

DAYS NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

THE GREATEST RISK, TO BE SEEN AS WHO YOU TRULY ARE
IT TAKES UNKNOWN COURAGE, HOPE IT WILL BE ENOUGH
SEEK FORGIVENESS TO BRING FORTH NEEDED KINDNESS
BELIEVE LOVE WILL COME INTO YOUR LIFE FOR A REASON

REVEAL THE INNER BEAUTY YOU HAVE TO OFFER OTHERS
AND BE SILENT NO MORE BY FINDING YOUR OWN VOICE
STAY THE COURSE, LOOK UPWARD TO FOLLOW THE STARS
ASPIRE TO BE MORE, BY REFLECTING THE LIGHT OF FAITH

ALLOW FOR PASSION TO BRING LIFE ALTERING CHANGES
TO SILENCE THE ACHING DESIRE FOR HAPPINESS WITHIN
KNOW LOVE THE WAY YOU ALWAYS IMAGINED IT TO BE
BY ACCEPTING A NEW WAY OF BEING MADE COMPLETE

HOPE TO DISCOVER SOME SMALL MEASURE OF PEACE
THAT ALL SEEK IN LIFE, BUT ONLY A FEW EVER OBTAIN
LANGUISH NOT IN MEDIOCRITY, BE DEVOTED TO LIVING
YEARN FOR THAT STATE OF BEING THAT BRINGS HEALING

DAYS NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN, LONGING FOR ONCE MORE
WHEN LOVING SO ABUNDANTLY CAPTURED YOUR HEART
NOW LOST IN A BROKEN WORLD, TRAVELING ON ALONE
TIME TO JUST BREATHE AND CONTINUE THE WAY HOME

SO FULL WAS THE MOON

- So full was the moon that its radiant beams broke through the misty darkness
- The turn is now complete and the shining orb is perfect
- The ground is blessed for now with unseen shadows
- I am touched by the warmth this inner light gives me
- The harmony of the silence and awe stills me
- The sanctum of this scene is touched by the hands of God
- For this is a visceral moment to be kept and remembered
- A created strength and a solid understanding
- The opening of a closing or the closing of an opening
- A desire to conquer a newly found intention
- The guide of life leads through the struggle
- Beginning a new fortitude of vitality
- This all through the view of a simple happening
- As it was then
- So full was the moon

Markle, Jr.

-Widefield High School

-April 21, 2021

-Dedicated to April 26, 2021, the next full moon

-Adult

Rhyme of the Ancient Miller

(w/ apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge and anyone else who might be justly offended)

It is an Ancient Miller
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy thinning hair and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Birthday door is opened wide
To welcome all his friends and kin;
The guests are here, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.

He holds him with his aging hand,
The birthday guest stood still,
While once again, this story's told,
He must take the proffered pill.

The other guests now stood around,
They all must understand;
And thus spake on that Ancient Man,
This aging bright-eyed birthday man.

An athlete born to play all games,
The goal was in the sports he loved;
But life was hard and so he served
Until he met his one beloved.

Quiet summers at Camp Kawanhee
As Sailing Master, learned his knots
And hung from rafters with his pals
Called the Monks, now gone but one.

His country called and answered he;
To be a flyer was his desire
But depth perception was his nemesis,
So to the Navy did he inquire.

'There was a ship,' quoth he,
A fine destroyer to sweep the mines away.
They were cheered, when the harbor cleared
And harried sailors saved the day.

The Kawanhee knots did earn him fame,
With a bowline he did astound.
But when the tide went out and breezes failed
His faithful ship had run aground.

"Home is the sailor, home from sea,"
But this was not the end,
For thus spake on that Ancient Man,
The bright-eyed birthday man.

His one beloved was waiting now
For his service to be done,
Then back to school for that degree
So important, must be won.

To Middletown did he go,
This still young academic,
To pass to children learned things,
Wisdom far too epistemic.

Many times the sun did rise
On hiking trails and on this man;
Up Washington and Tumbledown,
This aging family's anchorman.

In days and years the family grew
To love and learn at father's knee
With lessons learned and wisdom gained
From their faithful rooted tree.

He brought the world, this leaned man,
To students, friends, and family;
In work and play, the goal was clear:
The journey is the homily.

O sweeter than the birthday bash,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To celebrate now with goodly company
This Ancient Miller, birthday man.

Adult

Mariner

Carino

Adult

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It Started With a Book

Sitting there,
And the words all flow,
Pat the Bunny,
Go Dog Go.

On Mama's lap
Right before bed,
One fish, two fish,
Blue fish, red.

Jack and the beanstalk,
And the three bears,
A very hungry caterpillar,
The tortoise and the hare.

An engine that could,
And Peter's snowy day,
Winnie the Pooh,
They all came to play.

Turning the pages
Was all it took,
And it all started
With just a book.

All those stories,
And all those words,
Made a difference
In what I heard.

It's time for school,
And I am tense.
But numbers and letters,

They start to make sense.

The letters make words,
And those books on the shelf?
The words tell stories!
I can read them myself.

The doors all open,
I read line by line
The thoughts, the ideas,
They all can be mine!

Making way for ducklings,
Waddling in a line,
Swimming with the Rainbow Fish,
In Paris with Madeline

If you give a mouse a cookie,
Or let the pigeon drive the bus,
More adventures to go through,
And new stories to discuss.

Turning the pages
Was all it took,
And it kept going
With another book.

The years go by,
The stories grow,
I read them all,
I have to know.

Solving mysteries with Geronimo,
Adventures with Junie B,
Traveling to Wonderland
And now I feel so free

Dressing up with Fancy Nancy
Flying with Rainbow Fairies,
Jumping through a wrinkle in time,

A Little House on the Prairie.

Exploring new places
In a magic treehouse,
Motorcycle adventures
With Ralph S. Mouse.

The real meaning of friendship
In Charlotte's web so small,
Charlie and the Chocolate Factory
On the hunt to find them all.

Fudge eating Peter's turtle,
Siblings always fight,
Beezus and Ramona,
It all ends up all right.

Turning the pages
Was all it took,
And it kept going
With another book.

Flying on a broomstick
Beside Hermione and Harry,
Stories to tell in the dark
Sometimes they're awfully scary.

There's stories of dogs--
Old Yeller, Sounder, Shiloh
Because of Winn-Dixie,
Where will the red fern grow?

Going to Birmingham with the Watsons,
Playing the Westing game,
Crossing the bridge to Terabithia,
Story after story, I'll never be the same.

Meeting the gods with Percy Jackson,
The mixed up files of Mrs. Basil E.
Esperanza rising above her struggles,

A big friendly giant, the BFG.

Turning the pages
Was all it took,
And I will continue forward
With yet another book.

THE EARL OF PENCE

'Twas a dark and stormy night! (OK – so I'm being a tad histrionic!)
The Earl of Pence was lounging by the fire sipping his gin and tonic.
Lightning flashed and thunder roared sending shivers down his spine.
Even his hound, Lord Percival, was so upset that he began to whine!
'Twas well-known thereabouts that phantoms haunted the earl's castle,
And on such frightful nights they were bound to cause a spooky hassle!
Nefarious deeds had occurred within Penceford Castle walls in the past,
And were replayed in 'spirited' form leaving generations of earls aghast!
A shriek from the bowels of the castle sent the dog into howling fits,
And brought the earl bounding to his feet, scaring him out of his wits.
The blood-curdling screams were from a former Earl of Pence who in 1642,
Was hung by his thumbs in the dungeon for a fair maiden that he slew!
Suddenly the ancient organ in the hall began playing eerie chords.
Heard on the floor above was rowdy dancing by ladies, knights and lords!
Ghastly emanations from the past paraded through the terrified earl's room,
Antecedents all, leering and grinning predicting the anxious earl's doom.
Lord Percival sensing trouble long before for the door had bolted!
The storm subsided and the apparitions faded leaving the earl quite jolted!
The earl felt a bony hand upon his shoulder that took away his final breath.
'Twas his valet who offered a gin and tonic to the earl who now lay in death!

Robert J. Hinshaw (25 April 2014/1133/(c) All Rights Reserved)