



From My Life to Yours

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Dedication and Appreciation

This collection of poems is dedicated with love to my family.

Much appreciation to Rich Gitlin for his kind encouragement and support.

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Mickey's contact email is bamisgreat@icloud.com

Dreams

Dreams

While I sleep,
dreams rush madly about
in a topsy-turvy world.

Jumbled up hints
of truths
invade my pillowed self,

While unshackled fantasies
are set free.

I am in a map-less world
without a guide
to give me clarity.

When I awaken,
bits and pieces linger
tauntingly on,

From the nighttime
land of Oz

I had just traveled on.



Dreams Can Come True

How could he know then
that a bouncing sphere

Would carry him
through the years

To backyard baskets
and sun drenched schoolyards,

To shiny floored gyms?

The game he loved
would be played
with others of similar ilk,

Who also wanted
to launch high arching skyward shots

And delight in the sound
of the rippling, swishing
net cord.



A Dream's Gift

When in slumber,
I can be visited
by past loved ones,

Who have been gone
from this waking world
of mine.

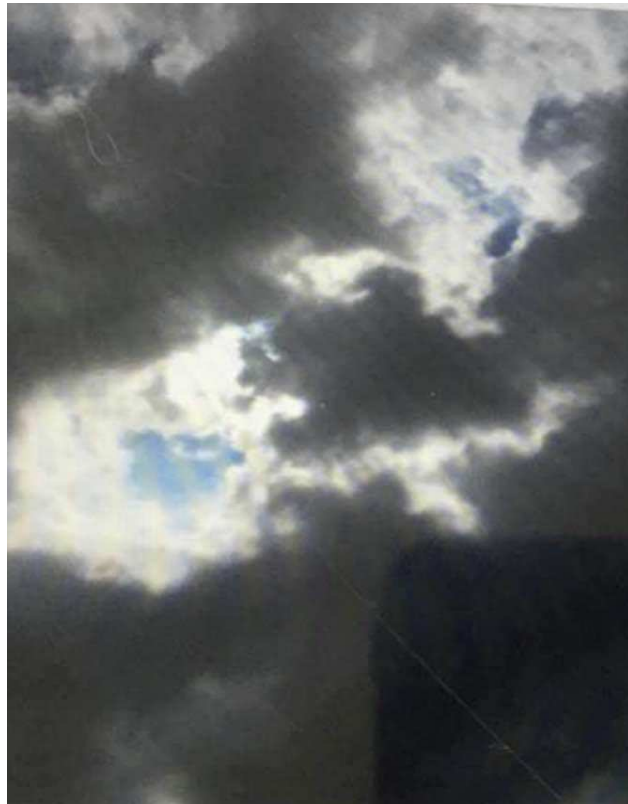
In fleeting, glorious nighttime moments

They return once more
to hold and laugh with again

For the briefest of times.

But on arising,
I can only grasp at vaporous pieces

On a lonely, tilted day.



Insomnia

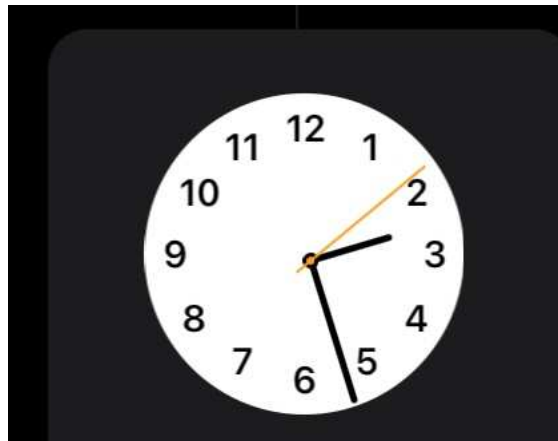
I blink awake
as the house sleeps,

As threads of worrisome thoughts drift by.

My dreamworld vanishes

And I am now wide eyed,
with little hope of returning

To the welcoming arms
of sweet slumber.



A Timeless Island

Daydreams arrive like wisps
of spider webs,

Spinning me to a timeless island
that is mine alone

For a brief and solitary visit,

Away from a noise filled world
clamoring for my attention.

These fantasies slide by
like strangers on a crowded street

Who disappear quickly
around a nearby corner.

However,
memories still me

And keep me transfixed
on a time and a place

When the colors of my life warmed me

As a vision does
of an early morning sunrise.



Fantasy

I went searching for a poem to write

I went searching for a poem to write

But found it to be
an arduous journey.

So I sat on a shore
and gazed
at a glorious sunset,

Hovering over
still waters,

While hoping for a muse to arrive
and offer me a sip

From a goblet
of inspiration.



A Fruitless Search

I searched for my soul

But it was neither
here nor there.

I looked everywhere
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.

A Gathering of Little People

Munchkins built
this miniature fire pit

In a woodland hideaway,
a gathering place,

To sit around and share
tales of magic
told well into the night.

A feast
prepared by tiny hands
was enjoyed

And washed down by
drops of ambrosia,

Until it was off
to bed,
under covers of cobwebs,

While laying their heads
on pillowy petals,

And dreaming of golden suns.



Nature

A Breakfast Menu

Have a cup of warming sun,
to ease the chill
to start the day.

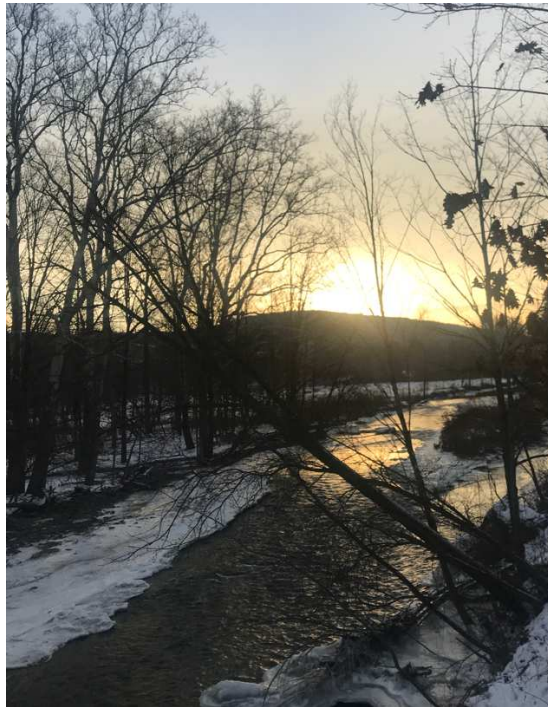
Nourish your senses
by viewing a rushing creek

That offers spoonfuls
of soothing
sights and sounds.

This table of delights
of satisfying offerings

Should fill your appetite
with every delectable taste

Of a meal to be
thankful for.



A Brief Encounter

This magnificent broad winged
butterfly

Remained stuck and motionless,
as I reached down tentatively,

Attempting to gently lift
this delicate specimen on
my nesting fingers

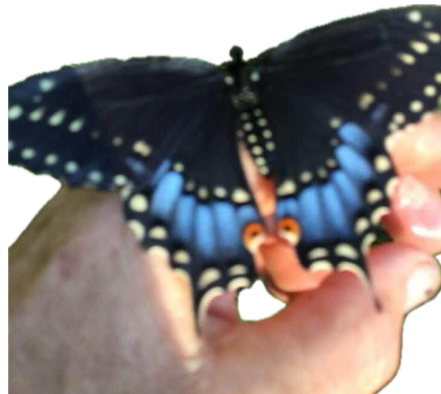
To release this beauty.

For a few breath holding moments
all was still,
until its wings fluttered

And soon was airborne again,

Leaving my hand
empty

Of a treasure held
ever so briefly.



A Wandering

A lakeside walk
soothes my spirit,

As rush and hurry
lose their import.

I look beyond the shoreline
to the watery domain's
still surface,

Which mirrors my need
for some quiet time.



A Temptation

Let me just sit
and let time slip by
to allow

The gently flowing creek waters take me away
from more active shores

Where I would
busy myself

With a this or a that
and forget

That calmness comes from
being surrounded

By quiet beauty.



A Choice

When the day
is near over,
put me on a lake

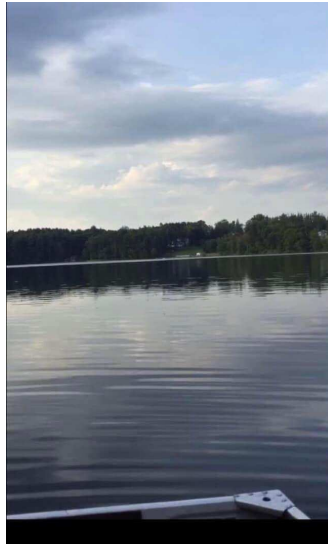
And let the rusty oars rest
for quiet's sake.

A soft breeze will slowly move this tugboat of mine

Across the ripples
of the water line.

The only sounds I hear
are bird songs

That fills the air as I float along.



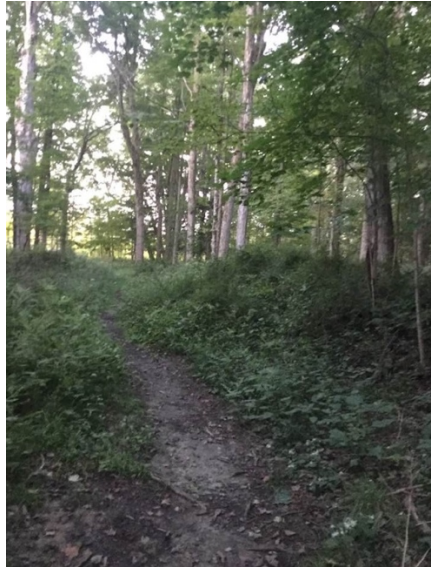
A Return

Trails take me away
from the hubbub.

Loud noise from crowds and traffic
fade
and are replaced by soft breezes

Which carry me
to a long ago time

Of ancestral wanderings.



Sky

Sky

Billowing sails float
on a sea of blue,

As the sun ship
emerges
to lead the way.

The heavenly armada
rules above

While we mere mortals
can only gaze

In admiration



A Tandem Pair

Sunrise awakens
hopeful dreams
for the coming day

And what might await.

Sunset
is a time for looking back

On what has been.

The future and the past
are bound together.



Moon Secrets

Hovering clouds
hide
the moon's secrets,

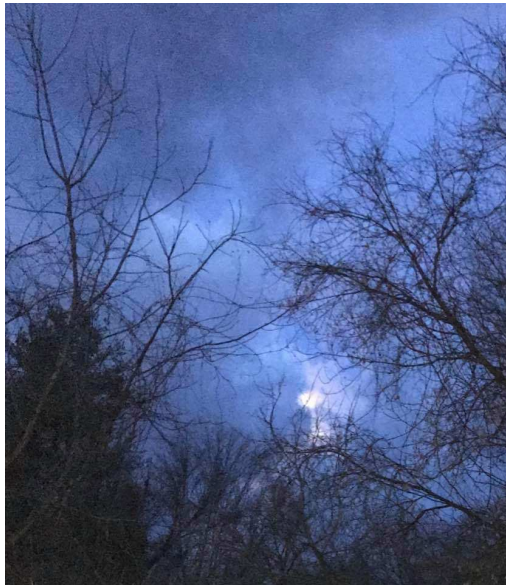
Which are whispered
to the stars above.

The tattle tale moon
sees and shares all,

After viewing down
on our world.

The universe
knows all the joy
and sadness

Playing out
on the stage below.



Illusions

A world without shadows
is half a world

With fewer
footprints
to grace the earth.

These darkened
images fade
when cloud cover arrives

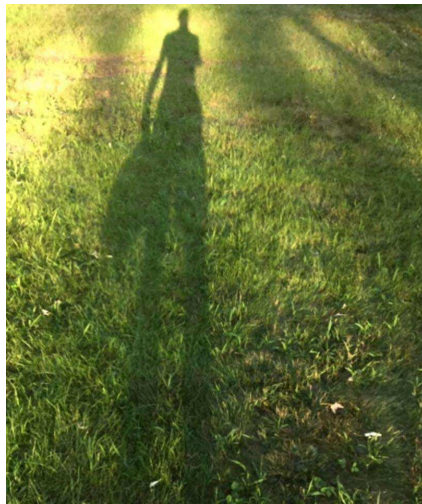
But they will emerge
when bright sunshine returns,

So children can
once more futilely chase
their likeness,

Similar to the search
for rainbow's end.

These illusions
can never be held,

Like dreams
that vanish with
the dawn's light.



Storm

Stark terror woke me
from my slumber.

Rolling, thunderous
drumbeats

Were joined by
streaks of lightning

Across darkly laden clouds,

Hovering above
on the horizon.

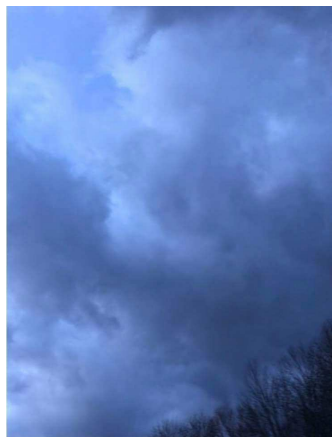
The burdened nighttime sky
released
with a vengeance,

Thrashing squalls
of pelting rain

That pounded against
my sheltered domain,

Leaving me wide eyed

With childlike fear
and wonder.



Offerings

Still waters
reflecting hovering clouds

Above wind blown fields,

All speak their message,
as their wordless metaphors deliver
quietly

Offerings of hope
and beauty

To those who walk by
in solitude.



Autumn

Dark Comes Earlier Now

Once bright flowers
have faded and been removed
to lie in an undignified pile.

Thor's winter hammer
will too soon arrive,

Striking with fierce icy winds.

Warmer climes
will be longed for,

While clothed in woolens
and bedded in quilts.

Fires will be stoked

And thoughts will return
to earlier days

When I would linger,
and be comforted by

A friendlier sun.



Reflections

This watery landscape,
and its mirrored surface

Captures a vision

Of the overlooking trees and the sky
above,

On a day when
the paint brushed
scene

Is captured as a stilled
portrait depicting

Fall in all
its beauty.



Falling Leaves

A drifting kaleidoscope
of colors
floated lazily down,

Riding on the waves of the wind.

Breezes carried these
passengers

To a soft landing,

Where they covered
the still hardy green grass,

As a protective tarp

From the forthcoming
chilling weather.



Season Passing

Season passing
is noted

By the now bare
apple trees

And the chill
in the blue sunshine air,

All fenced in
by shadows

Marking time
sliding by.



Windfall

The capricious wind

Carried these two large
leaflets

Away from
their sycamore home

During the fall time
of the year,

To remain together
to face the upcoming chill

Of wintry days.



Perceptions

Friendships

Friendships are never erased,
even though time
passes

With the inevitable
ticking clock

That rolls on
through the years.

Memories of layers
of laughter
carry me now

To long ago
get togethers

That were always looked forward to
and relished.



Wanderings

There's a curve in the road
up ahead

And I am unsure
of what lies beyond.

Footsteps and curiosity will move me closer.

Perhaps I'll see a steep rise
or wetlands to view?

Maybe a flowering pasture
with an invitation to rest?

It might just be
more straightening,

To keep me steadfast
on my journey,

Knowing full well,
that turning around
is not an option.



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.



The Human Condition

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

Imbibing succulent nourishment?

Or are we like the flowers,
ready to please others

With our alluring
beauty?

Perhaps we are a hybrid of both,
willing to give and receive,

Due to the fickleness of our ever changing moods.



Time in a Bottle

If time could be
captured in a bottle,

It would be a mixed
blessing.

To hold once again
this loving little sprite

And halt the moment
by stopping the years
from slipping by.

But how useless
that would be

To not see
her grow into
a different version

Of her once
wide eyed self,

Like a musical score
yet to be finished,

Or a photograph
that could not be taken
in the fading light.



Woodlands

Some trees stand out
for their awe inspiring beauty.

As they peer down on my small self.

The woodlands mirror us
in all their diversity

With aged ones too
who hold secrets

Whispered privately
from high above

In swaying, knowing branches.



No Regrets

Regret
the things you've done or said,

But take solace
that its painful hold
on you

Has lessened over time.

Regret
the decisions you've made

That led you down
a mistaken road

But count yourself
fortunate
to find your way again

And have no regret for sharing a path

With someone
who walks with you
in the same direction.



Finding Comfort

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.



Beauty's Fragility

Beauty's fragility
is an unearthed
vase
from an ancient kingdom,

Whose porcelain exterior reveals cracks,
as time, the merciless enemy, withers all.

Youthful days remain
in old photographs

With fleeting recollections
of days gone by.

What was
was,
and can never be again,

As once golden petals fade away

From sorrowful eyes.



Nostalgia

The Best of Times

Let time stands
still

And put me on a dock
on a day warmed by the sun,

With our family chatting easily,
alongside cooling waters.

Only then
will the stilled portrait

Come to life
with the ever present realization

That these once little
tykes have now grown

As life moves
ever so swiftly on.



Time Passing

When away from my nest,
There are some challenging days,
in debris filled waters,
But I am kept afloat
on a life raft
filled with past visions
Of days long gone
with those
who grew up in our home
In our fleeting time
together.



A Hideaway

A private refuge
secluded among branches

Where birds roam,

Made by kids as a hideout
from the lower world

Where rules and schedules
dominate.

Sadly,
this escape nest will decay in time,

As childhood ends,

When the tree house ladder
is lowered

For pursuits
that are far from

The dreams and fantasies
created from up above.



Childhood's Secrets

The gift wrapped
box of childhood

Is held firmly by small hands,

In a private world
of their very own.

It is a world
of no hurry,
filled with great plans

And fantastical visions
that are theirs alone.

Secrets are kept
behind a curtain of friendship

And safe from the prying eyes of adults,

Who can only
look on
and wistfully remember.



An Impossibility

If I could go back in time
when I was a chub of a baby,

Swaddled over and cuddled
I would, wouldn't I?

If I could go back
to when I was a teen

And ran so fast with my buddies
I would, wouldn't I?

If I could go back
when I was a young man
chasing my dreams

And testing life's waters
I would, wouldn't I?

If I could go back
to our days with little ones
I would, wouldn't I?

But then is now
and the hourglass sands
keep moving

And I can't go back,
could I?



Hoop Dreams

When the tiller
stands dormant

As the fall chill
fades flowers' beauty,

It is time to turn times' pages backwards
as my once young bones

Sought the solace
of friendships

From long ago seasons
and renew

Memories of
good times shared.



The Good Old Days

Browsing through a shoebox box
of old photographs

Taken down from a closet shelf,

Reveals long ago
childhood days

That stand me still
in reverie.

Memories linger
of romping
on the outfield grass

At the cavernous Polo Grounds

But they poignantly
fade

Except stored away
in a shoebox

On a closet shelf.



A Rowboat

The boat was moored
at the wooden planked dock

And was held secure
by chains
that gradually rusted over the seasons.

The boat had carried
fishing gear and kids

Across years of waves and calm waters.

Family guides
captained the vessel

But the last rusted link
broke away from its holding

And this tugboat of memories was set adrift

To reminisce alone.



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 rapt I would listen
to his tales of the Wolfapussa and the Witch of Galzoon,

When his stories were magical to my young ears.

When I was older
his writings would be treasured.

He rowed me about lakes
and motored an Evinrude Engine
on Sheepshead Bay's 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.



Life Is But A Dream

Life is but a dream
when
looking back
at family days,

Fresh with hopes
and possibilities.

Those hopes can still be attained,

With the certainty
that we will all be

On this journey together,

No matter the distances
or time passing.

The Gift of Family

We attempt to hold onto
what slips through
our embrace

As time slides by.

Yet the gift of family
has links that binds us

As we sail over
rainbow waters

That will not always
be smooth
but forever thankful for.



Aging

The Nearly Forgotten

Trees are like their human
counterparts,

As both inevitably show
age with passing time.

Many stoop and bend

From years of struggling
to survive,

In a populated world
that tends to ignore

The plight of their aged
elders.

Yet family and nearby roots
can support and nourish

Those who are among
the almost forgotten.



The Old Tree

This wise old,
weather beaten tree

Tried its best to explain
life's journey

To the young stalwart standing nearby,

But found it difficult
to talk about his trembling
limbs

And creaking bark,

Along with the sadness
that weighed upon
his ever sinking
roots,

When thinking
of all the storms
lived through

And all of the many
who have passed on before.



Life's Cycles

Youthful sprights
live in the moment,

Not glancing much
towards their future horizons,

Where they will test the waters of daily life,

Trying to decide
which wave to ride on to the distant shore.

Aged folks though, slowly tread over
the sands of yesteryear,

Gazing back
at the worn paths
they have traveled

Towards the ever closer sunset.



Comfort from Elders

It still holds true

That comfort can be found
by being near old souls,

Who have lived through
the heartbreak and joy
of life's offerings.

If you listen closely,
when standing by them,

You can hear tear drops,
softly landing on the earth.



The Years Go On

It's a bird.
It's a plane.

Nope,
It's Super-old man!

I don't have to leap tall
buildings in a single bound

When there are elevators.

Who needs a phone booth
to change in

When phone booths
are extinct anyways.

My bifocals and hearing aids allow me

To see and hear
the tv all the way from the couch!

I am also immune
to kryptonite and favor prunes.

Incredible patience is shown
when trying to remember
where my cape is.

And besides,
my wife says
Lois Lane
can have me!



The Chains That Bind Me

Aging arrives
when memories grip me

With wisp like threads
that entangle my everyday.

I am shaped, defined
and ultimately claimed

By the webs of yesteryear.

Slowly moving about on this road,
trafficked with others of similar ilk,

I seek comfort away from this crowded hullabaloo,

To be with family and friends,
sharing laughter and tears,

Which loosen,
for moments at least,

The chains that bind me.

A Perspective on Aging

Aging is a dusty road
filled with wagon wheel ruts

That have to be walked on
ever so carefully

Lest one might trip and fall
only to rise wobbly

And hesitant to move
so freely along.

Aging is a windstorm
that lifts you high
above towering trees

So you can view
while breathless,
the landscape below.

Aging is a waning campfire
whose embers rise up
to a setting sun.

Elderly Truisms

1. Knowing there is a nap in my immediate future is rewarding.
2. The past can only be recalled in bits and pieces and grasping memories is like trying to hold on to disappearing smoke.
- 3.. Old friends are indeed old.
4. Trying to recall names is like trying to lift 500 pound barbells.
5. Combing my hair now is like how I would treat an endangered species.
- 6.Aching body parts talk to me daily.
7. As friends and family pass on, it becomes painfully clear that I am on a queue that is getting shorter and I can't pay anyone to stand in line for me.
8. When young people look at me, they might think that I need help crossing streets.
- 9.When an old person looks at me they might think that I am older than them.
10. Eating well and being active is fine for those who still have an appetite and are mobile.
11. I have rediscovered the often repeated truth, "Mirrors don't lie."
12. My new mantra is "Where is it?"
13. As the philosopher Alfred E. Neumann said, "What me worry?"

Days Gone By

Youthful days are filled
with squiggles and giggles,
while romping and stomping,

And munching and lunching on
delightful delicacies.

But aging arrives
with shuffling and muffling,

Wheedling and needling,
grasping and clasping

To the mast of the past

On a ride that gets bumpier and lumpier
as time flies by.