



Introspections and Recollections
by
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James Madison High School
Class of '59

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Author's Bio, Note and Dedication, and Appreciation

Mickey Greenberg was born in Brooklyn in 1941 and lived on Ocean Avenue close to the Sheepshead Bay Bridge. At Madison High School he played on the school's first soccer team. His real love was basketball but he could not make the talented Madison team. He graduated from Madison in 1959.

Mickey attended Harpur College, majoring in biology and graduated in 1963. At Harpur his basketball skills matured at a high level. During his four years as a guard on the basketball squad, he was a 1,000 point scorer, achieving the total in just 60 career games. During his junior season, Harpur had a 14-3 record, a record that still stands as the best in the program's first 50 years. For his accomplishments Greenberg was named back-to-back Harpur College "Athlete of the Year" in 1961-62 and 1962-63, and he was inducted into the Harpur Hall of Fame in 1996. Following his illustrious career at Harpur, Mickey played professional basketball for the Washington Generals against the Harlem Globetrotters in the 1968/'69 season.

He returned to Harpur and took English graduate courses and received his teaching certificate in English. He taught English at Vestal High School in upstate New York for 34 years in addition to coaching baseball and basketball.

In 1970, he married Stacey Grangnelli and they had four children and now 5 grandchildren.

Author's Note and Dedication

I started writing poems when Aging arrived at my door. I found myself looking back on both sad and joyful times and putting my perspective in words. Hopefully, these words will stir up memories and emotions of your own, especially those times growing up in Brooklyn.

This collection of poems is dedicated to all James Madison High School graduates and especially to the class of 1959 of Madison.

School days in Brooklyn always were and always will be a time of challenges, friendships and discoveries.

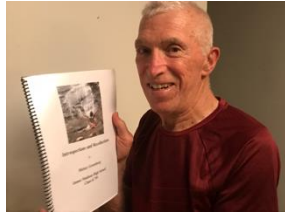
Appreciation

Much appreciation goes out to Rich Gitlin and Myron Kalin for their kind encouragement and support. Without them, this collection of poems would not have been created.

And to my family, whom I love beyond any poetic words.



Mickey 1959



Mickey with the collection of his poems

Mickey can be reached at bamisgreat@icloud.com

Brooklyn Nostalgia Poems

Cautionary Words

Cautionary words from my mom that will linger:

“I’ll give you something to cry about!”

“Wait until your father gets home!”

“The children in China are starving. You’re not leaving the table until you finish your dinner.”

“Don’t talk with your mouth full.”

“You’re not going anywhere dressed like that!”

“Finish your homework and turn off the tv!”

“If your friend jumps off a bridge, would you?”

“Money doesn’t grow on trees!”

“Who do you think you’re talking to!”

“If I told you once, I told you a thousand times, clean up your room!”

“Go to your room.”

“I am going to wash out your mouth with soap!”

And so it was, no matter though,
I would still love to hear my mom say once more,

“You just wait until you have kids of your own!”



Time Machine

If time was stirred up
in a cosmic salt and pepper shaker,

I could be magically young again,

Rather than this old codger
looking for his spectacles.

I would then be trying to tag along with older kids,

Who would flee
from this young sprite.

But my bones would not ache

And I would be loose and limber,
running after them,

With the wind,

On the streets of good old Brooklyn.

Brooklynese

Tell me sumthin' I don't know!
He's as sharp as a tack.
You're the cat's meow.
You really think you're sumthin'!
How 'bout that!
I wouldn't give you two cents!
He's comin' on like gang busters!
I'm gonna' knock your block off!
A penny for your thoughts.
He's a chip off the old block.
You're a cutie pie!
He's older than dirt!
You wanna' knuckle sandwich!
Cool, Daddy-O!
Why so glum, chum?
Gimme' some skin!

And on and on but that's the way the cookie crumbles!

Fleeting Days

Who knew then
that the Ocean Avenue holiday parades
on trolley tracked streets

Would not last.

And the apartment house backyard hangout

Would seem to shrink
in size each passing year.

Juke-boxed candy stores vanished

And the Sheepshead Movie Theater
became a mini mall,

As the toy store
morphed into a Dollar Store.

Rose's knit shop
and John's Barber Shop
gone too,

Along with Bernie's
fruit and vegetables farm stand.

As those youthful days
and places passed,

Only memories can reclaim them.



Going, Going Gone

The landscape
has changed.

The friendly tabled cafe
has been replaced
by a drive thru
eatery.

The shoemaker's workplace torn down

Leaving an empty lot
in its place.

So too,
the candy shop,
the wooden floored hardware store,

And the old movie theater,

All have vanished.

A once comfortable world
is no more,

As are my fleeting youthful
days.



Brooklyn Neighborhoods

Old neighborhoods
were living organisms
that aged.

In those long ago days,
the surrounding streets
came alive

With the energy
of youthful games,

Filled with mischief
and feats of daring do,

While older folks sat,
relishing the warmth

Under the noon day sun.

Inevitably though,
the wand of passing time
was waved,

Washing away the sands
of the past

To what is now
the land of nevermore.

Shores of Yesteryear

To once again be flipping cards

To fill a cigar box
with treasured

Baseball heroes from days gone by.

Egg creams and Rock 'n Roll ruled those days

In an Ozzie and Harriet world.

But the trolley tracks
have long been cemented over,

And the Schwinn bike of my youth
is rusted beyond repair,
And can no longer
be my chariot

Wheeling me
to a schoolyard oasis.

Yet,
I still can float about
on a piece of driftwood,

Dreaming on the shores of yesteryear.



Family Circle

Brooklyn days kept us close,
as the short walks to our family circle

Kept me safely enveloped
in the arms of loved ones.

As a little tyke
I could not imagine then

That those caring streets
of familiarity

Would be deserted by migrations
as time passed.



The Edifice

This archaic edifice
still stands tall in Brooklyn today,

And carries within its walls,
memories of long ago.

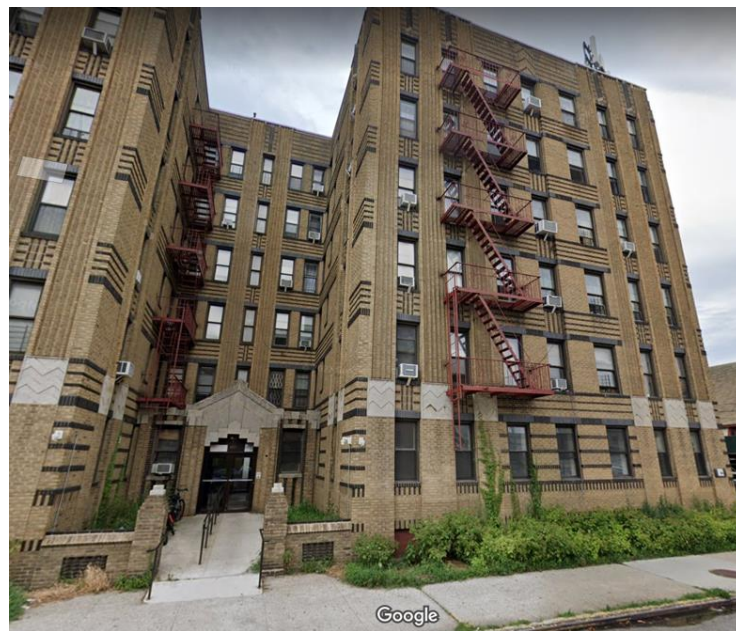
The leviathan of bricks and cement
guarded the streets of my childhood,

Where buddies would roam
with mischief, fun and games.

Street vendors
plied their wares

As elders would sun themselves
on their chairs

In the fading rays
of yesteryear.



Home, Sweet Home

It was a free wheeling
bike ride
that took me away

From my apartment house
domain
of my childhood years,

But it was always the home
I would return to.

It had dimly lit hallways,
and an even darker basement

But also a sun splashed
roof top,

With a tar covered surface
that crinkled with every step.

When the cooling evening sky appeared,

On every
Tuesday summer night,

Glorious fireworks rained down

From the nearby
Coney Island's magical shores

And lit up the starry night
for kids of all ages.

The Sheepshead Bay Bridge

On how many warm days
did I walk across
the Sheepshead Bay Bridge,

In a rush
to get to Manhattan Beach

In anticipation of what lay beyond.

This ocean front mecca
promised hoop games,
swimming in the surf

And bathing beauties sunning themselves.

The bridge eventually
was a conduit that led
to youthful day's departure.

Too soon I would be sitting on nearby benches viewing
the bay

With other aging
Brooklynites,

Recalling memories
of past times

On both sides
of the Sheepshead Bay Bridge.



Beach Days

Brighton and Manhattan Beach days
were filled with sun shining swims.

On my way to the surf,
I would zig zag and dart
between sand castles

And bathing beauties,
who were beyond my years.

Lunchtime sandwiches
were washed down with Nedick's drinks,

Before diving in once again
into the salty surf.

It was the play land
of my dreams,

When daily trips
to the Atlantic's shore

Were a part of our family's
lives.



The Crashing Surf

The crashing surf

Races to the Brooklyn shoreline
with a beachcomber,

Who wishes to be back again
searching for shells

Along mud puddled waters,

As seabirds soar above
the rolling waves.



Beach Reading

I was never more at ease than at a beach.

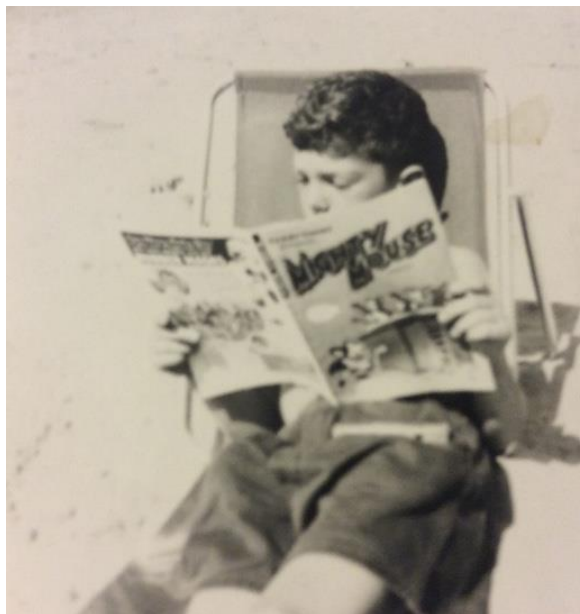
After diving and rolling in with the waves,
I was ordered ashore

By my mom,
who had X-Ray vision,

Enabling her to deem
my lips too blue
to remain in the magical surf.

It was time for a lunch break
and delve into a Mighty Mouse comic book

And imagine a world
when superpowers
were a possibility.



Good Old Days

Put me on
the Sheepshead Bay Bridge
with a fishing pole in hand.

Lay me on a blanket
in Brighton Beach
with my feet in the sand.

Sit me in an Italian restaurant
eating tasty pizza,
with both of my hands.

But most of all,
let me dance the “Lindy” with you,
to our favorite Rock ‘n Roll band!

In a Brooklyn Candy Store

A dream carried me back
to a Brooklyn candy store,

Where I sat on a red leather stool
by a shiny countertop

Sipping and savoring
a frothy egg cream delight.

The jukebox was playing
an Elvis tune

While I stared at jars
filled with jellybeans,

Each promising a delectable
delight

Of a forgotten memory
that stood time still,

With each tasty bite,
from those sweet years,

When I was forever young.



Days of Innocence

My Uncle Frank and I

Rode the train together from Brooklyn
to Coogan's Bluff.

I fancied myself a right fielder,
camping under a high fly ball,

At the Polo Grounds short porch,

Where lefty sluggers
would hungrily aim.

In my mind,
I would gather the white sphere

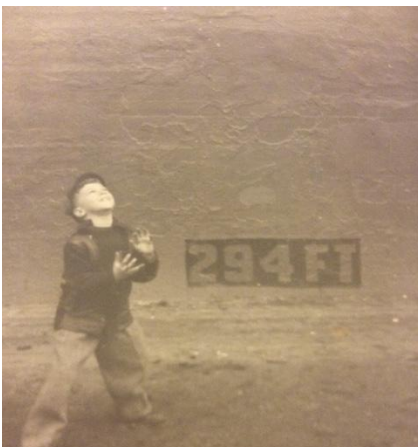
And whirl around to peg
that imaginary ball home,

To beat a foolhardy runner trying to tag from third.

Those days of innocence
were glorious

To roam the field
after a game,

Where so many of my idols played.



Reminiscences

Frosted Flakes were sweet
and Shredded Wheat was not.

Cracker Jacks had prizes
that were not worth a lot.

Movies cost a quarter
showing cowboys and cartoons.

Porky Pig and Bugs Bunny
were the stars in Loony Tunes.

Randolph Scott and Tom Mix
were heroes on the screen,

They shot bank robbers and Indians
too easily it seemed.

On tv was Roy Rogers
and Gene Autry too,

The Lone Ranger and Tonto
rode horses that flew.

Flash Gordon fought Ming,
who was evil to the core

But Flash always won,
I could not ask for more.

Comic books were bought
at a nearby candy store,

Superman and Batman
had super powers galore.

All that I miss
and it would be fun,

To be young again
and not
an ancient son of a gun!



Elementary School

Many decades ago, at Brooklyn's P.S. 254,

The skillful art
of penmanship was taught.

I used a #2 Ticonderoga pencil,

While sitting at a desk
that had an inkwell hole.

We were meticulously taught
to use
our thumb and forefinger

To form a harbor
that carefully guided
our letters

Neatly placed on lines.

It was also under
that very same desk

That I dove during
nuclear air raid drills

To keep me safe
from threatening skies
above,

During my innocent years
of childhood.

Irretrievable

My dad,
ever the scholar,

Would set aside his notebooks,
filled with erudite words

And went outside with me
to play.

He was my Willie Mays
when playing catch,

My Roy Rogers
when we rode the range
on Brooklyn's streets.

But his earlier years
would always be
unknown to me

As the land of Oz

Because I was consumed
by my own shadow.

Simply asking,
would have revealed

A treasure trove of stories
from my dad's youth

Which are now irretrievable,

As are those long gone
rowboat days with him,

On the Sheepshead Bay waters of my dreams.



Relic

Some relics have powers
that invite me
to get on board

For a magical
carpet ride to yesteryear.

A treasured seltzer bottle,

Can dissolve both time
and space

And return me
to our wallpapered Brooklyn kitchen,

Where my dad stands,
leaning back,

In front of the Amana Frigidaire,

Tilting that very same seltzer bottle
to quench his thirst.

In a world,
so very different,
and so very much missed!



A Tribute

Old barns and sheds
contain old tools

And coffee cans
filled with nuts and bolts from past days.

They remain as a tribute
to a time
when life was simpler.

Fading calendars tacked
on aged wooden walls,

Are proof that this hand built structure has lasted

As a museum of a sort,

To be witnessed only as a blur
by cars whizzing by.



Sandlot Ball

A sandlot was all
that was needed,

Along with cardboard squares for bases.

Baseball gloves
were shared
and sides were chosen

By the bigger kids.

If the taped up ball
reached the road on the fly,

It was a home run.

If the ball got lost in the weeds,
it was an automatic double.

The game was over
when it got too dark

To see thrown pitches.

Those were the days
for Brooklyn kids in summer,

While on their own,
playing the game they loved.

Buddy Games

Skipping steps
down our Brooklyn
apartment house stairwell

With the energy of youth,

When I was always
in a rush,

To meet
my buddies,

For outside games
like Johnny on a pony,
or stoop ball.

On rainy days,
it was back up those hallway stairs,

And meet those same kids

To play Monopoly
that kept us busy

For hours on end.



A Pink Ball

This pink sphere,
was gripped, bounced, tossed and caught,

Off schoolyard walls.

It cost 25 cents
and was a connection
to belonging and friendship

With neighborhood kids.

Sadly,
the lonely wizards of technology

Replaced that magical
high bouncing ball

With bright screens
and gigabytes.



Old School Hoops

Basketball in the 1950's

Displayed two hand sets,
underhand foul shots and hooks galore,

All launched towards metal rims,
that clanged with errant misses.

On the wintry schoolyard cement surface,

Snow was shoveled
so icy hands could dribble
a seamless ball

That was forever cold
and slippery to grasp.

Sides were chosen
by the older kids

Whose sense of justice and fair play
was learned at the school of hard knocks.

In addition, inside apartment house hoops, were played in the bedroom,
and was a roughhouse affair,

With rolled up socks tossed at a reshaped circular hanger,
perilously attached to the top of a closet door.

I would leap off my bed,
spiraling towards a thunderous slam,

Which could be followed by a phone call from the apartment below,
wondering what cataclysmic event had just occurred.

Park Basketball

Park basketball
was an oasis

Of a sort,

Where young ones
would arrive

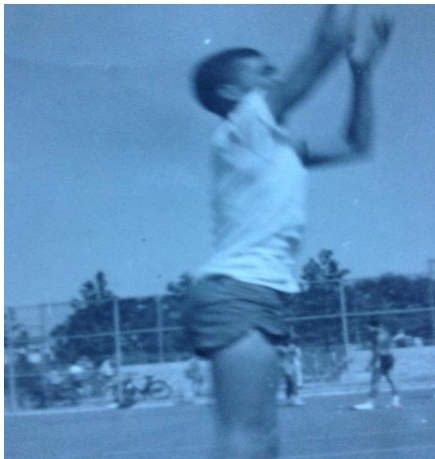
To test their wares
against skilled stalwarts.

It was either learn and play hard,

So you could stay
on the court

Or move on
to a deserted landscape,

Devoid of challenges.



Coney Island

Take me back
to Nathan's delicacies

And the fun land
of my youthful days;

To scream filled roller coaster rides
and penny arcade machines,

To carousel steeds
circling 'round and 'round,

Reaching for the golden
ring of my dreams.

The Steeplechase Park
was magical

And the Parachute Jump
overlooked the ocean waves

Of forever Coney Island shores.



Fantasy Baseball

The joy of leaping high,
on the playing field
of my imagination

And snaring that rising
line drive

That was sure to be
an extra base hit.

The white sphere nestled safely in the web
of my well oiled glove.

It was a game saving feat,
as I was always ready to mimic,

The magic of my baseball heroes.



My Uncle Frank

Baseball seasons
always bring back memories
Of my Uncle Frank,

Who shared his love of the game with me.

We played toss and catch,
while he showed me

How to make the ball spin.

We ran on sandy beaches
perfecting the art of the hook slide.

We took subway excursions
to Ebbets Field
and the Polo Grounds,

Where fields of glorious beauty awaited,

Along with the heroic skills
displayed by our favorite players,

On forever days of sunshine.

His legacy always
will be treasured,

For allowing his sprite of a nephew
to feel so loved and special



Once Upon A Time

There was once a time
when grandparents
were the central core of family life.

They guided us with care
and were a magnetic force

Shining over those
who revolved around
their sun.

The respect and love
was palpable during visits

And holiday mealtimes.

But points beyond
the neighborhood

Lured the family members away from their core

And as they spread out
like feathers in the wind,

The close knit fabric
would never be the same.



Aging Perceptions

My Dad

How could I not love
this man, my dad,

Who taught me
what kindness was,

When neighborhood folks
would seek out advice

From his thoughtful words.

How could I not respect
his calm demeanor

In times of turmoil,
when he led our family
to safer shores.

How I would listen raptly
to his tales of the Wolfapussa and the Witch of Galzoon.

His stories were magical to my young ears.

And when I was older,
his writings would be treasured.

He rowed me on lakes
and motored an Evinrude
Engine on Sheepshead Bay's ocean waters,

To share with me his love
of fishing.

He worked two jobs for years

And when he returned home in the early evening
his melodic whistle announced his welcomed arrival

Across the Ocean Avenue airwaves.

That tune will stay with me always,
as will the memories of my dad



Daydreams

Daydreams come in wisps
That transport me to a timeless island
that is mine alone,

Away from a noise filled world,
that aims to distract.

Fantasies slide by
and I am lifted away to a place,

Where colors
are like the warm pastels

Of an early morning sky.



The Long Distance Runner

The phases of life
begin at the starting line
of your marathon run.

With the wind at your back,
under beckoning skies,

There is hope and focus
with every stride taken.

But when the race
approaches the 19th mile,
you tend to slow down,

And ponder the journey
you have been on.

With all the hills you've climbed.

You begin to sense
an exhausting appreciation

For being in the race at all,

When so many
have dropped by the wayside.

The Human Species

Are we like the butterflies
flitting and skimming around
from flower to flower,

Imbibing succulent nourishment?

Or are we like the flowers,
ready to please and lure others

With our colorful
and varied characteristics?

Or are we in fact like both,
a hybrid of sorts,

Willing to give and receive?

But the human species stands apart

Due to the fickleness
of our ever changing moods.



The Variety of Life

There are dog lovers
and people haters.

Life is just that way.

There are brilliant orators
and tongue tied stutterers.

Some have physiques
like Greek gods
or goddesses,

While beauty in others
can only shine from within.

The yin and the yang
all reside on this spinning planet,

Balancing its orbital way
through infinite space.

An Old Timer's View of our Changing World

Face time can't give hugs.

A firm handshake means more to me than a fist bump.

TikTok was only the sound your loud clock would make.

Phone calls would never end because a battery needed recharging.

Elvis is still the King!

Present day salaries for professional athletes make me shudder in disbelief.

Medicines being touted on tv is like listening to snake oil salesmen.

On line dating services have replaced awkward pick up lines.

Kids and adults have an extra appendage called an iPhone.

Family sit downs to a home cooked meal can't happen at a drive thru eatery.

Walter Kronkite's 6 o'clock news was more than enough coverage than the 24
hour barrage.

ABC, NBC, and CBS seemed to suffice when we didn't have to pay for streaming
services.

School shootings, so tragically rampant now, used to be just fist fights back in the
day.

On Being Old

I am proud to know my age but where are my glasses?

My major goal each day is to achieve a trifecta...3 naps!

Satchel Paiges' advice, "Don't look back. Something might be gainin' on ya',"
might be true considering my foot speed.

Old friends truly are old.

Chocolate cake icing still tastes as good as when I was two years old and I still
need a bib.

To keep upbeat and positive, I will attempt to have a midlife crisis.

When someone says that I am "older than dirt" I will take that as an achievement.

When I see someone who looks old, I suspect they are younger than I am.

When someone asks, "How are you?" I try my best to tarnish the truth.

At the grocery when someone asks, "Do you need help sir,?"
I think they know something about me.

I have lost many friends and family and now find myself on a queue that
Is getting shorter.

Memory Box

Good times re-emerge
in photos

Reminding me
of friendships sealed
with laughter and respect.

So many recollections
are in the memory box

From the land of Nevermore.



A Burden

There is a weight
that some old folks bear.

It's a heavy burden
filled with memories.

This pain is carried
in their sponge like hearts,

As they cling to
yellowed photographs
and ancient memorabilia.

All these personal treasures,

Are held aloft
in muddied pastures

Of longing and vanishing
remembrances.

The Innocence of Little Ones

Put me on
a sun splashed beach,

Building sand castles
with wide eyed little ones,

Who won't know
the meaning of adulthood

Until many seasons
of waves roll in at high tide,

Washing their time
of innocence away.



Childhood

Childhood is a magical fort
built from cardboard
boxes,

Protecting all within,
from fire breathing dragons,

Spewing incendiary flames

Which threaten
to keep adulthood at bay,

With fantasies
that reign behind castle walls.



Favorite Desserts

As I slow down,
the world's breaking news
spins faster.

My circle of friends
thins out,
with each passing year.

Doctor's appointments
becomes social activities
that I am too often invited to.

Yet sunsets, baby smiles
and warm hugs,

Become more alluring
and appreciated

Like favorite desserts
from a keepsake menu

Finding Home

Sometimes
life can be a lonely
road,

As you travel over bridges that take you from here
to there.

But comfort will be found
in reaching home

So you can rest your weary
footsteps

And be encircled
by those who find you

So easy to love.



Marking Time

Penciled marks on a doorjamb

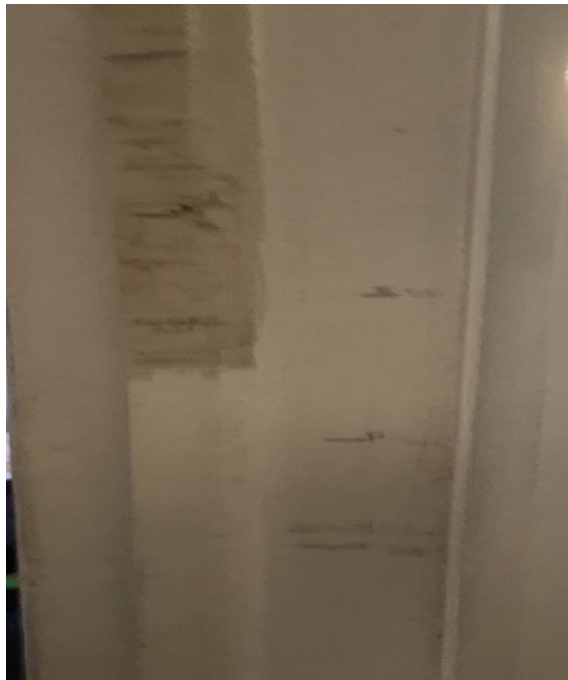
Measured the growth
of our sprouting tykes,

When they were lengthening
almost daily it seemed.

The etched lines
revealed time passing for our family.

As the little one's heights topped out,
too soon their residency did end,

From the protective shell
of our home.



An Embrace

Love
is a nightly embrace,

Erasing any disagreements
that may have previously
occurred.

All is forgiven
so we can now enter

A portal
of comforting dreams

And wake up to a day
full of promise,

Together.



Love

The limits of love
are unknowable,

Despite the many words
that are penned.

Nevertheless,
it emerges from the depths
of the human heart,

And spreads beyond.

The power of love
erases the notion

That you are alone
in this world,

With no hand to hold
while crossing
busy thoroughfares,

So you can safely reach
the other side.

Friendship

Friendship is a string
tightly wound into a ball.

It might frazzle and unwind some
but the core will remain constant.

Sometimes,
it is a rubber band
stretched taut,

That could break with a snap,
so you will feel the ache
and the futility of a forever loss.

Rarely, it is a buried treasure box,
dug up and reopened,

So you can rediscover
long forgotten times

To hold on to and share again.

Moving On

Some dreamily speak
of long ago friendships

And golden days full of laughter and fun.

Others, with dimming eyes,
can not erase the disappointments
of past years,

And are stuck in the painful quagmire
that has slowed them.

The fortunate ones however,
are able to move on from wallowing
in those sad times

And with vision cleared,
they can safely reach

The welcoming shores
of present day life,

Where the undertow
no longer pulls them down.

A Gift in Slumber

On occasion,
when in gifted slumber,

I spend some fleeting moments with someone I loved,
who departed this world

And left me more alone
than I could ever conceive
of being.

Yet they can return again
in a dream filled fantasy,

Even for the briefest of times,
until I wake to a tilted day.

Off Kilter

Attempts at recalling dreams
fade with the light of day.

I am left with wispy details,
entangled in cobwebs.

What remains is only
a fleeting glimpse
of where I had been

And who I had been with.

If only sunrise
would yield clarity.

The Lost Ones

And so,
once again words fly,

Heartfelt words,
spoken after more mass killings.

Passionate words,
from those
struggling with their pain.

Yet it is the wordless,
tear stained faces

Of the huddled grief stricken,
that says more

From those who stand by helplessly
missing the lost ones,

As the madness goes on.

The Maimed and the Fallen

The maimed and the fallen
populate a forest's graveyard,

With no headstones commemorating
their birth and demise.

Whether it was storms,
disease or age,

No obituary will ever list the cause.

They will remain prostrate
however,
lying in repose,

Throughout the seasons
in open caskets

For any passersby to view
with sadness.



The Fragility of Truth

Truth is a wispy, fragile
thing.

When I try to speak it,
my words crumble into dust,

As if there were no
truths to utter at all.

Best to hold my tongue
and not blather on,

As if I was the one
holding the crystal ball

Of golden insights.



Truth

Truth cuts
with the sharpest of blades,

Opening up a Pandoras' box
of painful memories.

Truth paralyzes,
when I am suddenly caught in its snare,

Unable to move.

Truth fades
with time passing,

Into the cobwebbed corners
of my mind,

And I walk with hesitant steps
on a once clear path.

A Deception

An unkept promise

Is a hurtful deception
on an island awash

With thoughtless words
that should never have been spoken.

Best to set them silently adrift on an outgoing tide

With other untruths
that will sink and fade away

Over the distant horizon.

An Elder's Dilemma

Gazing back in time
is a fool's errand for me,

When trying to talk
about a past
that never was.

Wishful thinking captures
memories that could have been

If only this or if only that
actually occurred.

Yet, looking ahead
brings beads of worry,

Which act as sand traps,

Trapping me in a future
world that is beyond my ken.

Dementia's Fish

In my mind,
many fish splash about,

Until it is time
to bait my hook

And attempt to pull one
to the surface.

I admire briefly
the beauty of my rare catch,

Before the slippery recollection
slides back into its watery domain.

Any further attempt
to hold on to a prize

Meets with failure,

As I head back
to the land of forgotten memories.

A Fog's Betrayal

Morning fog struggles vainly

To remain
against the rising sun.

But the brilliant orb's
powerful and penetrating rays,

Will soon dissolve
the cloud like mist.

Sadly though,
the once bright rays of the mind

Fail to dispel the cruel mist,

That dims the once
respected intellect.

The Quandary of Isolation

Loneliness is the last leaf remaining on a wind blown limb,

While other leaves
have drifted away.

Solitude, on the other hand
is a choice made

From the menu
of life's delicacies,

So you can be by yourself
with the person you know
best.

Solitude a comforting quilt
of protective warmth,

That keeps you safe
from a world

That clamors for your time
and attention.

The Lost Soul

I searched for my soul

But it was neither
here nor there.

I looked elsewhere
but my soul I could not find.

I looked high and low,
under and over,

But all I could see
was a mirror reflecting

My many faces,
winking back at me.

Chat

Time for relief
from the daily grind,

And go together
to your favorite diner,

For some delicious food, light banter,
and perhaps a dash

Of some soulful conversation.

But your eyes
are diverted to a cloud like
world

Which removes any intimacy

With whom you are
sitting so close to

At your favorite diner.



Secret Kingdoms

There is a hole
in the sky

That I long
to climb through,

And tip toe about,
on cushioning clouds,

While staring wide eyed,
at secret kingdoms,

Whose realm exists
beyond the humdrum
of the everyday world,

So far below.



Cold Moon

There is little movement tonight.

The white cold moon
has cast its spell.

Rabbits are stilled mid-leap,

As the coyote's rapacious jaws
are frozen open forever,

The static humming
of the ice cracking creek

No longer has the urge
to flow downstream.

The manipulative moon's
icy strings

Have wreaked paralyzing havoc
on the earth below.



The Fountain of Aging

To discover the Fountain of Aging,
I had to travel far.

The road was not always easy,
as there were many detours along the way.

I often felt lost on unmarked trails

But the urge was always
to keep moving on.

Doubtless my travels
would have stalled,

Were it not for the help of loved ones,

Who helped guide me through troubling times.

And when I finally reached and sipped the Fountain's ambrosia,

The taste was bittersweet
yet so worth the journey.

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Looking back
at all the yesterdays

That took me to all my todays
to get me from there to here,

This depends on what choices
were made

Until chance was thrown in the mix.

Nevertheless, I still wonder about my tomorrows.