

Poetry Series

Charles Garcia
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Charles Garcia(10/29/1924)

I was born too soon to go off to war

The memories are so clear, never to leave me so thankful that

I'm here. Many of my buddies left their bodies,

Their spirits come home

I remember it well, no one to take care of me it was time to grow, Yes, I was to grow up fast.

But sir: I am only seventeen what do I know of the past, I am told, the United States needs me no guarantee I will be back.

My Fourth of July spent on Guadalcanal where fireworks are free, and

Lasting through out the night. Far more than you care to see.

These days are gone now, only memories that I can't forget, no one seems

To care but me, as I lived my life day to day, not knowing if I ever would

Get back. Day after day, I did not know if I would see tomorrow, for tomorrow was only another day, not much different than yesterday,

I was not afraid; who gives a shit, when you're seventeen.

For three long years I served my country, little did I complain, as eight thousand miles from home not easy to get back? You see I broke my

Back, lost some teeth, my hair turning white, matters not, you made

A commitment we need you no way to send you back. I saw and

Participated in this war, did my part and now I forget the Past.

For I have some living to do as you see I now at twenty-one,

So at Twenty one, who gives a shit as still wet behind the ears I'm

Just a kid at heart, no time to waste, Its time to grow up, as a

Mans goal to replace the population that's no longer here.

I cannot shake the past memories, they hang on and on, so hard for me to do!

Then I remember my Navy Days, always stay on course, as there are things you have to do.

The early years:

I marry a girl met years ago, while serving in Great Lakes III.

We start a family; she becomes part of me.

The years go by one by one I was to learn a trade or two, but never

Satisfied of what to do. My dreams seem to never go away, I wake up in a sweat every night, I learned a thing or two, never satisfied, my lust to learn, a lot to

know. What the future holds and had in mind, what was I to do!
For who know it all at thirty-two.

I try so hard to stay on top, clothe my family, I do my best I finally forget the
war, and found my God' my life to change As I progress in my final trade,
For at forty-four-

I find myself educated more and more, and I thought then I was to know it all,
little did I know that there would be more war, as Korea,
Vietnam to name a few, it seems the war I fought was for nill, that's the sadist
part of all, For it seems nothing changes and changes none as the world seems
to fall apart, and I see in the not to far distant future the world not finished yet
as we do not learn from war. I guarantee you that.

Now I am fifty-three.

A new life to begin as I find my faith (Baha'I) and in self too young to retire, yet
old enough to die, as at this time I was to get something I did not want, as I got
a cancer in my kidney, and I was told that I had but a few months to live. So I
live my life as I saw fit, and I was to beat the statistics given me. I changed my
way of life, no more drinking smoking and such, for God' has been so good to
me.

I leave my trade, start a new career all new, in the construction field, These are
good years for me, as I to Become a Contractor learning a brand new trade. I
built many projects large and small I worked real hard; I get a jump-start on a
new Career and it's very good to me

I make a success of it and finish off my years, my son takes after the likes of me
Continues on with this trade, follows my footsteps and career.

I finally reach the age of seventy-six.

All of a sudden I'm seventy-six. Going strong I look back as all I worked
Hard for to disintegrate, and very fast I was told it wouldn't last, who
Listens to anyone at seventy-six. As my dear wife of 55 years to leave me
As she did not deserve to die, she reached her final years before her time and
Was gone just like the breeze. All I know she gave me her best years and now
she's gone, what am I to do, to fill this void of mine, for after a bout
With therapy I find I must fill my time, with pen and paper to write what
Comes to mind, I find poetry this the year 2000

I do not regret my past, I gave it all the best I could, and it brings me to the
present now, as I mellow out my years, as I Start a new life, I'm now 78 years
old, and in Santee; found myself a women to take her place, we were married in
2003, to be my companion to share my future years, what ever is left for her or
me.

Written June 2003

A Anonymous Valentine

A Valentine for You
Charles Garcia

Another year has passed,
My secret I can no longer hide,
I send this card of love,
Hopefully you'll understand.

Year after year swiftly passes by.
I sent you, anonymously, a valentine.

Although I know you were never mine.
You belong to someone else, that's fine,

I wait my time to say
I love you:
You are mine: you are forever
My Valentine

Charles Garcia

A Chocolate Valentine

A Chocolate Valentine
Charles Garcia

To you this box of Chocolate
To you I be sincere,
As to one I hold so close to me,
As this valentine day appears.

Please accept this card and box
Of chocolate as I call a valentine,
Although a metaphor I be sincere.

For anonymously I have no other
motives other than declare my love for
you,

2008

Charles Garcia

A Cloudy Day

Cloudy skies obscure your view,
A slight breeze moves the clouds,
Letting in the sun-shine open up a broken sky.

A sight of blue shines through:
A warm breeze caresses your face,
Making you feel at ease.

Reminding you of the days gone by,

Sorting all anxieties leaving your
Mind free and at ease.

For a heart be none but innocent,
Giving all it has for free.

Charles Garcia
Monday, January 16, 2006

Charles Garcia

A Day To Be Remembered

Its a holiday for most, I work hard its time
to play, where shall we go on our holiday.
To relax in the sun or sea, I work for this
day, and reserve the rights to play,
But the truth is: This is a sad day far
sadder than you think, many lives, have been
sacrificed just for you to be free.
This memorial day, So many service men are gone
only to be remembered by their love ones.
and forgotten by a few,

Most of us that brought this about are gone,
remembered by so very few,
For this is about world war1. world war 11,
we build memorials for all to see,
The Vets of Korea, Vietnam, their markers
to remind us of their sacrifices overseas,
To be recognized today, tomorrow, and forever.
Their spirits leave them but hopefully not forgotten,
we are reminded this day to be set aside for to remind us
of their sacrifice hopefully never to be forgotten,
Spend your holidays with family and friends.
Please don't forget us, We shall remain forever more,
Headstones on the green.

Copyright ©2003
Charles Garcia

Charles Garcia

A Lizzard ~haiku

Lizzard lies no motion
In fright he stares no sound
He could lose his tail

Charles Garcia

A New Beginning

Every new beginning comes from some
Other beginnings end.

As every thing invented, the application
To transcend.

As human experience is to excel, bringing
In a better way of life,
Not necessarily for all, for some, a life of
Strife, for life will be a struggle until we
Are able to get it right.

Every new beginning comes from some
Other beginnings end.

When we are able to share the wealth of earth
We will find we all can abundantly survive.
And life as we know it can, as "Gods" intention
be sublime.

Charles Garcia

A New Born Stem ~haiku

A New Born Stem

From a new born stem
The Pedals of a rose unfold
The fragrance of perfume

charles garcia
Jan 2003

Charles Garcia

A New Day

It is not a conceptual idea,
It is real, and yet!
Ultimately transcends reality
of mans understanding.
As life begins on Earth

charles garcia
june 2006

Charles Garcia

A New Tomarrow

My Yesterdays are all used up
My golden years are past,
The end is near yesterday
Was mine, as gone not to last,
I can only reminisce,

At my age a few tomorrows,
I cannot go back as the years are few,

Each day now seems the same, gone
So fast, yet so much awaits me as a
New day in its path.

For some to get the flu,
Some happiness in the newborn
Some to witness their last day,
As they began eternal life anew. (Heaven)

So, be happy in this day for it is not for
Me to say,

For there will be no sorrow,
As we look forward to tomorrow.

Written by Charles Garcia
, December 12,2005

Charles Garcia

A Special Valentine

Special Valentine

I wake up early in the morning
Before the break of day,
Nothing on my mind but to write to you
Today:
As thoughts come to mind,
Rita has her time, needs a word or two
A Valentine.

The rose I give to you today indicates
My thoughts of you, as I speak from
Within my heart.

Forgive me as I write as I was taught
A poet I am ~ A scholar not.

Written by Charles Garcia
Feb.2,2006

Charles Garcia

A Statured Man ~ Haiku

A statured Man

A Statured Man
All knowledgable it seems
What books does he read

Charles Garcia

A Tranquil Paradise ~ Haiku

Words of Wisdom` Haiku

A Tranquil Paradise

A Tranquil Paradise
Happiness awaits us all
To meditate and pray

Charles Garcia
Jan 2005

Charles Garcia

A Valentine Mystery

A Valentine Mystery

The day is drawing near,
Valentine day is here,
I have not heard from
Karina: the one I hold so dear

As all my poems does she read,
Comments on a few,
Gives me courage, to carry on,
This I must do.

As writing a new valentine not an easy task,
After all many years gone by, I sent out quite a few.
The thoughts all there, memories too.
The only thing gone wrong is whom I sent them to.
As any girl with ponytails, I knew what I had to do.
Many years gone by waiting for an answer this they never do.
As I left no forwarding address just hoping that they knew.

Some day I hope to get a Valentine from someone,
even if they don't sign their name, I'll think it's just from you.
I be 83 my heart still has a spot, waiting just for you.

charles Garcia
2008

Charles Garcia

A Valentine Rose To Remember

The Rose

The rose will wither in the days to come
However, not the memories of where it is from.
In a vase stands tall your rose,
When it dies, I will find a book
To press its Memory for a later look,
your Precious rose will never die,
To live on, a feast for
Someone' else's eyes.

Written by Charles Garcia
2005

Charles Garcia

A Valentines Day

Valentines Day

Valentines Day is not for Wimps

All to participate.

Whether young or old matters not, who's to say?

Cupid works in the stranges ways

As The arrow sways, always finds its mark,

To hit the weakest and the strong, matters not,

As no defense against a smile and

most of all no defense from heart to heart.

written by Charles Garcia

Jan 18,2004

Charles Garcia

A Wonderful Mystery

Have you ever wondered?
Why no one has reached the Universe?
No matter how hard they try,

Have you ever wondered?
As no limit to the galaxies, cosmic skies,
As the big black hole, blocking everyone's eyes.

For no one has seen the other side,
In our lifetime we explore, we learn,
As we hold unconscionably
to our past,

As true: it did not work for us
Yesterday, perhaps tomorrow we give it
Another try.

Charles Garcia
Wednesday, October 19, 2005

Charles Garcia

Arlington

Arlington, Cementary

I see hills, valleys, Arlington I see mountain top,
But most of all I see the graves of many hero's,
waste of war created by others, their mistakes,
I see peaks in the mist, I see gravestones in
Fertile fields, I see and feel the disgrace of War,
Sons and Daughters seen no more.

Cherry blossoms, dogwood trees in full
Bloom, there to please, does not take
Away the apathy felt by everyone by presence,
At the Unknown soldiers grave,
Guards walk, not to know his name,
While others stop to gaze,
As old men in wheel chairs stare across the
Water, focus on the wall, with outstretched
Hands he reaches out mumbling words of
passion as he seeks the name of a loved one,
here no more. Who sacrificed their life in vain,
Says a prayer for the dead, for soon,
his name shall be engraved,
Perhaps be memories, for someone else
with tears in their eyes, who decides to,
Stop and gaze.

2008

Charles Garcia

Arlington2

I went to the Nations Capitol to spend a day,
My daughter Crystal to guide me all the way.
My first sign of Arlington
As we cross the bay.
To gaze at the Nations Capitol
Not to far away,
As this to be remembered, will never go away,

Arlington oh! Arlington
As I stand alongside the Nations dead.
Representing all the wars our Nation to participate.
America grows from within because of that,
Hopefully learning from her mistakes,
God has done his part, as from the stem of evil
That was to bring about,
makes our country stronger regardless of all the doubts.

I stand among the tombs of the Unknown Soldier,
So proudly on display, as the changing of the
Guards 24 hours every day, the tomb of the
Unknown soldier forever here to stay,
Will fill your hearts with sadness, your desire is to pray.

The flag at half-mast, the bugle sounds,
chills draw down your spine reaching to the
ground..

I saw the graves of two Presidents, Kennedy and
Taft, eternal flame burning day and night, a flash.
Headstones by the thousands as the day to past,
Fills the valleys and the hills of Arlington to remind
us of the past.

We must stop the madness of our government,
We must turn our young around, if not; we will find not
enough space to house our very young.

In the Hills of Arlington

2008

Begin A New Day

Thinking of tomorrow as this day to past,
Some things to remember, some things to forget,
Some things said today we might regret,
As in our minds not happened yet.

Time to set aside the bad moments of life,
To begin a new day: with spirituality in it's
Sight.

For love comes to everyone, We must be aware,
Can strike at anytime day or night,
Be on guard, for we have no choice, when
Cupids Arrow finds its mark, spares no one
Within its sight.
For Love is always there,
For anyone who wishes, for everyone who cares?

Charles Garcia
Saturday, October 22,2005

Charles Garcia

Bird Feeder My Aviary

Bird Feeder in my Aviary

Birds arrive settling in my open Aviary
Chirp in excitement if you please,
"We found it, We found it" the feeder in
The tree, all come see, eat as you please.

Then they all fly off, perhaps one or two to
remain, chaotic for a moment then they return
Although alert they feel at ease as they feed
Upon the seed.

The Finches wait their turn, as no room on
The socks that hold their seed.

When full and satisfied off they fly to an
Unknown destiny, to return real soon as
They know there is always seed at this
Special aviary.'

This I witness every morning, every night,
Much satisfaction do I get, as I gaze out to
My Aviary, full of nutritious seeds that seem
To suit their appetite as they ask for more.
As my job keep the feeders full of seeds,

What a wonderful feeling as you feel the
Love that radiates, reflecting back to me.

Charles Garcia

Birthday ~haiku

Flame on a Candle
Transfer to another Candle
To everyones delight

Charles Garcia

Bless These Children

Bless these lovely Children the handiwork
Of two beautiful People, Julie and her husband
The wondrous signs of their greatness as yet
To unfold. Educate them so they may render
Service to all mankind and the world of humanity
As they be unformed pearls to be polished, as
Their only purpose in life will be, to know and love
God" bring forth an everlasting civilization.

written by Charles Garcia
mar.2005

Charles Garcia

Cardiff By The Sea

California coast line another sunny day,
The beaches are all loaded, " Cardiff by the sea"

Many out to play, to display their surf boards
And their bodies in many different ways.

California beach coastline another holiday, not a parking
Space along the beach this very day, as people from all over came early, intend
to stay.

The waves so majestically approaching, some four feet high or more, breaking
systematically such beauty to unfold.

The surf~ boards, floating gently to the shore, than the surfers swimming out to
meet a new wave once more.

This is what I witnessed as I drive along the California Coast line. Cardiff by the
Sea.

August 2006

Charles Garcia

Childrens Fantasy

The children play silly games, like skipping rope,
Tossing rocks, a piece of chalk piece of chain,
and more.

Finding imagination to satisfy them selves.

All children have imagination, the simple ness
Of a toy could be of anything. As all they need
Is a skipping rope a fistful of rocks, piece of chalk,
piece of chain.

That's the way they express their special views.

Keeps them occupied out of harms way,

Mother can do her chores and more.

Always to feed hungry mouths when feeding

Time comes around, "which is all the time" as children

Don't fool around.

No one pays attention to a child as not to spoil

Their fantasy,

Spoil a children's dream you break their hearts,

As only a child will know their fantasy.

As a Childs dream is hard to come about.

For all they need is a piece of rope, a fistful of rocks,

A piece of chalk, piece of chain, that's only way they have to express their
Special views.

Charles Garcia

Common Ground

I feel all problems can be worked out if we just consult,
The Issues to come in to view, can be worked out,
The trick is to find the balancing point,
To find common ground, on the many issues to confront,
All problems can be worked out.
We must equalize the arguments, share all our points of view,
To satisfy all our needs, All problems can be solved,
All problems can be worked out.
What problems, are you talking about?

Copyright ©2004
Charles Garcia

Charles Garcia

Critical In Your Search

Critical in your Search
Charles Garcia

Critical wounds do not necessarily pierce the skin,

But enter the minds of those who are begging for help,
So badly needed, not paying attention to the times.

Listening to someone who implies, knowing all the answers but decides to hide,
gives us no amicable solutions.

For they leave an imprint that has no real answers leaving someone else to
solve.

As two zeros equal zero it takes no master to decide.

And when things turn out badly, and they will, you will find no place to hide.

Be critical in you search, be satisfied that you understand,
If not keep searching, searching, before you make a stand.
Then you will understand.

2/7/08

Charles Garcia

Criticism

There is no such thing as constructive criticism,
Its not a nice thing to do, you do it, you say it
Can't take back the words becomes a part of you,
Why can't people do what is right, be polite,
fact is you get more sweetness from honey than
Vinegar this is true.
Smiling when being critical doesn't make it right,
As the meaningless of your thoughts is not to be
Mistaken vicious from the start.
Why do people criticize when they know its not
right, is it an ego trip to get their way or just a
Power trip to show off their might, of their ignorance
at best, Why can't people say things that make
People smile, make them happy in this day!
Say I love you, what can I do to make you happy,
Hold me tight that is the criticism I want
To hear from you to night.

August 21 2004

Charles Garcia

Day Before Christmas

Twass a day before Christmas no parking spaces left,
Had to walk a mile or more, spent what I had left.

The children all have shoes, want electronic toys,
Wife's cosmetics on the list,
Always gets what she insists.

The animals don't know it yet, they
Have stockings too! Full of goodies
All know, what they the have to do.

For Christmas will pass on, once more go down,
For it shall take all year to come around,
While we pay for all the things we found.

Although the credit cards will all be done,
As useless as all maxed out, no more fun.

Charles Garcia

Doctors Are My Friends

Why! Oh! Why? Is it that people on drugs?
And drunks alike, all know the answers and
Are always right.

If this be true? Why! Oh Why! Are they that
way, If this be true? this is what I have to say,

Keep your memories of yesterday, Keep your
memories of today, hope for the best of tomorrow
for nothing will change but to bring on more sorrow,
For where you re going is not my way..

I hear you, say, 'I can't help it, being this way, won't
Someone help me in this day, ? why does everyone
run away'? I try to find new friends, why do they not
listen to my woes and tales, ' why does no one listen,
to what I have to say?

Is there anyone out there, that see my way, understand
what I am trying to say?

Why is it the Doctors the only ones to listen and
hear my plea, pacify my every needs.
Why does no one listen.? doctors are my friends.

Charles Garcia

Don'T Fail Me Now

People never listen to me, even though time after time
Proves me right, as time and time again, telling me what
I am not.

Repetitive in all my thoughts, building me up to something
I am not, and will never be, always on time, life goes on,
Needs an even keel.

I am no hero, no saint, you see! Just a man striving after a
Dream, mistakes I've made a few, yes as I look back,
there was always something to build on, as bridges fail,
when they fall, we pick up the pieces, again stands tall,
For the memories of the past will make it work if we
Learned by our mistakes.

There is always light in your eyes is that light burning there for
Me? Do you still love me? You can never break me down but
You can try, You won't get through.

My love don't fail me now, if you do I may never bring you back
don't fall now, make no mistakes life goes on.

Written by
Charles Garcia
Friday, May 20,2005

Charles Garcia

Echos In The Canyon

I am not a poet, I write Poetry.
With my pen in hand the words that I I
Understand.
The issues of the past, the issues on hand,
I write because of the urgency, to document
My thoughts, lest I forget and wander
Off.
Sometimes I hear the echoes of the canyons,
A resonating vibration, seems too never last.
The sounds I hear, love! Love! Loveeeee,
Its time to react, sounds everywhere,
I'm Going somewhere, I feel nowhere to go.
Going somewhere, which way to go,
For the reflections are illusions.
We all know that.

Written by charles garcia
December 20,2004

Charles Garcia

Essence Of A Bee

Essence of a Bee

Essence of a Bee. is just to be,
for without pollination, no flower's
will there be.

The same goes for the help of
animals and birds,
as without: no honey, wine, apples, oranges,
for man to enjoy on earth..

Charles Garcia
2008

Charles Garcia

Fenced In~haiku

No trespassing sign
Once belonging to us all
Spoiled by a fence

written by Charles Garcia
March 2005

Charles Garcia

First Time I Saw Your Face

The First time I saw your face,
The sparkle in your eye's,
This was a grand day for me,
As I recognized all your grace,

The first time I saw your face,
The tear drops in your eyes,
Not of sadness or disgrace, but
With a loving heart, all smiles.

The firth time I was to hold you
Tight,
Synchronizing your heart beat,
Against mine,

I knew at this time that you touched
my heart and some-day be all mine.

I knew this,
The first time I saw your face.

Charles Garcia
2007

Charles Garcia

Flowers Fade A Way

Flowers ` Fade a Way

Flowers are a wonderful way of gesture if given from the heart, only temporarily if kept in the dark. Flowers fade away if to be kept in the shade. Your love and intentions will have to be kept visible, your thoughts and meanings must convey, the heartfelt meaning of your intentions and what you mean to say.

Flowers are put there for all to enjoy.

As this is what its all about to bring in a new

day. May your intentions and meaning be sincere, as here forever, flowers will eventually fade away.

2005

Charles Garcia

From God I Got.

Why has God, given us 2 eyes?
Why has God, given us 2 ears?
Why has God, Given us 1 mouth?

Does he intend to give me twice as much seeing?
Does he intend to give me twice as much hearing?
Looking around I see a lot,
Listening I hear people shout.

If we were to shut up once in a while.

We would possibly see things in a different light.

This is what from God, I got.

Charles Garcia

Future Thoughts

The future lies ahead just another day
Exciting if you can see the light.

Future Thoughts open up your eyes,
Except our faults for our
Mistakes and sorrows

All is known what happened yesterday,
Could be changed, by what we do today

All could be forgiven; we have that right,

The future of tomorrow is just a day away,
For all to share in every way. ,

For the most wonderful thing to remember
There is always hope for a new tomorrow.

.

Copyright ©2004
Charles Garcia

Charles Garcia

Hillside Avairy

As I gaze out my window,
I appreciate what I see
As blue jays, finches, and their friends
Come daily to visit me.

I ask, 'Do your wings never get tired? '
Why are you fighting for a spot,
Sacrificing feathers to battles that are lost,
As you peck the seeds of your choice,
How many feathers did it cost?

I, for one, appreciate your nearness,
Your purity, your beauty, I hold all your virtues dear
As you share your lives with me.

It is comforting to know you are always near,
Sharing offered seeds with doves, sparrows,
And occasionally a rat.

There is no fear: at the feeding ground,
All is there to share, predators are a threat
So beware.

Thanks for visiting my backyard aviary
In the hills near Santee,

...

Charles Garcia
Thursday, October 06,2005

Charles Garcia

Homeless Man

A Homeless Man

Today I saw a homeless man pulling a grocery cart,
Load of bottles, cans and a kitty cat.

A hard days journey in the city, collecting trash,
Both seemed content with what they had,
Although he was homeless, No signs of complaining
As to market he goes to get some cash,
for!

Cans and bottles are necessary
to sustain his way of life.

chasgarcia@

Aug 16,2004

Charles Garcia

I Am Just A Cat

My dear Ann and Rich.
Whats all the cxcitement all about?

I decide to take a nap, find a safe hiding
Place no one knows where I am at,
A Precautious way to guarantee safety
From attack.

So whats all the fuss about, all running
Back and forth, making plans to hang up
Signs, did you see my cat!

I am just a cat, many priviledges do I have,
Sleep 16 hours every day.

Ann and Richard, you are my care-givers
Why can't you see that?
responsible for all My behavior and all that.

Many demands I shall make, for the priveledge
Of being your favorite Kitty Kat.

charles garcia
Jan 10,2006

Charles Garcia

I Am The Sunshine

I am the sunshine that will brighten your day,
bring a little happiness to those who cross my
path.

My intentions are to be here patiently, I wait and
share my day, as the hour's tick away, with
happiness and faith: I have so much to share
nothing to hide.

One holding all attachments will be left behind,
I shall wait with patience, I shall enjoy every
minute of this day that God has given me.

Charles Garcia

I Be No Longer There

I be no Longer There

Don't stand there by my grave and cry for I

Be no longer there, did not die: Look up to the sky,

I am the Breeze you feel I am the radiating moon

Beams falling from the sky,

I am the gentle Fallen rain, I am the celestial you gaze

At will every night, I have left this

Precious life for one of inestimable Eternity,

for there I shall always be.

Do not shed a single tear for I am not far away,

I did not die, I will be Waiting, Waiting

Patiently, inevitable for the day will come

When you be there with me!

Charles Garcia

□

□□

□□

□

□

□

Charles Garcia

I Stand Up Tall

I Stand up Tall

I've been told; what do they see in me.
they try so hard to understand, but cannot see.
the mystery that I command.
They say: they still don't understand, the wisdom,
I display. I say: its the smile and my embrace, the
way I hold your hand.
The arch in my back to testify, the knowledge I have
achieved, every step of life, I accept and with ease.
The words that flow directly from my heart, hopefully
will sustain my stature head to toe without disdain.
As with every movement as it flows.
Now you understand, why my head not bowed,
I stand up tall.

Charles Garcia
2008

Charles Garcia

If I Was To Ask For More:

If I were to ask for more, what would it be for?
I have my health, wife and family, although the
Wealth be nil, for if I had another choice,
Before I expire, this is what I'd wish for,
before I make my will.

If I were to ask for more, what would I ask for?
Mandatory love, for if everyone to love another it
Would solve all the questions above.

If I was to ask for more: I'd ask for equal
Opportunity for everyone, a chance to grow
Without malice or fear. To live their life
As best they can. the rest of their years.

If I was to ask for more I think I had say:
The Children must come first, Their education
The only way, as future generations
Will depend on them,
rely on their judgement and Thirst.

If I was to ask for more, I think I would say:
Religion must be one, as six hundred views of
Religion exists, not able to get the message through.

This is what I would ask for if I had a choice, I will not
Know until tomorrow if to come about, as tomorrow is the
day that I am waiting for if this day to come I will not have a
choice.

Charles Garcia
June 2005

Charles Garcia

Jungle Seems So Dense ` Haiku

Jungle seems so dense
Eternal life awaits us all
See between the trees

charles garcia
Feb 2005

Charles Garcia

Kitty Kat Goes Blind

Kitty Kat going blind, or an infection,
As she has a skin infection at this time,
I don't know what to do: for she is not
To well, staining furniture, pillows not
Accepted by a few, I don't know what
To do, Its seems today or tomorrow its
Inevitable her time is near, "God"
I hate the burden to decide, to betray
Her this very day, as she lays all her
Trust in me,
Whatever decision I make will surely
Be with me the rest of my life.
Therefore I emphasize and hope not to
Hear from you these very words.
Here is what I have to say!

Don't tell me how sorry you really are!
Don't tell me its best for you!
Don't tell me life goes on!
For you hardly know from this day on
Changes my life, and likewise changes
Your life too!
I will take some time for me to accept
This choice, I shall eventually I am
Told, Than I shall be free.

Written by
Charles Garcia
June 2002

Charles Garcia

Kitty Kat Now Gone

I'm sorry about your loss,
nothing is so heartbreaking than
the loss of a devoted and loving
heart., the heart of a beloved pet.

I know how pain full it is to lose
such a loyal family member and a
friend.

Only time will ease the griefl

I hope you take comfort in knowing
that your loved one is in animal
heaven,
comforted by animal angels,
A beautiful and better place,
free of pain and home at last.
his spirit to be with us forever.

Charles Garcia

Let The Trusting Trust~ Haiku

Let the 'trusting Trust~ Haiku
Charles Garcia

Let the trusting trust.
In Him let the trusting trust.
Let the trusting trust.

2008

Charles Garcia

Life Cycle ~ Haiku

Life's Cycle ~ Haiku
Charles Garcia

The Sun the air we breathe
The echo's of night shall pass
Life cycle begin its task

2008

Charles Garcia

Life Like An Hourglass

When its full, sands together,
Only when its empty, doe's it matter,
A turn of a vial, rejuvenates its style,
When full no attention doe's it gather?

Only when its empty, doe's it matter,

As complacent that we are,
Only when there is no more to be found,
do we contemplate an answer.

Charles Garcia

Lotus Blossom ~ Haiku

Lotus Blossom 2

Lotus Blossom Floats

Serenely Spiritual

Reflective Beauty

words of wisdom

Charles Garcia

March 2005

Charles Garcia

Love From The Heart

My problem is my emotions expecting everyone to accept and yet show no emotions as to the test.

My problem is I always listen to people with more stress and all thinking that their way is best,

Why does no one listen when I say the blind man has no vision as to tell a deaf man how to see, excepting through the feelings and through the heart.?

A Kitty kat cannot say a word or talk, but can create emotions and show love from the heart, for she does not have to speak a word and you know she will always be there waiting very patiently for your return, no complaints only waiting for your love.

For all I want you to do, in answer to my prayers is to feed me, shelter me, clean my litter box and I shall always be there waiting for you: Please don't let me down.

Have you ever looked into the eyes of a Kitty Kat?

Charles Garcia

Magellan

Cap'n Oh! Cap'n Land on the Port side,
Cap'n Oh! Cap'n Land on the Starboard side,
Mountains everywhere silhouette against the sky,
The sea on the rise, steadies at the helm southeast
Breeze, soundings if you please.

Cap'n Cap'n The main sails to full capacity, for the
Sea is in a rage; gunwale are awash,
Violent as she blows, the mizzen sails
In full bloom fore and aft, We pray for seas to calm,
Oh! Not too soon.

Cap'n Cap'n orders: Cap'n what to do?
For she sails 5 knots or more, it's up to you?
We be on uncharted waters, not on the maps
And there are mountains everywhere, port and
Starboard too!

Cap'n what am I to do? 5 fathoms deep our last
Call to you!

Careful in the crows nest secure your lanyards for if
You are to loose your grip, the body drops not up but
Down, as the gales are with us two days or more,
No let up to be found.

We be off course, no one knows, Cap'n I can see the
Shores, the plea I make profound, our reckoning not
Valid anymore.

Slowly, Slowly the ship to move onward from beneath,
Fear not my mate, as I am Captain of this Ship as Magellan
Is my name and sail this ship in the name of my
Beloved King, I carry Portugal's Flags to place
As I so deem. This land to belong to our beloved
Portugal, God blesses our King.

Therefore I shall name this passage as the
Straight of Magellan from this day on,
So be it for everyone to see.

For I Magellan have discovered the shortcut
To another sea as this new shortcut is not named
Yet, as Navigators, Columbus, Cabrillo, Sir Francis
Drake, or maybe me who ever gets there first.

We shall see!

Roll up all sails my mates, dropp anchor I shall

Take a look around perhaps leave a flag or two,
For this a great day for everyone, as no more
Sailing around the Horn, as we shall sail graciously
Alleviating the most dangerous trip of them all,
The Horn. I Magellan Master of them All.

charles garcia
Feb 11,2004

Charles Garcia

Making Up A Whole~ Haiku

Words of Wisdom

Haiku

Making up a Whole

A Wave dissipates
Each pebble be a part of,
Making up the whole

Charles Garcia

Dec.2006

Charles Garcia

Mariner Comes Home Part 11

` Mariner comes Home Two
Essay by Charles Garcia

Captain Wallaby Supreme Commander HMS ~Fantasy

After a long journey on the HMS Fantasy bringing cotton, tea, breadfruit much more, Her manifest reveals.

Her arrival un-announced, as no communications invented yet to
Use the atmosphere to transmit messages,

Captain Wallaby yearning to be back, as gone 3 months or more,
To fill the galley of the ship with precious cargo, cotton, tea and more.

You see, Captain Wallaby has no family, just a rented space high
On the hill in the city, overlapping the bay of Tranquility, where
Many ships of sail, moored to the piers. Awaiting orders to sail out
At any given time,
In his rented room, he is to gaze out to the sea, and all the sailing ships
Docked in Tranquility. For Capt'n as for nothing more important
than to fill his pipe with more of quality tobacco, stare out to the shore.

For he knows nothing more than he must go back to sea, as there lies
His very soul.

Perhaps a lady of the night will come visiting welcome she,
Spend the night; consume well-spent time, in sin and gin.
For Capt'n Wallaby, no lady to turn to him, obsequiously,
For he belongs to all women if they wannabe.

Capt'n Wallaby does not volunteer sea stories, although if asked he won't
Refuse, will talk all night into the morn, if you let him so.
The Capt'n loves great tales loves, his ale, will talk for days.

He does not know what crew waits for him as beyond his control,
The Queen Her Majesty owns the ship will decide when time to
Go. First must fill the ballast with tons of cobble stones so that the
Ship on even keel,

To be left at some foreign town for to do what they please like building roads,
walls, to keep back the sea. They will find a need as all this rock for free.

Inspired by Coleridge. Mariner.

Strictly fictional,

Charles Garcia

Charles Garcia

Memorial Day 2008

Memorial day 2008

Charles Garcia

.
Lets all toast the world today, as the world needs recognition too!
A world in the state of pregnancy with growing pains beginning with me
And you, from Memorial Day 2008
Obscurity to a day of woe we learn not from the days Of old, there is so much
left to do.

As there is not tranquility everywhere hostilities here and there,
So sad some leaders take the path that's wrong tries to instill there
Views their thoughts,
creating havoc and despair.

Lets go back to the basics; our children play with jacks,
Forget the rocks they throw, surely some good to come,
What is wrong with that?

Lets find a way to peace, let toast the world today,
Bring back our world where its intent for use, as short of life may be,

Bless this American democracy, this wonderful created day,
Set aside to remember our fallen heroes of yesterday.

Charles Garcia

Memories Of My Kitty Kat

Its been two months now, since I let her go,
Two very long months of grief, depression,
It has not been easy for me.

Fourteen of her precious years she gave me all
Without a doubt shedding not a single tear that is
Until the end for she surely cried, one eye going
Blind, she was a little sick but not ready to die,
I could hear he say! "I'll be all right in a day or two
As I have never let you down in the past,
Let me have a little quiet a little rest and I shall be as
New. As I shall never let you down as I am your pet"

This day Kitty Kat you looked out the window into my
Aviary as you always do and I noticed you purring
Imitating a little chirp and displaying a little tear, with
Happiness galore as the bird did their thing,
that was the beginning of a day with no indication as to be your last,
Please forgive me my beloved Kitty Kat for what I had to
Do, for this day will never be forgotten I shall forever
Grieve for you, Missing you so much my dear Kitty Kat.

In Memorie of my Kitty Kat
May 11,2002
charles garcia

Charles Garcia

Mirror

I look into the Mirror, he gazes back at me,
I look into his eyes, receding hair line, no more
Curly hair, rosy cheeks, my how time flies,
The days are gone but the memories linger on,

Seems so long ago that we first met, eighty one to
Be exact. The roads long and narrow, many winding
Paths, all to lead somewhere, as we look back,

As my years come to a close, perhaps a score no more,
I shall make the best of every hour, every day,
For I have so much to be thankful for.

Charles Garcia
Tuesday, October 04,2005

Charles Garcia

Mocking Bird

Mocking bird calling to his mate
knows not day from night,
Music destined to reach her ears,
Although out of sight.
She answers with a cheerful chirp,
To say
"On the way home pick up a worm or two
The children are hungry: we wait for you'
All together once again
Mocking Bird

Charles Garcia
March 2006

Charles Garcia

Monkey In A Tree

Yesterday, I told you of a monkey in a tree, fenced in to protect him from harm,
is it the monkey in danger you or me?

You try feeding me peanuts, carrots, to name a few, laughing in my face, making
jesters too!

Can't you see you are making fun of yourselves, not of me:

If only you could be in my place, looking out at you,

Its so funny folks for the joke is really not of me: , but that of you,

For I am doing great being pampered, as everything for my convenience is there
for me, can't you see? Best of all its all for free,

So please take a good look make a funny face, if you please,

For you are the ones that paid a dollar to make a jest at me,

I see, that the one big problem lies with you.

So take one good look before you leave, for you are the one that has the
Problem, as mine be tax-free.

Charles Garcia

Moonstruck

A poem should be as motionless
As the moon seems to be,
Standing still as it climbs,
So pleasing to the eye.
A poem should be true to our vision,
But not necessarily true;
An interpretation of my message to you,
For each of us has a different view.
A poem doesn't have to mean, but to be
The meaningful thoughts it conveys
To you and to me.
The words sometimes hidden, spinning round
Then, all of a sudden, like light, the words are found.
To pen and paper the words go down,
The wonderful thoughts once embedded in our head.

Written by Charles Garcia
February 25,2005

Charles Garcia

Morning Dew

Words of Wisdom

Morning Dew

Morning dew, azure shies
Condensation blades of grass
Sparkling flowers drip

charles garcia

sept 2005

Charles Garcia

Motorcycle Man~

One day while driing on the freeway,
I saw a motorcycle man,
driving his bike erratactly
did not see the van,

On the ground many pieces to be found,
scattered here and there,
all around.

The motorcycle man, I wrapped him in a
blanket, till help could be found,

The next day I found, what he did was not
to smart,
altho some damage, there were broken parts,
he survived I guess more cautious for the art.

Charles Garcia
2004

Charles Garcia

My Aviary

Bird Feeder in my Aviary

Birds arrive settling in my open Aviary
Chirp in excitement if you please,
"We found it, We found it" the feeder in
The tree, all come see, eat as you please.

Then they all fly off, perhaps one or two to
remain, chaotic for a moment then they return
Although alert they feel at ease as they feed
Upon the seed.

The Finches wait their turn, as no room on
The socks that hold their seed.

When full and satisfied off they fly to an
Unknown destiny, to return real soon as
They know there is always seed at this
Special aviary.'

This I witness every morning, every night,
Much satisfaction do I get, as I gaze out to
My Aviary, full of nutritious seeds that seem
To suit their appetite as they ask for more.
As my job keep the feeders full of seeds,

What a wonderful feeling as you feel the
Love that radiates, reflecting back to me.

Aug 2006

Charles Garcia

My Father Cuts A Furrow

My father cuts a furrow, true lines does he run,
My father cuts a furrow, no horses did he have,
My father cuts a furrow no fields, hills of grass,
My fathers furrows were wisdom,
This is what he had.

To his dying day his gait was straight and true,
My father was not a farmer, for the city,
All he knew.

As father cut his furrow, so does hit son, I am told,

The wisdom my Father passed on to lay dormant,
Many years, put on hold, not until the age of 78 did
I realize, not much time left, as I too was growing old,
So I write my poetry from my fathers wisdom,
That was willed to me, only way to have my stories told.

As father cut his furrow, so does his son, to pass
The wisdom, that was left from father,
God Bless his soul.

Charles Garcia

My Favorite Neice

There is a poem in my heart
Although we be far apart,
I wake up every morning for
My day begins with you.
It seems not so long ago, the
Years go by so fast, that you
Were to cuddle on my knee,
Say! Uncle Jack, Ah yes! those
Were great days to remember,
how proud I was, To be a part
of you. I love you more today,
The distance never so far away,
As no way to contain a thought
As you are always on my mind,
How can I tell you more, As we
go onto a brand new day, no matter
what they say you will always be,
My favorite niece.

Written by Charles Garcia
Dec 22.2004

Charles Garcia

My Feelings And Desires

My pen is the extension of my conscience,
My thoughts, so dear to me,
Using words I don't understand
Oxford always near.
My thoughts of detachment, sometime hard,
never the less my faith to guard.
I watch my words as I write in haste,
Hopefully my thoughts are not in waste,
Allowing others to judge and read,
Not to take to seriously,
As my poems are an extension of my thoughts,
of me, my feelings, my desires.
My words now a role to play, as penned
For all to see,
For life never goes as planned.
Live it to the fullest, if you can.

Charles Garcia
December 25,2004

Charles Garcia

My Pa-Pa

Oh! How I remember my Pa-Pa,
to me he was the greatest star.

As so gentle and so lovable, My Pa-pa,
A spiritual being by far.

My Pa-pa: he always changed my tears to laughter,
giving me strength to carry on after.

That I may live a happy life, raise a family carry on his
name.

Oh! How I miss my Pa-Pa, this and every day,

Gone now, never a moment forgotten, I shall always remember that he paved
the way,

"God" bless, my Pa-pa.. December 30,1896
I shall be with him again, some day.

Charles Garcia
Dec 2006

Charles Garcia

My Poetry

I feel my poetry is like painting with words
For others to see and feel.
A compliment to me if acknowledged as
I feel the pain of humanity.
I consider myself a learner of poetry as writing
Just three years, while reading and reciting others
Dreams and plights, the more I learn I find there
Is more to learn, I am having a wonderful journey
Come join me tonight.

Written by Charles Garcia
2005

Charles Garcia

My Thoughts Of Tomarrow

Am I that bad off, being where I am,
A place to stay, to hang my hat,
Food at Bay to grab onto anytime I say!

A place to sleep covers and all that: :
Comfortable as can be,
Am I much Better Off today, than
I was yesterday, I say yes!

For will I be here tomorrow, I can only guess.
Will this day bring happiness, or possibly sorrow?
Have no way of telling, will know tomorrow,

Did I do everything I am supposed to do today?
Say my prayers, share my love?
Celebrate the Life that I have borrowed,
To remain confident there will be a new tomorrow
Fill my aspirations, my dream.

Written by Charles Garcia
February 20,2005

Charles Garcia

My Thoughts Of You

Words of Wisdom
My Thoughts of You
by Charles Garcia
2006

When I dance under the moonlight my shadows follow me!
Alone in a marvelous wild of facinating memories my thoughts
of you:

Shadows, un-clear my eyes, I began to see: A silhouette,
feel the presence of you near: As you used to be.

I try to create with words, sounds with hidden meanings, that I
alone that hears. Knowing full well, only memories of you thats
no longer here.

All to relate to me, makes us three, moon, shadow, the endearing
memories I hold so dear, will remain,

While I dance under the moonlight, as my shadows fade away,
I seek so dearly the memories of the days that we spent together,
leaving me only with, The thoughts of you.

.

Charles Garcia

New Year Haiku, Issa

Words of wisdom

Issa Haiku

today even the
hordes of hell celebrate
the new year
-Issa,1820

Charles Garcia

No Sight But He Can See.

No sight but he can See.

I feel so sorry for a person
With no sight,
Not eyes I say; but from the heart.

All wrapped up within themselves
Refusing to believe, going through the motions,
Showing no emotions,
The blind telling the deaf man how to see.

There is so much in this world for man to witness,
The mountains, oceans, and the continents, fervently we search,
There is so much for man to see,

Just open up your hearts and
You will truly find, mankind is
Only one, and meant for you and me,

For this is all I ask of you:

Open up your heart, recognize
The truth, be detached and
Share you life, as this be your choice,
You can begin with me.

Charles Garcia
July7,2002

Charles Garcia

Painting With Words

I can remember vividly, when it all began,
I saw the words of wisdom in a color wheel,
Red, blue, yellow, waiting to be blended,
Put into view.
My Oxford became my palette to blend the
Words I seek, to get the message out to you,
As all go together, like painting on a canvas.
Pencils, pens are like brushes or a quill,
Ready to be dipped.
The palette used to mix the words no longer lying,
Still in my mind.
Words finally reach paper, and are posted in the field.
That is how it happened, when it all began.

Poetry by Charles Garcia
Mar.2006

Charles Garcia

Passing Of 2005

Two thousand Five on the way out
Never to return, except in reverie
And thought,
For some happiness and wealth.
Others their plight in poverty and
Strife,
and then some to lose
Someone dear to his or her life,
As the middle of the road no
Longer there,
The wealthy get wealthier
Do not share a dime,
Year's flow swiftly, past seems to
Evaporate into ether, seasons
Blur and blend into one,
Never
Ending, for we can not buy
Expended time, can only
Remember the memories in our
Mind.

Charles Garcia
2005

Charles Garcia

Passion For The Arts

Today the words I find are to be defined
As many meanings to be found,

The Oxford dictionary sorts
them out for all to seek out answers
on a concept or a thought.

The Oxford to a poet
is to register a meaning, register a
thought to put to the pen for others to
seek and have passion for the art.

charles garcia
Jan 23,2005

Charles Garcia

Pen To Paper

I put my pen to paper create a draft, to tell you how I feel,
It's been three years or less; I started poetry, words floating through my mind.
I can hardly believe its real as the words flow from my heart.

Sentimental melancholy I'm to feel, like getting up in the middle of the night and
documenting all my thoughts, seeking pen and paper jot down my verse before I
forget the words I sought.

I can not stop writing as the words gather in my mind, so beautifully going
through my head, my pen with paper always within reach lying there beside me
Within reach always by my side.

Written by charles garcia
Sept 16,2002

Charles Garcia

Pilgrimage

Crystal is on her way to Pilgrimage this day,
All the way to "Haifa", this will make her day.
As Crystal is a Baha'i "That is a 'Faith"
Bringing all of mankind together millions on
This planet Earth,
For once to go on pilgrimage, " forever not the same"
As you will be touched by the nearness of "God"
And never forget his name..
Crystal goes to Haifa, a visit not to stay, her mission
Now is to remember, "Tell all" of her glorious day,
The day of pilgrimage to Haifa,
Crystal shall never Forget this day..

Charles Garcia

Presidential Dream

They solicit a young man
To fulfill his dreams,
a test, in a land of milk and honey,
Oil at its best it seems.

As America and her allies sacrifice their young
for minerals as no profit to be found in sand.

His landmark will be the desert all around,
for he to step upon a mine, perhaps one round
from an unknown insurgent, no uniforms just a plain gown.

The constellation from the east displays galaxies,
from his mound, this young man will never see, being far from overseas,

Sacrifice his life, a war not his own.
A marker on his grave to be his home,

he was so brave. be remembered by his family,
perhaps a friend or two.

Then forgotten as a sacrificial being,
for his life not spared,
To fill a presidential dream.

(Sept 2007)

Charles Garcia

Remember When

I remember the days when looking through the catalog
was all the entertainment that we had, for wishing
day dreaming was a way of life, as poor we did not have,
a nickle could be rare, a lots of time to spare, to wither
away the day, seemed endless by the way! Searching,
wishing was our dream, as knowingly the money was not
there, was no way we could afford, no way to pay,
these were the days of no credit, you pay or you stay.
I took advantage of the catalog, cut
Some pictures, made a caption, a word or two,
hand carried to my friends as stamps cost a penny,
which made them fairly rare as poor, could not afford.

Charles Garcia
Sept 3,2004

Charles Garcia

Rita~ Sister Of Katrina

Just when everything seemed to be calming down,
Rita comes into the act. All knowing where she' at,
Threatening, feigning, this and that.

As Rita is the sister of Katrina, although she does not have all
the class, to cause mass destruction to all in her path.
As Rita calamitously hovers the Florida Keys tonight.
I can visualize, A face frozen in a doorway, pale eyes searching to the
Sky; Thunder overhead, lightning, and rain falling wild in sheets,
Flowing down a windowpane can not see out tonight.

The animals emotionally upset in dire fright, nature in a
Calamitous mood will have her way tonight.

An yet we have no say, as Rita is on her way to greet us in
Her way, Who's to challenge her intentions and where she'll
Finally light today.

Charles Garcia
Tuesday, September 20,2005

Charles Garcia

Road To Nowhere

Why do the unbelievers all put up a false front?
As if they knew it all?
Always trying to put their points across
Not hearing a word you say, not believing you,
Must have everything, their way:

Their achievements not recognizable,
unaware of reality, trying to put you down,
The signs of their mentality, and reasoning are not sound.
Their destiny will be they're new home,
As life does not last forever, waits for no one,
I say: why waste it on your own.

For the unbelievers there is no tomorrow,
for they only live for yesterday,
There will be no second chance to borrow.
Words of Wisdom

Charles Garcia

Search ~ Haiku

Search ~ Haiku

Wide open kept my eyes
searching into the Universe
with attentiveness

charles Garcia
2008

Charles Garcia

Share Your Open Heart

Share your open heart with me today.
As you would with every single friend.
For by sharing your love and happiness,
You could be starting a new trend,
For smiles as you know could be contagious
hugs come along for free, so start your
Everyday off right,
You can start each day with me.

Charles Garcia
6/3/2004

Charles Garcia

Shared Love

When I say "All my Love"

What does it mean?

For I cannot give you all my love.

For others are there to share. You

See.

My love of 'God" takes all preferences,

My love for wife and family.

My associates and friends, without any

Of them I can't survive, as all are a part

Of me.□

My love for nature, the birds, animals in

The field;

The mountains and the seas, the clouds in

The sky, without we can't survive, for they

Spread the Thistles and the seeds oft times

Which, without we can't survive, as a sustenance of life.

So when I say, "I love you" that's only a part of it,

As I share my love for all humanity.

That's plain, and it has to be.

6/2/2004

Charles Garcia

Someone In The Wings

Someone there to put it all together, working in the wings,
Also someone there to let the curtain up as our guest of honor sings,
The applause will be there, people everywhere displaying their approval of your
stay. What goes around will come around as what people say, for the melody
lingers on.

So don't forget your lines, stage fright as they say, the curtain still down for you
have studied very hard, once the curtain up it will come to you, as confidence
that someone standing in the wings will guide you through, as they know all the
words,

Suddenly you are on your own, the cycle to begin over again, the applause will
be there and you will do your thing.

Don't look down, look straight ahead,
Just stare out to the lights the audience you will feel, not see,
As they sit quietly behind the glare, engrossed in what they hear.
Don't let ego get in the way, as ovation not at all.
Stray away to far to soon, you shall lose it all,

And remember that someone: " working in the wings.
Will never let you down."

Charles Garcia
Aug 2002

Charles Garcia

Split Stone 2

Driving through the gorge the split stone
Again I see.

And I wondered what it is to go back in time,
And just what it all means.

Reminding me of creation when this rock was
Perhaps, a grain of sand lying on the bottom
Of a sea.

If I had eyes to see, and mind to know,
That this grain of sand would be,
As in my hand a single grain I hold.

Will man ever truly understand?
Life's Mystery?

Written by Charles Garcia
March 2006

Charles Garcia

Statue Of Lincoln

Statue of Lincoln
Charles Garcia

Through my stone eyes I see
People looking up at me,
They all stare as if in awe,
The perfection, that of me,

As they look up, stare,
People mumble as in fear,
As deaf and blind to them,
I Appear.

Stone that I am, no flesh or bones,
Blind and deaf too!
A story to be told. Lincoln.

Here to remind all men that there is
Hope to survive, strive for perfection,
happiness, life, liberty.

If we follow the words of Lincoln.
From the heart be sincere.
"All men created equal"

I cannot see, I cannot hear,
as only a statue to remind,

I make my message clear,
Lincoln.

2008

Charles Garcia

Stay A Moment Longer

Stay a Moment Longer.

I say: stay a moment longer, listen to what I have to say:

The things you do not want to hear as we are all going to
the same place, no choice but to pray.

A place we choose not to stay, this given day,

Open up your eyes from solemn sleep, put your hands
Across your heart, feel a heartbeat not to be surprised to
Know you are all there, not in part,
as we wait the dawn so much Awaits us,
not to be all-wrong.

A dream can be your tomorrow as they say; so do not
dwell in sorrow for tomorrow, could turn a life of rapture
into felicity, this is the tomorrow we waited for yesterday,
Lets be happy in it.

Charles Garcia
2004

Charles Garcia

Strenght From Within

Strength from Within

I get my strength from within.
I thrive in others teachings,
I began my search on day of birth,
God blessed my mother for all its worth,
I thank my teachers for their patience their effort, .
I play hooky with ignorance, that is at first,
I learned right from wrong, carry me a straight path.
I am more happy than most, much wiser than my host,
I have no problems with the end, as I to realize the
beginning where it began.
I am a force of nature, I hunger for loss of ignorance,
I reckon to be dealt with. for I hunger to expand my
mind, the fullness of my body for I am spirit as a human,
I expect failure as I expand with my thoughts.
I don't pretend to understand, as all new knowledge
to be found for I search with my fingers, I listen to my
eyes, my heart.
For I am piece of a puzzle already in place, a dictionary
with meanings of tomorrow, to take its place, for I never
think of only me. myself, but others that cross my path.
I know of the turmoil of the world today and tomorrow
I need no one to remind me, of this sorrow for I take this
road not by myself, the whole world to follow.
For I have been blessed and understand the purpose of
the urgency to the outcome of today and tomorrow
and I feel that this to come about with our new president
Barrack O 'Bama.

2009

Charles Garcia

Strolling Through The Woods

While strolling through the woods one day hanging from a tree
I witnessed a thousand bees or more,
Clamoring to get inside a hive to do what they do best.
Their wings, as a fan giving off a resonating sound,
"As an Orchestra in tune trying to find its key.
I dare not stir or make a sound or move, let them be.
As how does one defend themselves against a nest of swarming bees.

Charles Garcia

Sunday Worship

Baha'i Prayer ~ Baha-u-Allah;

Intone, O My servant the verses of God

You have received that, as intoned by them who have drawn nigh unto Him
That the sweetness of thy melody may kindle thine own soul and attract the
heart of all men.

Whoso recited, in the privacy of his chamber, the verses revealed by God,
The scattering angels of the Almighty shall scatter abroad the fragrance of the
words uttered by his mouth and shall cause the heart of every righteous man to
throb.

Though he may, at first, remain unaware of its effect, yet the virtue of the grace
vouchsafed unto him must needs sooner or later exercise its influence upon his
soul.

Thus have the mysteries of the Revelation of God been decreed by virtue of the
Will of Him who is the Source of power and wisdom

(Excerpts from the Baha'I Faith)

Charles Garcia

Sunrise Sunset~ Haiku

Just another sunrise
Who is to know the difference
Another day or Night

Charles Garcia

Talents Abundant

Words of wonder,
story and rhyme.
You weave them,
design them,
they are always sublime.

You honor me
with the time that it takes
to write poetry and add pictures,
all for happiness sakes.

They make me laugh,
They make me pause.
They are always written
without any flaws.

You are a man
of talents abundant.
There's nothing about you
that's ever redundant!

A laptop, a hammer,
a printer or saw.
Your tools are your life
But your words create awe.

I struggle with Haiku,
and limericks defeat me.
Sonnets are lengthy,
I'll go climb a big tree!

But now I'll end this silly thing
My effort, though sincere,
Can NEVER top your excellence
It's you that I hold dear!

*written by Rita just for Me:
2006

Charles Garcia

Tell Yourself Daily ~ Haiku

Tell yourself Daily ~ Haiku
Charles Garcia

Tell yourself daily
Will this matter year from now?
Avoid mental stress.

2008

Charles Garcia

The Aged And The Dying

Why are people so afraid, this day to surely come,
Some will take the long way,
convalescent hospital some at home, the situation
Is the same, a room 10x10 a 4 drawer dresser,
Perhaps a chair to rest your feet, you will be allowed
Space on the wall to hang the pictures of you loved
Ones you never see no more, This my friend what is
Waiting for you, everyone, can't for-tell the day,
God to have his way. Assigns the hour and the time,
As we have no say.
When I grow old! I too will forget this worldly mess,
But until this day comes when I am senile let me
Remember the happiness of the past,
The family I have and all that.

Written by Charles Garcia

Charles Garcia

The Alphabet

In the alphabet, many words to be found
As all to be said, before,
Contained in the alphabet 26 no more,
To be unscrambled as the thoughts come to be,
As our interpretations dictate our memories
You and me.

All the wisdom is contained as to Mans,
Understanding to correlate the words, taking
Many different reasoning, thinking carefully of
The thoughts, for all the words are written,
One time or another as new expressions and
Interpretation of faculty and reasoning of
Our thoughts.

charles garcia
2005

Charles Garcia

The Cork

Have you ever seen a cork
Bobbling up and down? It's the buoyancy
that holds it up after it goes down,
Why does it not sink? the second time around?
there comes a time when the cork reaches a
saturation point and this time it does not rise.

This is the time to look at oneself at the
Reality of it all. too much of the past will weigh
heavily on the future if not sifted good from bad.

So keep a string attached, grab a ring, hang on.
The cork wont hold you down

Charles Garcia

The Honey Bee

The Rose bud begins to bloom
the bees are standing by, waiting
for the nectar deep inside,
The bee spreads out its feet gather
up the pollen to transplant to every
flower that it seeks, Than make the
nectar into honey, I give you this rose,
for every pedal represents the love
I hold for you.

by Charles Garcia
7, February 2004

Charles Garcia

The Honey Bee(Two)

The Honey Bee (two)

While strolling through the woods one day hanging from a tree,
I witnessed a thousand bees or more,
swirling doing as they so please.

Clamoring to get inside a hive that they so designed,
to do what they do best like make a honeycomb,
hanging from a vine.

Their wings, as of fans, a beautiful resonating sound,
"As an Orchestra in fine tuning, trying to find its key.

I dare not stir, or make a sound or move, let them be.
As how does one defend themselves against a nest of
swarming bees.

August 2006

Charles Garcia

The Road You Travel

Let me tell you! Hard times have no address,
Don't think your situations any different from the rest.
If you put your trust in God then you will pass the test,

Just like a little birdie to fly from the nest. When she's
weaned from her mom, she can spread her wings,
Keep her eyes on the scene to fulfill her dreams.
Climbs a branch one at a time, 'til she reach the top,
Once her confidence is built, ain't no way she can stop.

If at first you don't succeed and you happen to fall,
Get up, dust off your knees and give the Lord a call.

I've been there and I know exactly how it feels,
Robbing Peter, paying Paul and tryin' to pay the bills.
But you have to stay focused, on the straight and narrow,

That's why God used Moses to free his people from the
Pharaoh, Keep your conversation pure and with those
who are sincere, on your level and expertise.
It's not about the car you drive but the road you travel...

Charles Garcia
may 5,2005

Charles Garcia

The Rose Open Up Your Eyes

My eyes are open, I can plainly see,
The abundance of life, that surrounds
Me.

I shall never tire of the fragrance of the
Rose.

Emitting perfume from my garden where
The blossoms grow,

My heart be open, never to forget,
Moments of the past,
As to all my friends and family,
As above forever lasts.

Fill me up with mercy for the souls in need,
For the words that I may speak,
Compassion lies within my heart,
The abundance of life that is.
To be a part of me, that I be so meek.

That I not forget as to the fragrance of
the rose.

Charles Garcia

Time ~haiku

Words of Wisdom ~ Haiku

Time

Time of the essence
Waits just momentarily
It will come your way

Charles Garcia
Feb.2005

Charles Garcia

To Succumb

One day I was Left in darkness-surrounded by
Oncoming fears, fear of all this empty space,
fear of someone to take your place,

Little did I know that I would be all-alone?
Fear of no one to take my hand, no one to
Understand the pain embedded in my heart.

No shelter where I could hide.
I was unable to run from pain,
As all my memories, locked up inside.

Years of suffering and now you are gone
No one to listen to my cries,

I shall maintain a diligent search, perhaps
To fill this void that lies within my heart

For someone may fill this void, but never
Take your place.

Written by
Charles Garcia
Dec.2000

Charles Garcia

To Tell You Everyday

When I look into your eyes,
My heart skips a beat as our
Lips are about to meet.

How time flies.

As I need no prompter

To

remind me that I love you.

That I want to

Spend the rest of my life

With you

written by charles garcia

Feb 16,2004

Charles Garcia

Today Life Begins

Today you're life begins all over again
Today, you have the opportunity to be happy in it.
Today you shall experience love, and feel the warmth
of one who loves you, more than yesterday.
Today you can choose, what to carry with you,
what to leave behind.
Today you have to live your life as you
know best, best be lived, as today is golden;
today is here, and you are here, to keep this love
of mine flowing. Today is the culmination of every
day past and future: it will be what ever you decide
to make it. I hope that I am in your thoughts, to
bring this about therefore, know the truth:
that there is someone out there who loves you too!
charles garcia
2004

Charles Garcia

Tomorrow Will Begin Anew

Today we have naming of parts; we have to do the daily cleansing of our souls,
For tomorrow will begin anew.

Today we have actions that we must take, as winter is ending the morning dew,

Words and actions that must construe, deeds not words,

The bee's fly forward and backward, seeking out the nectar they so desire.

In rapid flight, Birds twiddle as they fly from the south, in unison, their path laid
out,

Today we must be thankful if we were of the few, to wake up with no sorrow,
No bad pain,

For some a wealth of ideas, a brand new start, for some to lose it all, and

Some will get the call, to leave this earthly life, .their time not renewed,

Today, be thankful, treat it as your last. Wait for tomorrow to begin anew.

©Charles Garcia
January 18,2006

Charles Garcia

Tribute To Prudence Ann Garcia

I be no longer There

Don't stand there by my grave and cry,
For I no longer there, in spirit I did not die:

Look up to the sky, I am the breeze you
Feel, the radiating moonbeams falling from
The sky.

I am the gentle fallen rain, the celestials
You gaze at will every night. I have left
This earthly life for one of inestimable
eternity for there I shall always be.

Do not share a single tear for me, for I am
Not far away. I did not die, I shall be
patiently waiting, patiently waiting,
for inevitable the day will come,
When you shall be there with me.

Charles Garcia June 30,2006

Charles Garcia

Tribute To Robert Rowland

Don't shed a tear for me.
Move to a window, gaze out at the sky.

Although I am no longer near,
My life on Earth expended,

The world goes on.

For now, I am free of the pettiness and
Meaninglessness of life;
No more pain or suffering.

In spirit, I shall live forever,
Though all about me, silence lies.

My spirit shall transcend,
Somewhere else or here.

For, you see, I did not die.

Charles Garcia - May 2006

Charles Garcia

Tribute To Th Uss Meredith Dd434

USS Meredith DD434
Charles Garcia

She was a mighty ship; In the Solomon Islands
She was, 15th of October, San Christibol where
She went down, Master of the ship, Captain
Harry E Hubbard under his command.

The Japanese came in numbers, 40 maybe more,
Kamikaze bombers deciding to score.

All dive bombers whose lives not spared, in the name of Emperor Hirohito, they
attacked not scared.

One by one they disappear in the face of the enemy
As the guns of the Meredith fire at will, find there
marks as the attack begins at dawn. .

But there is more;

She fought gallantly till the end she could fight no more, as the Kamikazi's find
their mark and score,

She can stand no more; Over side, over side, the Captain of the ship decides,
abandon ship as no place to hide, We must leave her if we are to survive,
Abandon ship out goes the call, many jump overboard into the sea, laden in oil.
Last to leave our Captain when it becomes his turn, into the murky waters seen
no more.

Many ships to be named by this gallant crew.

Begins with:

USS Harry E Hubbard DD748

USS Edgar Chase DE16

USS Atherton DE 169

USS Cockrill DE 398

USS Naifeh DE 352

USS Odum DE 670

USS Durik DE666

For no other Ships in History have had more names,
Named for her crew.

Inspired by Robert Robinson CQM Survivor of the USS Meredith.

2008

Charles Garcia

Tribute To The Garcia Family

Today your life begins all over again,
Today you have the opportunity to be happy in it,
Today you shall experience love, and feel the warmth
Of everyone who loves you more than yesterday.
Today you can choose what to carry with you and what
To leave behind.
Today you have to live your life as you know best.

For today is Golden as today is here, and you are here
To give and accept the love that is deserving.
Today is the culmination of every day past and future too,
For it will be what ever you decide to make it do,
Therefore know the truth, that there is someone out there
That is thinking and loving you.

Charles Garcia

Troop Ship

High on the crows nest an albatross.
All mariners know not to harm her
As she's to bring good luck,

Queerly huddled many soldiers rest, on the ships decks, we huddle, lie in all sorts
of ways rest our heads our life jackets act as pillows to rest our head.
Drop off into a doze, for we cannot sleep, the west wind sends a breeze against
our face,

For we sail day and night, not knowing what our plight: :
The Captain of the ship knows where we shall alight. We must be cautious if we
are to survive tonight.
As the submarines do their thing the sun sinks out of sight, for if we are to die,
please "God" not at sea tonight.
The Albatross has left us, continues on her flight.

Charles Garcia

Truth From Fiction! Haiku

Truth from Fiction~ Haiku

My thirst for knowledge.
Desiring, know truth from fiction
Clear understanding.

Charles Garcia
2007

Charles Garcia

Turbulent Waters ~ Haiku

Words of Wisdom

Turbulent Waters~ Haiku

Turbulent Waters

Mountain trout in deep pools lurk

Casting line in search

charles Garcia

2005

Charles Garcia

Veteran Wwll On Parade

Veterans on Parade WWII
Charles Garcia

Year after year the numbers get smaller
Someday no one will march there at all,

The young people asked;
What are they marching for?
No one has the answer.

As the old men have no choice but to
Answer when called.

Year after year, their numbers get smaller
Some day no one will march there
at all.*

I

Charles Garcia

Waiting Pores ~haiku

Words of Wisdom

Fill void, waiting pores.
Unknown depths of anxious self.

You must fall in love.

Charles Garcia

War Is Boredom

War is Boredom

War is Boredom

War can be defined as long periods of boredom, short burst of terror, seemingly lasting forever, To those who are there, Waiting for another outburst, which never seems to cease.

You Pray, you count all your blessings, the outgoing not what you fear, its the incoming that can't be trusted.

War can be defined as boredom, for those who's life was spared, as the days in between that matters, on those who life spent there.

2008

Charles Garcia

Water Falls ~ Haiku

Water falls down not up
Palette of color await all
Rainbow in the Mist

Charles Garcia
2004

Charles Garcia

What Are Friends For

What is a friend for but to listen
To your woes,
A true friend will not step upon
Your toes.

As the secrets you so cherish
is never to be told or shared
with anyone but him.

For a true friend with gentle hands
Reaches out to you willingly to soothe
Your thoughts,
keeps your secrets in his Heart:
Your secrets never to be told.

written by Charles Garcia
2003

Charles Garcia

When Children Were Allowed To Play

When Children were allowed to Play.
Under the Corner Light Post

I from White they from Black,
Slanted eyes, red cheeks, mattered not,

Around the pole like little lambs we play,
Without a worry without a care,

As in a circle we hold hands, pass the
Time away, our imaginations are all
The toys we had, to culminate the passing of these
Days.

Oh! How I long to remember, brings back so many memories,
These were the games we played,

Kick the can, Hide n seek, Hop scotch, Simon says?
Spin the bottle, but not there!

As "Race" mattered not, as children are one family, true love always in the air,
what has happened to these good old days?
When children not questioned with, whom they were allowed to play.

Charles Garcia
Nov. 2006

Charles Garcia

When Will We Ever Learn

There is so much out there of concern
When will we ever learn?
How many times must man turn his head?
Pretends he does not understand?

War destruction everywhere touches everyone
From sea to sea, seems no one in control.

Not in my backyard matters not whose on the
Throne, as prayers to be said, as we bring our
Sons and daughters back to our native land,
to be buried in our soil near home.

When will we ever learn? The whole world is of
Our concern, as Americans we stand up tall,
How many ears must man have to hear the people

Charles Garcia

Wisteria Trellis

Trellis built sturdy, in the garden stands,
For springtime is for beauty, wisteria demands,
First to show its buds, on the branches to turn
Into a flower, form into a cone.

When the time comes to gently fall upon the ground,
The pebbles of the flower disintegrate and fall,

The leaves to form from within cling onto the trellis
Creates a wall, to stand all spring, and when the last leaf
Begins to fall, there waiting, are all the pods, lying on
The ground, to begin life all over again when spring
Time comes around.
The wisteria into a flower, and forms into a cone..

August 2006

Charles Garcia

Wisteria~ Haiku

After the Flowers.
Leaves remain until they fall.
Wisteria Pods.

Charles Garcia

Woman And A Train

Women and a Train

One day standing on a platform,
A women in her finest frock,
Stood by as the train came to a stop,

Stopping just in front of her, eye
Level yes, it was.
Was a young man and his wife,
Looking out the window,

The young man gave a sigh, as he
Came eye to eye, with this maiden,
on the platform, from ear to ear
She returns with a smile, .

As the young man did no wrong,
Broke no spiritual command, seducing
An unarmed girl with a friendly smile,

The train moves on, no good bye,
gives a cry as he comes eye to eye with
his wife, twisting his ear,
explains: snap out of it my dear.
I wonder what happened? To this beautiful
Young lady standing, as we pass by?

Charles Garcia

Nov 2003

Charles Garcia

Words

A Thing said, a remark, or conversation
comfort or an uplifting thought,
expression of love, can bring on hate,

Words, simple and honest, can bring hurt
or sorrow, could be threatening or worse,
cannot take back tomorrow.

Words can meld two lovers together,
an association to last forever if
spoken gently from the heart.

words can separate us forever
out of context from the start
if not chosen wisely, can bend a
broken heart.

Words can bring music to the ears,
if we take the time to listen, always
there sweet melodies to linger on.

words bring love and everlasting
beauty to last for years perhaps
forever if you so desire.

written by Charles Garcia
Monday, January 2, 2005

Charles Garcia

Yellow Leaves Resting~ Haiku

Yellow Leaves Resting~ Haiku

Yellow leaves resting
Now a withered flower
Back again next Spring

Charles Garcia
2007

Charles Garcia

Your Eyes Be A Camera;

My beloved Friends,
In your heart and souls,
I desire only to be remembered, '
with compassionate love and laughter,
Your eyes be a camera,
not a shutter, closed.

charles garcia
2008

Charles Garcia