

THE SONG  
OF  
THE POET

BY  
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## The Song of the Poet

The song of the poet  
Though you may not know it  
Is expressed without music  
Though lyrics infuse it.

The song that he sings  
Will be sure to bring  
Much pleasure to those  
Less taken by prose.

The song he imparts  
From deep in his heart  
Will soon bare his soul  
As his tale he infolds.

A song to be sung  
Need not come from the lung  
It is not so remote  
That it comes from the throat.

Of the words that appear  
There is no need to fear  
For in order to hear  
You don't need a trainer ear.

The poet that's in me  
Writes in its own key  
Which I now offer you  
Read and unlock my tune.

## THE PROPHECY

Come here my sweet child, there's something I must tell you  
We have been chosen, I want you to know  
Angels pure and mild with souls that are fresh as dew  
Will bring us a gift to nurture and grow.

A very special soul [neshama] soon will be ours to keep  
Bringing along with it burdens to bear  
Though we may feel some times that we would like to weep  
The Lord [Hashem] will wipe away all our tears.

We can't ask questions of Him and His wondrous ways  
He would not give us a test we can't pass  
He will be there to help us through all of our days  
Forging a bond that forever will last

We'll draw our strength from the One who is up above  
Us, He will comfort and assuage our fears  
Always secure in the fact that we have His love  
Ever to keep us so near and so dear.

When the time's right, He will reveal why us He chose  
In the meantime, we have nothing to fear  
Safe in the knowledge that God [Hashem] on us always glows  
One day the answer will be crystal clear.

[Note: The Song of the Poet includes two slightly different versions.  
These differences are in brackets above]

## ABOUT MY SON

At night when I lay in bed  
Many thoughts go through my head  
Most of the about my son  
And just how far he has come  
"What does his future hold?" I ask  
"Am I equal to the task?"  
"Will there ever come a day?"  
"When for him I need not pray?"  
"What do the years have in store?"  
"Lord, couldn't you have given him just a little more?"  
It seems that almost every night  
Falling asleep is a difficult fight  
But when the day is bright and new  
I put all my faith in You  
You have never let me down  
For strength and courage I have found.

[Note: referencing her older son]

## A Soul So Pure

A soul so pure who rose above, he  
Brought forth a covenant and symbolized love  
Reaching out to all who came by, he  
Arose from a sickbed, no thought he could die  
Hospitality his trademark, on the third day  
Arrived there three visitors coming his way  
Mother and Father laid out on a table, fit for a king,  
    though he was not able.

## Better Busy than Bored

I came home from the workshop  
One Friday afternoon  
So tired and so glad to stop  
The week couldn't end too soon.

We didn't have too much down time  
I told my Mom when I came home  
She said that that's a very good sign  
There was no time for me to roam.

I assembled boxes till my hands were sore  
And then my boss gave me some more  
There is much more work to do  
So get busy, all of you.

We rushed and rushed throughout the day  
I'd say we really earned our pay  
We did a good job, we really soared  
Better busy than being bored.

Ronnie & Judy Gruenfeld

## Eliezer's Grin

I know a boy who is pure joy  
When he smiles the sky lights up for miles  
When he laughs you're drawn right in  
To all that is pure and free from sin.

His voice is heard though not with words  
By those who hear though not with ears  
When looking into his big brown eyes  
I see all that's important and all that is wise.

One day while perches on tippy-toes  
He made an attempt to kiss my nose  
He couldn't get it just quite right  
And so the kiss became a bite.

The sweetest kiss I've ever had  
Was given to me by you, little lad  
You're the bestest hugger in the world  
You give of yourself with a love that's unfurled.

We look for life's meaning when we are down  
But I just have to turn around  
And take a look at where I've been  
And remember Eliezer's grin.

## My Teacher, My Son

It's been 32 years almost to the date  
When unbeknownst to me he sealed my fate  
A baby boy was born, you see  
A special child was born to me.

We changed him, we fed him, we cooed to him sweetly  
We hugged him, we kissed him, we dressed him so neatly  
We took him for walks, we bathed him at night  
We taught him to talk, we hoped he was bright.

The hair on his head shone like spun gold  
By this time, you see, he had turned three years old  
And my sweet little boy had a beautiful face  
But I started wondering, where is his place?

He's not like the others. Something's not quite right.  
Autistic, said doctors. That was my plight!  
To whom could I turn? Where can I go?  
My hot tears would burn. I just did not know.

Then one day a friend with whom I was staying  
Said, "Listen to me. Why don't you start praying?"  
"But that's not my way. It's not what I choose."  
"Try it," she said. "You've nothing to lose."

The road I not travel is a quite different one  
And who is my teacher? You guessed it, my son!  
This all is quite special. With him I have soared.  
He's' shown me the way back home to The Lord.

[Note: referencing her older son]



## OUR SPECIAL SCHOOL

We began as a seed  
In somebody's mind  
We were planted and watered  
And nurtured in kind  
We started to grow  
Each and every day  
We reap and we so  
More than you can know  
With love and with kindness  
Each teacher provides  
We bloom and we blossom  
Like the strength of the tides.

## PLEASE DON'T STARE

Please don't stare when we are there  
We're just like you, we have feelings, too  
If you've a question we don't mind  
What we don't like is the other kind  
Of treatment that we sometimes get  
From people well intentioned, yet  
Just don't know how they should approach  
Us and the subject they should broach  
We did not choose the path we're on  
But you can make the journey one  
That's not so painful if you try  
To see things from the other side  
Put one foot in our shoe  
And see things from our point of view  
But for the grace of G-d, it's true  
The one being stared at could have been you.

[Note: referencing her older son]

## The Tzaddik

He doesn't speak  
He doesn't have to  
His eyes tell you  
All you need to know  
When you look into them  
You see big, round, clear blue  
Pathways to Heaven  
A pure soul  
Is reflected back and you  
Unencumbered by the emptiness  
Of our material world  
His eyes see only  
What is important  
The filter out the pettiness  
Of our mundane existence  
And concern themselves  
Only with improving the middos  
Of those who are  
Alleged know him.

## Two Special Souls

Of special souls, I've seen my share  
But there are none that can compare  
With a very special pair  
But I can claim witness to bare.

One of them has golden hair  
At the other's beauty, you must stare  
You can't look upon either face  
Without being transformed to a higher place.

One's eyes are brown, the others blue  
And then you see only what is true  
Too gentle souls center from beyond  
That share a very special bond.

Lord, Your miracles are not few  
But when I gaze upon these two  
I am always moved to tears  
And motivated to face my fears.

If given the option we'd not chosen this  
But then I think of all that we'd miss  
When I way all the gains and all of the losses  
I'm grateful that choice is only the Boss'.

## When I Look at You

When they look at you  
They see someone in a wheelchair  
When I look at you  
I see someone proudly zipping down the street.

When they look at you  
They see saliva dripping down the corner of your mouth  
When I look at you  
The sea pearls of wisdom coming forth.

When they look into your eyes  
They see nothing  
When I look into your eyes  
I see a pure soul.

When they look at you  
They see a handicapped person  
When I look at you  
I see another one of God's perfect creations.

## Daughter Dear

My daughter, dear  
Please do come here  
With you  
I must be true.

I've never been up front  
You see  
And told you  
What you mean to me.

My friends all know  
Just how I feel  
I tell them so  
I must be real

But I do have one huge regret  
Since you married my son  
I have never told you that  
Long ago, my heart you won.

[Note: referencing her mother-in-law]

## MY FATHER AND HIS FATHER

When he came across the sea it was so long ago  
Just to live and be free and escape from his foe  
You can't breathe putrid air and take life as it comes  
When you're living in fear of deadly pogroms.

As he watched the ship's mast from the steerage below  
Left behind was his past, and his future unknown  
With the clothes on his back and a will to succeed  
He made up for the lack and had courage to proceed.

An arduous trip by our standards today  
He got off the ship and then made his way  
His life was not easy as child or adult  
Orphaned of his father when just three years old.

He worked very hard all his life,  
For his mother, his siblings, his children and wife  
He had no role model from which he could learn  
To be a good father when it was his turn.

His children, he hit them, by night and by day  
Though he loved them so dearly, he knew no other way  
One of those children is my loving Dad  
The very best father a girl ever had.

And though he has scars that the eyes cannot see  
The father is a very special to me  
What makes him so special to me is a boon  
His face still lights up when I enter the room.

## MY PRECIOUS CHILD

My precious child, I love you so  
My love for you will only grow  
If ever you're lost and all alone  
Know you'll always have a home  
Within my heart while I still breathe  
And to that love you can always cleave  
The world may not see you through my eyes  
But no matter what your size  
You'll always be my precious child,  
You'll always be my precious child.



## MY SON

My son  
You mean the world to me  
Without you  
Who knows where I'd be.  
The joy  
You've given selflessly  
Cannot be measured  
In its entirety.  
Bright smile  
Bright eyes  
And all the while  
Your heart's large size  
Is without guile.  
From the day  
We brought you home  
You've led the way  
And we've been shown.  
Just how much love  
A son can bring  
A treasure-trove  
Of thee I sing.

## On Marriage

To my husband:  
I went to bed  
And then I slept  
But in my head  
A dream I kept.  
I waited there  
For you so long  
So we could share  
Our favorite song.  
You let me sleep  
The dream to keep  
And put away  
For another day.  
I won't forget  
The night you dared  
To wake me up  
And say you cared.  
I want to share that moment with you again

And again

And again.

To my wife:  
Roses are red  
Violets, sublime  
For 30 years  
Waking you was a crime

A crime

A crime.

## Thanks for Being There for Me

Thanks for being there for me  
It meant more than you know  
Just knowing that you care for me  
Made it easier to go.

Thanks for staying by my side  
Where I needed you to be  
Ever there to love and guide  
You mean so much to me.

Thanks for being there for me  
In good times and bad  
Just knowing that you care for me  
An easier time I had.

Thanks for staying by my side  
Always, throughout my life  
Ever there to love and guide  
From your devoted wife.

## TRIBUTE TO A LOST FRIEND

I miss the you that I once knew  
The cheery smile that said,  
"You're welcome here at any time"  
"Come in, We'll break some bread."

Your spirit seemed to fade before me  
Like the late on a summer's eve  
And when I tried to light a spark  
My pleas you did not heed.

Your heart beats still. Life's blood does spill  
Throughout your every vein  
And though you breathe and walk and talk  
Your spirit's not the same.

But when the soul within you dies  
The body very soon decries  
The light of life can no longer shine  
Good-bye, beloved friend of mine.

## ACHTUNG!

Mama who has been through Hell  
Fortunately, has lived to tell  
Of the woes that came her way  
When in Europe forced to stay.

Now she's old and bent and broken  
But to her children she has spoken  
Of the vermin and the rot seen  
Scratch a German, find a Nazi.

[Note: referencing her mother-in-law]

## DEPRESSION

When the demons get their grip  
And I feel I start to slip  
I go deep inside myself  
The pain I tried to squelch.

I know not where it's coming from  
Or why the clouds descend  
I only know I'm trapped inside  
A hurt that will not end.

Impending doom will start to loom  
Of life and all its strife  
Why does it have to be this way?  
I sit and wonder, hope and pray.

My heart of heavy amidst a bevy  
Of blessings I should count  
The tears won't stop. I seem to shed  
A plentiful amount.

If in the end I should descend  
Amidst toil and travail  
I won't give in, I'll try to win  
And even to prevail.

## Dorothy

Dorothy,  
I wish we'd met  
You're someone  
I shall not forget  
Your sharp tongue  
And your caustic wit  
Did not hide your pain  
One bit.

The loves you lost  
Dream that were tossed  
Right into the abyss  
Can't ease the ache  
By words well placed  
Your heart,  
Much it did miss.

I hope at peace  
Now is your soul  
The hurt  
Somewhat abated  
The broken pieces  
Finally whole  
For too long  
Have you waited.

[Note: likely referencing Dorothy Parker]

## For Barbara

Barbara, how I miss you so  
Barbara, where did the years go?  
Barbara, taken far too soon  
Barbara, can you touch the moon?  
Barbara, there's a hole in my heart  
Barbara, since you to depart  
Barbara, your visits during the night  
    wake me with a terrible fright  
Barbara, life is not the same  
Barbara, since I do remain  
    here on earth and without you  
Barbara, oh, what can I do?  
Barbara, how I long to be  
    back among your company  
Barbara, we'll just have to wait  
    I'm tired and it's getting late.



## For Dorothy

Dorothy, You captivate me  
Dorothy, How cruel life can be  
Dorothy, Your caustic wit never slackened off a bit  
Dorothy, A bitter life  
Dorothy, A bitter wife  
Dorothy, I'd like to know more about your heart and soul  
Dorothy, Poor baby wronged  
Dorothy, For love you longed  
Dorothy, Were you my little girl  
Dorothy, I'd treated you like a pearl  
Dorothy, Love you would have known  
Dorothy, How you would have grown  
Dorothy, Can we back go back years  
    I would vanquish all your fears  
    And dry up all your baby tears.

[Note: likely referencing Dorothy Parker]

## My Black Blouse

Mama wouldn't wash my black blouse  
I was fourteen years old  
Mom said I was too young to wear black  
So the black blouse stayed in the hamper.

Mama would wash my black blouse  
I was just starting high school  
Mama said it didn't have to look like everyone else  
To the black blouse staying in the hamper.

Mama wouldn't wash my black blouse  
I went to the store and bought it by myself  
Mama said she should have gone with me  
So the black blouse stayed in the hamper.

Mama wouldn't wash my black blouse  
I was trying to learn to define who I was  
Mama said I was her daughter and couldn't wear black  
So the black blouse stayed in the hamper

Mama wouldn't wash my black blouse  
I'm forty years old now  
Mama wonders why I can't make up my own mind  
My confidence is in the hamper with my black blouse.

## Nicholas

Nicholas, the Russian Czar  
Nicholas, long ago you were  
Nicholas, at your greatest height  
Nicholas, oppressed the people's rights  
Nicholas, for want of retribution  
Nicholas, you aborted a revolution  
Nicholas, my grandfather on your hit list  
Nicholas, he gave you the slip  
Nicholas, to America came he  
Nicholas, you're dead but not so, me.

## Nightmare

A restless morn follows a sleepless night  
At last the dawn arrives in spite  
Of dreams that haunted me throughout  
What seems to be another bout  
Of tossing and turning as memories flood  
My unconscious state and will not abate.

I know you're gone for many years  
But nighttime brings out all my fears  
You seem so real as you sing your song  
I reach out to feel what I've missed for so long  
And though you visit me while I sleep  
It ever causes me to weep.

I always pick up with the start  
Caused by the pounding in my heart  
Your memory so clear that I can see and hear  
Your voice reminiscent of days long gone by  
A voice insufficient but clear to my ear  
It's time to let go but I cannot do so.

So painful the memories of years that have passed  
So painful the memories that tears they do last  
Throughout the day and throughout the night  
Far longer than is for the best  
Dear friend, how it miss you with all of my might  
But please do desist, we both need our rest.

## POOR MAMA

I never thought I'd live this long, she said  
Everybody's gone  
My husband  
My sister  
My brothers  
My sisters-in-law  
My brothers-in-law  
I'm the only one left  
I never thought I'd live this long, she repeated  
She repeats a lot these days  
The light that when sparkled in her eyes is gone  
Now only tears glisten  
As they trickle down her dry, wrinkled cheeks  
I never thought I'd live this long, she said again  
Everything hurts  
My back  
My feet  
My joints  
My hip  
I can't walk anymore  
I used to walk a lot  
Now, I'm too tired to talk  
Is this the golden age we were looking forward to?  
I never thought I'd live this long, she repeated again  
No one comes to visit  
Not my son  
Not my daughter  
Not my grandchildren  
Not my neighbors  
Well, sometimes they do  
I have no more friends  
They're not here anymore  
What can I do?  
I have to take it as it comes  
I never thought I'd live this long.

## The Forest of Depression

Feeling depressed  
Is like being in a forest.  
Sometimes you see a way out  
And sometimes  
You go deeper and deeper  
Into the jumbled woods of your mind  
Overwhelmed by the endless  
Tentacles of branches  
That grab you  
And hold you prisoner in your own head.  
Seeing only the massive forest  
I wish I could concentrate  
On one tree at a time  
But they all blend together  
Distorting my perceptions.  
Were there a way out  
I would freely roam the meadows  
Luxuriating in the soft, soothing grass  
Or would I only see the clouds  
That rain on and expand the forest?

## Your Sonny or Your Life

My life I think I have neglected  
But my child I have protected  
As mother of a handicapped son  
He was priority number one.

He's come so far; it's been so long  
Now's the time to sing my song  
The house is quiet in the night  
And poetry, I like to write.

Throughout his life my son has soared  
And now it's time to hear my word  
The trouble is, I must confess  
Inside my head lies a jumbled mess.

From years and years of day-to-day  
I don't know what I have to say  
My heart will mend to my chagrin  
Where does he end and I begin?

[Note: referencing her older son]

## A Homogeneous World

Right as rain the storm clouds came  
Inch by inch and did not flinch  
Covering up the daylight sky  
Howling, as the wind swept by  
Above the blue the darkness crew  
Round and round and downward bound  
Drenched the earth with all its tears  
Covering up well hidden fears  
Heaven's reach is out of bounds  
A world in which pure souls are found  
Near mortals we and cannot see  
Beyond the sky and just drift by  
Ever wondering where to turn  
Reaching out, hoping to learn  
Life's greatest mysteries  
And awake  
In time to see a  
New dawn break.



## Another One of Those Days

Today just wasn't a very good day  
Allow me to elucidate, if I may  
Mr. Murphy and his law  
Followed me around and he kept score.

I should have known when I fell out of bed  
What would probably lie ahead  
I didn't listen to my inner voice  
Because I really had no choice.

So, up I got to face the day  
Not knowing what would come my way  
But had I known of all the dread  
I would have gone right back to bed.

My coffee spilled and made a mess  
On what moments before was a nice, clean dress.  
When my buttered toast fell to the floor  
I wondered what else the day had in store.

I didn't have to go very far  
For when I got into my car  
And put the key in the ignition  
I realize I was in a precarious position.

I put my foot down to the floor  
Of gas, I gave it a little more  
While moving the transmission stick  
All I heard was a clickety-click.

As I pulled the car key out  
I now had not a single doubt  
That the date might well be wasted

And perhaps I shouldn't face it.

But obligations came my way  
And so I called the Triple-A  
We'll be there in an hour or two  
That's the best that we can do.

When the tow truck finally showed  
From right down to a nearby road  
The car they said they could not goad  
To start and so it had to be towed.

But wait a minute, that can't be  
I have a special son, you see  
You must try and do your best  
As we're to be someone's Sabbath guest.

Lady, all that I can do  
Is take it to the shop for you  
As far as your son don't worry about  
Him till the time when school lets out.

You don't understand, I told the man  
You can't be late for a Sabbath date  
I see, he smiled, when all the while  
He thought my fuss was really unjust.

I called the school my son was at  
And ventured forth to tell them that  
My car had died and I came unglued  
And I did not know what I should do.

Then to the rescue came my husband  
Just as if the whole thing was planned  
You should have known that me you could trust

There is no reason to be so nonplussed.

Though watching the clock as it did tick away  
We arrived just in time to save the day  
My son came home from school, the men went to shul  
I glanced at my child and could not help but smile.

He just sat there mute and looking so cute  
But not missing a thing as he is quite astute  
"Shabbos" was all that he had to say  
And the cares of the day just melted away.

## EVEN THOUGH

Even though you think you can't go on, you do  
Even though you think there is no hope, there is  
Even though you think there is nothing to live for  
You find something  
Even though you think you're at the end of the rope  
You're not  
Even though the pressures of life seems so great  
That you'll never rise above it  
A glimmer of hope shines through  
Even though you think you're all alone  
A friend comes by to tell you that you're loved  
Even though you think  
You can't make it through another day  
Something inside you won't let you give up  
Even though darkness comes at the end of each day  
A new day always dawns  
And brings with it a new beginning.

## My Favorite Toy

Words are a toy  
For me to enjoy  
My very best playmate  
By night or by daylight  
Just give me a pad  
And give me a pen  
As I've never had  
So much of the yen  
To sit down and scribble  
And I'd like to ask  
Please save me from drivel  
As I tend to my task.

## Poetic Dreams

Of writing I am fondest when  
The ink just oozes from the pen  
The ebb and flow of words I know  
Will start off slow and then will grow  
As water ripples in a pond  
When stones are thrown and go beyond  
The place they landed and create  
A peaceful and a tranquil state  
The ripples sway and the waters dance  
And put me in a dreamlike trance  
The cadence of the words will flow  
To an altered state of my ego  
Of places that I long to be  
And places that I long to see  
Will come to life and thus will be  
A part of my reality  
Created by my mind and then  
Brought to life with ink and pen.

## Snowfall

As the pristine beauty of the snowflakes fall  
I sit and watch in total awe.

Now that snow falls inch by inch  
Gone are robin, jay and finch.

The breathlessness of every flake  
Causes me to come awake.

Another miracle is abound  
As each one floats down to the ground.

No two alike, these wondrous flakes  
Each its own unique form takes.

As a snow falls layer by layer  
I sit and watch while deep in prayer.

Awareness is all that you need  
To appreciate the wonders and pay heed.

To all that comes from up above  
Given with unconditional love.

With eyes wide open I can see  
The blessings that the snowfall brings.

## The Will to Go On

In dreams I have soared  
Passed the reality of my situation  
And in victory I have roared  
Passed the limits of my expectation.

A fight to the finish if I'm to excel  
On wings will I fly beyond my perception  
Myself to propel  
In my determination.

Inspired by those  
Who crossed over the line  
And willingness to expose themselves  
To the sublime.

What qualities to possess  
If I'm to reach success  
Sometimes elude me  
And often confuse me.

But driven by foresight  
I try with all my might  
Through the darkest of night  
For my dreams to take flight.

The insecurities that lie within me  
Do battle with feelings  
That only deceive me  
By thinking that I never could free me.

From limitations self-imposed  
Saying that I could not cope  
We'll only perpetuate what is a lie  
Therefore, I will continue to try.



## When Wandering through the Meadowland

When wandering through the meadowland  
The grass felt soft, like silky sand  
The dew still wet and smooth and sleek  
Felt cool and soft beneath my feet  
The blades of grass tickled my toes  
As anyone who barefoot goes  
The sun was warm upon my face  
And thought me of another place  
Where angels sing and clouds go by  
Adrift on wings in clear blue skies  
When making waves upon the earth  
A new day dawns and thus gives birth  
To life that's fresh and crisp and clean  
And waiting there just to be seen.

## Words

Words are my friends  
From day's start till day's end  
They always do  
What I want them too.

If I pick up my pen  
And I'm in my glory  
When now and again  
I want to write a story.

It's quite an expense  
With no recompense  
But maybe some day  
My bills they will pay.

Poems are my favorite  
Don't agonize over it  
They spill out of me  
When in the mood I be.

## A Matter of Priority

I sit at home and write about  
What is my heart's desire  
I hope one day things turn around  
And a publisher I inspire.

It could be sooner, it could be later  
One can never know  
My husband is not a very good "waiter"  
And tells me "out" to go.

Don't run amok, I do insist  
You be a little lighter  
With a little luck and a twist of the wrist  
I could become a writer.

I must pursue my dream come true  
If given room to vent  
I'll make it through in spite of you  
If I do not relent.

It's true, he said, and I have read  
That's fantasies turn real  
But, by then I may be dead  
If I don't get a meal.

I give you food, my husband, dear  
If you promise me now and here  
Should I one day accomplish my feet  
My words you then will eat.

## A Native New Yorker

The streets of New York  
Are where you call home  
No matter its quirks  
Wherever you roam.

A language unique  
Does this city bear  
Though somewhat oblique  
And hard on the ear.

A native you are  
No matter how far  
From the city you go  
Your accent does show.

With the force of a brute  
Unless you stay mute  
The place of your origin  
Makes you sound foreign.

I can't help but think  
While not quite astute  
When English you speak  
You sound awfully cute.

## Anna Belly

It was many and many a year ago  
In a forest by a tree  
That a young girl there worked whom you don't know  
By the name of Anna Belly;  
And the young girl worked right next to me  
Taping and sapping the syrupy tree.

I was a child and she was a child  
In this forest by the tree  
But we worked with the zeal that had much more appeal  
I and my Anna Belly  
With a work, oh, so dedicated were she and me  
Taping and sapping this syrupy tree

And as it happened so long ago  
In this forest by the tree  
The day was so hot and we got so sweaty  
I and my Anna Belly  
But the time was as right as it could be  
For tapping and sapping this syrupy tree.

Then one day when the trees were already  
As luck would happen to be  
We worked very hard, side- by- side  
I and my Anna Belly  
We went all around the forest that day  
Taping and sapping the syrupy trees

As luck would have it there was quite a market  
For the sap from our syrupy trees  
And so through the forest we both did our darnedest  
I and my Anna Belly  
We sold all our syrup and turned quite a profit  
On pancakes and waffles to eat.

(Adapted from Edgar Allen Poe's Annabel Lee)

## A Tale of Two Pockets

Regarding money, some people are funny  
What's mine is mine, and is not thine  
But what is thine I could think of as mine  
If only you would think so, too  
As a wife, I'm well provided for  
But I always think I could use more  
So into my bank account  
Each week I put a certain amount  
Of money taken from my pay  
Which I earn each and every day  
My husband of this is aware  
And says that this is really not fair  
He thinks that we both should share  
When his pocket becomes bare  
But, sweetheart, said I, if only you try  
To think the thing through  
And see my point of view  
I work very hard for my money like you  
And I'd like to sock it in a different pocket  
And sometimes don't you think it's true  
That you deserve a pocket, too  
To put a little money in  
When it gets to feeling thin  
My husband said he would explain  
And then the explanation came  
I think you miss the point perchance  
Aren't both pockets in the same pair of pants?

## FEET

I hate feet. I don't think they're neat.  
In all kinds of feet the world is replete.  
There are fat feet and skinny feet  
Hot feet and cold feet  
Wide feet and narrow feet  
These feet and those feet.  
There are feet that get sweaty  
And those that stay dry  
I just can't seem to like feet  
No matter how hard I try.  
When I think of feet I start to twitch  
Which reminds me of feet that constantly itch.  
When I go to the beach or I go to the pool  
I see all those bare feet and I blow my cool.  
Put on some sneakers or put on some shoes  
Or to be sure your feet you will bruise.  
Most awful are toes and goodness knows  
I hate it the most when through shoes one shows.  
Some toes are stubby and others are lanky  
Whenever I see them I'm sure to get cranky.  
The fact that I hate feet and think they're the dregs  
Keeps me wishing that we could just walk on our legs.

## From Saturday Night to Sunday Morning

We went out to the movies  
Last Saturday at night  
And afterwards decided that  
We would go for a bite.

My husband was not very thrilled  
This evening for to be  
At a movie that was billed  
Especially for she's.

I really don't like these chick flicks  
They're not my cup of tea  
Next time around I will pick  
The movie that we see.

In the meantime eat, please try  
What you have on your plate  
Bagels then I want to buy  
Before it gets too late.

We'll bring them home if that's all right  
Yes, that will ease my plight  
We'll eat them in the morning  
And thus, salvage tonight.

I looked straight across at my "beau"  
As he ate his meal  
I think it's now time that you know  
Exactly how I feel.

If with this bad attitude  
You do not desist  
You may not still be around  
When it's time for breakfast.



## Mama's Closet

We cleaned out Mama's closet today  
She's really getting old  
There really was no other way  
And to Mama, this we told.

You can't keep all your junk in here  
It's really quite a mess  
We'll throw out what you do not wear  
So you'll have to deal with less.

Okay, she said, with both your views  
I cannot argue much  
She then pulled out some wooden shoes  
From Europe that were Dutch.

Said I to Mom, "What have you there?"  
As sis began to stare  
"They're wooden shoes that you can wear"  
"Would you like the pair?"

Sis looked my way. "What do you say?"  
"They're here for you to take"  
Said I, "I'd love those wooden shoes"  
"Who wouldn't, wouldn't shoo?"

[Note: referencing her mother-in-law and sister-in-law]

## My Pillow and My Blanky

When I've had a very bad day  
Which causes me to ooh and ouch  
I want to just go home and stay  
Comfortably sprawled out on my couch.

With the help of my pillow and my blanky  
I will calm down and will be less cranky  
Wrapped up around me all nice and cozy  
From my head right down to all my toesies.

Life is really at its best  
When I'm afforded proper rest  
There is nothing that can beat  
The qualities of a good night's sleep.

My blanky keeps me nice and warm  
Why I snuggle up is no wonder  
Protected from all of life's storms  
When my blanky I am under.

There is no better place for me  
There's no place I would rather be  
Than curled up and nestled my favorite way  
With my pillow and blanky at the end of the day.

## My Son, The Blood Donor

"Hi Mom," he said  
When he came home from school  
"I'd like to do something"  
"I think it's real cool."

"I'm now seventeen"  
"And of age says the state"  
"When I can donate blood"  
"If you'll cooperate."

"I brought home some papers"  
"I need you to sign"  
"To give your permission"  
"On the dotted line."

"That's so very thoughtful"  
I said to my son.  
"And I certainly know"  
"Why you want this done."

"You're aware of your duty"  
"And do things so fine"  
"It's easy for you"  
"Since you've drained all of mine."

[Note: referencing her younger son]

## One Nag at a Time

As soon as they enter your life  
And once you have become their wife  
The glue that holds your mind together  
Just seems to loosen and tether.

They can't find their socks in the morning  
Though you've given them sufficient warning  
To look through the drawer they're supposed to be in  
You can say it from dusk until dawning.

Good breakfasts you want them to eat  
The meal you've made just can't be beat  
But he has no time to relish the treat  
So in your mouth goes your own feat.

Then when the children arrive  
Your life never is quite the same  
Some days barely glad you're alive  
For everything wrong you are blamed.

In many directions you run  
All but you are having fun  
You'd love to just put up a sign  
Saying, "One Nag at the Time."

My life has been somewhat garbled  
With many things I've come to dread  
No wonder I keep losing marbles  
They keep drilling holes in my head.

## SWEET YOUTH

Sweet youth that comes and goes so fast  
With their soap thick and shiney  
Has given way and is my past  
And now I'm old and briney.

What was a smile and a laugh line  
Has now become a wrinkle  
What once would flow when you would go  
Has now become a tinkle.

Of bulges there are more than charms  
In places you were thin  
What used to grow under your arms  
Now grows under your chin

While looking back at where I've been  
And now at where I'm headed  
I guess I'd have to stop and grin  
It's better than being deaded.

## TALIBAN SOLDIER

I'm a terrorist and I shoot my gun  
And I blow up bombs; it is lots of fun  
Yes, the Jihad life is the life for me  
I would gladly die just so I could be  
A Taliban soldier...

When my turn is here whether far or near  
I will gladly serve using all my gear  
I will kill you folks, no it's not a hoax  
I will proudly boast that I wanna be  
A Taliban soldier.

If you're on a plane or you take the train  
You'd better watch out just let me explain  
I would not think twice, your throat I would slice  
And my only price is I wanna be  
A Taliban soldier.

But our best hit yet, such rewards we'll get  
Is the New York blast, we'll wipe you out fast  
There's the Anthrax scare, go out if you dare  
But you should beware, 'cause I wanna be  
A Taliban soldier...

## Tennyson's Venison

I've heard the good  
Alfred Lord Tennyson  
Was partial  
To meat known as venison  
When asked as he supped  
If he'd had quite enough  
He replied,  
"I could have more and then eat some."

## The Food Machine

Ronnie G., the food machine  
Started out as being lean  
But through the years despite our fears  
His appetite grew and he did, too.

There was no way it would abate  
And so he kept on gaining weight  
Though we would beg and we would pleas  
Ronnie G. just would not heed.

His food intake could not be controlled  
No matter how much he was told  
You'll find that you'll be in harm's way  
And then the price you'll have to pay.

For as you keep on getting bigger  
It will cause damage to your ticket  
We may have to live without you, lad  
And that will make us very sad.

Then one day chest pains began  
And to the doctor Ronnie ran  
You'll need a by-pass, doctor said  
Or you just may end up dead.

Unfortunately, due to the plaque  
Ronnie G. had a heart attack  
He was rushed right into surgery  
Where doctors did a C-A-B-G.

But the damage done throughout the years  
Was far too great to make repairs  
And much to no one's great surprise  
Ronnie G. met his demise.



## The Runner

My son came for a visit  
But he couldn't stay too long  
He said he had some business  
To take care of in the morn.

"What's so important," I asked him  
"Why be in such a rush"  
He said he's full of vigor and vim  
And asked me not to push.

"But," I said, "You stay not long?"  
"And I do miss you so"  
"If you leave soon I'll feel wronged"  
"This, I want you to know."

"But, Mom," he said, "Please understand"  
"You I would never shun"  
"It's just that I have made some plans"  
"And have a race to run."

"But," I said, "A longer visit"  
"Will not be a disaster"  
"If you leave a little later"  
"Just run a little faster."

[Note: referencing her younger son]

## The Voyage

My mother's cousins sailed by ship  
They traveled steerage rates  
Long ago they made the trip  
To the United States.

They docked in New York City  
As many people did  
But did not think it very pretty  
And continued on their trip.

We'll head out west to make our lives  
This town is not for us  
Don't worry, we can pay the price  
And please don't make a fuss.

We'll travel north a little bit  
The border's where we'll aim  
When the money runs out we will quit  
And then we'll stake our claim.

They ended up in North Dakota  
Who could ever know  
With little money and a quota  
How Far they would go.

## TV Shows

I've had my Phil of talk show hosts  
I'll Dona different hue  
Psychologists, I'm proud to boast  
Are not something I view.

If you want advice galore  
Or to get something free  
You'll have to gnaw and kick and Graw  
Please spare me the M-c.

So to the Lake rides I will go  
With puppy Springer right in tow  
In Jeopardy if it gets darker  
I won't wait there for the Barker.

## WWW.HELPME.PLEASE

I'll learn to work computers  
If it takes a year or three  
The do's and don'ts of DOS and fonts  
Won't get the best of me  
I sit down really anxious  
To apply what I have learned  
The darn thing is obnoxious  
And "on" it can't be turned  
My frustration builds and I do pore  
And more knowledge I do seek  
Perhaps I'll learn a little more  
At my lesson next week  
My husband reassures me  
The computer can't be broken  
And yet he must be sure to see  
That it I do stop pokin'  
"What do you fear?"  
"Why stay up all night?"  
"The problem's only slight"  
Said I to him, "Now listen, dear,"  
"The problem is, it bytes."  
"I see," he said, "Now come to bed."  
"It's the middle of the winter."  
"The mouse slid through the window"  
"And is hiding in the printer"  
"There is no need to dread," said he  
"Though you'll never learn to hack"  
"But mark my words, the day you'll see"  
"When at it you'll get back"