

Poetry Series

B.J. Ayers
- poems -

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B.J. Ayers(06/25/1940)

B. J. Ayers (better known as Bj) has been writing poetry for the past 35 years. He is married, the father of three children and the Grandfather of Four. Many of his poems have been displayed in Photographic and Art Galleries throughout the world as a narrative description for works within the galleries.

A Choice Of Nectar

The sweet nectar of the grape
To enjoy at days end
The tartness of the red
The cool white to escape

A choice to be made
To smell and enjoy
To settle the nerves
The body reward paid

Will it be Red
Will it be white,
A glass of Wine
Just before bed

B.J. Ayers

A Fair Life

Life's not fair,
Or so we think,
Life can change,
In one quick blink,

But when you stop,
To consider it all,
Think of the good,
When you stood tall,

Look at others,
The life they've had,
For you might see,
A life that's sad,

Fair or not,
The life you bare,
Is better than some,
And that's not fair.

B.J. Ayers

A Fall Evening

The setting sun behind me
Casting against the trees a shining glow
I sat on the pier, looking across the water
A beautiful site for me to see

Colors of green, red, orange and brown
Glistening a beauty not fit for me
How bright and cheerful they made me fill
Such a beauty of nature away from town

The chill that comes with early fall,
A slight breeze streaming across my face
Awakened my senses to beauty that lay
Across sparkling water and the trees so tall

I wished at the time with a brush to paint
Could capture the beauty, of that moment in time,
A rainbow of beauty, the trees they made
A moment in time, yet so small and Quaint

Over the water, with sparkles of light
A Formation of Ducks flying in unison
Flapping and quacking as they flew by
A time in nature, what a beautiful site

I sat and peered as the sun dropped behind me
The sparkle in water, the glistening trees,
Slowly faded in the shadow of night,
The beauty of nature, just for me to see

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01/06/2013

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A Ghostly Tale

The air is still, in the darkness of night,
Shadows looming from a moon that's bright
Strange noises heard, with a sense of fright,
The heart pounds loudly, in a chest so tight,

In the forest alone, and after dark,
Why am I here, to myself I remark,
As I lean on a tree, against its bark,
Knowing tonight will leave a mark,

Rumors and tales, of a story told,
Mystery awaits, somewhere in the fold,
It's out there, in the air so cold,
Waiting and watching, or so I'm told,

I must stay focused, I must move on
Something moves, a deer with a fawn,
Continue my trek, before light of dawn,
Mystery awaits, that's why I'm drawn,

To know the truth, or just a tale,
Of a spectral in white, with a long streaming veil,
A ghostly bride, looking so pale,
Searches were made, but to no avail,

Only appearing, as she looks for her mate.
Only appearing to those sharing a trait,
Of the man she wed, before meeting her fate,
She waits each night, before it's to late..

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A Grandfather's Prayer

My Dear God, Please hear my prayer,
For answers from thee, is all I seek,
I pray to thee, for all like me,
My Dear God, Please hear my prayer,

This world has changed, I Know not why,
I've tried you know, to honor thee,
To live my life, as you have taught
But I have failed, I know not why,

I see a world, punctured with greed,
One that seeks, to turn a head,
Away from truth, away from you,
Only hope I seek, only love I need,

Please bestow, within our heart,
The courage we need, the moral strength
In all who wish and all who care,
To bring together, not tear apart,

The souls of many, who seek not you,
But altars of gold, and words of hate,
A war we fight, we must not loose,
An enemy of many, yet we are so few,

Please tell our leaders, our clergy all,
To open mouths, to lead our fight,
The pulpits are many; the strong are few,
To preach us truth, lest we fall,

Silence is evil, it cannot win,
Only words of truth, a belief in thee,
Strengthen us Lord, I pray to thee,
An antagonist awaits, a foe of sin,

For our children's lives, we must not fail,
Help us lord, we know you can,
To speak the truth, to win the battle,
Not just for us, but our foe as well.

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A Grandpa's Wish

Dear God I wish,
For help from Thee,
For one last wish,
It's not just for me.

An old man on a journey,
For that you know,
Please bear with me;
You know. I am slow.

I have tried to be solid,
But often been brittle
I have asked you for much,
But I have given you little.

The life you gave,
The intelligence you share
To improve this world,
Because you care.

For generations now
And generations past.
Success has been slow,
And failures fast.

I look at the grand children
So innocent and small
Realizing their world
Is the responsibility of all.

The wars, the crime,
The drugs, the hate,
Things that need not be
On their futures plate.

A Grandpa who wishes
Each and every day
For grandkids of the world
And their futures we pray

A future that shines bright
With no crime, wars, or hate
So Grandpa's of the world
Need not worry for grandkids fate

The sun will shine bright
And bestow a gleam to their eye
If we all work together
Sharing a piece of the pie.

Regardless of politics or country,
Or religions they find,
Their future will be bright,
As they find peace of mind.

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A Journey In Life

Remember when. At an age so young,
When life was in the future,
And all your worries seemed so intent,
And disappointments flowed from a parents tongue

When your future only began at an age,
When you were allowed to drive a car,
Or date that someone older than you,
And you felt enclosed in a parent's cage.

Then as you grew and your body matured,
Your future rushed in, with a sense of reality,
Where to go and what to do,
To give your life meaning, with a future assured,

Still to young to fully understand,
A parent's wish, that you might become,
More successful in life and the path you choose,
To be better than theirs, that's all they demand

Yet, as you age, with choices made,
Forks in the road, don't always lead,
To the end result, and the goals intended,
For some forks are not, as they were portrayed.

Then as you grow, and time has passed,
With a family of your own with children to share
The experiences in life and the paths you took,
To guide them forward, with knowledge amassed

Just never, forget, you were once there,
At an age in life, when all was good,
And through out the years, with the passing of time,
You now understand why your parents were not fair.

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A Life Not Forgotten

We feel a pain, our bodies misplaced,
The life they lived the one's they touched
The body aches, it feels displaced,
Seeking comfort, in the memories clutched,

A part of life, we all go through,
A body we new, but now is missed,
Their life is here, because memories are too,
In the rain, and the snow and the early mist,

We know in our heart, we must move on,
For the life we loved, and miss so much,
Would want us strong, to not be alone,
To share our life, for the lives we touch.

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A Life Not Wasted

A life entrusted by God

Loosing its path to follow
Is it worth the effort you ponder?
For the path is so distraught
Endless though it may seem

Never put aside the hope
Others can surely help
Together a new path to find

When life does not seem fair
And you feel so very distraught
Share your thoughts with others
Time is too precious to waste
Empower someone to trust
Deposit your faith in God

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A Life To Live Or One To Loose

There was a time when I dreamed of fantasies,
A cowboy on the range, or a famous king,
There was a time when life was a dream,
But now an old man, who only grows pansies,

But that's alright, because now I know,
I've been there, I've lived, it wasn't a fantasy,
Life is what you make it, good or bad,
It's not how you lived, but how you flow,

It's not what you allow, but what you do,
Correct the bad, apologies will do,
A life is once, so cherish the fact,
You're lucky to have it, that life to you,

Think about life and what a gift,
Given to you, as a jester of love,
Make it what you may, or throw it away
Life is a gift, an elevator to lift,

Just as the clouds, soar in the sky,
Blue and beautiful, yet angry at times,
You can gaze but not change,
In life you smile and sometimes cry,

Happiness is made, for you to choose,
Be thoughtful and considerate to those around,
It's much more difficult, the other way,
Your life was given, not to waste, nor to loose.

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A Little Brook

The Little Brook

Through mountains, and valleys,
Flowing, narrow and long
Rainbow trout, in cool clear water,
Over rock covered falls, singing a song,

A little Brook flows, carving out a path,
As the Maples and Birch share a bank, ,
Cutting a path, through forest and fields,
Transporting leaves, before they sank,

Its food and water, providing a supply,
For animals, creatures, and those who care,
Running deep and long and shallow at times,
The beauty of nature, with all its flair,

Through Great Smoky Mountains,
And its valleys below,
Spreading its beauty, for all to see,
A very small Brook, continues to flow.

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A Lovers Summer

As summer vanished, along with you
I walked the path, we once shared,
Chasing dreams from years gone by,
Yet knowing now, they were just too few.

I reached the cabin and sat on the porch,
Wings spread wide, like birds we flew,
You went east and I flew west,
Together knowing, we could not go forth,

The Hedges swayed lightly
From a cool northern breeze,
We both parted, like the summer season,
Like leaves from the trees, yet so intently

As the sun set, such a beautiful sight,
Just like the day, when we first met,
A picture so vivid, I shall never forget,
Yet, together we chose loneliness, beginning tonight.

A season called summer, The fun time of the year,
Yet, the heart is heavy and filled with pain,
One to forget, but shall we ever,
My heart fills with you, my sweet dear.

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A New Day

The sun arises in the eastern horizon
Casting colors across darkened skies
An artist palate for nature to explore
Painting a masterpiece yet to be exceeded
Blending colors with spectacular grace
A marvel in nature
A gift to all

Rising light to grace the world
Providing nature, nourishment needed
To awaken the sky as always assumed
The switch turned on to start anew
Yet always accepted
Yet always assumed
A blessing to nature
A gift to mankind

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A Play On Words

Why do we experience, experiences, experienced?

Why do we feel, feelings, felt?

Why do we dream, dreams dreamed

Why we think, things, thought

Why do we want, wants, wanted?

Why do we wish, wishes, wished?

Why do we love, lovers, loved

Why do we anticipate, anticipations anticipated

The artist captures the sea seen, shown

The fisher fishes the fish fished

A baby cries the cries he cried

A lie is a lie that once was laid

A soul is a soul, but not a sole

A hole is a hole and not a whole

A break is a break, but not a brake

A brake is a brake but not a break

A hide is to hide but not a Hyde

A Hyde is a Hyde bur not to hide

A plane is a plane that my be plain

A train is a train that can't be trained

I wish I had a wish that I could wish

I felt a feeling I felt before

I saw a saw I wish I had seen

I broke the pane then felt the pain

The wrench was wrenched before he wrenched it

The tool was a tool before he tooled it

The fool was a fool before he fooled me

I pulled the pull and it pulled me

I tried to try before I tried

A play of words I played on you

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A Season Called Fall

The beautiful trees in a season called fall,
With bright colors, of orange and red,
A chill in the air, as trees stand tall,
Shedding their leaves, for the winter's dread

The squirrels below, scurry to and fro,
Gathering the nuts, for the winter to store,
The birds in migration, as they look below,
The season is changing, just as before,

The changing of seasons, a sight to see,
With all the beauty, a wonderful view,
To nourish this earth, for you and me,
To cherish the earth, to make it new.

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A Surprise No More

As newly weds, you learn to share,
Surprises and things you never surmise,
As husband and wife you have to bear,
Those things meant with love, and to surprise,

As was the case, with my dear spouse,
As she fell asleep and began to talk,
A surprise for me, she was planning ahead,
But as she slept, she began to talk, instead,

A surprise for me, that she had made,
A cake for my birthday, a surprise to be,
In her sleep she struggled with each layer laid,
In hopes for them to stay, for me to see,

She lay on her back, with her arms raised high,
And talked to each layer as she put them in place,
With a short little squeal, and an "Oh Know" with a sigh,
She revealed her surprise, right to my face.

A surprise no more, to me at least,
But I kept her surprise, until after I'd ate,
I enjoyed that cake, it was a feast,
The least I could do, after all, she is my mate.

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A Time Gone By

Do you remember the days gone by,
The friends you shared, the memories of all,
The games you played, when you would cry,
When you left home, and Mother would call,

Grandma visits, and the moments shared,
With two old people that seemed so old,
But always there, because they cared,
Grandpa's jokes and the stories he told,

The Birthday parties, the special times,
The smell from the kitchen, as cookies were made,
Balloons, and toys, and all the signs,
The good times in life, before they fade,

The times you were bad, the punishment declared,
The look on Dad's face, with the rage of a cat,
As he spoke to you firmly, with eyes that stared,
He said he felt pain, but you knew better than that,

With sisters and brothers, you had to share,
From bedrooms to baths, the toys or phone,
The times you felt, that they didn't care,
As you sat by yourself, and felt so alone,

But then would appear, when you least expected.
As they lifted you up, with love and care,
Feelings you knew, but never suspected,
To work out a plan, for all to share,

The school mates you had, the teachers who cared,
Cafeteria Food and the school you were in,
The football team, and how they fared,
What was learned, and what you knew then,

All are memories from a life once survived,
So take a few moments and explore the past,
Not only the bad, of the life that thrived,
But rather the happiness, that will always last.

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Boy And His Kite (Special Memory)

High in the sky, like a bird in the air,
One lonely kite, soars peacefully there,
A child on the ground, with a string in hand,
Pulling ever so slightly, to keep it from sand,

With every slight dip, he tugs the kite,
To keep it flying, to keep it in flight,
High in the sky, he watches with care,
A kite in the air, he tries to keep it there,

A dad watches silently, with pride in his face,
As his little boy tries, to keep it in place,
A memory in making, a time to share,
A time in life, with love and care.

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Common Sense

Within the house of common sense,
Their are a few, who only see,
Their mind they think is always right,
For all the others, they think are dense,

The mind you see, was meant to think,
Not only things of interest to you,
But other interest, for all to see,
You might be surprised, you may be in sync,

It's not what is said,
about what you think
But how you react,
And the impressions laid,

So live a little and expand the mind,
It may hold more than you think it will,
So read and listen, with the door wide open,
You may be surprised, with knowledge you find.

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Evening

As the sun sets and darkness descends,
The sound of nature with all it's might,
The birds, the frogs, the crickets, they send,
The chirps, the croaks, all sounds of night,

To see in the distance, the shadows of trees,
as they reach to the stars, in the darkness above,
The smell of honeysuckles, , that grew from the seeds,
It's only natures way, and to share it's love,

The stars above, a magnificent sight,
They seem so close, yet so far away
A glow of their own, just shinning at night,
A purpose they have, in the darkness they lay,

As peace descends, and we think of this sight,
In hopes that tomorrow, will allow us again,
to share natures glory and all its might,
To help us appreciate, and forget our pain.

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Family

What is a family, that's what we ask,
For some it means little, for they may seek,
A life of love and sharing each other,
For that is the joy a family can keep,

It's being there always, for each other to share,
Not only in good times, but also the bad,
It's sharing a life as individuals we have,
It's sharing the memories, we all have had,

It's sticking together, when life is rough,
It's appreciating each, and the life they live,
It's having a friend, that will always be there,
For advice they share, is from love they give,

In times of sorrow, they all will be there,
To help you through it, for the sorrow they share,
For each has a life, individuals they are,
But when one is in sorrow, the family will care,

It's sharing the memories, of parents and more,
It's sharing a childhood and the memories they had,
Of days gone by, in a time that's passed,
A chuckle, a laugh, and times that were sad,

A unit of love, respecting each life,
A unit of one, but individuals each,
Understanding each life, for the person inside,
To the children of each, that's what we much teach.

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Fate Or Luck

Just what is fate and what does it mean,
Hopes to dreams to wishes and more,
Not always good nor always bad,
It's often only, what we wish for.

Like a maze we're in, with no end in sight,
We often expect more, than it can share,
Especially the good, we all wish for,
It's never enough, we think it's unfair,

It's not the dream nor wish we make,
From security to love to family and more,
But rather ambition, and the goals, we set,
That guides us toward, what we strive for,

It's often called luck, it's often called fate,
It depends upon all, and situations we see,
The perception of life, in our on world,
And how it shares with us, that's the kea.

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Fear (The Emotion)

Fear, an emotion easily obtained,
Something we dread, or maybe of shame,
Fear for a life, or sickness within,
Emotions obtained, but difficult to contain.

An emotion in life, one we all share,
Fear of the unknown, fear of pain,
Fear of embarrassment, fear of death
No one likes it, but it's always there.

So difficult to understand, often we may never,
To learn to accept, when others may not,
An emotion of agony and always pain,
A feeling of despair, yet so difficult to sever

Yet, with the pain, help is there,
The friends we have, to help us through,
The faith we have, to pave the way,
To help us through, from those who care.

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Forever

I often think of this world I'm in,
The life I've led, the life I'll lead,
How I've lived, and where I've been,
What lies ahead and the seeds I'll spread,

But one thing I know, and that's for sure,
Successes I've had, mistakes I've made,
You can't change the past, in life's great tour,
Only the future, by the past that's laid,

But most importantly, before life fades,
As life moves on, for others to see,
To try and share mistakes that were made,
So others may benefit so their life can be,

A wonderful experience, for all to share,
For when one's left and the body is cold,
The memories you leave, for all that care,
The life you had, and the life that's told.

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Have You Ever Wondered?

Have you ever wondered who you are?
Why you are here or why you can't fly
Have you ever wondered at all?

Have you ever wondered why you were born?
Why to your parents,
Why not to someone tall

Have you ever wondered why you have?
The brain you have or your eyes of blue
Have you ever wondered at all?

Have you ever wondered why not brown?
Blonde hair instead of black
Or maybe no hair at all

Have you ever wondered why you think?
Why you dream
Have you ever wondered at all?

Have you ever wondered why you die?
When you might die
Have you ever wondered at all?

Have you ever wondered where you will go?
When you are gone
Have you ever wondered at all?

Have you ever wondered why you were born?
When you were born
Have you ever wondered at all?

Have you ever wondered who you are?
Why you do or what you are
Have you ever wondered at all?

Have you ever wondered if you live?
After death or as a dog
Have you ever wondered at all?

Have you ever wondered when you wonder?
When you dream, when you sleep
Have you ever wondered at all?

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I Had A Dream

When I was young, I had a dream
To be famous, with lots of money,
A dream it was, yet never to unfold,
Dreams never end, the way it might seem.

Yet, through it all, I learned to be true,
To the values of life, and the family that grew,
Dreams with values, can be real,
Faith and family are dreams to view,

Without these two, dreams are only dreams,
The way you live your life, and those you love,
Will always come true, it is up to you,
Faith and family, should be our themes,

In the end, love for family is the success,
The way you are remembered, should be the goal,
It is all about life, and the way you live,
The memories you leave, families will possess.

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I Remember A Time

I remember a time many years ago
When I was a cowboy, Indian, and even a ghost,
When tobacco fields grew and mothers would sew,
When friends came over for Mom's Pot Roast

I remember a time many years ago,
When you rode a bike or walked to school,
When friendship rings were given by the beau,
When a sock dance was something really cool.

I remember a time many years ago,
When school was fun with all your friends there,
Girls had pajama parties or the boys thought so
When you went to the movies or maybe the fair.

I remember a time, when your only concern,
Was a movie to attend, or what girl to date,
When we knew it all, with no need to learn,
When fun was today and tomorrow was fate?

I remember a time, when the Draft was real,
And a war to end all, was still in our mind,
When our flag stood tall, never meant to conceal,
It hung with pride, for all mankind,

I remember a time, when mother's stayed home,
When Dad's worked hard, to provide a living,
Cars were metal and bumpers were chrome,
And families were together, on Thanksgiving.

I remember a time, a generation gone by,
When life was good, or so we thought,
When life meant more, I say with a sigh,
Engulfed in history, but not in distraught

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I Saw The Light

I saw the light, or so they say
Not from above, but far below,
I thought and thought, then it finally came,
I knew what to do, what a glorious day

Entertainment is what I sought,
So I went to Wall-mart, but not to buy
I sat and watched as they marched by,
The fat, the skinny, my eye they caught,

The red, the brown, no hair at all,
Pushing their carts, as they passed by,
Screaming kids, with diapers filled,
With annoying parents, as I recall

Some wore shirts, some wore pants,
Some wore very little at all,
Chewing gum and texting they were
Like Bumper cars in a rant,

I sat and gazed at their filled carts,
As they passed by, running over my toes,
I saw the light, or so I thought,
Then I realized, it was only Wall-Mart.

Bj Ayers
01/06/2013

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I Wonder (Expanded)

I wonder sometimes, as I look to the skies,
.If planets in galaxies, so far, away,
Has the beauty of a sun, on its early morning rise.
And the setting of the moon, as it ends its day,

The beauty of trees, the flowers that grow,
The oceans and deserts, so lonely and bare,
The mountains and valleys, the rivers that flow,
A wonderful world, with a beauty to share,

I wonder sometimes, just who am I,
Why I am here, and why at this time,
I wonder sometimes, why birds can fly,
And what determines, that thing called time,

I wonder sometimes why flowers die,
As do trees and animals to,
Ducks and birds and all that fly,
All things living, not just a few,

But then I see, new flowers in spring,
Pretty green grass and trees sprouting up,
Putting forth smells, so fresh and clean,
A little mother dog, with a fresh new pup,

That's when I realize, and wonder no more,
That once we were young, with a vigor our own,
The gift of life, in a world to adore,
To keep it fresh, for the seedlings we've sown.

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If I Could Do These Things

If I could share love, I would share it with you,
If I could share joy, I would make you happy
If I had your shoes, I would walk your mile,
If I could do these things, I would do them for you,

If I could heal your pain, I surely would,
If I could make you better, I would do that too
If I could heal you, I would make you well
If I could do these things, I would do them for you

If I could give you courage, I would do that for you,
If I could remove your weakness, I would make you strong,
If I could make you brave, I would give you strength
If I could do these things, I would do them for you,

If I could forgive your sins, I would do that for you,
If I could make you whole again, to start all over,
If I could do these things, to have another chance,
If I could do these things, I would do them for you,

If I could make you believe, I would do that for you,
If I you would honor him, and place your trust in him,
If you want these things, then you must believe,
If you want these things, He will do that for you,

If you want the courage, he will do that for you,
If you want to believe, you must not fail,
If you want these things, It is your choice,
If you want these things, he will do them for you.

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If I Could Fly

Oh, if I could only fly,
Through dark gray clouds,
And bright sunlight,
Oh, if I could only fly.

Oh, if I could only fly,
Above the Forests,
And brooks below,
Oh, if I could only fly,

Oh, if I could only fly,
Above the tall peaks,
Of mountains below,
Oh, if I could only fly,

Oh, if I could only fly,
As an eagle with wings
That spread so wide,
Oh, if I could only fly

Oh, if I could only fly,
To smell the flowers,
I see below
Oh, if I could only fly

Oh, if I could only fly,
Through falling of rain,
The beautiful rainbow,
Oh, if I could only fly,

Oh, if I could only fly,
And change the world,
That lies below,
Oh, if I could only fly,

Oh, if I could only fly,
I'd sit on clouds
As angels do,
Oh, if I could only fly

Oh, if I could only fly,
I'd make the world,
A peaceful place,
Oh, if I could only fly,

Oh, if I could only fly,
A world in peace
And harmony,
Oh, if I could only fly.

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In The Still Of The Night

In the darkness, no shadows to see,
No light of the moon, to allow them at all,
The noise of the darkness, the sounds you hear,
An Erie night, as a wolf sounds a call,

In the still of the night, the blindness you see,
Something awaits, you know it's there,
Afraid to stir, afraid to scream,
You thing to yourself, it's not fair,

To stand alone, in the still of the night,
You seek to move, you seek to hear
You try to scream, you try to move,
Nothing there, but one lonely tear,

In the still of the night, you're all alone,
No one to help, no one to share,
The fear of the darkness,
And no one to care,

You know it's there, just taking it's time,
In the still of the night, the fright you feel,
Why am I here, you question yourself,
Am I to become, an animals meal?

Why did I come, in the still of the night?
You crawl in the tent, the zipper you find,
Raising it quickly, to close the flap,
The Darkness you see, as if you are blind

A noise you hear, in the still of the night,
Should I peep, or stay inside,
A decision to make, it's yours to choose,
To open the flap, or stay inside,

A circle of white, appears on the flap
It's a light, it's a light,
As you smile with glee,

The voice from your friend, I just went to pee! !

Bj Ayers

01/12/2013

B.J. Ayers

In The Words Of A Child

My name is Aaron, and this is my head,
I'm a good boy, that's what my mom said,

This is my nose, it has two holes,
It feels real bad, when I have colds,

These are my eyes, I have two,
My mom says, they're pretty, and blue,

This is my mouth, for candy to go.
My mom says, I eat real slow,

This is my tooth, I only have one,
One day I'll have more, that'll be fun,

This is my arm and this is my hand,
I have another one, to play in the sand

This is my tummy, it has a hole,
Mom says I eat like a mole,

This is my leg, right here you see,
I have another one, right here on me,

This is my foot, there it is right there,
This is another one, I think it's called a pair,

My mom says I have a heart, it's in here,
She says when I'm sad, that's what makes a tear.

Mom says I have a soul, I don't know where,
I've looked every where, even over there,

B.J. Ayers

Life - Between Two Points

Life is long, yet so brief,
Like a sentence, between two periods,
Like a phrase between two words,
Like the pain before relief,

The existence between birth and death,
The in between, is what matters,
The good, the bad, the memories made,
The memories you leave before the death,

It is a unit of geological time,
It is sometimes down, yet sometimes up,
It is for us to decide, for us to create,
It is a bad note or a beautiful chime,

Life is colorful, yet sometimes pale,
Life is the first until the last breath,
Life is sweet, yet sour at times,
Life is sturdy, yet also frail,

Life is the gift,
Death is the end,
Life is between,
life is too swift.

B.J. Ayers

Life After Death

There are many, that do not believe,
In a life after death, or so they say,
There is no soul, is how they think,
Death is the end, or so they perceive,

Back to the dust, from which they came,
When they will face, that fatal moment,
Will a question be asked, will it be too late,
Will they wish or hope, or believe the same,

Why take the chance, hope is not hard,
Only one thing He ask, to show your love,
To really believe, to truly care,
Will your soul live on, or will it be barred,

Do you want to gamble, your very last card,
Or play the hand, one given to you,
It is your choice, a choice you must make,
An eternal life, or will you be barred,

An easy choice, but you must decide,
A gamble to take, is it worth the chance,
Back to the dust, to blow in the wind,
A soul to live on, and a place to reside.

B.J. Ayers

Life With Love

Life with love,
Someone to care,
Someone to share
A beautiful white dove,

Love is a friend,
A friend to talk with,
A friend to consul,
A friend to defend

Someone to date
Someone to adore
Someone to nurse
Someone to mate

To consent when desired
To be there when needed
To argue when necessary
To consent when required

Love is to share
A life to age
Love is to create
Children to bare

Love is to take
Love is to give
Love is truth
Two lives to partake

Until death, do part
To separate in flesh
Always continuos,
Even when apart

B.J. Ayers

Living In The 50's

There was a time when all was well
When we played games and made our toys
My old home place and a younger me
When you fancied a girl, but would never tell

When Elvis sung and shook his hips
When Little Richard played his guitar
When a 'sock Hop' was a dance
Where we all danced and sung along

When life was good and cars were hot
When '57 Chevies' and Thunderbirds
When everybody wanted one and envied by all
When Beer was in and a weed was not

When love was puppy, our parents thought,
When 'necking' was desired, especially by boys
When bobby socks and loafers were worn by all,
When 'parking' was better than anything bought

Oh, how I wish I could go back in time,
When life was simple and very good
Now only memories for us to share
For those of the 50's and a very special time.

B.J. Ayers

Loneliness

To the lonely people, in this world we share,
You're not alone, as others may know,
Don't be afraid, for someone will care,
Life's not always happy and fair,

Think of the good, in the life you 'share,
You know you have, so think with might,
The people you know, and the people who care,
You're not alone, in your loneliness fight,

Put a smile on your face, and continue the fight,
You know in your heart, that's the only way,
So set your goal, and keep it in sight,
Happiness will come, as you'll see one day,

Just remember one thing, as life goes on,
The world is made of many, who share the same,
We're not all alike, nor are we a pawn,
Loneliness is something, we all have to tame.

B.J. Ayers

Love Is Bliss

Two stand and join together
One family will depart

Loving as individuals
One family will result
Venting individual emotions
Each oath is said as one

Inspired by true love
Submitting their very souls

Before God and the world
Love unites them together
Inspired by their true Love
Sharing their very lives
Souls separated no longer.

B.J. Ayers
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B.J. Ayers

Man Walking {a Friendly Wave}

I saw a man walking,
Down the street he went,
With his back almost in sight,
With an arm raised and slightly bent,

As I got closer and passed him by,
I noticed looking back and to the rear,
He was waving to me with his hand to the sky,
what a neighborly gentleman, he did appear,

I thought to myself, As I continued by
What a nice world it could be,
If everyone would share,
A little wave to all, not just to me,

A friendly gesture,
We seem to ignore,
Or another reason,
We just want to deplore.

Life's too short, don't let it pass by
So go out and pass, that friendly wave,
You may never know, with that little hand,
The life you touch, and the joy it may pave.

B.J. Ayers

Memorial Day

Remembering Memorial Day

Eight young men, special in my mind,
Special to me, special to their families,
A father of four, a friend of more,
Where do we find them, men of this kind?

They leave their families for far away places,
Some never return, but all very special,
They leave their children, never to see,
Yet we remember them, we see their faces.

They sacrifice all, for you and me,
To preserve our freedoms, to protect us all,
In my mind, each and every day,
A special day of honor, for the faces I see,

We live in freedom, because of so many,
Sacrifices given, for you and me,
With no hesitation, they do it each day,
They sacrifice all, for the land of plenty,

Many return, while others remain,
The pain they suffer, the memories they keep,
Within themselves, never to speak,
We remember their suffering; we share their pain,

Husbands and wives, to sacrifice all
Fathers, brothers, and sisters they come,
Where do we find them, we always ask,
A question asked, yet they always stand tall,

We must never forget, the path they pave,
So we might live, with freedoms we share,
The many faces, for the country they save,

God bless them all,
Lest we never forget,
Our veterans so many,

They stand so tall.

B.J. Ayers

More Than Friends

As Time moves forward,
And memories are made,
Remember your friends,
Our love will never fade.

The fun we all had,
The memories we bare,
We're all still together,
And forever we'll share.

The incidental things,
Both the good and the bad,
The fun, the laughs,
All the memories we had,

The memories will continue,
As life goes along,
We'll all be together,
And create our own life's song.

For friends that have passed,
And for friends that may,
We will always be together,
For that we can all pray.

B.J. Ayers

My Best Friend

Beside the chair, and to the right,
With colors of sable, black, and white
On his side, with paws curled tight,
The look of innocence, as he sleeps tonight

A Sheltie he is, and a friend indeed,
Standing tall, to let me see,
A little love from me, that's all he'll need,
To be my friend, and to stand by me.

Through times of good, and times of bad,
He's always there, looking up to me,
With eyes of love, but sometimes sad,
He always there, My friend you see.

B.J. Ayers

My Country

I remember a Country filled with pride,
When families were families with fathers and mothers,
When dinner was shared sitting side by side,
Prepared by mothers and not by others

When children were punished and taught to behave,
When schools taught history and pledged to the flag,
When Christmas was Christmas and not a slave,
To political correctness or some other shag,

It was a country when people toiled,
For income earned to support their families,
When parents were respected and children less spoiled,
When neighbors helped neighbors, in face of calamities,

It was a country that respected its founding,
Those who fought and those who died,
With no hesitation and never floundering,
For many died while all others cried.

I remember a country, independent and strong,
Self reliant with a desire to grow,
To reach the moon, to never prolong,
Never second, never too slow.

To take the strength forefathers gave,
To become the best, the world has seen,
To continue the path, to continue to pave,
Never to falter, never too feign,

Yet now we take another face,
The face of many, like many before,
It's not the country; it's not the place,
Like others before us, we have lost our core,

The foundation we lived by,
We have lost our way,
We took a left; it's all a lie,

Will it be soon, will we see the day?

Before it's too late, before we see,
The changes made, do we have a date,
To correct what is wrong, that is the kea,
We must change now, or is it too late?

B J Ayers
11/26/2013

B.J. Ayers

My Friend The Rabbit

I saw a rabbit, with a furry little tale,
A cute little fellow, as he consumed my plant,
I said scat, but he just stared and ate,
Little mouth just twitching, consuming my kale,

He moved from one, then to another,
He must be hungry, I thought to myself,
It just a plant, he needs it more,
Surely he will stop, I thought, as he moved to the other,

A change in diet, he must have had,
As he jumped to my radish, not those I screamed,
He just looked once more, at my grimacing face,
Little nose twitching, my face, it was sad

I could not bring myself, you see,
To run him away, from that he needs,
He needs the nourishment, I said with a smile,
I hope he gets fat, and never comes back to me.

B.J. Ayers

My Lost Tooth (For Ben)

My tooth right here, it came out,
It hurt a little, but I didn't pout,

Mom said, let's keep it, and put it here,
In a little bag, her face had a tear,

Tonight, she said, under your pillow there,
The tooth fairy will come, because she'll care,

Because she loves, and a good boy you are,
A surprise she'll leave, after coming so far,

So when you wake up, and look with care,
under your pillow, right under there,

A surprise you will find, she left for you,
Because, just like mommy, she loves you too.

B.J. Ayers

My Wife

The years have passed, since our first date,
When we were young, and full of life,
Though years have passed, both good and bad,
You came to me, it had to be fate,

We've argued and loved, that's part of life,
But one thing remains, my love for you,
You're still the one, and always will be,
Through all the years, and all the strife,

For one thing is sure, as we grow old,
I've never regretted, that day in April,
When we were married, in that little Church,
My love still grows, it will never turn cold,

You will always be, I would not lie,
The best part of life, that has come to me,
I love you more, then ever before,
I always will, until the day I die.

B J Ayers
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B.J. Ayers

Natures Fountain

From the top of the mountain, yet through the haze
A waterfall flows, as natures spring,
Into the landscape, as a beautiful maze,
Cutting its path like a long curling string,

A natural beauty, displaying it's strength,
Carving it's destiny, to the stream below,
Flowing with ease, to it's fullest length,
With cool, clear water, as it continues it's flow,

The chilling of air, the color of leaves,
Fall is fading and Winter is near,
Soon to bring snow, to cover the trees,
Only to share, natures waterfall tear.

B J Ayers

B.J. Ayers

Nature's Prayer

Nature is calling, through all its tears,
From the snow covered Mountains, to the endless shores,
It delivers a peace, that signifies strength,
From the beginning of time, Throughout the years.

Generations of past, a memory in eternity,
From the tallest of trees, to the oldest of stones,
From the earliest of man, to the end of time,
To share its work, and to honor its fraternity,

From the new born child, to the ageless man,
It sings its song; it cries its tears,
To continue its work, till the end of time,
To share a beauty, that only nature can.

It cries for help, it needs us all,
It continues its plight; to provide for our future,
What time has seen, for an eternity to share?
It cries for help, can we oblige? Can we stand tall?

(2007)

B.J. Ayers

Old Man Death

There's an old man waiting,
I know he's there,
In early morning fog;
Or trees that bare,

He waits for all.
Not only me,
We can't see him,
He'll never flee,

But I know he's there,
And will always be,
An old man waiting,
For you and me,

For some are young,
For some are old,
When our time comes,
When we are told,

The time has come,
To take the last breath,
He'll be waiting,
An old man called death.

B.J. Ayers

One Little Smile

Once in a life, to all it will come,
A chance to be nice, to someone you see,
An opportunity to help, to others in need,
Before it's too late, before you succumb.

It doesn't take money, or gifts you may think,
Just a friendly smile, or "can I help you, please",
A small friendly gesture, is all that's required,
To change someone's day, in one small blink,

You may find your day, may also improve,
The feeling within you, the smile on your face,
To know you have given to someone else,
A wonderful feeling, yourself will approve.

B.J. Ayers

Paths Of Life (A Valentine Song)

I often remember, as I sit all alone,
The years that have passed.
For the time, it has flown

The paths in my life,
The choices I made,
Joy in some, but others, strife.

The agony of failure,
The happiness of success,
All life gives, in itself a treasure

Allowing to often, the pain and strife,
The lack in ability,
To comprehend, it is a path in life

Then I remember, how I could forget,
A day in April, many years ago,
A beautiful wedding, with the woman I'd met

A path in life, I was fortunate to choose,
Through all the years, both sorrow and joy,
A path chosen well, one I wish to never lose.

B.J. Ayers

Ponderings

Ponderings

Have you ever wondered?
Why you were born, to whom you were born,
The time you were born,
These are thoughts we all have pondered.

Why this generation, but not before,
Were here, but maybe not,
Will you come again, we all hope so,
These are thoughts we all explore.

Is life a cycle, or maybe not,
Questions we asks, but have few answers,
Was it a boom, or divine intervention,
Is it a play, are we in the plot,

What is hope, is it all worth while,
Do we need it, or maybe not,
Questions we ask, answers we seek,
Is it real, are we part of a file,

Questions we ask, answers we seek,
Sought by all, by all mankind,
Generations past, generations to come,
Are we strong, or are we weak,

Hope is real, without it is not,
We all need hope, without it is fear,
Answers we seek, with hope we may find,
Without it we die, without it we rot,

Why take the chance, or do we cry
Is it worth the effort, or maybe not,
With hope we live, without it we die,
Answers we seek, it is worth the try.

B.J. Ayers

Questions

What is living, one may ask
Is it a mind, a heart, and or, both?
Is it a task, a gift, and or both?
Is it a soul, behind a mask?

Is it love or hate, is that the core?
Is it awareness, and, or, being?
Is it caring, sharing, and, or both?
Is it all these things, and, or more?

Are we not to question, and or, should we
Should we care, and, or not
Should we accept, believe, and, or not
Is it a dream, that only we can see

Do we not know or are we naïve
I dare say, it is all of these things
A gift we have, questions we ask
Answered later, that we can believe.

B.J. Ayers

Raindrops And Rainbows

Raindrops and Rainbows

Raindrops falls as clouds grow dark
Anxiously releasing the burden that fills
Inner limits have reached their sides
Nothing left to hold within
Down they fall to empty the clouds
Robbing them of the anger possessed
Only to leave them with their fate
Possessed no more, they fade away
Softly in the distance as the sun appears

Again in the skies to brighten the earth
New light begins its journey
Displaying its power to one and all

Rejuvenating the heavens with light that shines
Accenting a strange but beautiful sight
Instilled with colors only a rainbow can form
New radiance to the sky with a glow of its own
Basking the earth with sight so real
Over one side and then the other
Woven together as colorful strings
Sharing its beauty and freshness for all.

B J Ayers

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Rainy Day

Cloud covered skies, as it rains today,
The thunderous roar, in the heavens above,
Quenching the thirst, of nature's throat,
A gusting wind, as trees begin to sway,

Watching the drops, as they fall to the ground,
Nothing to do, what a gloomy day,
But to sit and think, and to weigh our lives,
Both good and bad, to make our lives, a bit more sound.

Maybe it is meant, to be this way,
To encourage us to think, and look for the good,
That we might be able, to strengthen our minds,
Our souls and our bodies, to grow in strength each day.

B.J. Ayers

Remembering The Blackbirds

Once upon a time, I was a little boy
Jumping and playing and having fun
No worries or troubles to interfere
While playing with my favorite toy

Then I grew, so quickly it seemed
Becoming a teenager, over night
The girls were so pretty, I hadn't noticed
It didn't take long, my eyes just beamed

I dated, played sports, and became a jock
Never considered, it was time to think
Another life waited, as time flew by
Graduation next, for me and my flock

We Blackbirds scattered, our separate ways
Many to college or work, but a few to war
Experiencing life, and growing up fast
Creating memories, to last through days

We had our families; our children grew fast
Now they have families for us to love
To give us more memories to take along
As we grow older, as long as we last

We remember it all as time flies by
When we were young and energy filled
Old Blackbirds we were, and will always be
Blackbirds we are, and we will always fly

Life will end, no need to fear
For some may asks, in days to come
Tell me Grandpa, who Blackbirds were
The Best ever son, with a smile and a tear

B.J. Ayers

Secrets

The question of secrets,
Is one to ponder?
The dark side of reality,
The true side of morality,

Something said,
Something done,
Maybe you,
Maybe someone

Now you know,
Should you know?
Should you tell?
Will you fail?

It's up to us,
We know It's true,
To tell the truth,
Consequences are too,

To do what's right,
Is always a fight,
Truth is always right,
It is the shining light.

B J Ayers
11/21/2013

B.J. Ayers

Senior Citizens

Just what is a senior citizen one may ask?
If you have to ask, then you know you're young,
Let me explain just what I mean,
It's when your retire and finish your task

It is when you think you can continue to do,
The things you did when you were young,
Yet when you try your body cries,
The mind is killing us, both me and you.

Wrinkles appear where they were not before,
Your mirror talks back, in a frightening way,
Your teeth fall out and your chin drops down,
Your sex life once good, but not anymore

Your chest drops and your stomach falls,
The first page you read in the paper each day,
The obituary page, to see if you are there,
You want to say something, then your mind stalls,

Your money is limited, if you have any at all,
A nap is required, to make it through the day,
Your children are grown, and on their on,
You are now short, when you once were tall,

You once had muscles, but not anymore,
But life is good, or that's what they say,
Your friends are falling as fast as flies,
You walk with ease but fall to the floor.

Your mind is good, or so you think,
You remember things and then you don't,
You call your friends and then forget why,
Toothpaste is gone, just clean in the sink.

The Golden years, for hers and his,
Look forward to it, your time will come,
A time of joy, it is what they say,
It awaits you too, that's what a Senior is

B.J. Ayers

Shed No Tears

As the sun sets in the body, shed no tear
For the sun shall rise, as it does each day,
Memories remain, for you to share,
My gift to you, so have no fear

Like the seeds that fall, from the lonely pear,
As the shell of a crab, as it leaves its home
As the caterpillar flies, a Butterfly is born,
The pain of loss is not yours to bear,

The memories I leave, they are my deed,
For they shall remain, for you to share,
For I will be with you, as the day is long,
Yours to keep, it's your only need,

Replace the tear, with a smile so fair,
Upon the face, so I might see,
The love I have, will always be,
For I am with you, your life I'll share

I will be in your mind,
Your body and sole
In the memories I leave you,
Peace and love, for you to find.

B J Ayers
1/06/2013

B.J. Ayers

Snow

As the first movie, no color to see
Beauty of sunrise now filtered away
Chill in the air, temperature drops
Trees sway slightly, nature's rocking chair
Flakes of white falling from above
Swaying in wind, individually shaped
Floating downward, peacefully seen
Layers of white, resting on bare limbs
Carpet of white, covering the ground
Individually falling, downward they come,
Lying together, under and above,
Deeper and Deeper, covering all
A coat for nature to wear with pride
Winter has come, a change of seasons
To display its beauty, of black and white
Nature has its way, Seasons created
Seasons of color individually they come
A painting for each, a reason for each
B.J. Ayers

Sorrow

Challenges in life, The ups and downs,
It's all part of life, both smiles and frowns,
Like a Ferris wheel, you're up then down.
You wish to hide, or maybe leave town,

Reality is real; we all face the fear,
We smile with joy; we all shed a tear,
Life can be lonely, when no one is near,
We often think, we're not welcome here.

The sorrow we feel, that others can't see,
A desire for help, we wish to plea,
A sense of loneliness, A desire to flee,
You're not alone, both you and me,

Friends are waiting, with the comfort we need,
They are waiting; their hearts also bleed,
One small gesture, just one small seed,
Is all that's required, for a friend to proceed,

To listen and comfort, for someone like you,
They want to help. They have been there too,
We're not by ourselves, when life is so blue,
Someone can help, with the pain we go through,

B.J. Ayers

Subliminal Love

Beyond an immanently disappearing horizon
Dropping slowly, the orange sphere, loosing its consistency,
Lacking in strength, falls and brings forth the darkness,
The shadow of darkness intensifies, creating its own horizon.

Beyond closed eyes, with wondering mind,
A repartition repeated in darkness constantly,
A face, one appearing without hesitation,
Penetrating the heart with warmth entwined,

The heart aches with pain, absent from serenity,
That face, no awareness of the comfort given,
Not knowing of the love created
Only the friendship for eternity.

Beyond the darkness of closed eyes,
The mind questions the darkness of the unknown,
What could have been, what should have been,
Only the heart knows as it quivers and sighs,

Slowly slipping away in a heavenly mist
Into quite and deep subliminal sleep,
Wandering if time will ease the pain
Yet questioning why, it could never exist

B J Ayers

B.J. Ayers

Sunrise

As the first breath of life, a spectacular sight,
Displacing darkness, bringing forth light,
A magnitude so powerful, yet so peaceful,
To feed life and nature, with a wondrous might.

Beyond thunderous clouds, and hidden beyond,
When the heavens are blue, and all is clear,
A sphere so astonishing, as it rises each day,
A sight more amazing, than a magical wand,

From a glowing arc, as it rises through the dark,
Replacing emptiness, with the glow of light,
Till it reaches a height, To share the strength,
Protecting life and nature, like a heavenly ark.

Day in and day out, it continues to rise,
To perform a duty, it is meant to do,
To give us life, with a beauty so rare,
For all to adore, in the magnificent skies.

B.J. Ayers

Sunset

Out over the ocean, and it's waves it lay,
A magnificent orange sphere, as it drops to the sea,
With spears descending from within the fire,
The magnificent beauty of the sunset each day,

An immanent display, for the world to share,
As it seeps below horizons, to end the day,
Only to share light, so that others may see,
The beauty of the sunset for all who care,

Up above the clouds, that shadow the light,
The rain, the snow, and the elements that blind,
That magnificent glow, that Brightens our world,
Another sunset awaits, just to share its light,

B.J. Ayers

Talk To Me Before I Leave

Do not talk to me as an old man,
Although my appearance accentuates the years,
Talk to me as a husband, father, or grandfather,
Talk to me as one who always said, You can!

Talk to me when you seek advice,
For my knowledge is learned and seen,
Talk to me when you have a problem,
For I have been there, more than twice.

Do not talk to me as old and frail,
Talk to me as one, who cares,
It is not how I look, but how I feel,
My love and intentions were never to fail,

I know things are not the same,
For each era has it's change,
Experience is crucial, when you face life's problems,
So do not forget me, remember my name

I have walked in your shoes,
I have felt your pain,
I have been where you are,
I have also felt the strain,

Talk to me now, before it is too late,
There is a way out, I know I can help
Talk to me now, before I leave,
My next destination, is the Golden Gate.

B.J. Ayers

The Bald Eagle

Over the river and soaring high,
Wings spread wide, with confidence assured,
The strength, that mighty strength,
Soaring above, high in the sky,

Seeking prey to feed its young,
The courage of a warrior,
With eyes so keen,
Just as a hero, yet so unsung,

Wings so black, yet head so white,
The Bald Eagle Soars,
In the heavens so blue,
It stands for all, willing to fight,

Freedom it stands for,
A beauty in flight,
A character of strength,
With its beauty it soars

Over the water and then the trees,
With wings spread, as it peers to the ground
Owning the sky, as it soars above
Protecting its country, in the early spring breeze.

B.J. Ayers

The Beauty Of Life

The sparkling sunset, as it fades in the dark,
The sight of the moon, as a sphere in the sky,
Children running and playing, in the middle of a park,
A mother bird and her baby, as it tries to fly,

A forest of color, in the fall to see,
Colors of beauty, blue, red, yellow, and green
A mountain so tall, for both you and me,
Covered with snow, the peak cannot be seen,

The breath of a baby, as it lies in a crib,
The dreams in a mind, so small, yet keen,
The little mess made, on the front of his bib,
So much is learned, by the things he has seen

The beauty of life, so precious to all,
An experience so wonderful, so difficult to explain
Life is a gift; it is given to all,
We need to enjoy and not to complain.

So, when it's unbearable, for both you and me,
Think of the gift, which was given to you,
A gift of love, you were chosen you see,
How fortunate we are, to be one of the few.

B.J. Ayers

The Black Forest

The Black Forest

Timber swaying back and forth
Hidden in the dark of night
Ending a day of light

Blackened beyond Hills it adorns
Lazy in its own right
Crackling sounds of creatures scurrying
Kicking up the leaves

Forests are dark and creepy at night
Only those who venture know
Rest in peace for you may find
Everlasting dreams
Soft are the steps as you venture forward
Tonight it waits for the brave at heart.

B J Ayers

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B.J. Ayers

The Greatest Gift

Death, an end of life, the opposite of birth,
Neither relevant nor standing alone,
From beginning to end with mountains between,
Difficult to ascend, yet few with no end.

Death, nor birth be relevant in time,
That in between, the mark to remain,
Mountains climbed with peaks aglow.
Memories left, for those who cared.

From birth to death, a winding vine,
Growing in strength, fading in time,
Strong and viral, experienced and weak,
Mountains to climb with peaks to reach.

Accomplishments earned, failures accepted,
The relevant left, is that between.
The bends in the vines, accepting what is,
Death and birth, to choose is his.

The gift God gives, is neither to choose,
The mountains to climb,
The peaks to reach,
All left for us, to reach or fail.

Never meant to be with ease,
The vine between, the crooks and turns,
Mountains so tall, peaks so high,
A gift of choice, a gift from God.

B.J. Ayers

The Hummingbird

Wings fluttering quicker than the eye can see,
The little Hummingbird searching for sweet nectar
Stopped at the flower, thinking to itself
The sweetest one, this one must be

Like a helicopter, hovering above,
It's long beak piercing the target,
Sucking with its straw and drawing it near,
The sweet, sweet nectar, from the center or love

A beautiful site for all to see,
The beauty of nature,
From a little Hummingbird,
With wings fluttering, as happy as can be,

Unlike any other, as nature created,
The little Hummingbird,
Only one of a kind,
Suckling the nectar, and unabated,

Flying away, completely filled,
To once, again search,
For the next beauty of love,
To draw sweet nectar, not a dropp spilled.

B.J. Ayers

The Making Of A Family

The Making of a Family

A life once lived, could indeed be a song,
A ballad or novel, it could be said,
One to admire, to share and love,
Or one to despise, one not to prolong

A gift from above, with love intended,
A gift to two, a man and woman,
Not to be confused, as a one night stand,
But cherished and loved, the way intended

Too many children, without a mom or dad,
Think of the life, think of the pain,
Is it worth it, the sex without true love,
Think of the memories, you might have had

Think of the child, without the pair,
Think of the family, you might have had
Think of the pride, the family could share,
When the child has both, a mom and dad.

B J Ayers

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The Maze Of Life

Onward through the maze of life
Each day forward we trek
Choosing which turn to take
Choices made, through the maze of life

Onward through the maze of life
Enduring our life in pleasures we seek
Engulfed in our own, private world
Slicing a way through the maze of life

Onward through the maze of life
Choices made, yet with little thought
The impact on others, without inclination
No compassion, through the maze of life

Onward through the maze of life
Grasping for all we can gather
Clawing to enhance our fortunes
Monetary wealth, through the maze of life

Onward through the maze of life
Each soul, a world of one
Each world, a kingdom of its own
Wasted soul, through the maze of life

Onward through the maze of life
No thoughts for the future,
Enjoying life, only for today,
, Future ignored, through the maze of life

Onward through the maze of life
Picking the apples, devouring the fruit
Filling our bellies today
Living for today, through the maze of life

Onward through the maze of death
A choice not chosen, a choice not ours
To late for changes, no more choices
Souls in default, through the maze of death!

B.J. Ayers

The Moon

The water glistened with what it found,
A magical sphere, in the horizon above,
Shining so bright, and so perfectly round,
The sprinkling of diamonds on the water below,
No other light, not a star in the sky,
The moon shines above, with a beautiful glow

So bright, so round, it's power is shown
That huge round ball, in the sky above,
It shows its strength, as it stands alone,
I am the power and the strength you see,
I control your waters and the tides you make,
I am your power, it is because of me,

I can not stay long, I have work to do
I will be back, as I always do;
Others are waiting, just like you,
Next month you will see me,
As I return once more,
With all my diamonds, for you to see.

B.J. Ayers

The Old Oak Tree

The Old Oak Tree

The old Oak tree, a splendorous beauty,
It stands alone, oh the generations its seen,
Quietly standing, humped and frail,
A son of nature, fulfilling its duty.

Once small and strong, its growth was slow,
Through all the years, that nature allows
The birds, the flowers, it has seen them all,
Sunrise, sunset, and the beautiful moon glow.

The sounds it's heard, the sights it's seen,
Swaying gently and strong, with the breeze it feels,
A home for the squirrels, for the nest of birds,
The arrival of seasons, with leaves of crest green

A life near end, only nature will fear,
The absence of its beauty, the forest will know,
The strength, the beauty, and seedlings it shared,
Fulfilling it's duty, as nature sheds a tear.

B J Ayers

B.J. Ayers

The Pain Of An Old Man

The world is changing
I know not why
By the grace of God
I want to cry

To witness the corruption
Of something once simple
The morals, dignity, and self respect
Destruction occurs as an ugly pimple

Why we ask, with unheard cries
A nation once great and filled with pride
Created by those who sought the best
Now drifting away, like the passing tide

They say it's not fair, for those who strive
To reap the rewards, the financial gains
The labors invested by the souls of those
For their families comfort, without the pain

Yet others cry, it just not fair
We ask once more, so what is fair
To work, to sacrifice, to strive for more
Or depend on others to make it fair

I say to you, who cry for more
Yet rely on others to do your share
You explain to me why that is fair
To waste your life, for you don't care

We're created equal in the breaths we share
God left it to us, to strive for the rest
To protect our families, to respect the right
To enjoy the freedoms, to do our best

Anything less is not his fault
Nor is it the nation that gives you the right
To work, to strive to do your best
To feel the pride when you rest tonight

A nation once filled with the greatest generation
Is now only left with just a few,
The sacrifices made by those cared
Can only feel remorse for the rest of you

You've had it all; it's been given to you
By those who cry, by those who die
It's not the country that wishes to change
But by those of you who fail to try

To preserve a nation that once was great
You fail to realize it, you fail to see,
The destruction you allow, that spreads like fire,
That will engulf all, including you and me.

B.J. Ayers

The Politician

Vote for me, vote for me, that's what they all say,
I'll give you this, I'll give you that, they shout to all,
Elect me as your candidate, with a smile on their face,
I will cut your taxes, I will even let you pray,

I'm better than him, I'm better than she,
I'll make you feel good, about all things,
Then when you are asleep, I'll do what I want,
I promise to do it all, it will be just for thee,

Just vote me in, I promise not to stay,
Just a term or two, that's all I need,
I'll make you proud, and then you can say,
What happened to freedom, what happened to my pay.

But don't you fear, I'll still be around,
Doing the job you voted me to do,
Keep casting those votes, for the name you know,
I have relatives, with the same name that's renowned.

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B.J. Ayers

The Robin

Standing still, with head upright,
A mother Robin, on the grass stood proud,
Teaching her young, to search for food,
Then moving quickly, to another sight,

Away from her and to the right,
Her youngster stood, as if to say,
I have no interest in what you do,
It's time to play, before the night,

But mother stood and listened with care,
As she searched for food, for her little one's beak,
With head pointed down, and a spike to the ground,
A tasty meal, for her little one to share,

With strides of length, in a jerky flair,
She raced to her little one, as if to say,
Are you watching little one, to learn the way,
To search for food, or don't you care,

The little bird turned, with beak held high,
For expectations, she knew was there,
With one quick motion, a deposit made,
Wishing for her baby, to at least try.

B.J. Ayers

The Snake

It slithers along the ground,
Forked tongue slips side to side,
Some say its Satan,
As it slithers without a sound,

Slipping between stone,
Sliding over leaves,
Sensing its prey,
It is all alone,

Now you see it,
Now you do not,
Stand still, don't move,
Alas you be bit,

So hard to see,
The colors of leaves,
Stand still, stand still,
A statue you must be,

The heart races,
The glands sweat,
You must not move,
A mere two paces,

You see the head,
Sliding over your boot,
A body so long,
And seeking to be fed,

To stand so still,
How long it seems,
No one knows,
The nausea you feel,

It slithers away,
Your muscles melt,
It's over you say,
What a day, what a day!

B.J. Ayers

The Snowfall

Interment flakes, individually designed,
Falling from heaven in a serenity of gray
On the ground and in trees and frozen streams
Combining flakes, resting where assigned

Snow on the mountains, on the ground it lay
An image of water, transformed uniquely,
Creating a cover, as a blanket of white,
For all to enjoy, and for children to play,

As it covers the trees, bending its limbs,
Coating the slopes as a tempting slide,
So beautiful and clean, a freshness of new,
The singing of nature, with its beautiful hymns

Yet cold and wet, with a freezing sting,
For all to enjoy, yet all to respect,
It's purpose intended, to nourish this earth,
Providing air as fresh, as a cool shower spring,

B J Ayers

B.J. Ayers

The Spectacular Mountain

A colossal spectacle, penetrating a sea of blue,
Manifesting a strength, yet so very meek,
Snow covered crown, peering through misty hue,
A challenge in nature, that some will seek,

The clouds above, settling below its crest,
A fog prevents, the power and might,
The king of nature, as it thumps it's chest,
A beauty in nature, a magnificent site.

Assuring the world, as it rises above,
The land of water, the land of trees,
Shouting to all, I'm here for love,
Reminding all, to dropp to the knees,

Manifesting to all, a phantasmal might,
Misunderstood, with a message so keen,
A spiritual strength, a colossal sight,
The Mighty mountain, innocent and serene.

B.J. Ayers

The Storm

The Storm

The heavens darken; the clouds are filled,
A rumble far away, with a thunderous roar,
A single light splits, as it flees to the earth,
A storms approaching, with a fear instilled

The limbs on the trees, sway back and forth,
Signs shake and shiver, as the winds mighty force,
Displays its strength, to all creatures who fear,
A storms approaching, it is coming from the north.

Power and intensity, of magnificent clouds,
A rupture is waiting, as it sends forth a roar,
To dropp its tears, on the earth below.
A Storms approaching like a darkened shroud.

Run, find shelter, all creatures below,
The heavens are angry, they send out a cry,
As lightening flashes, then streaks to the ground,
A storms approaching, and the water will flow.

B.J. Ayers

The Treasure Of Life

A period in time, it begins with a breath,
Memories remain, for all who knew,
A life we knew, but never gone,
To all who loved, it goes beyond death,

A life of experience, both joy and pain,
A life's creation, a gift to all
A life to cherish, designed by God,
A life not forgotten, it will always remain,

In those who loved, in those it touched.
A wonderful life, one never to forget,
A life that gave, to all who shared,
Memories of love, for the bodies it clutched.

To help us through, a time of sorrow,
To give us strength, to continue the journey
To be joyous in life, and create the memories,
For those remaining, in the life of tomorrow.

B.J. Ayers

Thunderstorms

Angry, dark, clouds, they fill the sky,
The roar of their voices so low and loud,
The rain they drop, so heavy at times,
Tears are flowing, from the heavens so high,

Why do I love them, I do not know,
So dark, so dreary, yet mystifying at least,
I watch in amazement at the tears that fall,
Why do I love them, but I do you know,

I do not know why, I love them so dear,
A fascination of nature, I look forward too,
So angry and dark, why do I care,
I long for them, wish for them, when they are near

Why do I love them, Will I ever know,
Could it be the aftermath, after they leave?
The sun shines bright, the sky is blue,
Could it be sometimes, it leaves a rainbow

The essence of strength, the essence of power,
Beyond the knowledge, of man's creation,
The knowledge it shows, the strength created,
The seeds of a storm, to a beautiful flower.

Could it be that is why, I love them so much,
A question answered, I do believe,
Yes I do love them, I always will,
The power of God, and his tender touch.

B.J. Ayers

Wake Up America

Wake up America, Why can't you see,
An evil is pursuing both you and me,
We must wake up, I issue this plea,
Nations are falling, for all to see.

To conquer the world, is evils desire,
To take away freedoms, for all they acquire,
Not only for us, but their own they require,
To control your life, is their desire.

Wake up America, not later but now,
Religion is used, as their golden plow,
To take your freedoms, to make you bow,
The freedom that's yours, they will not allow

A religion of many, it's theirs to choose,
A right that's fair which they should not loose,
The right to worship, but not to excuse,
A terrorist action and a religion they misuse

Wake up America, before it's too late,
For one's you love, and children's fate,
To choose your life, you cannot abate,
For the sword is thrust, At America's fate.

B.J. Ayers

We Must Not Forget

A people without remorse, a people without care,
For life of others, and even their own,
In the name of religion, they claim to declare,
Some of their own, will not even condone,

The fight must go on, we must not forget,
That eleventh day in September, Two thousand and one,
For our children's sake, we can't play roulette,
For the life we cherish, it must be done,

To much in jeopardy, to much to loose,
The freedoms we have, the life we share,
Our forefathers fought to give us this life,
Now others want to destroy, and put us in despair,

Wake up America, we cannot loose,
It's not going away, it's not a fad,
We must stand together, we must prevail,
Before freedoms we have, become freedoms we had.

B.J. Ayers

What Is Death?

Is death the end?
Is death the beginning?

A key that opens
A key that locks

A new Awareness
Or devoid and empty

A spiritual awakening
A tomb forever

An eternal soul
The end of a soul

A new awakening
Or no awakening

How does one know?
Or does it matter

To live for eternity
To end as dust

Is it the beginning?
Is it the end?

A choice to begin
A choice to end

A beginning to life
To ignore is to end

B.J. Ayers

When I Am Gone

What is a soul, we often ask,
Is it only a mirage, or a gift from God,
A gift that will end or continue the journey,
Will it end with the body, will it end its task,

We have not the answer, but without it we hope,
For without that hope, it will surely die,
From a God so loving, that gave us more,
In the form of love, to help us cope,

To all our souls, a request made to all
To honor and love him, for the life he gave,
To treat all lives, the same as ours,
To give us that hope, so that we stand tall,

When the body is cold, and I am gone,
Lift up your spirits, put a smile on the face,
The body may end, but the soul lives on
Do not shed tears, you're not alone,

I'll be there, in the memories we shared,
Put a smile on the face, it's not the end,
For I'll be waiting, in a better place,
I'm given that chance, because God cared,

Go on with your life, just do it with haste,
Life passes so fast, to linger with sorrow,
The hope and love, that we did share,
The good times we shared, it was not a waste.

I'll be waiting, in a bright new place,
I'll have a place saved, right next to me,
I want be difficult, for you to find,
I'll be the one, with the smile on the face.

B. J. Ayers

B.J. Ayers

Why This Uniform

I wear this uniform, I'm proud to say,
I do a job, that others despair,
I chose to do it, but not for the pay,
For love of God and Country, I swear,

I'm there when called, wherever a need,
In disasters you'll see me, I'll stand tall,
To protect my Country, I'll always lead,
To give my life, if that's my call,

Some will praise others will scorn, ,
I wear this uniform, to insure for all,
Their voice is heard, for that I've sworn,
I'm proud of this uniform, for it stands tall,

The time may come, with my life I may give,
I ask for one thing, and one alone,
To those who scorn, for them I forgive,
Freedom for all, for that I'll be known.

B.J. Ayers

You Pesky Fly

Pesky little critters is what I have to say
Annoying, dirty, and downright quick
Driving you nuts as they fly about
Why are they here, especially today?

Sitting on me, too quick to catch
Flying out of reach,
Just as I swat,
Landing again as I try to snatch

Aggravating me, I don't know why
Fly away now
You pesky little pest
Fly away now, or you will die

B.J. Ayers