will look better to God.

Your rewards will be great.

MY FISH

I caught a fish the other day at the lake.Quite a dasterly

Mistake this poor fish did make.

I of course was overjoyed.

I caught a cold same day, same lake,

Quite a difference this did make.

I was not overjoyed.

The two of us went home for the feast. Me to eat, fish to be

Eaten.

Once again I was overjoyed.

As I began to cook, my nose began to run. Fish looked at me

And asked if I was having fun.

I was not overjoyed.

I left my fish all cooked on my plate, deciding I felt lousey

And it was late.

One of us cooked, the other feeling half baked, I went to bed

With my stuffed up head,

Neither of us were overjoyed.

GET THE MAIL

OH daddy please go get the mail.There may be a letter from

Someone dear.

Maybe someone is traveling near.

Maybe a check from someone who owes, or a note from

Uncle Jack even ads or some new snack.

So up from your nap..hop please and see, what you will

Bring from the mailbox for me

Oh thanks a lot you 've made my day, a heap of mail you on

Me lay, not one item for me do I see,

Christian Insight sent you a book,

Free checks are there for every snuck, a free tote bag

For a free gift, if you accept their bate. Free this, free

That will be your fate.This mail heads for the wastebasket.

Waste it is called, soon we 'll buy a truck so it can be

Hauled.

Wirrie GIG

We placed a wirriegig out on the fence, it is a fat bumble
Bee, it's such fun to see.
The slightest wind it whines and swirls
Going faster and faster as the storm unfnrls
So very busy flying nowhere, just happy and content being
Up there.

MERRIGOLDS

Bright merrigolds, resembling the sun,
Large, warm, balls with
The heavenly yellow ribbon strung,
So proud they stand, looking up to the sky
As the gentle wind passes by.

The Room

I sit in a room of mentally disturbed people. People

Minds were stolen, never to be the same again.

They were once young and filled with life, now they sit

Bowed and filled with strife.

One sits with eyes toward the floor, another paces a path

Toward the door.

Moans and groans are not unusual here, their minds are

Alert to dread and fear.

I watch as each dreams his reign of terror, I wonder how we

Allowed such error.

So many people come here and than go. Help is attempted by

The Doctors, we know.

Getting to the source is often a fight, they walk in pain

Through this dread night.

LEAVING

I'm leaving here and I "m going there,

I "ll stop along the way I know not where.

An seeing me, you "ll know, I have a place to go.

It may be east, it may be west, whatever sounds to me the

Best.

North sounds to cold and south to hot,

I must give this some serious thought.

If I go up I must come down and this would cause my face

To frown.

Yet going up could not do for fright of height would turn

Me blue.

Since I have been, I m now coming back.

It "s better here. I "ll now have my snack.

DRAUGHT

The earth is cracked for miles ahead.
The birds are lying every where dead
No news is forecast to bring relief and rain,
Just draught and destruction
More of the same.
Our lawns have turned brown,we dare water not.
The plans for gardens of beauty are most certainly shot.
Think back my friend when the rains did pour down,
You grumbled and groaned and wore a perpetual frown.
Just lean back and relax for we live as guests in God's World
and it's for Him to command.
I'd think He'd be so tired of mortals with their instant
Demands.
Just know in his love he shields you, your plight will be brief.
Go,kneel before Hirn, pray now for rain so we'll all find relief.

MY TRIBUTE TO SHIRLEY MITCHEL

The planes were still flying over on their missions dealing with the 2nd world war we were in and the ship yard was building one ship after another.The town of Vancouver had overnight become a full blown women engaged in actually more than she could handle although she was doing a good job.The whole area was extremely active,everyone doing for the war effort,Life going on at an encreased rate of speed. All the commotion did not in the least affect the two young ladies getting off the city bus,on their way home from school,the commotion they were engaged in was quite enough for any self respecting person to turn in awe and rush the other way.The two were engaged in their usual daily argument.They would board the bus so happily in the early morning and would be in an elaborate discussion as they emerged in the afternoon.The verbal battle would end with Bette screaming..I will name my third kid after you cuz I hate your name and I hate you too.The reply was very quickly returned. Shirley, eyes blazing would inform her companion that she felt the same,and since she didn"t like the name Bette or the person bearing the name,she would do the same..her third child would bear the name of her at this time enemy. At this age of fifteen the last item on either girls minds was the thought of kids and certainly not of three, so the threat seemed to be a good one ,as in later years we will discover. Bette"s mother used to watch as the girls came from the bus. If they were on the same side of the street than all was A,OK but usually they would be stomping their two separate ways,thus portraying the usual disagreement. She knew that by evening they would be buddies and once again best friends. Shirley"s folks had moved to another area and Shirley had preferred to finish high school in Vancouver.On agreement of her parents,Bette"s mom found her a home across the street from them where in exchange for her keep ,Shirley would care for their children.This proved an excellent arrangement and thus all were happy, especially the two teenagers.

These years were most happy,despite the two strong willed young ladies the good times were many.

Church young peoples league was an every week source of entertainment and fun especially since our church invited the neat pastoral young men from the college across the river.These fellows provided a good sourse of dates speaking of dates Shirley was the first to venture in that avenue. One of the students studying for the ministry became head over heals in love with Shirley, poor girl she had all she could do to keep the lad at arms length.This was one of the many fellows to envade her life. One day there Mr.Right stood and Bette lost her pal to a wonderful man who became the husband in Shirleys happiest dreams.

Bette also married, thus the two friends were separated, both off raising their families,establishing themselves in their own lives.Their letters were frequent at first but soon the work of living was overwhelming and tho there was still communication it was less frequent.

At this point in time that I am relating..Bette had two children and Shirley had two children.Bette walked out to the mail box that day and found a small envelope,on opening it she looked into the print that said,(BABY BETTE had arrived)The baby she was carrying jumped within her, she knew in her heart baby Shirley would soon arrive and when she did and truly she did arrive a short time later, Shirley would also get the little card that said her namesake had arrived.

Now so many years later Shirleys, Bette and Bette"s Shirley have grown up and are families once again moving the cycle so far away from the two young women of so

(cont.)

many years ago. The young ladies threat did come true and joyfully so! Shirley is a widow lady and Bette is married a second time. Both ladies are well.happy and full of the same spit and vinegar they ever were and if they were not to old to hop on and off a bus you'd better believe they would still be doing just that.yelling at each other and making threats,yet loving and caring for each other as true friends do.

IF IN YOUR LIFE TIME YOU EVER HAVE ONE LIFE LONG TRUE FRIEND YOU ARE INDEED BLESSED.

I HAVE SUCH A FRIEND. B. Brodhagen, Ziakin 1992

I 'll TRY FOR YOU

I 'll try for you for I know what you say is right, and best..but really,
I feel my diagnosis is I simply am so tired that all I really
Need is a good long rest.
Painting and writing are so far in my past, like everything else it
Isn't here to last, so idea's are few and
Dreams are so real, it's so easy to sleep and dream what I feel.
People in life are like trees in the landscape.
You pass by, admire and sometimes share a word or
Two, but it 's such a waste of time for they seldom see
From your view. I've tried to see the beauty and thus to
Others impart the love I've felt with in this now
Saddened heart, but why should I devote time when
Those around can 't discern a nickel from a dime
People Ive learned are there for their own selfish
Desires, this in itself causes a blank, certainly not to
Aspire.
There were heights and goals I would have climbed the
Mountains to meet and now I have one goal to hurry
And do what I must so I can curl up and sleep.
I dream my painting and I roam the halls of my
Rambling home I write endless verse and every now and
Than a poem. I have a great conversation with all I
Chance to meet, men, women they are all my kind of
Folk, laid back relaxed, fun loving, not all up tight
Making me ready to Choke.

I solve all my problems in my dream land world of

Bliss, I hate so to open my eyes and be in a world like this.

I go quietly back to my dream heaven on

Earth, because there I feel I have a place of worth.

I 'm loved by a man I have never known, loved in ways

I have never been shown, like loved just for me, he inspires me so.

Can you blame me for my desire to go ?

The clouds in my dream world are fluffy and light and

Lightly covered with dew, I go back years to a small

Child lying on soft grass, dreaming up at that sky, so

Many dreams to aspire to, so much to do, and in but a

Brief moment all those years were passed, I've finished

All the work that once were my dreams,

They are so in the past and I told you before they

Certainly didn't last, when my inspiration became an

Item of the past, I'm very content, to lie down and

Rest, for in my dreams are all the values that for me are the best.

IN DREAM LAND

As I fall asleep on my pillow,
I am resting under the boughs of an ancient old willow.
I dream of lands so far away, of kings and queens and
All such great things.
I fight with the armies,the warriors of old,
I sit dining and feasting with the meek and the bold.
I become a princess or grand lady at will,or even a hill
Man tending his still.
I mingle with royalty,or with the poor in the street,
I am a kin to all men,whoever I meet.
Now I 'M a baroness dancing at my great ball,
Next dream I become a police women answering a
Distress call.
To become rich and I become poor,
I radiate the emotions,of this I am sure.
I feel pain and elation,
I can become the president ruling the nation.
I toss and I turn all through the night,
Viewing and doing,with gleeful delight.
The excursions in the daytime that would lead me to
Fright,I accomplish quite easily in my dreams at night
I can fly in a plane, or dance in the rain,
Last night I was leading a pit bull by a chain.
I love to go into my world of the dream to escape
Realities of the day and just for awhile have fun and play.

GLORIAS DINNER

A table was set with grace and ease, food by Gloria was
Prepared to please.
Than came time for son David's act,this story is not
Fiction but truly is fact.
Our son is really quite a jewel, as he sat and ate his
Gruel,
He sucked a pea right up his nose,it flew straight
Up,and fell to his toes.
Jason looked up with a startled awe,
As Jon said softly THAT'S MY PA.

Draught

We 've been in a drought for quite a long time

Seems like the clouds have forgotten how to do the

Rain and ease the pain of the dry cracked earth.

The lawns have turned brown and to dust.

We pray for the rain that causes the rust.

We 've been in a draught for a long time now. I

Remember in the days when we use to have the rain.

How you 'd hear the people everywhere complain,

We live in a mess of soggy and wet, but no more

For we 've been in a draught for a long time now.

God knows the plan for His domaine and when He choses

The clouds will remember and drop the rain, and the

People will continue to complain.

We 've been in a draught for a long time now.

The lighting streaks the midnight sky,the thunder crashes Down

In a twinkling of an eye the rains drench the earth,

Cleansing God 's people.

We 've been in a draught for a long time now,

Thank you Lord for the relief of the rain.

Seclusion

We retreated to a distant forest of pine

Parking our home on wheels,we proceeded to rest.

This was truly the life of the blessed.

The air was so fresh our poor lungs rebelled.

Our dogs became homesick and had to be held.

We finally got settled in..now is it time to start having

Fun yet? No not yet.now the dogs have to be run.

I planned to sleep until eight or even nine,6:30 on clue in

Came the dogs..now they had something to do.

People were up wandering around like lost sheep, wishing

For just one more wink of sleep.

The next R.V,er who parked next to us was quickly there to

Intrude,I tried to be civil and not to be rude.

We had driven hundreds of miles to find perfect seclusion

Only to find on coming to the conclusion that this thought

Is purely an illusion.

Our Tree

I watched our tree, from a tiny tree grow;
It grew up so tall and straight.
The summer sun blessed it from above,
The rain poured down Its generous love.
Our tree grew from a baby to a fine young tree.
The limbs reached for the clouds in the sky.
It was dressed in a splendor of foliage that fluffed out,
Oh, so high!
The fury of winter ripped off the
Yet its pride shone forth from inside.
This tree knew for a few months the cold of
Winter, it must abide.
Then Spring with its glory and Summer in full view
Would place back each leaf.
The glory of the tree, they would renew.
Thus, in our lives from tender Christian
To the ones who are mature,
There are many hardships for us to endure.
Just as the tree is stripped of its glory and might,
We know that out of the darkness and night
Comes the beauty and newness of Spring.
As the tree is, once again, dressed in beauty and light,
We will stand before God,
Rewarded in our final fight.

Fear

My friend gave me in my time of need,some poetry his

Friend had given him to read.

I read the works and his soul did see,

Like a curtain drawn he was revealed to me.

There was sorrow and sadness and even despair,

Great feelings of fear were etched everywhere.

His mind is brilliant and his heart rings out true,

But the demon of fear treads deeply there.

Fear resides deep within his being,

Yet on his countenance a bright smile we are seeing.

Fear is devious in her ways,her seed is planted,

For a long time she may smolder and grow.

We can be deceptive to ourselves and not let her show.

We cover her with our beliefs in our Lord,when she strikes

We fight her with faiths sword.

Deeper she hid's within,and due to our weakness in being

Just mortal man,

She will plague us in our days and especially nights,

Torture us whenever she can.

We try to forget her,we work and we play,we do our thing.

In an instant we will hear her sing

You are clutched in my hold,break out now in sweat cold,

I will throw you as a discarded doll,

You now will know fear,you will feel it all.

I stood there feeling limp with fatigue and not able to

Care,here was the fear I had hidden so well.

Fear was not a part of me I was always so strong,besides God

There was no one I could or would tell.

Nights the demons of fear would attack with great

Force,taunting me telling me of each horrible course I have

Deluded myself for quite a long time,it is most apparent

That time for reeavulation is mine.

I can help no one else if I cannot help myself.

So plans for a while have been put on the shelf.

All that I am I have placed in God's care,

He knows that I took on more than I could bare and forgot

An important philosophy,we have to share.

When fear would invade any part of our minds,

Give it quickly to our God ,there true peace we will find.

Never delude yourself no matter how strong you feel you

Are,you are only mortal with one swat you can know weakness.

Be strong always in the Lord.

B.Brodhagen.—1994

Today

The touch of a hand, when you become engulfed in fear,

Knowing your dear ones are standing very near.

Your vision is blurred and you feel so faint.

It is not a pretty picture that is your's today to paint.

The good days are there on the other side of the bad.

Wait on the Lord, get back your proper perspective.

You read my poems, thus I touch your heart.

You share my dreams

We share a special sphere.

You enter my life, I feel you are near.

My dreams now include you as a special part.

I hid from the world and the inevitable fate

Waiting, watching,each move of the play.

Knowing in the annals of time we will have our day.

Misty dew and shadowed fog I stand alone by the gate.

I Paint

I paint a picture in a thousand words.

Knowing my dreams you share.

In lovely green valleys and mountains so high,

I feel your presence there.

In hard working days in sleepless nights,

A pattern is being set into place.

We shall have peace in our hearts and joy in our soul to

Capture and each day face.

COME WITH ME

Come with me now into the world of my dreams

We 'll float on the clouds so high.

We "11 be reckless and free going far, far away

We will say to the world good bye

We will be all alone just you and me, mysteries

Deep we will explore.

No more commotion and endless pain.We will

Blissfully slam the door.

STOLEN START

The stolen plant start has made a great surge,
It's looking fine and growing a root.
Now I am feeling bad, that I had the urge
To pick this leafy piece of loot.
I love to see my plants, thrive and grow,
By taking a start unknown to the owner,
Made the plant an unlawful donor.
All the rest of the starts were given to me.
Now I've become a thief you see.

SMILES

Smiles are so contagious, it seems to me most outrageous
That we don't see a few more
Good morning is so refreshing,it is like a honey dressing
We like to hear a few more.
A hug is super delightful and is so very rightful, I try to
Collect a whole bunch more.
So be a smiling,good morning hugger for all to know
That within your mortal being..the true love of God
We are seeing.

RETURN TO ME

Choose,use,.but return to me..not broken,chipped,scratched or Marred..not burned or even charred.
There is not worse than one who would borrow and return not,
By my standards a returner not should really be quite shot.
When you borrow you ask for what belongs to another,it could
Be your aunt,sister or even your mother.
In return for lending to you ,it is expected to be returned
When you are quite through.
It is really quite for the better if you have and borrow not
Indeed there are times if you be down trodden and in great need.
You may say—Please may I borrow from you?I will return and pay you
Back when I am quite through.

Separate Worlds

We live in separate worlds today,

So different from yesterday.

When the world was bright..and we were in love.

Now it is night.

Thoughts and plans were all for each other,our dreams

Were so many.

That was when the world was bright.we were in love.

Now it is night.

Where one would go.the other was soon to follow.

Caring, loving, being always together.

That was when our world was bright.

Now it is dark and night.

Evil in various forms shattered our lives,coldness

Deception and threatened life.

There was a time when our love was strong and was so

Bright.

Now it is forever black and forever night.

Pages

Last years days are recorded in the many many pages of the

Great book of ages.

Another year slipped by so silently, we wonder why?

Each book records sorrow, grief, joy and gladness. All

Surrounded by sanity and madness.

Silently we wonder why

Another world slipped by

IRRITABILITY

Irritability is trying to combat temper,it happens before

The storm breaks.

When the storm is in full fledged rage

Destruction and violence follow.

Irritability and temper are from the pit of fire

Beware lest they overcome and become your desire.

Diplomatic

To be diplomatic other than in cases of sincerely personal

Or business matters—most people are or have the tendency

To be blatant liars.

These people say what they feel the other person want's to

Hear or stand in agreement wearing a goofy smile.

A person tuned into God stands on the principle of truth

Not on the illusion of the middle line and safe thinking.

Think always kind thoughts even tho it might hurt.

When?

When will the world be at peace?the sounds of the guns
Finally cease?
I feel the onset of a massive rage,this world is on a
Catastrophic stage.
As Rome went down for a mighty fall,
We await only the satanic call.
Scenes from Africa enter our vision..the Jews the Arabic
State of life,their lives abound each day in relentless
Strife.
When oh when is our passionate cry,
As we watch each day,the multitudes die.
The caravans of wagons, go bye carrying the dead.
While guns are firing directly overhead.
The stench of the trenches filled to the top with the dead,
Women and children starving, begging to be lead.
The actors play their roles, while the distant bell tolls.

OFT TIMES

Oft times,dear, I wish you would call, I 'm still your
Mother after all.
Evil and sin transpired in this earthly sphere,
Remember I 'm the one who was always near.
I 'm cast far away..and you care not if I 'm around
Another day.There is nothing more that I can say
Except God gave you to be my child and the love of a
Mother surpasses all, she is geared at a call to go to her
Child 's side.That love will always abide.
No mortal man can intervene, when our great God has set
The scene.
I hope my dear that you may never feel, the pain that is
So real, when a mother has cared for her child for many
Years.Through heart ache and tears had taught her to serve
Her Lord so that she the heavenly ship will board,
Than one day she is cast away and the hours become to few in a
Day, she than can only sit and pray.
Life passes down from one to another, I 'M certain that one
Day you will experience what I am going through for as you
Do to another will come back to you.
God is in His heavens for he tells me of that Land, stripped of
Unkindness of this world, where only love is unfurled.
We will all be one with Him and live in peace and love
I pray I will know you as I did in the past, where you will
Be my same little girl and we will be home at last.

FLAW'S

I love rainy weather for it shows not life's flaws
The dust on the end tables, finger marks on the windows
Natural disasters that are called housekeeping laws
When the sun shines bright, my house becomes a dusty
Sight.

I WAIT

I wait and wait the whole day through for you to do the
Things you do.
I wait until you comb your hair and dress so our breakfast
We can together bless.
Than on to town and to the store, wait again a good hour more
The bank is next, than gas station to fill the tank, wait
While your jaw jackin with some crank.
Now in route to the stereo and TV store where you have so
Much to explore.
Next to the doctor's we will go to see, what is really wrong
That is with me. I could really tell thee. That's good for an hour or two
Or even three. We are ready now to go home for a nap,till four
Tell me could I ask for more? As eve.approaches we wait for out TV
Show or maybe we wait for a special place to go.All in all
All I do is wait,this is my life ,my inevitable fate. -
The consolation that I have is that you share with me the
Very same fate,cause you are lucky enough to be my mate.

BE GENEROUS

A person who is generous avoids the tag of being tight
This caption defines one who hangs on with all their might.
Spending a dime for that person is a dreadful plight.
He does for no one but himself so all his assets are pilled
High on the shelf his one is not a collector of Delft.

Waiting

To wait is to remain still and calm as you with great
Eagerness and frustration sit or stand on one foot
And than another until either the person or the news or the something
Arrives or is delivered.
AT WHICH TIME—you pat yourself on the back for having had what it
Takes to WAIT !

THE FROST

The frost is a film of beauty, as it covers over the city.
It glistens and shimers, with no mercy or pity.
The plants that were left from the summers sun..are now
Withered and cold and so much done.
The steps of the manor are icy and slick, if you lose your
Footing,you 'd better be quick.

ROOM ALONE

A room alone where I can explore..the deepest depth of deep.
Where flare a whimsical thought can float, nor a speck of dust seep.
Within the walls no confidence is broken,there are no word
Spoken
Only the deepest depths of deep.
Where not a vanity unfuris or there in intrudes an
Intellectual creep.
A thought will remain as if on ice,confined to my inner
Being, no spying eyes are seeing,
Tile deepest depth of the deep where even the fire of
Passion stirs,only the vision supersedes curs.
A room to generate your knowing, discerning what to
Keep for showing.
Out of the deepest depths of deep.
To seek, renew, realize, keeping only what is wise.

BE DIFFERENT

Dare to be different with what you write, the world is there

IN your sight.

If the sameness is your style, dare to be different once in awhile.

If you speak in mono voice not an angel will rejoice.

If you only change your tune.

All will bay with you at the moon.

Centuries of writing has been done, very few subjects are

Yet to be run,

So vary as much as you possibly can, bring inspiration to

Your fellow man.

66TH

IT was 66 years ago at 4 when God sent me from
Heaven to knock on my parents door.
I arrived amid much ado, cuz I had a hard time traveling through.
I arrived with welcome abounding..had there been trumpets,
They would have been sounding.
Mom was thrilled as she could be, daddy was filled with such great glee,
Now this makes our family THREE
I praise the Lord this day of my birth for letting me be a part of
God 's earth,for giving me a family that has grown so large,
With you dearest Savior ever in charge.
There have been trials and hard times in my life, but with our great
God at the helm, we've dispursed all the strife. God sent me here many
Missions to accomplish in His world,with the sword and
His armour these I obediently unfurl.
I thank you God for these 66 years I 've lived and what ever you have
For me in the future, I 'll give to you all my humane can render and I
Praise you forever for your love so tender.

B.Brodhagen Ziakin—SEPT.19—1996—Poets 66th Birthday.

NOTHING

Theres been something written about everything,the

Who, how, places, spaces, what ere you conjure nothing left out, nothing

Obscure.

The subject of nothing hasn 't made much acclaim,so with

This word, we shall reach for fame.

How can I write about nothing no matter how you word it

A something will emerge,thus giving you the urge to

Explore another region.

There is nothing that will make a rhythm with nothing

Even so nothing has an ominous ring an over tone of

Expectation

The possibilities of a poem could be pondered upon on a

Long VACATION—So MUCH FOR NOTHING

MY DANARIUS

I cherish my danarius from the days of ancient Rome,Ceasar and his

Reign—65BC—was it's original home.

The coin had a birthday of 2062 years ago. It shines and

Holds its shape quite well even tho it passed through so

Many hands being used to buy and sell until today when it

Chose with me to dwell.

I touch the tiny relic of the ages and a shiver passes as I

Realize the depth of time, if we only knew it's story, whether

Bright or even gory. It has passed through many lands.

So many hands, now it has definite plans

It is within a glass crystal hanging on a silver chain..

Hanging around my neck

My danarius will ever reign.

IF

If you follow a new objective straighten your present

Perspective

Think with a clear dispensation, who knows you may soon

Rule a nation.

A new objective will lead you to higher goals, straightening

Your perspective will eliminate extra folds.

THE COLD

I 've been so ill that I felt I would not get old. It was

The effects of a common cold.

My head expanded to twice it 's size, I began getting ready

For my demise.

Than came the problem of my eyes .

From whense came the tears

In a regular flow.

No one has ever felt this low.This I surely know.

My teeth began to chatter, it was now freezing cold .I ran

For the vicks and a towel did fold

Now I am burning literally up, would you please bring me

My tea cup?

I'm coughing until my face is turning blue, whatever shall I

Try to do?

I 've tried this and I 've tried that, naw I shall try kicking

THE CAT.

I am not complaining, this I would never do,I JUST HATE

COLDS AND TOUCHES OF FLU.

DING,PING,BING

Ding.ping.bing, the rain doth sing,the signs of early spring.

The sun shines as the rain clouds pass.

I sit by my window and enjoy spring's show

The earth is so clean and, glistens so, all doth truly glow.

Winters fury is charted in the past, spring is here at last.

The spring rides in on a soft gentle breeze, stirring lightly

The leaves in the trees.

Ding, ping, bing, the rain doth sing.

The signs of early spring.

DATE RAPE

THE WRONG PLACE

HE DROPPED A PILL IN HER COKE

SHE DRANK.

FIERY TEMPEST

FOLLOWED MOMENTS OF SIN

RESULT—CHILD WITHIN

TIMES OF DISBELIEF

REVEALING CAUSING MUCH GRIEF

Decision to keep or kill?

FOLLOWED BY DOING GOD'S WILL

MAN PUNISHED FOR HIS CRUEL DEED

GIRL HELPED IN HER NEED

BORN A CHILD FROM GOD

GOD AND GRANDPARENTS TN CONTROL

FAMILY SUPPORT, DIFFICULT ROLE.

EYES

Two sets of eyes looking in my patio door, with looks of

Feed me to please love me some more.

Eyes that want to tell me to open the screen, come on mama

Don't be mean. We want in so our fun can begin.

We can romp and play and pull dollie's down,,clown and

Clown.

Back they go to their place on the deck, looking in, just as

We begin, oh sure I let them in.

Bonsai TREE

I just freed the Bonsai tree, it was not as God meant it to

Be.

He had in mind that it grow up tall, not maned and ruined

So

It wouldnt grow at all.

I watched it when it first came to my home, I was not to

Give

It any room to roam.

It was to stay in that very small pot, having to be pruned

Also quite a lot.

I get a feeling of being closed in, our feelings thus began.

We both felt it better as we conversed, that the growing be

Quickly put in reverse.

So a huge pot I went to the store and bought.Expansion and

Freedom we now sought.

Now free to grow to it's greatest degree, oh how wonderful

Just to be free. I just freed the bonsai tree

Happy with Me

I sit and dream of ice cream supreire, of banana splits and

Chocolate divine..all these converge in this head of mine.

There 's thick cream cheese and breads galore, butter thick

I 'm craving more.

Organs of taste and smell are on an active role.

I feel very certain that fat lady is my goal.

Than one day a skinny shc 'w came on TV with a person

Whose

Bores were all you could see.

I looked at my precious soft layers of fat, gave myself a

Gentle pat and than I decided that.

I REALLY LIKE MYSELF AS I BE!

THIS IS ALL THAT 'S IMPORTANT TO ME.

Why?

I dream such wonderful dreams, I don't even have to leave

Home,

Why exert energy when the world of life comes to me?

Oh sure I'm getting fat and lazy and the majority of the

World thinks I'm crazy.BUT-so BE IT!

I'm happy and content, I have my own castle—I don't even

Rent

The world is great and I'm inside, my sweet's and I thus

Abide.

Be content in all you do, the real world will than come

Through.

Dump

I sat in the car at the garbage dump, watching the garbage

Unload.

Garbage is big business now days ,being bought and sold.

Certainly not like in the days of old, when it weren't

Thought of as pure gold.

The cars arid trucks pull up and men direct us where to

Unload.

We do exactly as we are told, trying in all the mess to be

Bold.

It's strange over garbage to make such a fuss, yet it is

Important to all of us.

Each week we have a load of trash, enough to fork over five

Bucks in cash.

This is Monday, day of fun, going to the local dump,

Our weekly chore is not a bore, it's a duty we both adore.

Bank

We stop at the bank to take money out I guess this is what

It is all about.

The money goes in than back out, reload, unload, increase

And decrease, input or out put.

All is done in exactly the same mode.

I enjoy when we put the money in,taking it out is a bad, bad

Sin.

Alexis

We took our great grand baby to the store today

She sat in her stroller so cute and so small.

That baby mind is as active as could be,

She was attuned to all we could readily see.

Grand papa went to buy a saw at the store today,

He bought his birthday saw, he knew what he wanted

Baby and I went along but we went another way,

The dept which has the toys with which to play.

Oh Papa come here we 've found something just great.

We called as he talked to the clerk

A bright red wagon stood right by, which baby and I wanted

To buy.

We got it home and inside the door.papa put it together

That was a chore

Baby jumped in and just sat, she was so happy papa had

Bought that

The Bright Red WAgon!

Light

I saw a light I felt I just had to buy, it shone so bright

It could light the sky. It had prisoms that hung from the

Base that were so elegant and full of grace.

In my minds eye I saw it above our table. I knew it would

Look like a fairy tale fable.

The dinners we 'd serve would be enriched, may be if I 'd

Just sit and wished, it would come today to our house to

Stay

That would really make our day,

We went inside and took a look, it was than we knew we

Were

Dealing with a crook.

It was so expensive that we shuddered with fear that they

Might charge us just to go near.

We than went home and looked up at our table light,

It was suddenly really alright after all it did its

Job to light up the night.

Transformer Lines
(Metal Giants)

Transformer lines stand as large metal giants~as

The electricity passes through.

People say the giants obscure our view

YET

From one corner of our lanci, these iron men stand

So diligently do they guard.

Altho to abscond with our electricity would

He extremely hard.

There is an ongoing study causing a real fear

Concerning those who live to near

Suggesting the decent of electric beems, has

Something to do with cancer it seems

The giants are standing firm, as they send the power.

People are alivays there to snivel and cower

Back At Me

The picture taken forty eight years ago of me, looks back

Inquiring how is your life treating thee?

The hair is so blond,the face filled with youth..the eyes are

So pure seeing only blessed truth.

She is asking me from so many years away if it 's been

Worth it coming all this way.

I look at her I know her so well, we 've been together

Through heaven and through hell.

I answer her back that it 's all in Gods plan and even thu

It 's been a long span we've arrived thus far safe and

Filled with God 's grace.

She looks so thin having not yet been tempted by sln,sin

Of simply overeating, a theme I often am repeating and the

Years of seldom fasting, has given me much that is truly

Lasting.

If I were given the choice to replace the person in the

Frame, Bette was her name to the me of today, I would say

No, I 'm happy with me, we are the same only time has

Moved ahead and away but both of us are so much better today.

A BLUE

There is a blue,that is so blue, it thrills the soul

Through and through.

The color plays in and out of the sky

Loving to catch your upward eye.

Especially taunting the ominous black cloud,

That looks like a shroud ,saying to it as it passes by

You look like doom so dark and drab,

I bet you really think you are bad.

The black cloud quickly passes.

Giving way to the beautiful color of blue,that thrills

My soul through and through.

The Autismostic

A precious heart and spirit trapped within a human shell

That in this world reacts not well.

The desire to do shines in their eyes,yet when portrayed

It quickly dies.

Long hours of inner suffocation Quiet dread of all that is

New,thus vastly restricting all things to do.

So few understand such a distressed soul

For just as we they have a goal.

Special love and special care, must surround them

Everywhere or they wither and die,

Be Gods servant ask not the why.

Baskets

The baskets hang with flowers adorn

The bells are stirred by the wind

Water from the fountain cascades down.

I am in my inner sanctum.

My heart droops with pain and despair

I am distraught with anothers sin

Tears flow down my weathered cheek

Alone in my inner sanctum

Forest OF PINE

We retreated to a distant forest of pine,
Parking our home on wheels we proceeded to rest
This was truly the life of the blest.
The air was so fresh our poor lungs rebelled,
Our Dogs became homesick and had to be held.
We finally got settled , now is it time to have fun?
No not yet the dogs have to be run.
I planned to sleep till eight ,maybe nine,
Six thirty on cue,in came the dogs with potty to do.
People wandered about like a flock of lost sheep
Wishing probably like me for a wink of lost sleep
At the next site an RV er was so quickly there to
Intrude,I had to bite my lip not to be rude.

It's not that I am unfriendly ,you see, it's just there

Are times I would like just for me.

Now days the RV has become a big club,

When the moment you arrive, all on the new ones thrive,

Now we have driven hundreds of miles to find the perfect

Seclusion and I am not in a state of delusion when I say

There is no seclusion.

IT IS PURELY AN ILLUSION,

We LIVE

Where one went the other soon

Followed..caring, loving, sharing

Being together despite the weather,

That was when our world was bright

Now it is black as night.

Evil and vice shattered our life, coldness with deception

Followed, ending in the merciless aids.

My dreams are all scattered to the winds for the sack of

Anothers sins.

There was a time when our love was so strong,

I guess was wrong,

And the world was so bright and it was never, ever

Night.

Now it is dark and I am so alone, and numb.

Will the light ere return, and the brightness ever come?

Mothers day

Mothers day is the time for our son 's and daughter;s to buy the Lovely baskets so mothers can start watering, fathers than began the Barbecue and the family comes over to eat, and with all that ,the Fun things we do.
The yard gets perked up from planters to pots, mom gets Flowers By THE LOTS.
Thanks FOR MY KID 's GOD!!

People

People who worship God,should never throw stone's
Concerning anothers religious beliefs.
If to you things do not sound right, keep your eyes ahead and up to God. Pray for them, never condemn unless you feel you are God and If you feel you are God,better take a look in the mirror.
Keep your eyes ahead and your mouth free from gossip, and Condemnation, lest you judge another and receive God;s Wrath.

Desert

There is a desert in my heart
That longs for days of rain,
Yet life goes on and yesterdays become today
But never ever the same
There is a desert in my heart
That longs for days of beauty
Yet life goes on and todays
Are yesterdays dreams and
Todays are doing our duty.

Plants

We set out the plants in the planter today,
It's a yearly happening in the month of May.
We treck to the store,for flowers in pots,
Buying them literly by the lots.
Going back home we prepare the soil,the sun came out
We are about to broil.
Yet we mix the soil with loving care ,we want the flowers
To grow everywhere.
Now we must water and care and not go anywhere
Each year we do the same,IS THIS REALLY FOR US?
OR JUST A GAME?

Robin

A robin sat on her house today telling me her song of
Distress,
She hadn't done her house work yet and her house was in
Mess.
Her babies were driving her up a tree,she was glad she had
Only three.
She had to fly to and fro all day,which left her with no
Time to play.
Pa Robin was not any help at all, never around when she
Would call.
The babies were so active and filled with glee, just the way
Babies are meant to be.
I listened and told her in a few months I'd be back and she
Would have everything running smooth on the track.
The nest would be shinning and oh so bright,but than to
Her would come a much worse plight.
No tiny chirps would fill the air, mama, oh mama are you
There?There will be no one around any where,
NO ONE THAT IS NEEDING HER CARE!
It is best to be happy as you live through each day for
Soon time passes and these things pass away.
This time on earth is not very long, so fill each day with
With love and God's heavenly song.

Doctor Dear

I sit and wait for DR.DEAR,
Hoping and dreading with a mixed up fear.

That I have to WAIT,WAIT,and WAIT
Patience is not ample on this my plate.
My appointmentis to be at nine, all is ready
I arrive on time. hurry fast so as not to be late, I need

To keep this most heavy date.

I expect to wait an hour or so,

Well here he is early, we just never know.

He is bright and chipper as he can be,

Guess there's nothing bad the matter with me.

So Im out and gone at a quarter till ten,

Thats not half bad, cause he wants me back

Out in the car, Pete waits with a book, this time he didn't

Even have time to cook.

I HAD TO HAVE!!!

I saw a light I had to buy,it shone so bright as to light
The sky.
Had prissoms hanging from the base so elegant and full of
Grace.In my minds eye I saw it above our table, I knew it
Would look like a dearly loved fable.
The dinners we'd serve would be very much enriched, if I
Just safjxere and wished it would come to my house to stay.
That would surely make my day.
We went inside and took a look, it was than we decided we
Were dealing with a crook.
It was so expensive that we shuddered with fear ,that they
Would charge us for going near.
We went home and looked up at our dear hanging light..all Of
A sudden it shone a brilliant bright and it was all our,s
And does light up our night.

RED WAGON-

We took our great grand baby to the store today,

She sat in her stroller so cute and so small.

Babies mind was active as could be,

She was attuned to all we could readily see,

Papa went to buy a saw at the store today.

He bought his own birthday gift, he knew just what he Wanted.

Baby and I went another way.

The dept.with the great toys for us to play.

Oh Papa come here we,ve found something just great.

We couldn,t wait , we called as he talked to the clerk

A red wagon stood right there, which baby and I decided to Share.

We got it home and in the door, papa put it together,

Now that was a chore,

Baby jumped in and sat, she was so happy that

Papa bought her that bright red wagon.4/15/97

Butter Fly

Plush softness of velvet,
Delicate strength of the spider web.
Possessed by her as she flits here and there in the
Quest for the nectar of God,s love.True beauty of
God,s creation, whose life is so very short.
Yet she is not with out a unique purpose—

Butter Fly—TWO

Winning through the air, flaunting with narry a care.
Carefree with the beauty of life, unsuspecting of mortal
Strife.
Floating in the wind, air so light and free.
There beauty is, as mortals should be.

Do You Have It?

There are those in the world who have it,
Those that never will
These are the ones dense as a window sill.
Some who have it, flount it, others who don,t want it
Others just go on a curb and sit.
I have really never wanted ,yet I have always have had.
Perhaps because when I,ve had, I have always been so glad.
If I had not, would I be waiting around in gloom, like some
I have seen as if they face doom.
I really don,t think lack of would impair my goal for I rest
Within God's role, in my heart I always know God is in
Command when we come and go, of our have and have not.
It's not some sort of devious plot, it's God way that we
Are to live from day to day, the sparrows worry not.
Why than should we?

VA Doctors

Then you are finished with all your appointments, which
Are not few, I 'm ready to go see a shrink,
I 'm almost through.
We sit and wait , first for one and than another, as in they
Go and out they come, like sister and like brother.
All tell the doctor what is so wrong, heave and ho and a
Merry song.
Here comes one out on a stretcher, look now there is one
Just racing out to catch him.
The VA hospital is our once a week trip,it takes me another
Week to get a grip.The help is there for all those who come.
But for the come along's.... WELL!
I COULD USE SOME RUM!!

Clean Before Or After

People are coming to visit, the house and all that is

MUST BE POLISHED AND CLEAN!!

It would be better to clean after they leave for they

Usually trash the place. SEE WHAT I MEAN ?

I scrubbed the floors and polished the stove, their kids

Messed up my work the mother than acted as tho

SHE HADNT SEEN

From now on I clean when folkts leave, I have in sight no

Viable reprieve,to clean before is absolute folly,

NOW that IS WHAT I WILL DO!!!

Port Townson

As I sat and communed with nature, a large black bird came
And sat by, with neither a hay or a hi
He began to demand some food right now,
As his eyes flitted this way and that, all he needed was a formal top hat.
He walked about with his silly step, so arrogant and full
Of pep, I looked him straight in the eye and said, its to
Early sir, go back to bed.

MY

My two sons are men of honor, my two daughters are my delight
Eleven grandchildren are God 's gift to me,
But my great grandchild is really special to me.
God ,You are so good to me I can never give enough praise to Thee.
If I spent the whole day long, only, always raising to you my
Song, it would not suffice for you have been so nice to me
That words are not enough you see, so only trying to mirror
Thee will make me as I strive to be a person whose devoted
Their life to serving Thee.

HAVE I TOLD YOU?

Have I told you yet today that I love you?
Have I told you just how much I care?
That you are my only sweetheart, and I always
Want you there for me at every turn, with the sweetness
I didn't even earri,it's just that you are ever so dear
And I always like you near.
You work about your important task, with such a strong desire,
Do you realize my love how much of you I admire?
Did I tell you yet today I love you? and how much I truly Care?
Through the years I've always followed you, just everywhere
I've been a pest and bugged you,.but it's all because I love
You and I truly care.

SEALYART BEALYART

IN FOND MEMORY OF MY DAD AND HIS SENSE OF HUMOR-
CHARLES F KUENKE-LEFT us ON CHRISTMAS EVE -1969
I KNOW HE IS MAKING THE ANGELS LAUGH AS HE ALWAYS DID ME
HIS ANNE

SEALYART BEALYART

Sealyart ,Bealyart ,Smaltin,Smaltin.Seascut

This is what My daddy said

The robin's sing. Isn't that the cutest thing?

That was many years ago, my dad was great, I loved him so.

I repeat his word,s with love as he looks down from above

I love to hear the robin,s sing,

I listen now to the word,s they bring

SEALYART, BEALYART , SMALTIN, SMALTIN

Enjoying All This

The wind blows softly oer me,
As it lightly caress the trees
The sun dances bright lights on me,
And warms the earth below
The water is in the distance shinning for all to see,
Yet I feel its there only for me,
As it flows endlessly to the sea
The dock stands serene in the distance, asking me to go fish
It's so hard not to just sit , enjoying the beauty of all this
Crows sit in the bare tree overhead,inviting them selves to
Lunch with us, they call back and forth as I write below,
Making such a noisy fuss.
It's early morning and the world is fresh and bright,
The beauty is explored and enjoyed for soon it will be night.

OUR BABY

HER DARK SKIN AND COLD LITTLE HANDS,ALL ARE PART OP OUR LORD 'S GREAT PLANS.
NONNIE I WANT TO HOLD YOU SO MUCH, IT 'S HEAVEN TO KNOW THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE TOUCH.
SHE WILL BE JUST TWO,THE LOVE SHE IS GIVEN, MAKES ONE 'S LIFE TRULY WORTH LIVIN.
TWO FAMILIES AND OUR DEAREST DOLL..FOR WHOM ANY ONE OF US WOULD GIVE OUR ALL.
SHE BROUGHT US ALL MORE LOVE THAN WE EVER WOULD HAVE KNOWN,
OUR BEST IS YET TO COME, AS SHE TRAVELS TOWARD FULL GROWN.

A SATIRE

IF you happen to be a DIGGIE DUPPER than HELLO!!!
I am a DORFLER DICKLE
Than again if we are thus-WHAT HAPPENS TO US,
If we meet a Dingle Digger who knows a Dingle Dorfer?
This tramatic happening could cause the world to fall
Off it's axial and collide with space ship Zingie causing a
Turbulent Ringie that would throw us on a course with
Hepie Jeepie,and WEEPIE Leapie and Hollie Gaggie also Gerth Saggie.
These are the space people that we earthlings have worried about for so long now.
We have predicted would come and forecast dark happenings about.
In all probability they have been peeking out at all of us and
They are in a state of shock at what they are seeing.
We are getting so used to the disaster our world is coming to.
It would be nice if we could go around with a correction
Stick and swat out the viral unheard of's before we have
These visitors land on our planet.
We four in the Digger, Dorefer, families repersent the better
Part of our land we are the creatures of this earths destiny
Where as the Pepsie, Jeepie Gaggie, and Saggie yet to land from somewhere in space.
As you look way up into space, do you wonder about their race?
Looking to the sky do you often wonder why you were put on planet
Earth and they were placed on who knows what and where?
Wondering thus when you know naught, making up stories,elaborate exaggerate,
About a realm they do not Know someday good news might be forth coming, we might
Open our minds and learn,, Its this for what we yearn?

SO BYE FOR NOW FROM THIS YOUR STATION ON EARTH SPACE STATION THAT IS!

I AM DIGGIE DORFLER,DIGGIE DOPER signing off nowDON 't PANIC WHEN THE SPACE SHIPS PASS ABOVE

REMEMBER THEY ARE JUST ON A MISSION OF LOVE

OF COURSE IF WE FIND THEY ARE NOT MAYBE WE HAVE A CONSPIRACY PLOT

SPACE SHIPS

Space ships are a truly great theme for writers to promote
Or so it would seem.
The majority write only the things they feel to be bad
We must provie a counter and change this to glad.
If they come for miles to peek at us,why don't we be happy
And not always try to cause a fuss.
WE,Mortals rely on issues of fear, liking the sensationalism
The weird issues to appear.
If it's scarry and sordid and filled with spice, not so nice
Than mortals devour the script.
The human in us is so prevalent it prevails above all
This causing most unsavory publicity for our alien brothers
Throwing out a wrongful blanket that the truth than covers

No WORRIES

I have no worries, for I have given them to the Lord
No longer do I fret and complain or bad thoughts chose to
Entertain.
I give all to you Lord, take stress off my soul
I am your child by faith Lord you must set my pace

B BRODHAGEN ZIAKIN-

Winter Is Coming

The house smells of great aroma 's, the feeling of cozy is here.

We are walking the path to winter with those we love so dear

The days are getting longer now the chill is in the air, we

Walk the path to winter. We soon will be there.

The summer sun is no longer bright, I "ve put more covers on the bed

At night;

Flies are thick on the buildings now, the tail swishes less

On the old cow,

The good hot soups are beginning to bubble,

The sink froze up, beginning of trouble.

We walk the path of winter tho for it gives us a wonderful

Glow.

Kids come home from school with running noses and the

Flu

Mom gets the honey and lemon, maybe a drop of whiskey

To in bed with vicks and covers pilled high,

You feel like livin but your sure you 'll die,

I walk the path with you and enjoy your flu.