

Poetry Series

**Andy Caldwell**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2019

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Andy Caldwell()

I was both an artist and an engineer. Several years ago I was diagnosed with Early Onset Parkinson's Disease. PD has taken away most of my ability to work and to make art. Poems are my way of sharing and maybe helping somebody following a similar path.

If you like my poems, more are available on Amazon in ebooks. I would encourage you to read them. Please let me know your thoughts. If you would like to see me and hear my story go to You Tube, search on 'Andy, His Shop, and Jesus.' Watch the video.

## ? About Me?

I read your words about me  
you wrote your thoughts eloquently  
you caught me accurately  
the words you used describing me  
were gifts so very heavenly  
but when you spoke about  
the dreams I have which haunt me  
then you described my affliction  
that I have Parkinson's Disease  
tears welled in my eyes  
then ran down my face  
you caught my sorrow  
but the thoughts you did not share  
was your love you have for me  
nor did you show it

Andy Caldwell

## ? Time?

time. What is it  
a lifetime or a moment  
the interval light travels  
a fixed distance  
there is time enough for love  
time to forgive  
it is time to give  
Do you have a moment  
Can you stay another hour  
Will you love all your lifetime  
Does your watch run fast  
Is today slow  
What is time do you tacitly know  
is it ambiguous and undefinable  
I'll tell you in a moment or so

Andy Caldwell

## ? Truth?

We see the truth  
as a multi stable image  
with each having a unique view  
thus we confound the truth  
it has to be exactly the same  
for me and for all of you  
Truth by definition is absolute  
the truth is unique  
mostly the truth is true  
regardless of our perspective  
or our definitions  
it is simply 'the truth.'  
We confuse what we want it to be  
with what it is actually  
Once the known world was flat  
we know now that it is round  
in antiquity the earth was center  
for all of space  
then for a time it was the sun  
now the center is lost in space  
in all this time  
the truth remained the same  
it was our knowledge that changed

Andy Caldwell

## ? Why?

why do we question  
when we accept the status quo  
do you have a clue  
what do you suppose  
are you a rebel or revolutionary  
do you want improvement or power  
do you want change for changes sake  
or do you want power that you may take  
how will the world remember you  
what have you done what more is due  
what will your legacy say about you

Andy Caldwell

## 13 July 2014 Poem B

so many poems  
have I written about Parkinson's  
love and other stuff  
and I shared my thoughts on God  
I feel dried up right now  
I have been re-writing older poems  
and I have written prose instead  
My poems have faced rejection  
though many people love my work  
many others hate it  
still others just don't give a shit  
don't care if it exists or not  
Have I a wasted life  
am I diminished light  
faded now after being bright

Andy Caldwell

**17 Jan 2015 A**

what ever happened to my childhood  
what ever happened to feeling good  
not like the pain I feel today  
what became of my yesterdays  
I ran through the yard playing kick the can  
had that first kiss with Miss Miss  
my teenage years have gone away  
and the memories fade to gray  
then slowly slowly drift away  
now there is nothing left to say

Andy Caldwell

## 2 December 2014

beware unnecessary complexity  
where it doesn't need to be  
as most often we find in nature  
natural simplicity  
in art in science and in poetry

Andy Caldwell

## 28oct2014a

my soul is in agony  
there is no hope I can see  
this world cannot cure  
my disease as it progresses  
I present myself humbly  
with my face uplifted  
I am covered with dirt  
my arms are raised  
though in pain I hurt  
I ask most respectfully  
unchain my heart  
subdue my ego  
deflate my pride  
I cannot move  
my hands are bound  
my feet are tied  
down to the dirt  
and down to earth  
I am a sinful man  
but set sin aside  
and I repent  
before God I wept  
and how I cried  
He sent me comfort  
wrapped in love  
He always does  
but I have a destiny  
a bitter fate  
a cup of hemlock  
for me to drink  
I ask for change  
a different way  
He lets me know  
His course I'll stay  
there is no other way  
I am afraid  
He makes me brave



## 2oct14a

I thank God for you always  
you have all the love I have to give  
and all the love I have to give  
I give my in heart to you  
you keep my feet to earth  
and you nurse my hurt  
I respect and admire you  
you have my passion too  
I just want to say  
my love and passion  
burn for you.....  
Don't ever feel for granted  
don't feel unloved  
if I don't say it often enough  
you are my life's true love

Andy Caldwell

## 3 November 2017

it's almost forty years  
since I have seen your face  
though I keep your image  
in a tender protected place  
once I thought you'd be my mate  
but that was not to be our fate  
I write this poem for myself  
that somehow you'll know  
that all is well..... even though  
our life together became hell  
you were beautiful like Venus D'Milo  
I kept you on the half shell  
more beautiful than I could tell  
you sold me out to save your self  
and took me on a trip through Hell  
in time I found you ugly on the inside  
my feelings open I could not hide  
you would never ever be my bride  
after all these years you are inside  
in my heart you wounded for all time  
and as a shadow in my mind

Andy Caldwell

## A Bit Of Clarity- Finally

like a gemstone in the rough  
I can and do polish up  
though with brilliance  
I've had enough  
anymore I haven't got the stuff  
in my best interest you often say  
I once was smart and tough  
enough is enough  
Let me be wild let me be rough  
and like a grownup child  
help me soften my heart  
let me learn to love  
I want to keep life simple  
don't speak about my potential  
could never reach it anyway  
all I see are my failures  
as images I retain  
paved in the streets of memory  
all my paths are incomplete  
I have forgotten who I am  
and have lost myself.....  
Like the natural gem I am  
there is inner clarity  
within me

Andy Caldwell

# A Bit Of Depression

there is silence now  
most unusual  
the TV or the radio  
are almost always on  
I want to drown out  
people talking at me  
asking me to think  
or asking how I feel  
asking me what's real  
but the TV's and radios  
the music and their shows  
block out my thoughts  
I just linger here as me  
or I could lament on Parkinson's  
and tell everyone what's wrong  
with them  
I am living with depression  
it never goes away  
at times it lays dormant  
but always here it stays  
even when I'm happy  
depression hovers near  
constantly whispering  
gloom into my ear

Andy Caldwell

# A Choice

I laugh at my affliction  
Self pity is addictive  
I refuse the sorrow now  
I've too much to do  
to feel sorry for myself  
I have to see the sunrise  
the beauty in my wife's eyes  
there are projects in my shop  
though my body racks in pain  
I'll have joy again  
simply because I can

Andy Caldwell

# A Conversation With Friends

the crescent moon shines  
I talk with a friend of mine  
he is Muslim I am Christian  
another friend joins in  
our conversation  
he is Jewish this friend  
we all hate the division  
caused by fanatical men  
each believes the others wrong  
we respect the right to choose  
we respect the free will God gave us  
often we argue about the differences  
each of us is passionate  
but never are we violent  
the night is late time to go our own way  
Go in peace both friends say  
I go home and pray and thank God  
He made my friends that way  
that's all I have to say

Andy Caldwell

# A Dream

Evil shadows everywhere  
I am lost in thIs marketplace  
where souls are bought and sold  
the gloom is cavernness  
and the ghouls they watching  
waiting patiently for my mistake  
but I have left the gold path  
I follow a moral compass  
few others will take  
could be my choices  
are one big mistake  
Ahead in dark shadows  
some evil men await  
to confront and confound  
their logic seems sound  
it is inherently wrong  
now I pray for help  
to get through these tests  
I seem to be walking down  
into gardens where the dead rest  
now I see those before me  
arranged in a symmetry  
in meaningful patterns  
I simply don't get  
I pray for redemption  
for meaningful absolution  
and for understanding  
that I will never see  
I have to accept and to understand  
that much clarity is simply beyond

Andy Caldwell

# A Duck

How high can a duck fly  
up into the sky  
gravity must weigh heavily  
on his or her mind  
and I wonder  
How far can one glide  
with wings rigidly extended  
from either side  
until some hunter  
shoots from the comfort  
of their duck blind  
and then the duck  
falls down  
from high up in the sky□

Andy Caldwell

# A Fallen Warrior

I see the fallen soldier  
struggle to stand up  
overcoming obstacles  
he lost an arm and leg  
in battle.....  
a true wounded warrior  
I believe he's had enough  
someone tries to help him  
but he will stand on his own  
he will fight for independence  
he will struggle all alone  
and now that he is at home  
his battle will continue  
though in spirit he's already won

Andy Caldwell

# A Few Years With A Cougar

after she had sex with me  
she wanted me to talk with her  
then she said I was aloof  
not friendly- I was distant  
brainy but obtuse  
annoyingly insensitive  
slow to understand  
why she labeled me  
I still don't comprehend  
that was many years ago  
when I was very young  
I wonder what she'd say today  
have I changed in time  
for better or for worse  
what attracted her initially  
was my vibrant sexuality  
Now she is a ghost to me  
I will never see her again  
my questions are rhetorical  
I simply want to understand

Andy Caldwell

# A Ghost

a lifetime has come and gone  
and I wanted to visit Essie's grave  
when I went to Half Moon Bay  
I shut out her memory most always  
I packaged and put her away  
then slowly her memory fades  
and I wonder of the child we made  
he would be a middle aged man today  
and I don't even know his name

Andy Caldwell

# A Night In My Life

late tonight  
I have turned down the lights  
my room is fairly dark  
illuminated solely  
by the plasma TV  
and I am in my chair  
trying to be aware  
of things beyond right here  
so very much is waiting  
I start my meditation  
but cannot clear my mind  
my thoughts drift everywhere  
and I recite the Jesus prayer  
in stumbling repetition  
these words hang in the air  
sin and weariness compete  
to keep and hold me unaware  
I need sleep and I need  
to resolve my sin  
at times I am devout and holy  
at times I I am of the earth  
all times I am simply human

Andy Caldwell

## A Poem About Today 8/13/15

I don't know my story's end  
and I don't know where and how to begin  
my life goes on and on and on  
boring at times and painful always  
just got done burying my dead friend Tim  
helping his family learn to be without him  
my niece my nephew my sister-in-law  
enough said their pain is fresh and really raw  
Also I have returned to see other friends  
could be I won't see them ever again  
part of them lives in me- inside memories  
Many people I see are living dead  
no emotional depth nor thoughts in their heads  
they go on and on reciting what other's said  
I sleep little and rarely dream  
but when I do they are horrific scenes  
This poem's a quagmire of what's inside me  
I am headed for deeper waters  
to delve into what really matters  
songs of death left me tattered  
my soul my soul it is shattered  
I turn now to thoughts on God  
He is the start and the end  
He loves us all and hates our sin  
I'll stop writing now I need to pray  
sometime I will write of another day

Andy Caldwell

## A Prayer (6/29/17)

my God come comfort me  
I no longer wish to live separately  
let me lie in that green pasture  
there I could hear Your laughter  
and feel Your grace upon my face  
warming and caressing me....  
take my pain from Parkinson's away  
light up my soul's night of darkness  
let me know I am loved and not alone  
with Your rod and staff protect me  
keep my dark visions at bay  
reform me in Your image  
I don't want to be worldly  
so enlighten me  
and let me be just Yours  
if you won't cure then temper me  
support and strengthen me  
but please do not harden me  
I am made of clay please shape  
and take my transgressions away  
let me lay in that pasture  
now and in the here after

Andy Caldwell

## A Riddle (Rose's Mountain)

you can't own a mountain  
you only think you can  
it will outlast you  
you may be buried on it  
and your flesh reverts to dust  
it in turn has a claim on you  
the mountain wants your body  
when your life is through  
or if we were to look at it  
a totally other way  
you can choose the menu  
but you can not eat the food  
the intrinsic value has made it  
difficult to purchase  
harder then to own,  
and impossible to use  
still it is yours to loose  
the food tastes so very wonderful  
though it's meat is very poisonous  
the fruit is full of venom  
Some how you want it  
and it wants you  
it will simply kill you  
yes you can buy the mountain  
it will still own you  
there is no other way  
this is a test.... do you understand  
it's truth I cannot directly say  
I figured out this riddle  
to write it any other way  
would cause my death  
I give to you this gold nugget  
you need to do the rest  
if your ears will hear  
and your eyes will see  
if your mind will think abstractly  
you will find this gold  
the mountain will release it's hold  
then you will grow intense

and this will all make sense

Andy Caldwell

# A Rose For My Wife

any rose given  
would only be a symbol  
of the love I have for you  
a sentimental message  
for my beautiful wife  
you give me hope  
you give me life  
you sew up my wounds  
late late at night.....  
to have you and hold you  
to stand by your side  
for the rest of our lives  
And I would whisper my love  
before we sleep each night

Andy Caldwell

# A Simple Learned Thing About Timing

there is time enough  
to do the stuff  
which I value  
but not time  
for everything  
I can do anything  
but not all things  
I can do most anything  
which I plan for  
and when I prepare  
I find enough time  
to do it right

Andy Caldwell

# A Strange And Revealing Dream

As I walk my path through life  
visions cut like Occam's knife  
of my most probable future  
in my dreams I see a slice  
An old man looks at me  
through the lens and filter  
of his past and my future histories  
he is my highest probability  
I could be what he used to be  
a ghost of an ancient mystery  
the possible path from me to him  
winds through space and time  
it is an arduous uphill climb  
setbacks can happen at any time  
I fall at times and have some cuts  
life can be rough and tough  
I stumble before a reflecting pool  
faintly I can see the old fool  
I lay beside the mirror's tomb  
blood flows from my open palms  
though I have no visible wounds  
the old man's image fades away  
and he will never ever be  
my future possibility  
And this was all a dream to me  
but it shows me future realities  
though this future is now dead to me  
Tell me what this says to you

Andy Caldwell

# A Tribute To Ron White

you can't fix stupid  
it is inoperable  
You can hit it with a truck  
at a very high rate of speed  
or shoot it with your gun  
Stupid is as stupid does  
stupid can be infinite  
and of it there is always  
way way too much.....  
stupid is eternal  
it hasn't got a boundary  
Stupid is contagious  
it quickly becomes epidemic  
it flows just like honey  
it is sticky and gummy  
it is fat on your tummy  
Stupid almost always goes  
public.....  
if you or I look into a mirror  
odds are stupid will appear

Andy Caldwell

# About Nothing Special

I saw the sunrise  
morning has broken  
through the night sky  
with a light snow dusting  
it's darn cold outside  
I am warm inside working  
on my poetry.....  
It is the start of a beautiful day  
I think about walking  
but I let the thought subside  
I wait for my wife to wake  
so we can start our day  
we continue our moving  
life is wonderful now  
and I feel great  
I hope that I stay this way  
so far it's a wonderful day

Andy Caldwell

# America

Oh how I love America  
the champion of the free  
in all the world there is no  
better place to be.....  
land of the beautiful  
our country is wonderful  
at times our government stumbles  
forgive them they are only human  
we are protected by the spirit of Freedom  
the wisdom of the founding Fathers  
by our checks and our balances  
by the spirit of our Constitution  
and by the ghosts of those  
who paid with their lives for our freedom  
God bless America.....  
Amen

Andy Caldwell

# An Evolution Of My Poetry

I shout out loud  
my poetry  
to the moon and clouds  
and the universe remembers  
the event  
rocks and trees heard my poetry  
elements of earth witnessed it  
and I am freed  
not much longer will I write  
my poetry

Andy Caldwell

# An Old Friend Died

an old friend died last week  
caused by his own hand  
the whys and wherefores  
I kind of understand  
he also had Parkinson's  
and he lost all his hope  
he saw no greater purpose  
nor hope nor joy  
all he felt was pain  
so he sought the endgame  
then he put himself to flame

Andy Caldwell

# Baggage

each has a past  
they must pay for  
or earn rewards  
piety and belief  
enter you to heaven  
selfishness and greed  
plants one in hell  
Many close their eyes  
to Jesus  
as you are free to do  
you may believe  
as you choose  
you will find your baggage  
follows you  
it influences your live  
and modifies your death  
and conditions what comes next  
God has given us free will  
why do we fight that right

Andy Caldwell

## Bard's Sparrow

clinging tightly to an icy branch  
winter's breath is a blast of death  
a simple sparrow enralls me  
fighting desperately to live tonight  
his death seems most imminent  
if it be now it will not come  
if it be tomorrow then it be done  
if it be further it will become  
for death is the final answer  
to all and everyone

Andy Caldwell

# Be

be detached  
but not aloof  
be reserved  
don't be the fool  
the universe made you  
and it loves you  
don't rebel  
follow social rules  
because you want to  
promote social growth  
with what you know  
embrace change  
it comes with growth  
the more you age  
the more you grow  
a peaceful easy feeling  
you come to live and know

Andy Caldwell

## Be. (Or B)

be what you can be  
what comes to you naturally  
close your eyes imagine see  
have a vision for what you'll be  
come as you are but leave  
as in the vision you see  
be as you are be as you intend to be  
find simplicity harmony  
to carry you through complexity

Andy Caldwell

# Beacon

I am a dreaming man  
as I fly across the skies  
and I sail to Heaven's gate  
then across a burning lake  
then I rebound back to earth  
I am thankful for my bride  
when my head is in the stars  
she holds my feet to solid earth  
keeps me planted in the dirt  
she is my love a gift from God  
When I was five I should had died  
as my blood came out I cried  
then I heard from my God  
'You shall not die it's not your time'  
but then I learned to dream and fly  
in my mind across the sky  
in my mind's eye  
I flew along the Milky Way  
I could not stay... I could not stay  
So I will live another day  
And to my God I pray  
that I am thankful for my wife  
and I am thankful to my God  
for His beacon in my life  
as I taught myself to fly

Andy Caldwell

# Because Of Depression

Have you a cure  
for the depression in me  
Yes said the angel  
blood tears sweat and  
the salt of the sea  
life is a challenge  
with both good and bad  
it overwhelms  
almost one and all  
you will rise and you will fall  
will you stand up  
when it knocks you down  
when you are laying  
in your own blood  
pooled on the ground  
good and bad happen  
to one and to all  
your reaction shows  
if you will pass or fail  
and all the compassion  
won't matter at all  
the answer is in you  
will you reach out  
and believe in God  
the God of us all

Andy Caldwell

# Being

I try to understand my emotions  
which bind me currently  
to comprehend my feelings  
for I am low today  
a rage burns inside of me  
I've learned to hate  
the great machine- humanity  
so often depression is  
rage turned inward  
or anger inverted  
rage is not hate  
it involves passion  
it burns on love  
I know this clinically  
my feelings are a complexity  
a blend of what is  
and what I want it to be  
of what I think should be  
then there is jealousy  
of people healthy  
an emerald demon  
which devours the soul  
I need to learn indifference  
to care neither more nor less  
but love and bless  
everyone and all things  
the world outside of me

Andy Caldwell

# Big Bear

outside dogs bark insistently  
probably a critter out there  
inside our dogs are painfully aware  
such is life on the mountain  
in a house near the city's edge  
deer bear and bob cats live near  
though a bit farther out of town  
here and there is some gold  
buried in the ground  
not too much left to be found  
downtown bears are everywhere  
carved with chainsaws  
as if shaped magically  
from local trees....  
Such is Big Bear as it  
simple and beautiful

Andy Caldwell

# Bleak Outlook

there is no life boat  
coming to save me  
I am drowning  
slowly in the river of Time  
there is no hope  
no life line  
will save me  
death comes slow and painful  
it comes constantly  
as an arrow aimed at me  
that will wound but will not kill  
each moment there is less that I can do  
each moment there is less I care to do  
one could say I've given up  
there is so little to hold on to

Andy Caldwell

# Body Armor

there is a chink  
in everyone's armor  
as each of us projects  
what the world will see  
but that is an illusion  
our grand facades  
and not our realities  
we are the sum of our fears  
and the totality of joys  
we see the world  
filtered by what we perceive  
strengths lie in our paradigms  
this is also our weakness  
perceptions can limit us  
as we internalize worldly information  
with some of it our knowledge wrong  
our armor protects us  
as it limits and contains us  
and it is how the world sees each one  
as each projects our weakness

Andy Caldwell

# Body Eclectic

I sing the body eclectic  
celebrate my joy of of rebirth  
born once to my mother  
born again in Jesus Christ  
I find the Christian way  
as it is stated in the bible  
is correct and is right  
God gave us all free will  
to believe as we choose to  
depending upon what we perceive  
we can choose to be wrong  
or we can make our choices right  
then with a world of diversity  
we should respect each other's believes  
live in peace and choose not to fight

Andy Caldwell

# Book Of Life

when I die... someday  
they'll turn the page  
to another day  
my life goes on  
through my children  
I'll live on  
thus the world will remember me  
for my name is in life's book  
on a random page  
yes the world will remember me  
in my poetry

Andy Caldwell

# Broken Glass

broken glass stares at me  
showing shattered bits  
of my reflection  
with all imperfections  
standing there  
no one stops to talk to me  
no one seems to care  
as I silently disappear  
I am cut and slashed  
by the broken glass  
my eyes bleed  
and no one pays heed.  
still I grow and I heal  
but no one see my change  
they remember my reflections

Andy Caldwell

# Brutal

My poetry at times  
is brutal and awkward  
usually I don't waste words  
may be they are to the point  
maybe they are blunt  
I will continue to write though  
until the pen falls from my dead hand  
and I can no longer write my poems  
they are my legacy  
they are my destiny  
often they describe my life  
or I peel away the fiction  
with Ocam's razor knife  
then I can expose truth  
and share it with you  
Or poems record my dreams  
as often I talk to God  
and record the dreams and prayers  
as simple little truths

Andy Caldwell

# But The Coin Is The Same

Love and hate  
contentment and pain  
the yin and the yang  
male and female  
opposite sides  
but the coin is the same  
you cannot know good  
unless bad is displayed  
Unions in oppositions  
Still the substrate's same.  
Both love and hate require care  
complete indifference  
just isn't there's

Andy Caldwell

# Can't Sleep Tonight

can't sleep this night  
can't find that inner peace  
I roll in bed agitated  
don't know what isn't right  
hardly do I dream anymore  
but when I dream  
I dream dreams  
I've dreamt before  
nothing comes tonight  
and nothing's gonna be alright

Andy Caldwell

## Carnival Of Rust 2

turn around to see behind you  
a carnival of rust  
when all you thought important  
slowly became dust  
everything you wanted  
was greed or was lust  
or friends you couldn't trust  
your life remains hollow  
your soul superficial  
I say this without bitterness  
you are a reflection of me  
as are the endless faces  
as far as we see.

Andy Caldwell

# Cast No Shadow

I serve no purpose  
nothing to aspire to  
people talk around me  
as I speak too quietly  
and they walk around  
not noticing me  
I am clear  
cast no shadow  
refract no light  
I am cast off  
discarded  
and have no value  
to society

Andy Caldwell

# Chan

Chan..... a state of being  
a balance  
a state of grace  
peacefulness and bliss  
aware yet unaware  
caring without care  
hungry but fed  
thirsty and quenched  
time well spent  
doing nothing at all  
it is not I the guru  
my place is as student  
who shares what little I know  
the universe teaches  
if one would listen  
and take little action  
light will fall  
upon ones soul

Andy Caldwell

## Change (14 Sept.2018)

I reviewed choices I've made  
just to realize it couldn't be  
any other way.....  
it would be a different me  
and the world would change  
Nothing would stay or be the same  
all reality would rearrange

Andy Caldwell

# Charlotte

What If when they spoke  
no one listened  
if we simply did not hear them  
when they spewed hateful rhetoric  
and when they marched  
no one watched them  
if our eyes were closed to them  
we simply would not hear them  
Don't empower 'em  
and they will dissipate  
they need a victim  
Take that away  
leave them with nothing

Andy Caldwell

# Choices

in simple choices made  
amongst lessers of evils  
any choice is still evil  
and it in itself is wrong  
then as always in time  
we make more deals  
more and more compromises  
and we are consumed  
our grayness darkens  
it's made of absolute values  
simple blacks and whites  
we all see ourselves as right  
we justify all our bad actions  
still we know we are wrong  
but never make a correction

Andy Caldwell

## Choices Part 2

in simple choices made  
amongst lessers of evils  
any choice is still evil  
and it in itself is wrong  
then as always in time  
we make more deals  
more and more compromises  
and we are consumed  
our grayness darkens  
it's made of absolute values  
simple blacks and whites  
we all see ourselves as right  
we justify all our bad actions  
still we know we are wrong  
but never make a correction  
then in life we find out  
we became the product  
of choices we have made  
and none were wholly good  
not one of us was righteous  
each has an inherent evil  
which must be washed away  
and cleansed with blood

Andy Caldwell

# Christianity Zen And Kashmire

I live here in both time and space  
alive for spiritual learning  
try to live an ethos through my life  
the teachings of our Jesus  
writing poems of what I learn at night  
I write about my thoughts and feelings  
and what I have been dreaming  
on Earth there is no eternal life  
there is only preparation  
then each must die  
that some may live twice-  
now and then forever  
all others will simply perish  
in my youth I spoke with wise ones  
ghosts from an ancient race  
they spoke about our bible  
the Word of God is righteous  
and can be taken as it stands  
at times men corrupt its meaning  
the Word tells us how to love our God  
and in turn we learn to love each other  
He gives all each free will  
so we may decide how each believes  
whether or not to love and respect  
or to simply to reject

Andy Caldwell

# Compelled

I feel compelled to write  
this my poetry  
good bad and in-between  
it all comes out of me  
from my inner muse  
or from deeper within me  
it is the product things in me  
of intuition and creativity  
it describes in words  
dreams and visions  
driven out of me  
poems show ugliness and beauty  
which I see in our society  
but it gets harder to write everyday  
I may have written that theme already  
and have said all I have to say

Andy Caldwell

# Conservation Never Lies

our universe expands now  
the caloric heat is unchanged  
and the temperature falls  
now it is about 3 degrees K  
universally entropy occurs  
and temperatures equalize  
matter is consumed  
Conservation remains  
in time the situations change  
gravity will win the fight it is in  
our universe will collapse  
the energy and matter sum  
stays exactly the same  
caloric heat density will change  
but the potential and kinetic sum  
always remains unchanged  
as the density increases  
temperatures will rise  
entropy will homogenize  
matter will burn in time  
temperatures will rise  
entropy will homogenize  
this will continue until  
this universe is hot as hell  
those God hasn't taken  
will burn as well  
and temperatures will rise  
still entropy will homogenize  
just as our Bibles prophesize  
we find it never never lies

Andy Caldwell

# Constrained

none of us are truly free  
neither you nor me  
we are constrained  
intellectually  
physically  
emotionally  
and by other means  
we are held down  
as by gravity  
and that my friend  
is reality

Andy Caldwell

# Constrains Lost

we lose constraints in poetry  
where we are free  
to write our thoughts  
in rhyme and meter  
or maybe not  
I may write free verse  
yet you do not  
and with poetry we are free  
to expand human thought  
it is our gift this majesty  
the words we write  
our poetry

Andy Caldwell

# Dark Hunger

In my darkness  
the beast of long teeth  
seeks to devour me  
always searching  
always hungry  
forever wanting  
to tear meat from my ribs  
hiding in the darkness  
waiting in my dreams  
no not dreams  
but in nightmares  
haunting and stalking  
waiting always waiting  
always hungry

Andy Caldwell

# Dark Light Of My Soul

In the dark light of my soul  
I get through one more night  
the pain increases relentlessly  
all I hear is silence  
all I know is pain  
Parkinson's controls  
it shapes me as I am  
into what I do not want to be  
morphia flows inside of me  
a poison not of humanity  
then I quietly pray  
Lord guide my way  
fight for me  
I don't want die this way  
as tears roll off my face  
Lord take me peaceful as I sleep  
my soul is Yours to love and keep

Andy Caldwell

## Db

insanity laughs it's feeble face  
as one who helped shape my musical taste  
died from cancer yesterday  
and I think now how time takes all away  
but his music lives on- yes his music stays  
we met once many years ago  
he heard a poem I wrote long long ago  
he said I was gifted my words intense  
my words touched him- they made sense  
he left us his music Space Oddity  
China Girl Ziggy Stardust and all  
I pray that his end came without pain  
death takes each of us exactly the same

Andy Caldwell

# Death Comes Slowly

death comes slowly  
everyday  
as bits of life float away  
quietly to my God I pray  
He hears what I say  
trembling and shaking  
I hold tightly to what remains  
in time most friends  
have gone their own way  
at night come awful lucid dreams  
my wife wears earplugs  
to attenuate my terror screams  
so she may sleep peacefully  
next to me....  
most days I cannot walk  
a full city block.....  
death comes slowly  
advancing everyday  
this night alone I pray  
Father God let me live  
what is left Your way  
give me my tomorrows  
another day.....

Andy Caldwell

# Demon

in a dark dirty saloon  
sits a man at the bar  
waiting patiently quietly  
for his time speak  
after some time  
there's a lull in conversation  
which he takes as an invitation  
to begin his dissertation  
his words bring doom  
they share a common gloom  
which his listeners feel  
something surreal  
suddenly his words cease  
and he lays upon the bar  
a firearm a Colt 45 a piece  
someone picks it up  
puts the barrel in their mouth  
pulls the trigger to blow their brains out  
one by one others do the same  
and the man had a final beer  
then whispered let's get out of here  
there are others near

Andy Caldwell

# Demon's Apprentice

he is just a shadow  
in darkness and full of rage  
all he knows is how to hate  
his victims who live center stage  
people in life's main spotlight  
the so called beautiful ones  
No one saw the shadow move  
his machines spit tiny bits of death  
making flash and barking sounds  
as from the machines each bullet left  
and with a curse each one had  
dark evilness and left a bloody mess  
center stage to wound and kill  
and the shadow felt thrilled

Andy Caldwell

# Die Liebestraum

Liebestraum- German for  
Dream of Love  
could it be a dark love  
pulled from hidden shadows  
lightless recesses from below  
places where strains of evil grow  
to answer I must say I don't know  
it could be a narcissistic love  
focused inward and self-centered  
often unrealized and unbalanced  
leading to a bad romance  
then to certain death  
Who knows what grows in dark souls

Andy Caldwell

# Doctors Can'T

doctors don't know Parkinson's  
it is neither enemy nor friend  
it is a job for them  
oh they may emphasis  
when they hear our cries  
and the know the medications  
which allow us to function  
but they don't live the pain  
and humiliation  
or feel their body loose function  
doctors try hard with dedication  
but can not live our malfunction

Andy Caldwell

# Doing Nothing

My wife and I  
we are sitting at home  
very much alone  
watching a TV show  
the music is pleasant  
even a bit soothing  
I take a bit to contemplate  
we are by most standards  
doing a bunch of nothing  
accomplishing nothing  
but we are content  
we have enough money  
to cover the rent  
buy some food  
maybe a bibelot or two  
not a whole bunch more  
this is the life God intended  
We go to church  
we pray often  
we eat we sleep  
and we deal with concerns  
each day presents.....  
there is nothing new  
everything has happened before  
and everything will be again  
we live in the classroom of souls  
God is developing us to be with Him  
often we get lost in the shuffle  
then the commercial ends  
my thoughts fade  
and I watch TV again  
but I take a moment  
in prayer to say thanks to Him

Andy Caldwell

# Don't Share The Hate

answer their yells with nothing  
return their hate with emptiness  
don't play their game you'll look the same  
If they throw a punch be somewhere else  
the path to Hell is paved with good intention  
If they burn your house build a better one...  
return their hate with ambivalence  
they just don't matter...  
they choose their own fate  
all will perish in the long run  
be indifferent but share love  
and only God can judge  
which He does.

Andy Caldwell

# Dream Woman

in a dream I had  
as music played  
I was clothed  
she was nude  
and she was pure  
we danced together  
it was not sexual  
then against my chest  
she lovingly pressed  
her beautiful breasts  
she had nothing to hide  
and gave great attitude  
and shared her truth  
we spoke in whispers  
talked all night  
then I kissed her  
we did not screw  
I stayed clothed  
as we swayed to the tunes  
don't know what it meant  
but her figure I drew  
as I once used to  
in time she aged  
her breasts had fallen  
so had her bottom  
she had gray hair  
and a wrinkle or two  
artistically very beautiful  
and that was truthful

Andy Caldwell

# Dreams In A Distant Tongue

I will write a new one  
hopefully it will sing  
and illuminate something  
Simply there is God  
not saying God is simple  
just saying that He is  
and He can hold the universe  
in the span of a single hand  
now we can not understand Him  
as we are merely human  
finite and He is infinite  
He emanates to us as Jesus  
He loves and teaches us  
as the Holy Spirit  
This is the Christian Trinity  
beyond our comprehension  
but give God your love and affection  
then in time He will add to you  
and increase you comprehension

Andy Caldwell

# Dreams Of A Distant Shore

faintly I hear  
universal music  
the music of spheres  
and inside the sound  
is a song of love- Earth song  
and all of Heaven sings along  
the sounds are beautiful  
intense and wonderful  
they pay homage to God  
And I dream of Heaven  
Jesus God's Son awaits  
where there are no  
Jews Muslims or Christians  
or other denominations  
all there are of God's religion  
and all share agape love  
We all sing and it is beautiful  
and the spheres echo  
and it is wonderful

Andy Caldwell

# Driving Throught The Desert

I am driving though the desert  
with my wife..... actually she is driving  
and I am simply riding in this morning  
looking at the sights along the way  
this is early spring and it rained a week ago  
the desert is a luscious green today  
with yellow and red flowers growing wild  
adding to the color- it is beautiful  
we drive from town to town  
each one has unique character  
though there is a desert theme  
they all share  
I expected it to be ochere and brown  
ready for a fire to burn it down  
but this morning there was green  
all around

Andy Caldwell

# Earth Dance

I forgot how to dance the Earth's dance  
I forgot to drink her healing waters  
I could not hear the Earth's song  
tacit knowledge all were born with  
Mother Earth God made for us  
and I found I was one of many  
who we as society lost our touch  
and created the laws of man  
that form a barrier to our return  
we lost our touch from God's hand  
as we pretend that we understand  
when we center the universe on man  
we fight like hell for who is right  
yet Jesus taught peace for you and me  
then in a dream I began to see  
when in my world God put clues for me  
and I have shared all that I've learned  
in this and my other poetry  
I want to drink the healing water  
I want to wash away my sin  
to have a healing spiritual cleanse  
I want to have a pious love for God  
I want to honor Jesus the Son  
to give Him what's holy  
I want to dance with the Earth again

Andy Caldwell

# Emma

my granddaughter died this week  
now she lives with God  
too fragile for this world  
still the strongest soul I've known  
her heart just wasn't tough enough  
her will to live was stronger than stone  
she lived her short short life on will alone  
she was so very beautiful  
but life was just too much.....  
My daughter cried this week  
her child's death was rough  
it was the hardest event I went through  
and I was once removed  
for the last six months  
my daughter's been a rock  
she has been a pillar of strength  
and has found God again  
But now she has to grieve  
time will heal all wounds  
it will however leave a scar  
Forever Emma won't be far  
her ghost will exist in our hearts  
for our remaining days

Andy Caldwell

# Emotional Force

what we love  
we are connected with  
with an emotion bind  
it is our positive  
what we hate or vilify  
we are also tied to  
in our hearts and minds  
we commit feeling and time  
it is the negative of love  
one an positive attraction  
the other a negative repulsion  
but they are the same force  
the same power and energy  
the opposite of which would be  
to not care at all or apathy

Andy Caldwell

# Energy Cancels Matter

## 4. ECM

Energy cancels matter  
and matter energy  
or they form one another  
but the sum is always one  
as they are unity  
together they exist in time  
from the vey very small  
to the vast and infinite  
the three terms capture all  
and they follow God's intent  
that is the grand design  
God's intent matter energy  
and of course in time

Andy Caldwell

# Ernie

I ponder my own death  
the pain I have in life  
and what comes next  
feeling sorry for myself  
then my grandson comes  
always smiling always happy  
we do stuff together  
repair his bike or whatever  
spending time with each other  
he heals my melancholy  
makes me whole again  
he cures me  
and I find I think of life  
not death

Andy Caldwell

# Everyone Dies

Everybody dies  
death is the conclusion of each and every life  
it's not if and how we die but how we live our lives  
and the legacies we leave  
as we touch each others' lives

Andy Caldwell

# Expanded Horizons

no one sees this world as I do  
no one shares my point of view  
and my paradigms aren't another's  
they are unique to me- my own  
most everyone has their own  
or they borrow from others  
it depends on their thinking.  
is it/are they independent  
or are their thoughts not their own  
but great minds think in parallel  
as they uncover facts not known  
as we add to common knowledge pools  
as we shrink the great unknown  
as a world of cultures what we know  
is a complex mixture of truth and myth  
there are many facts we simply missed  
we will discover new country  
as we expand the horizons  
of what humanity knows  
we will find that God is waiting  
ready to take us home  
what many belief as truth today  
false paradigms will be torn astray  
and our mistakes in thinking  
will be examined and repaired that day

Andy Caldwell

# Expectations Of Life

There is disappointment in life  
we approach it child like  
with great expectations  
and the belief things will be right  
then time kicks in  
a little at bit by bit  
and life turns into  
a bag of shit...  
Reality is what happens  
as things go down the drain  
it depresses everything  
you can't help but hope  
then hope let's.....

Andy Caldwell

# Fallen Boy

he fell inch by inch  
as a boy he played Ouij  
an occult child's toy  
gradually he grew  
learned to read Tarot cards  
and he began to read  
read words of Ambrose Bierce  
Anton LaVey and other's works  
dismissed the Christian Bible  
said it was uncool and not true  
he began experiments with drugs  
and strange kinds of sex  
along the way he lost empathy  
sincerity and charity  
when in a petty argument  
he took a gun and killed someone  
Convicted and imprisoned  
sentenced to death  
he turned the only path left  
worked with the Chaplin  
told others how he fell this way  
he asked God for forgiveness  
and it was God's business

Andy Caldwell

# Fee Nominal Woman

Fee nominal woman  
cute and petite in size  
had loads of men between her thighs  
and every one paid a price  
to be inside  
her span of hips  
the curl of her lips  
her womanly prize  
they don't care what she says  
be it truth or be it lies  
don't care the color of her eyes  
they just want to rent her prize

Andy Caldwell

# Fighting For The Children

I am proud to be an American  
proud to be a native born son  
with roots that go back in history  
they begin with an European ancestry  
but generations were borne here  
and it is this country that I love  
but it's government I am not sure of  
Washington doesn't seem to get'er done  
all the special interest and corruption  
lobbyist messaging congress's erection  
and diverting everyone's attention  
from that massacre of children  
with thoughtful real resolution  
We need realistic legislation  
to protect our precious children  
We need stop those public shootings  
yet our congress does nothing  
except their mindless masturbating  
So congress we are waiting.... Get'er done

Andy Caldwell

# Finding Serenity

I have a great revealing  
a wondrous Christian feeling  
a state of serenity  
a joyful feeling of bliss  
truly it is God's gift  
it is a feeling of nothingness  
You can feel it too  
loose your attachment to things  
stop feeling hateful things  
and focus on the joy life brings  
you then can find serenity

Andy Caldwell

# Following Frost

two roads divergent through a burned wood  
where once a vast and mighty forest stood  
both covered in ash one still is burning  
with glowing embers coals and plumes of smoke  
I stand there to choose my course  
each road has a cost and offers unique rewards  
an easy experience on the well traveled road  
or the fiery path to learn more as one goes  
one road is safe the other a challenge  
as written in a poem by Frost  
I chose the challenging course

Andy Caldwell

# For My Wife

I whisper that I love you  
sharing with you my feelings my love  
you hear it above the noise of living  
whispered love carries long  
love it is a wonder given by God  
the whisper echoes for eternity  
it is emotion formed in our soul  
it is physical passion only we know  
and loving you makes me whole  
two become one when sealed by love  
and that echoes pull us towards God  
our love is pure our love is strong  
it will last for us our life long

Andy Caldwell

# Free Will

God gave each free will  
not every one will accept Christ  
in fact the majority never will  
at least not in this life we know  
Jesus said every knee shall bow  
don't ask me when or how  
but what He said was truth  
and it was absolute  
believe as you will or don't  
the final storm grows near  
I am praying that you are one  
to believe and overcome

Andy Caldwell

# Freedom's Question

it's a free country  
what does that mean  
I don't want to question  
those who died  
for freedom's protection  
But are we free to shout fire  
in the crowd of a theater  
the answer is no  
our Supreme Court said so  
Are we free to speak  
our political views  
no matter how weak  
or ill conceived  
are we free to believe  
in the God we perceive  
are we free to search  
for ultimate truth  
but political correctness  
how does it fit in  
with our freedom to think  
as our souls minds and life  
take us  
Are we free to believe  
what we believe as correct  
no matter how stupid it is  
Will peer pressure contain us

Andy Caldwell

# Fundamental

everyone believes their paradigm of truth  
is fundamental and is absolute  
most think others should believe as they do  
still there are many paths to Heaven  
and many paths with dead end with routes  
there are many who don't believe in anything  
and condemn those who do  
I believe in Jesus that He is real and the truth  
that only with Jesus can one get through  
what you believe is up to you  
to force a belief on anyone shows it to be untrue

Andy Caldwell

# God Made Adam

God formed Adam from clay and mud  
then initiated life with a spark of love  
the man wandered lonely till God made Eve  
to build a tension and grant release... Sexually  
then Eve and Adam ate forbidden fruit  
and knowing good and evil came to these two  
He had to make the negative because they knew  
God made evil because man would not behave  
but in the absolute God gives us love

Andy Caldwell

# Good Bye My Love... Good Bye

we stopped dancing long ago  
I worked hard to make a buck or so  
trying my best to make us go  
when I find you acting like a ho  
now here are the only words I know  
Good bye my love good bye  
the roses I once gave to you  
withered in your eyes with time  
you made my love seen like a crime  
when you alone were unfaithful  
and you brought home an STD  
then for that you again blamed me  
and my time with you was agony  
in everything I was you found a fault  
and anything I did was wrong  
I can't remember your kind words  
I can't remember loving you  
I can't remember better times  
it's time you went far far away  
and I won't shed a tear  
I don't want you anywhere near  
because you have strangled me  
I say good by in this my poem  
now get the hell out of my home  
good bye unloved good bye

Andy Caldwell

# Good Bye Slowly

death comes to everyone  
differently  
to some it creeps along  
and others a surprise too soon  
and still others it sneaks into life  
ending their's all too soon  
to me it rang my door bell  
introduced itself formally then  
started dragging me through Hell  
slowly it takes my motor skills  
I cannot make the art I used to  
I cannot engineer or build machines  
still I fight to do what I used to do  
but I see my quality fade.....  
Where once I was brilliant  
my light slowly fades away  
I am not the candle I was yesterday  
and then comes the pain  
we all know pain at times  
but mine never fades  
it is with me constantly  
and I have said enough  
for all that stuff  
There was a gift from God  
it strengthened my belief  
it let me know I'm weak  
and gave to me His grace

Andy Caldwell

# Graffiti Poetry

Long long ago  
often on a Friday night  
my words publicly appeared  
I painted on many walls  
always fairly neat  
and well designed  
my art was poetry  
my media- graffiti  
eventually removed  
by my adversaries  
at times they made TV  
anonymously  
and at other times  
I heard it on the street  
so few new it was mine  
it excited me it got publicity  
and then I outgrew this venue  
took my poems off the avenue

Andy Caldwell

# Grendel

who am I but a Grendel  
whose mother a witch  
an ogre and a bitch  
beautiful I suppose  
she captured Beowulf's soul  
pathetic father I know  
So I attack the village  
loot rape and pillage  
father spoils me  
yells at then releases  
and I am free  
to burn rape and pillage  
the Norseland village ☐

Andy Caldwell

# Grim

Grim she sat there waiting  
for the monster that would come  
he would touch and penetrate her  
if not her it would be another  
her sister or her brother  
she would cry no more  
it only got her beaten  
He would die someday  
she would piss on his grave  
deep inside she hated....  
and knew she was his slave

Andy Caldwell

# Happiness Is

Happiness occurs from an inner light  
brings joy hope and delight  
it comes when you get things right  
it comes when you pray at night  
it leaves when things get twisted  
Happiness is an occasion  
it comes and goes as life happens  
all of your body is stimuli  
you choose how you react  
you choose your own response  
true happiness is internal  
and in truth it is external  
given to each by God  
you may at times accept it  
or you may in turn reject it  
and live in bitterness

Andy Caldwell

# Happy New Year

a new year begins  
and endless possibilities  
for good or bad events  
but not much really changes  
things have a continuity  
so what really changes  
you all age a bit  
debt remains the same  
it doesn't magically go away  
illness stays.....  
what really is new  
but a happy new year to you

Andy Caldwell

# Her Dreams

Extracting her spirituality  
from sensibility and reality  
as she wonders down avenues imaginary  
seeking to separate her thoughts internally  
she is lost to her dreams looking for destiny  
in her soul she is nude and alone  
blending and exercising a soulful Tai Chi  
seeking the ecstasy God gave her spiritually  
looking for sympathy from God above

Andy Caldwell

## Her Name Is.....

'Oh I'm in a bad mood  
I'm special I'm wonderful  
but I broke a fingernail  
life is so unfair  
no one listens'  
she whined with much disrespect  
So I yell you stupid \_\_\_\_\_  
people are dieing in the Middle East  
fighting for and opposing  
fanatical religious beliefs  
Others have cancer with no hope for cure  
you complain forever if given warm beer  
There are sick people shooting children  
thank God they are few and far between  
you complain forever if you get coffee without cream  
You are a shallow shallow being  
from ear to ear you have nothing between  
your heart is shallow and empty  
and you have no empathy  
Now you think this poem is about you  
you are in my spotlight and happy for attention  
but you will get none I will not even write your name

Andy Caldwell

# High Art

Art.... Fine Art  
should push and churn  
it should change you  
it should change me  
it should in many ways  
guide each society  
poetry has an apex position  
with painting and sculpture  
to shape our thoughts  
which form tomorrows  
it grows us culturally  
Art guides our creativity  
which in turns leads  
minds trained scientifically  
It provides the muse  
for those oriented technically  
High art influences everything

Andy Caldwell

# Hiking

today gave me grace  
I walked the mountain  
a favorite place  
each step was blessed  
and I felt safe  
knew God would protect me  
as I hiked the mountain face  
I would not fall or stumble  
not that trip today  
I was covered by grace ☐

Andy Caldwell

# How Do You Dream

how do you dream  
in black white and grey  
or colors and shades  
in pictures or words  
What do your dreams say  
do they speak of tomorrows  
do they haunt you with horrors  
do they speak of a past you can't let go  
do they come in a story that you know  
Dreams can haunt you more then you know  
So how do you dream do you really know

Andy Caldwell

# How I Write Poetry

The page is intentionally blank  
together it and I can go anywhere  
but now I am compelled to write  
something illuminating tonight  
I put black ink down on the white  
and write until the page is full  
I fold the next page down  
then write again a while  
and begin to rewrite my poem  
then study it and revise all night  
I am supposed to include insight  
words appear forming thoughts  
The thoughts build into concepts  
developing into theme and plot  
I add meter cadence and rhyme  
as it comes to my heart and mind  
I'm done when it paints a picture  
which forms in the reader's mind  
I find good poetry changes you  
Great poetry changes everything

Andy Caldwell

# Hss

Protect your sobriety  
as you did your virginity  
so many years ago  
for though once lost  
sobriety could return  
it takes much will  
each day is earned  
it is far better to resist  
then fall or slip  
sobriety is not a gift  
it is the hardest thing  
you will ever earn

Andy Caldwell

## Hss 2

Protect your sobriety  
as you did your virginity  
so many years ago  
for though once lost  
sobriety could return  
it takes much will  
moment by moment  
take support and effort  
there is no gift  
each day is earned  
it is far better to resist  
then fall back or slip  
sobriety is not a gift  
it is the hardest thing  
you will ever earn  
for drunk high or sober  
you are loved by family  
but only stone cold sober  
are you a joy to be around  
Protect your sobriety  
because I love you  
I write and share this poetry  
but be sober for yourself  
then take joy in family  
So how may I support you  
I can not walk your path  
and do not know your demons  
but let me do what I might do  
in my small and powerless was  
and forever for you I shall pray

Andy Caldwell

# I Am Cyborg

I sing the body electric  
as I assimilate my continued life  
with two deep brain stimulators inside me  
I am still mostly human but also electrical device  
medical science has modified me  
but it did not work as well as they said  
I feel a bit like the Frankenstein monster  
with implants in my shoulders, neck and head  
my body continually adapts  
as I collect the discharged electrons  
I can almost feel each synapse snap  
my brain evolves in its function  
to my situation my biology adapts  
I collect unconscious information  
I adapt to the signals from my machines

Andy Caldwell

# I Have Always Thought Of You

I have always thought of you  
each separately  
my angel and my wife  
but you are one with me  
my shelter my guiding light  
bringing home from stormy seas  
on dark and treacherous nights  
waking me from tormenting dreams  
when I thrash in bed at night  
healing my wounded heart  
when my world comes apart  
you don't understand the drive in me  
yet you are my partner by my side  
and you heal the wounds I have  
and you love me as I die  
then you in turn are my everything  
my one my only bride

Andy Caldwell

# I Know The Universe Remembers

poems flow in my head  
in the middle of the night  
when I lay in my bed  
as sleep evades me  
and I just can't write them  
they come and go so quickly  
poems that speak of God  
or of lovers I once knew  
verses of my wife whose love  
I have and treasure more than life  
ones of ghost and memories  
the universe can't forget  
haunting and preventing sleep  
the words flow out so eloquently  
in rhyme and cadence- metered  
they flow out to the universe  
I can hardly catch them all  
and in that lonesome space  
between sleep and wake  
I know the universe remembers

Andy Caldwell

# I Need To Write

I am out of words- fatal for a poet  
this cold has overpowered me  
I can only write that I cannot write  
and that seems like a paradox  
Still I must write something  
need to keep my journal going  
even when the words aren't flowing  
I need to write that I can't write  
and I have thought of this all night  
may be tomorrow words will come  
and this fatal time is done  
I hope the was a little fun  
you the reader are number one  
thank you for reading my silly poem  
I have a cold I'm stuck at home

Andy Caldwell

# I Ponder Time

into the darkness  
I travel  
deep into memory  
where time unravels  
as I ponder it- deeply  
time  
what is it  
what does it do  
is time similar  
for me and for you  
is it a measure  
the rate which light passes  
from a source into darkness  
is it the change in entropy  
is it reversible  
is it dispersible or convertible  
I know I can't change my past  
I know I can not go back  
but I can relive memories  
review histories  
expand my mental inventories  
to know time more intelligently

Andy Caldwell

# Icarus

He is Icarus Daedalus son  
builder of the labyrinth  
master carpenter  
father not son  
Armed with his father's wings  
he flew his dad escaping  
till his hubris and vanity  
brought them down

Andy Caldwell

# If You Read My Words

if you read my words  
let me know how they affect you  
if you feel effects from my work  
let me know good or bad  
I write most every night  
about having Parkinson's  
my views on religion  
or about things which interest me  
presently I live much of life in my poetry  
if you read it please comment  
let me know your thoughts  
Has the poem you read painted a picture  
Has it changed you or made you grow  
Let me know

Andy Caldwell

## Important- Read This

Fear not death  
the death of the flesh  
but live your life  
ready for what comes next  
give everything you do  
your absolute best  
take care of what matters  
don't worry about the rest  
be tolerant of one another  
they are your spiritual  
sisters and brothers  
remember to serve is to rule  
in any other role you play the fool  
but in any role you can know and grow  
remember that we are individuals  
we all have different points of view  
and what has value many confuse  
beware of treasures made on Earth  
at your death you find that  
that they are only made of dirt  
which blows away as dust in wind  
and you find in life that you have sinned  
Jesus paid for that that you might live  
the most important thing- follow Him

Andy Caldwell

# In A Moment

Things of life happen quickly  
in the time we blink our eyes  
memories truths and lies  
babies cries to grandpa's sighs  
from birth till moment that we die  
things happen in a moment  
then we wait for what is next  
we fill the in between  
to escape the boredom  
that that separate the moments  
from the instants that shape our lives

Andy Caldwell

# In Each Of Us

through life we make choices  
in what we think and believe  
it shapes what we perceive  
often it filters and protects us  
at times it misleads and fools us  
as we grow we gain experience  
with which there is never enough  
it forms and shapes each of us  
but when we dream we create things  
that may or may not be  
creation is in all of us  
what we hate and what we love  
the truths and lies we share  
of our passion and of what  
we do not care.....  
this is our purpose  
our reason for being  
to fill the empty experience  
inside each of us.....

Andy Caldwell

# In Honor Of Ron White

you can't fix stupid  
You can hit it with a truck  
at a very high rate of speed  
or shoot it with your gun  
Stupid is as stupid does  
stupid can be infinite  
and of it there is always  
way way too much.....  
stupid is eternal  
it hasn't got a boundary  
Stupid is contagious  
it quickly becomes epidemic  
it flows just like honey  
it is sticky and gummy  
Stupid almost always goes  
public.....  
if you or I look into a mirror  
odds are stupid will appear

Andy Caldwell

# Interconnection

if we can't look internally  
and examine our emotionality  
inside our cocoon of rationality  
we can never be really free  
free of the chains which bind  
then we live our lives blind  
and each stumbles incoherently

Andy Caldwell

# Is There Fire In Your Belly

is there fire in your belly  
have you a passion for life  
or do you bide your time  
being agreeable and nice  
are you a timid person  
who does the basic minimum  
just to get by all the time  
what's your paradigm  
and your state of mind  
will you change the world  
let something improve  
just because of you  
everyone is gifted  
with special traits God gave us  
each of us is treasured  
if we choose to leave our mark  
the future will know of us  
if we use our passion  
as God intended us

Andy Caldwell

# Kick The Can

it's a long road home  
and we can't go back  
to the way it was  
when we were young  
we played kick the can  
watched the stars roll by  
it was a simpler time  
when we studied hard  
and played outside  
when the streets were safe  
life was a race  
we ran everywhere  
playing kick the can  
No you can't go back  
it's not in the plan  
Today the game is pain  
can't play kick the can  
wish I could go back  
and be young again  
to be whole again

Andy Caldwell

# Last Act Of Penance

the last act of penance  
of a terminal and dieing man  
was to fall down on his knees  
and whisper Lord I understand  
You have cast away my darkness  
let me see Your light this night  
You are the way and only truth  
Buddhist Muslim Christian Jew  
all others too.....  
all are Your created  
religion itself belongs to You  
there is no other way  
Jesus is the one and only Christ  
that and only that is right  
Your love for all humanity  
now fills the domain of my eyesight  
I am happy now he then said  
and collapsed stone cold dead  
To find his spirit before The Lord  
his name written in The Book Of Life  
reader the rest in time you'll learn  
but pray now and listen  
you also will start to understand

Andy Caldwell

# Life Is

life simply is  
a collection of moments  
the heres and nows  
and the thens  
some brought joy  
others sorrow  
age is remembering when

Andy Caldwell

# Life's Storms

waves crash around me  
as I float in stormy seas  
no light surrounds me  
in this darkness I cannot see  
I cannot sleep in fear of drowning  
then as the storm subsides  
lessor waves crash more infrequently  
calm seas will come again  
and in time new storms begin  
cause their harm and in time end  
through all this I pray continually  
the storms happen metaphorically

Andy Caldwell

## Little Girl In Pain

my friends niece wreaths in pain  
a continual constant migraine  
the whys and wherefores I can't explain  
she is pure in heart and soul  
and the pain rips her apart  
she can't work nor play  
her pain worsens every day  
I ask the reader to stop and pray  
speak to God in your own way  
or you may simply ask for grace  
to end this girls constant pain

Andy Caldwell

# Lost

I am lost  
drifting  
in a sea of uncertainty  
waves wash over me  
pushing me randomly  
and the current moves me  
slowly  
further out to sea  
then the darkness covers me  
blindly  
I can not see  
there are no references  
for me to locate on  
except the mermaids song  
and I know to follow it  
is simply wrong  
simply wrong  
so now I end this song  
I am lost  
drifting  
moving somewhat  
randomly

Andy Caldwell

# Love Of My Life

we have been friends forever  
and lovers together  
I have no expectations of you  
instead I cherish you  
every moment given me  
is because you love me  
as I love you  
you are a gift most holy  
because of God's love  
He has for us  
and that is enough  
so be with me forever  
and we build our riches in Heaven  
and we live one life together

Andy Caldwell

# Love Trumps Destiny

love trumps destiny  
if it is pure love  
given from God above  
love in all humility  
is more pure than gold  
it is the deepest richness  
that we may never own  
love is a gift from Heaven  
beyond any price  
though if rejected  
it turns colder than ice  
and blacker than the night  
in the era of humanity  
it has stabbed many hearts  
with its cold dark knife ☐

Andy Caldwell

# Mind On The Truth

A question came to mind  
it's been with me for some time  
be patient as I obsess with it a bit  
I need to understand it more  
the question is What is truth  
is it relative or absolute  
is it dependent on one's point of view  
I know it changes with what we know  
or that our paradigm changes as we grow  
Truth has to be the same for me and you  
We can confound or point of view  
or have our definition be influenced  
truth must be stable day to day  
it must be unique and remain that way  
it must not change unless physics do  
and it's not dependent upon our view

Andy Caldwell

# Mindful Consideration

In mindful consideration  
I kneel down and pray  
close my eyes and fold my arms  
then stumble out with  
the few pitiful words I have to say  
then quietly I try to listen  
eventually my mind drifts  
a fly on the wall is demanding  
my attention.....  
as is the flickering lightbulb  
in the building out the window  
everything is distracting  
my spirit willing  
though my flesh is weak  
later that same day  
I lay in bed in the darkness  
close my eyes and try again  
I speak and then I listen  
though I fall asleep again  
to correct the situation  
I say the Jesus Prayer  
in mindful repetition  
it is for me not Him  
it keeps me rather focused  
chanting won't impress Him  
but it focuses my attention  
it seems I get an A for trying  
and an F for executing  
which average out as C  
it means I am a Christian  
and am continually improving

Andy Caldwell

# Mr. Duran

Father God  
years ago I met a man  
an honorable man  
his name was Gil Duran  
today You took him  
I pray for his children  
grown but very close to him  
I pray he is in Heaven  
will You comfort them  
and give peace to his children  
we will miss the man  
it is better that You have him

Andy Caldwell

# Mu

can you unask your question  
please take back that moment  
reverse time a few minutes  
and not say what you just said  
you knew the answer  
it's been lurking in your head  
when you asked your question  
I won't ask why you asked it  
we all ready knew the answer  
but you ask it again  
like a broken record  
You repeat it again  
in a monotonous monotone  
over and over and over again  
till the words have no meaning  
nor will ever they again  
You ask once again  
then you ask if I have heart  
and if I don't answer  
you are off with the wind  
so here it is  
you ask if I love you  
my answer is.....

Andy Caldwell

# Mu Too

Can you unask the question  
take back the thinking  
which started this rebellion  
it's like up righting dominos  
from the pattern where they've fallen  
have them standing up in order  
after their disturbance  
Can you reverse this mental entropy  
Once somebody has been thinking  
and they have ended self imposed stupidity  
it can change all of our thinking  
change the world around us  
with one well thought out question

Andy Caldwell

# Much Of Life

much of life sucks  
because of Parkinson's  
I am fu\_\_\_\_\_ed  
I fell Christmas Eve  
and broke a tooth  
clear off down by the root  
the falls get more frequent  
and gain severity  
I am loosing coordination  
and agility.....  
That is my condition.  
not who I am  
I am a Christian  
and it is just right for me  
my humanity is temporary

Andy Caldwell

# My Attitude

why do people annoy me  
when they've been told to shut up  
yet they continue on talking  
on subjects I just don't care  
or planning before I am ready  
or deciding before planing is done  
I want to manage my Parkinson's  
to feel better then I do tonight  
I want their help coping  
on days I simply feel like shit  
Let's get some perspective folks  
I'm dealing with my life and my death  
and these trivial things of the living  
issues not urgent nor important  
can wait and wait and wait  
then maybe never happen.....  
I have little interest trivialities  
I am interested in God, my disease  
my life and someday my death  
I want to work in my shop  
to show I can fight Parkinson's  
everything else is secondary  
or maybe even less  
We all know I will loose this battle  
but help me keep my focus  
as I am lowered into its abyss

Andy Caldwell

# My Cousin Speaks

My cousin once said  
this world was better  
because of me  
and he was a better man  
also due to me  
said I have generosity  
it made me misty  
he said I have integrity  
and good heart in me  
I said I use the gifts  
God gave to me  
if there is good in me  
it is because I believe  
my Lord and God  
everything good I am  
is because of Him

Andy Caldwell

# My Cousin Visits

my cousin comes to visit  
and brings along his wife  
their timing is perfect  
they are a delight  
without knowing they help  
they help me fight my fight  
their visit makes me happy  
it takes my mind off my disease  
they get me out to walk awhile  
and wait patiently  
while I cough and wheeze

Andy Caldwell

# My Deep Brain Stimulators

We test my DBSs  
implanted in my brain  
I turn off the right machine  
suddenly the left of me is free  
I can move it painlessly  
and my heart ceased to ache  
my leg feels jitter free  
On lingers my left machine  
my right leg tight and tender  
My left hand free from bondage  
for the shortest time.....  
Soon the pain returns in force  
muscles of my face contort  
muscles of my limbs contract  
as I wither on I ask 'Turn it back on'  
though it sounds like gibberish  
Parkinson's is there in force  
without my DBS machines  
I go from bad to worse  
and everything hurts  
the test proves out  
the machines work

Andy Caldwell

# My Evolution

waves wash over me  
as I travel stormy seas  
headed for a distant shore  
where the living beings  
have not walked before  
I anticipate landfall  
as I run out of life line  
and I'll swim the last bit  
apparently all by my self  
alone...

The rain washes me  
coldly and unjudgingly  
it purifies my soul...  
Sharks and dolphins surround  
threatening and protecting  
I have been baptized by life  
it cuts quickly with a dull knife  
then heals life's issue  
closing the wounds  
then proud tissues form  
which leave scars  
on my legs body and arms

Andy Caldwell

# My Father's Heart

my father bleeds internally  
he needs.....me  
in his recovery  
his heart beats erratically  
his blood flows too slow  
today was his surgery  
to correct these things  
so his blood flows properly  
for this week this day and moment  
I prayed relentlessly  
for physical and spiritual recovery

Andy Caldwell

# My Fight With Parkinson's

my disease progresses  
relentlessly it advances  
I strike back with prayer  
and with strength of will  
I fight alone.....  
though many others pray for me  
and God sends comfort to me  
but the battles I must fight  
I can only fight alone  
there's no way this pain  
to ever share with anyone  
and even if I could  
I don't believe I would  
others give their sympathies  
and they share their empathy  
but the battle is only me  
it is my destiny  
my finality ☐

Andy Caldwell

# My Granddaughter

little girl lost  
so pure so innocent  
two months old  
her body is a mess  
so many organs out of place  
she's already had heart surgery  
and will have it over again  
we all pray for her, will you  
she has the greatest will to live  
don't tell me that life is fair.  
God's love is there  
beyond that I don't understand  
this more than I can comprehend

Andy Caldwell

# My Granddaughter Dies

this happened yesterday  
it was a bleak and miserable day  
my wife called it the worst ever yet  
when my granddaughter passed away  
her heart just was not strong enough  
internally it bleed to much  
she lived about six months  
all she knew was pain and love  
gave her mother love and trust  
and of the pain she knew too much  
she never had the chance to sin  
and touched so many lives  
in the short time she lived (4/29/2014)

Andy Caldwell

# My Hands Shake

My hands shake  
at times I touch the wrong key  
tonight I lost some poetry  
after I accidentally touched delete  
it was a good poem  
better than most I wrote  
for a long time  
it had meter and rhyme  
and it caused an image  
I read it out loud  
then mistakenly I touched delete  
and the poem was lost to me

Andy Caldwell

# My Left Eye Closes

with a force not known before  
often there is a tremor  
in the muscles of my left cheek  
I can't focus both my eyes the same...  
Always there is pain  
in my arms chest and legs  
daily things get worse  
I almost choked on food today  
God may have interfered  
a little piece of stake got stuck  
somehow it cleared instantly  
I've tremors in my hands and arms  
Parkinson's takes joy from me  
and returns hurt and uncertainty

Andy Caldwell

# My Life Lays Empty

my life lays empty  
there is no past  
nor is there a future  
there is just the here and now  
the space between TV shows  
Parkinson's limits me  
it binds bounds and envelopes me  
over time it is defining  
there is no growth for me  
no changes I can see  
The electronics implanted inside of me  
inhibit my dreams  
I lay in terror in these doldrums  
and want to pilgrim  
to grow and find my religion  
to live for a reason  
then to see my life change

Andy Caldwell

# My Poems

many people ask of me  
why I write poetry  
I write what is necessary  
necessary and compelling  
then use the dreams I have  
to write the meat and filling  
save some sugar for the top  
my poetry shows an efficiency  
it documents and illustrates  
I make the columns narrow  
and do not punctuate too much  
I work to make words rhyme-  
some times  
where they form a texture  
I want my words to form a picture  
an image in your mind  
Or my poems illustrate our human condition  
both wealthy or depraved ones  
like I share with you my Parkinson's  
and the pain I know  
I share with you as my PD grows  
Mostly importantly  
I want to share God with you  
He loves me so  
how very much you will never know  
unless you believe and pray to Him  
and listen to Him answer  
Amen

Andy Caldwell

# My Poems An Art

I want my poems an Art  
minimal they are  
with no sound wasted  
with rhythm and cadence  
meaningful and honest  
truthful is my Art

Andy Caldwell

# My Poetry Is Conserved

the world acknowledges me  
accepts and honors my poetry  
capturing every word and all my feelings  
spread to the universe with each reading  
my poetry is conserved.... like nature  
and all the people learned what I had to say  
My poems are lies which tell the truth  
they are a reflection of me and you  
with bitter words and hard to chew  
or they are beautiful free and true  
or they are mystical and again true

Andy Caldwell

## My Poetry? ? X

I wonder often if I have talent  
to craft my written words  
that they are read and heard  
I wonder about the content  
that my words are important  
and may help those who follow  
in Parkinson's and more  
My poems I believe are important  
Please let me read your comments

Andy Caldwell

# My Son At The Window

I used to drive home from work  
my son would be waiting in the window  
I'd pull up and he'd run out  
often close to the death of me  
as he would run to my moving car  
then I would get out and get a hug  
and he would start to talk and talk  
he would in detail recount his day  
Are you paid by the word I'd often say  
He would always laugh and say  
Dad you ask that every day  
As time passed he grew in to  
a fine young lad then a man  
waiting in the window is long gone  
until some day he has a son

Andy Caldwell

# My Struggle

words come to me  
when I can no longer write  
as I try to sleep late at night  
as my hands tremble and shake  
so bad that I can no longer type  
but before I dream  
and I don't have insight  
whatever I have to say  
doesn't seem right  
Still I try hard to describe  
what happens inside  
and my influences outside  
such is my prophesy  
my destiny.....  
my role in life  
as I struggle to write

Andy Caldwell

# My Sunshine

I want to hold you  
to comfort and console you  
once you were my sunshine  
then you brightened up life  
I want to return the joy  
you brought into my life  
if I could I would carry you to bed  
we'd make passionate love all night  
I'd help you to a hundred climaxes  
then hold you while we sleep  
you mean so very much to me  
I want you in my world  
Now I live in a prison  
my sentence is for for life  
the prison is my Parkinson's  
I need waves of sunshine  
to lighten up my life

Andy Caldwell

# My Time Here Ends

I've wrote of time before  
and thought I'd write once more  
time had a beginning  
and it will have a definite end  
that it will end is certain my friend  
Time is plural for me and for you  
we have our life times  
our childhood too  
there is your time and mine  
each has a life time  
There is a season for everything  
nighttime and daytime  
a time for birth  
to live your life... and a time to die  
with those left living  
have a time to grieve  
and a chance to cry  
My time here is ending  
so I say good bye

Andy Caldwell

# My View Tonight

my eyes gaze up  
to see the stars  
what a miracle they are  
long ago they gave up light  
to illuminate this very night  
God created what fills my sight  
billions off stars show tonight

Andy Caldwell

# My Wife An Angel

I love my wife  
with all my heart  
she is God's gift to me  
she is so beautiful  
and incredible to me  
she makes me happy  
she was and is  
and ever shall be  
God's angel loving me  
this woman my wife  
is the love and light of my life  
I'll love her through old age  
then death on my very last page  
I will love her to my grave

Andy Caldwell

# On The Eve Of Our Anniversary

I regret what I never told you  
often enough.....  
how very much I love you  
and how beautiful you are  
yes I know how you love me  
You are my singularity  
my one and only  
my first and last wife  
and all the in between  
you are my lover all my life  
and my best friend for life  
I don't regret marrying you  
it was and is the best for me  
and I love you totally

Andy Caldwell

# One For My Wife

I wrote this for my wife  
someone once said  
a rose by any other name  
would smell as sweet  
roses are our classic beauty  
but a rose is a rose is a rose  
or so we suppose  
I find each one unique  
you are the rose for me  
you are my beauty  
and I would give you flowers  
but they would wilt in time  
you beauty will be with me  
until the end of our life time

Andy Caldwell

## Other Roads

I wonder of the roads not taken  
where I would have a different life  
another women to be my wife  
and our children would be strangers  
maybe I would not have Parkinson's  
slowly I begin to comprehend and realize  
that the these worlds are fantasies  
reality is the path I've chosen  
I am hear and now  
I have a beautiful wife  
who cares for me  
together we are Christians  
and we complete one another  
There is no way back  
and any change in choice  
would be a lessor life

Andy Caldwell

## P01102014a

I lay here in agony  
sweating in my bed  
wheezing slightly when I breathe  
my eyes can't focus on anything  
and all of me knows this pain  
I dry heave every hour or so  
my stomach is in knots  
and I try hard not to cough  
muscles of my chest hurt  
this has lingered several days  
colds or flu with Parkinson's  
make each other worse  
This has gone on long enough  
I have too much to do  
there are projects in my shop  
most are close to being due  
and projects that are new  
the more I push the worse I get  
and the longer it will last  
and it will get much more intense  
I have no immunity defense

Andy Caldwell

## P03222014a

You are my midnight star  
how bright and beautiful you are  
and I thank God that he made you  
you are my guiding light  
often my poetic muse  
in my mind my favorite nude.....  
share with me a physical attitude  
touch me as I touch you  
dance for me in hotel room  
then I would dance with you  
you are so very beautiful  
I how often imagine you

Andy Caldwell

## P04012014a

I am tired now.... bone cold weary  
and sick of my affliction  
it advances relentlessly  
I get moments here and there  
where I can function as human  
but Parkinson's disease is progressive  
and with it I am regressive  
I can fight it mentally  
I can not fight it physically  
but I choose my response  
and how I adapt  
I will make the best  
of what life serves me  
when handed lemons  
I'll do my best to serve lemon frosties

Andy Caldwell

## P04012014b

Everyone seize the day seize the moment  
it's your life manage it like you own it  
life hands you stuff and you can't hand it back  
it seems more then often life hands out garbage  
it's always up to you how you react  
your dieing of cancer in bed on your back  
people surround you giving love and support  
you can focus on cancer lie there and bitch  
you can focus on the love and know you are rich  
or you might have Parkinson's Disease  
and the pain at times drives you to your knees  
pray in your own words and way for comfort  
or lay there in pain and lament your disease  
when life attacks it's up to you how you react  
does it overwhelm you or do you attack  
or with a peaceful feeling you choose  
how you will react

Andy Caldwell

## P04122014a

how have we contributed  
to our society  
how is this world better  
because of you or me  
what is our legacy  
has either saved a child  
created a vaccine  
brokered a peaceful end  
to armed conflict  
is there anything to our credit  
which the world won't forget  
that made this world a better place  
simply because you or I exist  
when we die how will we be missed

Andy Caldwell

# P08222014

My soul bleeds  
caught between the real  
and spirituality  
I have unfulfilled needs  
reality torments me  
where my pain ever grows  
I want my spirit to know  
God  
My soul weeps  
as body is washed in pain  
intensely  
which flows so very deep  
I pray to God for comfort  
grace and peace  
He answers.... With relief  
I feel an inner peace  
that surpasses understanding

Andy Caldwell

# Pan

where did the Pan go  
when he grew old  
no longer mischievous  
women longed for him  
and he seduced them  
he played his flute  
and lay with them  
fathered many children  
though now he's ancient  
forgotten and discarded  
now he has no one  
so where did the Pan go  
does anyone care  
does anyone know

Andy Caldwell

# Panning For Gold

I pan for spiritual gold  
misleading stones and rocks  
I quickly and spiritually cast off  
I let the muddy waters wash  
dirt and gravel and clay  
then pour the offal away  
what is left- nuggets and dust  
I quickly and thoroughly assay  
for wealth I build in heaven  
but there is always more to do  
I want and need to share my wealth

Andy Caldwell

# Parade

I can't break from watching the parade  
an extravagant human cavalcade  
where people show how stupid they are  
it's like an epidemic spreading  
exponentially growing  
so many have it- human stupidity  
and the front runners have it cold  
Some try to push the envelop  
While others try and cope  
we've learned to keep expectations low  
I like the idiots and the incompetents  
good for a laugh or two  
they often hurt themselves  
when they do stupid human tricks

Andy Caldwell

## People Ask Direction 2

people ask me life questions  
looking for personal direction  
they are searching for enlightenment  
I can tell them only what I found myself  
although it's highly likely  
they will need something else  
people look for guidance  
but I am not their leader  
but I ask them if they prayed  
they often ask what I would do  
if I were in their place  
I say long ago I had ambition  
and I was in the business race  
but now I seek to be in grace  
I ask where their choices will lead  
will it fulfill all of their needs  
what will their choice not include  
in other words what will they lose  
how will each affect their attitude  
usually I find they know what they want.  
they are searching for emotional support  
and want affirmation for the choice they make

Andy Caldwell

# People Ask For Directions

people ask me life questions  
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will it fulfill all of their needs  
what will their choice not include  
in other words what will they lose  
how will each affect their attitude  
usually I find they know what they want.  
they are searching for emotional support  
they want an endorsement of sorts

Andy Caldwell

# Phoenix

The Phoenix flys over Babylon  
every so often diving down  
to cause someone's death  
nameless whores and diplomats  
actors and actresses  
politicians and other criminals  
are on it's list.....

And it does not miss  
painful is this mode of death  
but it likes televangilists best  
corrupt ones at that  
Babylon is falling  
this beast is hauling  
corrupt citizens to Hell

Andy Caldwell

## Poem 141

How do I say I that love you  
after all those years alone  
I could burn incense at the alter  
a structure made of stone  
though I believe it a futile gesture  
just come back home  
lay next to me and be my lover  
I'll put life into your womb  
we will be lovers unto death  
and they place us in our tomb

Andy Caldwell

## Poem Home

I want to write one more poem  
before I leave this home  
we are moving from this house  
to a home of our very own  
I want to blur the separation  
between the subject and the poem  
so I discuss it as you are reading  
I write of both the subject  
and the object of this poem  
it should not be confusing  
please bless the our new home

Andy Caldwell

# Praxis

Christian praxis  
walking His footsteps  
in both thought and action  
with Jesus reflection  
no one is there  
but we aspire to be  
I don't work on you  
before I work on me  
I can not cast the first stone  
because of sins I own  
Theoria and Contemplio  
pillars of prayer  
we read the bible  
but just what is there  
don't add to nor subtract from  
it's text is God given  
and put what you read  
in your heart and your head  
then live what it said

Andy Caldwell

# Profanity

I swear- not in testimony  
but with profanity  
to get the point across  
I cherish their brutality  
so I use them rarely  
keep them in my treasury  
on display for friends to see  
I keep their value high  
by not wasting them everyday  
only when nothing else will say  
what I want my poem to convey

Andy Caldwell

## Proof Reading

I read another's poetry  
it was just too much for me  
it jumbled with complexity  
there were too many words  
which simply did not work  
the message was incomplete  
it did not paint a picture  
at least it did not for me  
the author asked my thoughts  
I weighed my choices carefully  
to be brutally honest  
would have just been mean  
but to be less than candid  
would not help them to improve  
so I told them it had potential  
but their work still needed work  
the person then said thank you  
then later posted the poem  
it had wonderfully improved

Andy Caldwell

# Quandry

My eyes close- involuntarily  
and I can see my own death  
Parkinson's had taken toll  
though I'm not very old  
I await what comes next  
with trepidation a bit of fear  
and my arms wide open  
strength wanes I feel weak  
lady Death kisses my cheek  
and I in turn begin to weep  
My hands tremble uncontrollably  
there is a tremor in my right arm  
and it is hard to breath  
the pain increases daily  
my poetry is almost ceased  
I cannot fight this disease  
and I cannot let it  
take my life from me

Andy Caldwell

# Quantum Poetry

I sit alone tonight and postulate  
other possible future histories  
call them unfulfilled possibilities  
I could not imagine any reality  
without my wife you see  
she shares all my possibilities  
and coexists in this my actuality  
then all of these- my possibilities  
include a strong belief in Christianity  
It is the Way and Truth I see  
I feel God's love universally  
these limit my other possibilities  
I call this Occam's reducability  
when we find complexity  
reduced to many many simplicities  
further reduced to a single singularity □

Andy Caldwell

## R U

are you loved  
do you love  
have you loved  
were you loved  
or do you lust  
can you answer  
the questions above  
is there someone special  
who has the right stuff  
when being with them  
simply is enough  
you share time together  
share your lives forever  
this poem is sentimental  
have you quality or quantity  
something superficial  
or deep and spiritual  
have you had so many physical  
that stop you from  
deep and meaningful  
for me- my wife and I  
improve with time  
I thank God that I am hers  
and she is mine

Andy Caldwell

# Return Of My Brother

you are my brother and I love you  
but you have become a stranger to me  
years go by and we don't see one another  
still you are and always be my brother  
for the longest time you were gone to me  
now you return to our family  
it made Mom and Dad happy  
you made our sister smile  
I haven't seen that happen in a while

Andy Caldwell

# Rules Of Poetry

I explore my craft  
I study and I ask about  
the rules of poetry  
at times broken by me  
as I can often see  
the need for better verse  
using words that work  
to make my poems  
as great as they could be  
I don't really know  
a sonnet from from hyku  
I just want to paint  
a word picture for you  
to show you something new  
and make you grow  
how much I will never know  
it is a one way show

Andy Caldwell

# Santa Ana

sand blows in the air  
the sand is everywhere  
the wind's a Santa Ana  
blowing heat to the east  
I felt these winds last  
half my life ago  
still I remember them with dread  
weird things happen in this air

Andy Caldwell

# Science Means To Know

science means to know  
but we don't know everything  
we don't know what we don't know  
and we know that we don't know  
so if we don't know we should say so  
unless we are ruled by ego  
then as our knowledge base grows  
the more we know shows we have grown  
we need to know more than we now know  
we can observe test evaluate our new knows  
travel on the road goes slow

Andy Caldwell

## Second Exit Of The Prodigal Son

what does the father say  
when the prodigal son leaves again  
he doesn't want to work  
he leaves leave the others as he finds them  
the father feels ill and torn  
his son simply does not care

Andy Caldwell

# Ses

she washes her tender spots  
hoping the pain will go away  
there have been too many men  
though she was always well paid  
something is wrong she thinks  
her mind won't recall any names  
something is missing  
her soul reaches out searching  
but can not find anything  
too many thoughts block her way  
her angst will not go away  
She marries again  
maybe this time it will last  
probably not... based on her past

Andy Caldwell

## Ses2

I heard an old song  
took my mind back  
to my far and distant past  
it was about a love which didn't last  
and the memory of a girl who wouldn't last  
but she was part of my future's track  
that lead to my wife and my life path  
she gave to me my poetry  
in a strange and twisted way  
she asked me to lover her  
then she ran away.....  
She hid behind her beauty  
feigned a sweetness that was unreal  
in her heart there was a blackness  
a spot of evil through and through  
and I was caught in her web of torture  
the pain she left and she made  
My catharsis was my poetry  
it was a release inside of me  
and a gift left unintentionally  
Now years have turned to decades  
I hear about her now and then  
it appears she has had hundreds of men  
been married three or four times  
and is never ever satisfied  
I in turn have my one and only wife  
and I will love her all my life

Andy Caldwell

# Shadow Boxer

the man shadow boxes evil  
though his sins are sown  
the fields grown  
his fate is sealed  
nothing is real anymore  
no nothing is real  
nothing to fight about  
he fights out of habit  
and is used to it  
he remembers no other way  
he dreams of the fight  
thinks of all aspects  
but he has no opponent  
except for his shadow  
a dark image of him  
he can never win

Andy Caldwell

# Shakes Peer

All the world's a stage  
and life is but a play  
that shows each person  
as they grow and age  
then listens as they say  
what is on their minds  
each and every day  
we are here to live and learn  
to show others our internal pain  
and to laugh like fools  
also laugh at those  
who stumble through  
Each life is a comedy  
a tragedy or a drama  
or a multiplicity  
of these three....  
So forgive me if  
I laugh at you  
You simply are the fool

Andy Caldwell

# She Dances

She dances at the Blue Iguana  
moving and gyrating to the music  
that softly plays  
every inch of her body- on display  
she always meant to be a good girl  
now she was good in different ways  
she started with little slippages  
until she had completely strayed  
lost both family and boyfriend  
as time passed along life's way  
still she has further to fall  
and she will a little everyday  
years in the future  
as she looks in her mirror  
and wonders what happened  
how she got that way  
it was little by little every day  
till she finally hit rock bottom  
with nowhere to go but up  
she wouldn't make an effort  
she labeled herself a slut

Andy Caldwell

# She Runs

she runs..... from all relationships  
it's what she does  
and all she ever did was run  
back then she was not the one  
she never will be and never was  
still to this day she runs  
Bits of human flesh are in her teeth  
she devours love as meat  
first she gives her love  
in turn asks for their's  
then she runs  
She has had too many men  
her sister calls her slut  
she screws then runs  
this isn't intercourse  
It is her life's path of course □

Andy Caldwell

# Simple Physics

as gravity folds back on itself  
to form an infinite Möbius strip  
time is the rate at which it flows  
as we continually move along  
energy is the strip's width  
intelligence makes it thick  
matter becomes the bumps on it  
we exist on one small one  
but our lives are too short  
to travel to any other one  
Time ends where it begins  
its all happened and it will again  
it has neither start nor end  
everything is conserved  
energy matter and intelligence  
energy may become matter  
or it maybe a reversal  
knowledge becomes universal  
one must learn how to tap in  
for energy we have electricity  
the strong and weak forces  
and of course we have gravity  
there is one more energy  
we don't know how to use it  
I call it the breath of life  
it makes biology alive  
it makes living things thrive  
and is God supplied

Andy Caldwell

# Sleep Apnea

My eyes fall closed  
then jerk open  
I sleep for a short moment  
I am tired worn and weary  
but my sleep isn't deep  
my breathing slows  
I begin an apnea snore  
then choke and awaken  
for the briefest moment  
I am as dead as a corpse  
and then I start breathing  
my heart returns beating  
as I return to the living  
as I have many times before

Andy Caldwell

# Sleep Nite Of 28 May 2014

My eyes close for a moment  
minutes later they reopen  
I am tired beyond expectation  
caught between sleep and wake  
there are things I need to do  
which now must wait  
my eyelids close again  
an unwanted sleep begins  
evidently I thrash about  
suddenly as if run into a wall  
this tortuous sleep ends  
three am and I am awakened  
I edit and write poems  
of subjects I so well know  
of Heaven and Hell  
about wrong and right  
of tortuous painful life  
or a loving beautiful wife  
regarding my Parkinson's disease  
my life's malady and the hurt  
I write of spiritual works  
or that which I observe  
I feel compelled to write  
at times it is the sum total of life  
I now can get peaceful sleep this night

Andy Caldwell

# Some Are Islands

few men are islands  
alone and isolate  
with due respect to Mr. Dunn  
their deaths diminish no one  
as atolls on the sea  
eventually lost to erosion  
someday each will not be  
never noticed by society  
but one amongst the many  
will change the world in time  
by leaving us their critical thoughts  
in rhyme meter and poetry  
posthumously  
upon on their deaths  
their bell rings silently  
they view society objectively  
because they are uninvolved

Andy Caldwell

# Something Poignant

I want to write something poignant  
something profound  
but most everything's been said  
or possibly implied  
I'm just a dullard wanting to write poetry  
I believe I have a calling  
I've just nothing new to say today  
God loves us as He all ways has  
we turned away and that is bad  
Jesus came to set things right  
We all know this although some deny  
to those who deny I ask why  
Here I've written a bit of poetry  
nothing new.....

Andy Caldwell

# Spherical Music

I want to find serenity  
a peace without understanding  
the oneness of just being  
where simple trust is enough  
in the grace of the Trinity  
and not hide in the shadows  
in a simple state of being  
I pray meditate and listen  
then chant in repetition  
but not meaningless iteration  
instead as the Bible instructs us  
as it says to pray constantly  
I join and am joined by others  
a universal chorus  
around me are Moslems  
Jews Hindi other Christians  
many others too numerous to mention  
then a peaceful easy feeling  
Pours over each and all of us  
as we relearn our God loves  
and everyone will recognize  
that Jesus is as He said He was  
then I hear universal melody  
all are singing in harmony  
a celestial chorus  
spread out before us  
then God restores  
to what we were intended to be

Andy Caldwell

# Stress

to those around me  
Stress kills Parkinson's  
it makes everything worse  
it makes all my muscles hurt  
it makes me stiff and rigid  
and increase essential tremor  
I can tell discontent from small gestures  
words unsaid sighs and expressions  
If you hide it it just gets worse  
If you love me support what I decide  
Let us face whatever is next  
my life will grow more painful  
until the finality of my death  
Help me ease the strain  
reduce my stress  
Love me and support me  
as I decide what I do next  
and I do my very best  
Please don't fight about me  
I can always tell  
and the stress involved  
turns my time to hell  
You can't walk in my shoes  
you can not know my pain  
but you can keep stress away  
it means so very much  
it makes me want to live

Andy Caldwell

# Stuff

the rich want more wealth  
the poor want a bit themselves  
as if money solves people's longings  
when we buy stuff- too much stuff  
in time the stuff beings to rule you  
it brings out jealousy and greed  
There is natural or man made stuff  
wholesale or retail stuff  
Do you have enough  
We all want things  
and think these things  
will bring happiness  
but that is incorrect  
We probably own too much  
rewards come from spiritual gifts  
we these are we truly blessed

Andy Caldwell

# Stuff Enough

we are about stuff  
more than we need  
when all it does  
is increase our greed  
to have and have more  
has become the creed  
while advertisers propaganda  
in our minds plant bad seeds  
confounding our thoughts  
confusing our words and our deeds  
laying fiction for all that we need  
Now when it comes to our stuff  
have we enough or too much  
do we really need that bibelot  
or is it too much  
do we have so much  
that we become prisoners  
captured by our stuff

Andy Caldwell

# Su

a blackened love she gave me  
it was cruel and unholy  
I don't know why it mattered  
she left my my soul in tatters  
tore my heart out from me  
why did I give her power  
why does she even matter  
it is years and years hereafter  
I awoke from a nightmare  
it was about her  
the love she once gave me  
was given falsely  
what she gave for love was cruelty  
she left a poison in me  
it lingers eternally

Andy Caldwell

# Talking With Ernie

I tell my grandson  
Choose you reaction  
when something happens  
choose what you say and do  
Life will be unfair to you  
how you feel depends  
on your attitude  
Be happy and you will be  
Be sad that comes too  
Your life depends on you  
and your attitude

Andy Caldwell

# Teacher

An old man took a drink of his tea  
iced and sweetened  
still there was a bitter taste  
as it was a hemlock tea  
a deadly well used brew  
the man knew yes he knew  
he was a teacher of philosophy  
and he caused controversy  
he taught his students to see  
to affirm and analyze  
'truths' given them  
to question everything  
his students learned  
to mistrust common information  
he fought for rationality  
he taught a sensibility  
but in reality all he did was talk  
ask questions formulated well  
to make his students think  
He was tried in a kangaroo court  
as with any monkey trial  
this man was found guilty  
but the court was chicken shit  
they made the teacher do it

Andy Caldwell

# Thank You Nicco Machevellei

there are three forms of intelligence  
first one sees with their own eyes  
second kind sees through other's  
in a subordinate shared vision  
third sees through no one's eyes  
they might as well be blind  
three does most of the talking  
and is mostly useless  
some how they end in leadership  
they fight keep the status quo  
simply it is all they know  
they will not let others grow  
what they know is often superficial  
they haven't see the vision

Andy Caldwell

# The New Democracy

We find lies in their truth  
and facts they abuse  
shape the situation  
to fit their point of view  
now this isn't new  
it's a human condition  
to abuse what's true  
if you disagree  
they persecute you

Andy Caldwell

# The Poet's Role

What is the role of the poet  
inside today's society  
is it to question absolutes  
to find and discover truth  
or it is simple entertainment  
meant only for your amusement  
or does it cover both events  
are the roles multiples  
is it both deep and shallow  
deep poetry must be meaningful  
it's structure can be lyrical  
rhythmical and ethereal  
free form or conventional  
the choice of words intentional  
often it will test the status quo  
we find there is no single answer  
there are many many poets  
each one being different  
there is no single pattern  
the question doesn't matter

Andy Caldwell

# The Tv Preacher

the man started sincerely  
preaching televised  
In time he began to slide  
but how this man preached  
many people he'd reach  
each evangelical episode  
telling everyone watching  
God loves you so  
he spoke of prosperity for gold  
send him your money  
then save your soul  
off screen he laid with whores  
with godless prostitutes  
he drank and took drugs to excess  
as he worked to his own success  
he was out for his own greed  
in time an immense pain in his chest  
he fell and took one last breath  
and his body was put to a final rest  
there won't be peace for him  
Hell has a space within  
a throne saved just for him  
to reap his reward for sin  
his eyes were impaled with pins  
tongue stapled to his chin  
and feet immersed in fire  
body wrapped with barb wire  
knives stabbed at him  
piercing from head to toe  
each moment his pain grew  
forever on pain is all he knew  
excruciating increasing pain  
more then we may comprehend  
Amen

Andy Caldwell

# Thinking About A Prayer

I revisit this again  
and want my time with God  
to renew and to begin  
I ask my God come comfort me  
I no longer wish to live separately  
help me lie in that green pasture  
where I could hear my Father's laughter  
and feel God's grace upon my face  
warming and caressing me....  
I'm tired of life I live in pain  
take my pain from Parkinson's away  
light up my soul's nights of darkness  
let me know I am loved and not alone  
with His rod and staff protect me  
keep my dark visions at bay  
reform me in His image  
I don't want to be worldly  
so enlighten me  
and let me be just His  
if He won't cure then temper me  
support and strengthen me  
but please do not harden me  
I am made of clay please shape  
and take my transgressions away  
let me lay in that pasture  
now and in the here after  
I repeat my prayer in faith  
then close my eyes to see  
the glow of my Father's face  
shine on me with grace

Andy Caldwell

# Tim

I can't see an upside  
to my friend Tim's death  
was it an act of God  
or a random event  
where is the meaning  
and when I prayed  
were they answered  
I don't see how  
and feel no goodness  
from my brother's death  
then I think of Job  
who questioned God  
and angered Him  
I don't want to feel His wrath  
but I want to understand  
the love and value  
in the heart wrenching event

Andy Caldwell

# Time

time unfolds before me  
laid out beside me  
folded neatly behind me  
it is what will be what was  
and all my present possibilities  
my history and my destiny  
with folds or wrinkles for each choice  
it is the events of little things  
the sum of all things I could be  
the common planes of both  
my history and my destiny  
and the present is  
where these planes meet

Andy Caldwell

# Time (Mind) Travel

I was listening to Tom Watts  
sing Tom Traubert's Blues  
for a moment I went back to Art School  
I was young and somewhat the fool  
had the intensity and passion of youth  
everything and nothing was important  
as long as I could make my art  
My girlfriend was the poet  
we'd go to slams together  
she would read her stuff inside  
and I would paint graffiti poems  
on the building walls outside  
her work would tell a story  
mine would make a picture  
I got anonymous attention  
it drove a wedge between us  
we could not recover from  
and then the song was over  
I returned to this day and age  
man how I've aged  
and I wondered intensely  
would he like what he became

Andy Caldwell

# Time Again

time passes and I age  
seems impossible time would flow  
any other way  
still there are eddy currents  
and back flows  
I find the river flows only one way  
I find in dreams I can go back  
to relive moments of the past  
or I could look at photographs  
for old memories  
but they are not the same  
time is something  
we truly do not comprehend  
What binds us to the river's flow  
and ebb?  
Is there a quantum bit of it?  
Is there a steady flow  
or are there waves and crests?  
The physics of time we don't know  
yet time will always flow

Andy Caldwell

# Time Changes

time changes over time  
it is not linear  
nor is it constant  
it is slowing down  
since the big bang event  
we see it's tangent  
to the arc of existence  
All started with a singularity  
it spread out quickly  
from that possibility  
through countless  
sums of future histories  
time has wound down  
it is slower now

Andy Caldwell

# Time Is

time is  
a change in entropy  
a gradual wearing down  
with everything  
it is the passage of light  
from high to a low  
it is in reality something  
we experience  
but don't really know

Andy Caldwell

# Time Is A

time is a bubble  
caught up in reality  
something we can navigate  
but can not see  
though we can measure it  
most accurately  
time is a barrier  
we can never escape  
a place we develop within  
until we each meet our God  
time is an envelop  
capturing our memories  
our past and future histories  
and each of our destinies  
are written on its wall

Andy Caldwell

# Time Out Of Joint

Time is taken out of time  
always in sequence  
measured by impression  
we see and understand it  
through our perception  
directly we cannot hold it  
nor can we reverse or stop it  
we can only travel in its flow  
other directions we cannot go  
as time passes we grow old  
there is no thread or path  
which we might go

Andy Caldwell

# Time To The Third

does time accelerate  
at the center of the universe  
and does it stop dead still  
at the universe's periphery  
where all motion stops  
there there are no clocks  
and space itself will stretch  
then all the in betweens  
are derived from time  
and the rate of change  
is your position in space

Andy Caldwell

# To Dance With A Ghost

to dance with a ghost  
who has history with me  
beautiful was she  
sensual for me  
a spirit or a memory  
to music that used to be  
and I want to sing along  
but all my words are gone  
so I try to hum along  
to what was our song  
she simply disappears  
and the memory fades  
I awaken somewhat shaken  
we had magic once  
we both let it go  
it fell into oblivion  
more I do not know

Andy Caldwell

# To My Wife, With Love

you met me when I was down  
when I had fallen part ways  
if you had not of found me  
I would have fallen fully  
Angel won't you dance  
this entire lifetime with me  
You came when I was fallen  
waited so patiently for me  
kept me on the ground  
when I would fly around  
with my head off in the clouds  
Can't you hear Heaven's music  
playing a love song for us  
you became my wife  
Angle my Angel  
dance with me slowly  
love me for our life times  
and I will love you forever

Andy Caldwell

# Today I Beat Parkinson's

I am here  
up the mountain  
where most didn't want me to be  
most said stay home in bed  
because of my affliction  
I am here thriving  
driving my future  
in a tiny house  
and I keep going and going  
I beat Parkinson's today  
and that rarely happens  
any day

Andy Caldwell

# Two Women One Beautiful

Two women one beautiful  
one turned heads the other bent minds  
one spent a fortune on beauty supplies  
the other caught everyone's eyes  
that her looks were striking can't be denied  
she had a heart as pure as snow  
and her heart was tender and kind  
the other's heart was an accountant's scrolls  
one was beautiful on both sides  
the other was beautiful on the outside  
and purely evil inside  
Who was who I'll leave up to you  
what really is beautiful  
you know the truth  
this is a riddle which are you

Andy Caldwell

# Understanding Hamlet

Shakespeare wrote Hamlets Siloquy  
where he pondered to be here or not  
not a simple humble thought  
to have life then by his own hand not  
any choice he made was ill wrought  
this young noble boy was tied in knots  
I read the story and know it not  
to the undiscovered country he wants to flee  
in his heart and soul Hamlet wants to be free

Andy Caldwell

# Unholy Fright

silent night unholy night  
soldiers awake and ready  
young warriors await the fight  
many tremble in fear tonight  
darkness out there- no star light  
new ones wondering their plight  
if they will fight freeze or flight  
the more seasoned soldiers  
already know so they humbly  
bow their heads in prayer  
asking for life for one more night  
not one doubts this is their fight  
a bullet rings out- the battle begun  
our children are fighting our fight  
some will live and others die  
for all it will be a long long night

Andy Caldwell

# Unloved

Good bye my love good bye  
the roses I once gave to you  
withered in your eyes with time  
you made my love seen like a crime  
and my time with you was agony  
everything I was you found a fault  
and anything I did was wrong  
I can't remember your kind words  
I can't remember loving you  
I can't remember better times  
it's time you went far far away  
and I won't shed a tear  
I don't want you anywhere near  
because you have strangled me  
I say good by in this my poem  
now get the hell out of my home  
good bye unloved good bye

Andy Caldwell

# Untitled

I am awake  
early this morning  
and didn't get much sleep  
watch TV so I don't think  
left alone my mind wanders  
to a perilous brink  
near the edge of an abyss  
where I don't want to fall  
where there is nothing at all  
only an emptiness  
and a loneliness  
I don't want to experience

Andy Caldwell

## Untitled 03102014

when life hands us lemons  
we need to think about the good things  
Right now I am handed strife  
to put the problems in perspective  
I think how much I love my wife  
and how much she loves me  
and together we love God  
He will see us through this test  
help us pass through this awful mess  
He loves us we love Him  
all the rest is just life's test

Andy Caldwell

## Untitled 12/30/13¿

I have lost the passion of my youth  
and lived in this grown up world  
with popular opinion making graying truths  
no more black and white absolutes  
it is not aligned with my personal groove  
Parkinson's has taken my very best  
emotionally I am preparing for what is left  
as I begin to come to terms with my own death  
and to prepare my soul for what comes next  
there is profound knowledge to suggest  
that heaven and hell do exist  
tacitly deep inside you know the rest

Andy Caldwell

## Untitled 2/24/2014

every breath takes work  
all my muscles hurt  
as they randomly  
contract and jerk  
I have essential tremor  
my hands shake  
and tremble  
about five hertz  
I walk and stumble  
can't stand straight up  
suddenly my meds kick in  
for awhile I'm human again  
until they meds wear down  
then I am re-afflicted  
I try to walk it off  
but I might fall again  
not if but when.....  
Parkinson's progresses  
I diminish.....  
There is no other path  
There is another choice  
but I won't take that course

Andy Caldwell

## Untitled 2/25/2014

Hello I call out into the loneliness  
and all I hear responding  
are echoes of despair  
do you hear me are you out there  
are you a friend and do you care  
no I don't believe there's anyone there  
as I look out through through the gray  
and see everything the same  
this place is empty and full of pain  
welcome here to my domain  
everyday is much the same  
my hearing gradually fades away  
my eyesight gets worse everyday  
I'm young for cataracts  
but I'm getting them anyway  
taste and touch slowly slip away  
I don't understand this awful place  
I am neither asleep nor am I awake  
but in some dreadful other statement

Andy Caldwell

## Untitled 2/27/14

I am tired of writing  
poems about my pain  
I can't explain  
but at least I am alive  
even though I don't thrive  
I am  
God has given me  
the gift of poetry  
the ability to see  
the world about me  
reality  
then I can write it down  
rewrite and arrange it a bit  
until like a poem it sounds  
with rhyme and meter  
then share it with a few  
although I have pain  
I am I simply am

Andy Caldwell

## Untitled 3/1/14

bang bang bungle  
those were the days for rock and roll  
there were many many local bands  
with pretty boys in their spandex pants  
on stage playing a department store axe  
pretending a Gibson or a Les Paul  
they covered songs from famous bands  
honored sexually by androgynous fans  
back in those days I listened to other songs  
music like the Eagles and Genesis played  
never to be one of the hipster crowd  
I thought heavy metal was much too loud  
I spent many nights working on my truck  
hanging with my girl friend till late enough  
often we would dance alone to tunes  
listening to music on the old cassette  
after all these years I don't regret  
and I have memories that I won't share  
but moments I can never forget

Andy Caldwell

## Untitled 3/13/2014

the Undertaker stops by  
to have a chat with me  
not friends but we are friendly  
and he is candid as we speak  
I respect what he cannot say  
U has humor that's understated  
he likes to read my poetry  
at times he shows his love for God  
in this his very thankless job  
I offer him a can of Coke  
and he laughs at my joke  
he has no stomach or a throat  
no real body he is just shape  
a skeleton and a cape  
not really evil or especially good  
his simple job often misunderstood  
He'll see Theodora O today  
to scare her not to take away  
U has humor indeed that's true

Andy Caldwell

# Untitled 3june2014a

I have few expectations  
from others  
I live a low key life  
don't want much  
I don't expect much from myself  
don't want the disappointment  
when I fail and I often fail  
like a bent nail straightened  
I'll bend again when hammered  
and life hammers often  
too often c curtail

Andy Caldwell

## Untitled 5 July 2014 A

close your eyes  
just learn to be  
your mind will trick you  
shut down the world around  
it will distract you  
and it is misleading  
it will steer you wrong  
live in the moment  
just as you are  
as God meant you to be  
Silence the voice or voices  
inside you for they are liars  
cherish the silence.....  
a gentle voice will speak with you  
a peacefulness will cover you

Andy Caldwell

## Untitled 6/6/2017

God You have blessed me  
with my wife and my children  
with family and friends  
and those companions  
who are none of the above  
You led me to Jesus  
in whom I've chosen to believe  
and given me words  
to sow the smallest seeds  
and help others see.....  
Lord I lift Your name up  
and give You honor and praise  
even though I am diseased  
You give me love and fill my needs

Andy Caldwell

# Watching Tv

we watch a lot of TV  
it helps pass away time  
or it provides opportunity  
to learn and to grow  
to vicariously know  
and experience other realities  
characters we'd rather not be  
people and cultures  
real and imaginary  
that we would never see  
some simple and shallow  
others complex and deep  
characters and situations  
that we will not be  
TV broadens our view  
it shows what is new  
it shrinks the world  
into what we can view

Andy Caldwell

# We Don'T Know

We don't know what we don't know  
we can hypothesize and suppose so  
still we don't know.....  
in time we will learn and grow  
our lexicon, words, our totality of thought  
will likely grow.... Still we don't know  
we will make a good effort to grow  
but we won't know what we don't know  
and it will show in the holes of what we know

Andy Caldwell

# What A Wonderful Surprise

It is rare I beat Parkinson's  
and rarer that I write a poem  
about that day....  
but when I did the other day  
strangers took time to say  
words of encouragement  
posted yesterday  
their concern and compassion  
gave me a second day  
how very wonderful  
and for them I pray  
what I wonderful surprise  
each gave me today

Andy Caldwell

# What Does It Mean?

what does it mean  
to know someone  
that you can pick them out  
in a police id line  
or does it mean to understand  
their heart and their mind  
So you know who they are  
put a name with their face  
and speak accurately  
about some of their traits  
do you really know what motivates  
do you understand their core values  
or you just know a little  
a bit superficial  
then fill in the blanks  
with your own paradigm  
in truth you don't know them at all  
neither their heart nor their mind

Andy Caldwell

# What I Should Do Or Not

I do what I should not do  
and don't do what I should  
but I have every intention  
that I will be good  
God and I know that I sin  
I repent but I will sin again  
I know that my God forgives  
and loves me as a child of His  
My belief in God is strong  
I know He exists  
and He knows that I am  
a Christian man

Andy Caldwell

# What Makes A Great Poem

What makes a great poem  
I'll tell you what I know  
it paints a living picture  
the readers can't help but feel  
a great poem might force empathy  
with it's cadence rhyme and meter  
every word adds value  
to the total structure  
it chooses words economically  
not one sound is wasted  
greatness doesn't often punctuate  
it seeks to share something new  
often great works lack confidence  
they are not packaged clean  
So how do you define high art  
you take the work apart  
but greatness is the synergy  
it's sum is greater than the pieces  
bricks don't make building  
without design intent  
the greatness is in the structure  
the greatness is in the details  
a great poem has soul  
it changes the reader  
and makes them grow  
and that is all I know

Andy Caldwell

# What The Man Said

I listened to a movie man  
standing on his stage  
proclaim 'God is Dead'  
I hung my head in shame  
how could he be so wrong  
I wanted to argue with him  
but you can't fix stupid  
could you imagine  
if God said that man is dead  
what would happen  
I am overwhelmed by evidence  
the starry skies on a clear night  
provides great insight  
of intelligent design  
He answers when I pray  
in His own and holy way  
there is so much more to say  
but the close minded would not listen  
anyway

Andy Caldwell

# When Asked To Speak About Parkinson's Two

my eyelids close  
almost involuntarily  
I resist but they insist  
as the pressure grows  
for my eyes to close  
and other symptoms  
enter in and slowly begin  
of this dreadful disease  
I can't seem to remember names  
I have at times vivid dreams  
to sleep I seem to need  
a CPAP breathing machine  
my arms and legs tremble  
the muscles of my legs  
spasm and always ache  
the pain won't go away  
there is so much more to say  
but I'm not here to complain  
I was just asked to explain  
my life with Parkinson's Disease

Andy Caldwell

# When Asked To Speak About Parkinson's

I have no words  
all were spoken  
and you ask of me  
to speak publicly  
to convince others  
to change their ways  
their minds are made up  
I could speak from experience  
with past success  
I could share from my life  
when all was a mess  
I'd rather lead by example  
show what works  
then answer their question  
and share what hurts  
I'm loosing the battle  
and will loose the war  
but Parkinson's does not rule  
in the end it will win  
I'll live my life on my own terms  
as much as I can

Andy Caldwell

# When I Look Up At The Sky

At night when I look up at the sky  
and I begin to wonder why  
I wish I had an answer  
heck I wish I knew the question  
and I haven't got a clue  
no one knows anything at all  
there is so much uncertainty  
when the experimental results  
differ from the paradigm  
most will support the model  
formed inside their mind  
is Elvis live or dead  
too many won't agree  
Then when we look up at the sky  
and we discuss the reason why  
only one thought comes to mind  
there can only be intelligent design

Andy Caldwell

# When She Said She Was Leaving

I can't forget that evening  
or your face as you were leavening  
we had it all and we let it slip away  
that night you said you had to go  
I still don't know-what should I know  
I said some words that hurt you  
and you were jealous of my artwork  
through it all we both were very hurt  
You had asked if I would love you  
and you put your pressure on me  
you ran when I said I love you  
and you never will be back

Andy Caldwell

# White Butterfly

A white butterfly  
flew across my window  
I don't know what it signifies  
something glorious I guess

Andy Caldwell

# Why

I wonder why why why  
why I have Parkinson's  
did I do bad is it my reward  
Some kind of f'ning Karma  
I believe in dharma  
I believe in Jesus  
is PD my reward  
for a wild youth  
or is it luck of the draw  
the answer to who  
I will never know  
and neither will you  
the why doesn't matter  
but I do

Andy Caldwell

# Why Do I

Why do I sit there  
as though I'm a judge  
my hands and my eyes  
and my brain and my mouth  
each of these sins  
I can't cast a stone  
for once thrown  
it could always come back  
And then the facade  
that I have it under control  
I can very vicious and cruel  
then break every rule  
I can make you the fool  
with razor sharp ridicule  
but what if I do.....  
what I win every battle  
yet loose my earthly things  
or if were to win each fight

Andy Caldwell

# Wise Dumb

Lord give me wisdom  
to make me wise to the world  
help me to recognize  
Your spirit in this world  
please God don't make me pious  
I could not stand the ridicule  
when I failed with every rule  
the future is unending  
the past has no beginning  
time and energy are a möbius strip  
while matter clumps upon top  
I know a bit of physics  
but I do not know of your intent  
we both know I fail as a Christian  
and every other human does  
so You sent Jesus to pay our way  
Lord You made me wise  
yet I am dumb  
except it's You I realize  
as the Creator of earth and skies  
and everything before my eyes

Andy Caldwell

# Wish I Could Write Great Poems

I have been reading others poems  
most I read are just ho hum  
sometimes I run across a good one  
upon occasion I read a great few  
then once in a blue moon or two  
I run across a golden one  
why can't they all be mine  
I'd like to write like Whitman  
or Charles Bukowski.....  
He wrote poems so simply  
I like to write something wonderful  
as Light Denied by Milton  
Edgar Allen put the Poe in poetry  
I wish I could write an Annabel Lee  
Instead I use what God gave me  
and write about my stuff in life  
about my dreams at night  
and create poems of my insight  
then constantly reread and rewrite  
until I make each one right  
I use every thing that I am  
to make my poems the best I can

Andy Caldwell

# Words

there are no words  
there never are  
to share the grief  
when a child dies  
when a loved one suicides  
and inside we cry  
but words are all we have  
to form the thoughts  
to describe what's inside us  
the emotions and the sorrows  
our joys and other stuff  
Words are our tools of mind  
from which we build thoughts  
We can write them down  
so they last in time  
Words are what God gives to us  
in the Old and New Testaments  
they come from Him to us  
so that we know His love  
Words are our brick and mortar  
we build concepts from  
that we use to know the love  
God has for us  
Words are all we have  
as our tools of thought

Andy Caldwell

# Words Are Magic

my words have limits  
with meaning specific  
I don't water them down  
they can talk about anything  
real or imagined  
Words are magic  
they can hide the rabbit  
transform your thoughts  
describe aspects of society  
then bring the rabbit back  
words can lie and tell the truth  
if painted well enough  
mean the same to me and you  
words can drive you in to darkness  
release the beast within  
or share your thoughts with friends  
when you run out of words forever  
you have finally reached your end

Andy Caldwell

# Writing Her Thoughts

She was curious in thought  
deeply wondering and writing  
her interest was combining  
writing her feelings  
everything inside excited  
building up to a climax  
exploding she put ink to paper  
telling her story in a natural state  
like painting a portrait  
an intimate boudoir image  
she shares with her poems  
taking them public

Andy Caldwell