



# **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 Gragnelli 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.

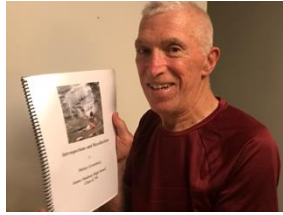
### **Appreciation**

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](mailto: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.

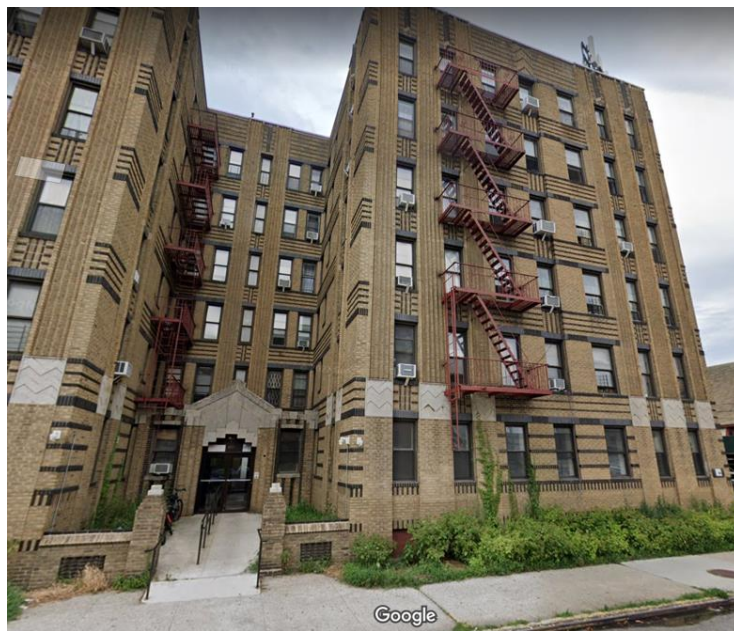
The leviathan of bricks and cement  
guarded the streets of my childhood,

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.

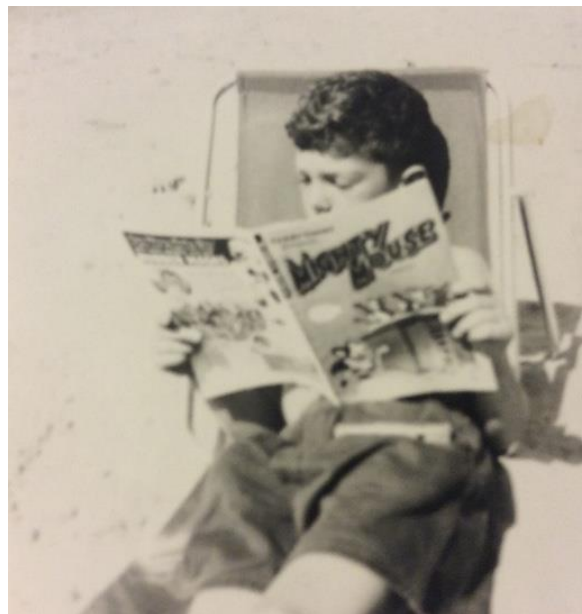
After diving and rolling in with the waves,  
I was ordered ashore

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

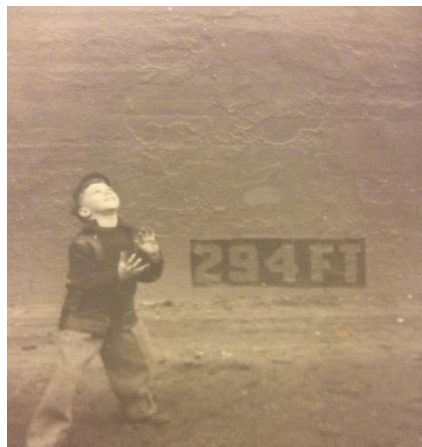
And whirl around to peg  
that imaginary ball home,

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

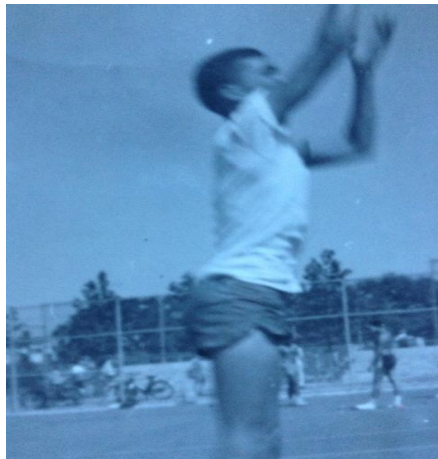
To test their wares  
against skilled stalwarts.

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

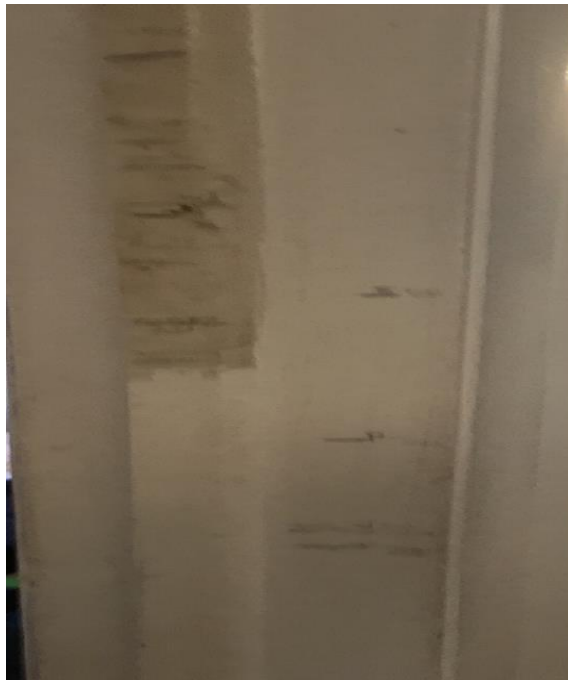
Measured the growth  
of our sprouting tykes,

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.