

Poetry Series

**chas garcia**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2014

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

## chas garcia(October 29,1924)

I am not a Poet

I am not a poet; I write poetry I was inspired to write just 2 years ago after a bout of depression and anxiety, believing that I had ulcers, I was to find out later that I had no ulcers, it was my heart giving out.

Mental breakdown to follow, physical too I was having a heart attack, I didn't know what to do. I was advised by consul to dictate my every move, I started documenting and found I was putting everything in my writing in rhythm and words be true.

In the beginning my mind focused on pain, and suffering, that is the basis of my poetry, than I started noticing the birds and the bee.

All of a sudden feeling, for the downtrodden, recognizing myself as a true force in need, the whole world opening in my thoughts waiting there for me.

How can I help to solve, what am I to do. as prayers is all I had.

I found love in my daily thoughts. my poetry had a jumping start.

I dedicate my poetry to my family the present and the past, but most of all I shall never forget my Kitty Kat. As I betrayed her before her her to sleep, she was blind.

June 4 2003

# A Beaten Path

Lost off the beaten path,  
a little dot on the state road map.

Kalihi Uka was its name  
a place where I was born.

A state highway now in place,  
striped road to guide, a given space,  
The mighty mountain highway,

No more gardens plots to grow,  
No more rivers to wash the clothes.

The outhouse had its time.

Must find another place to hide.

This my home, in Honolulu, Hawaii.

another path, this time in California,

Good bye to a centenary of family and  
of friends.□

chas garcia

# A Chocolate Valentine

To you this box of Chocolate  
to you I am 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 am sincere.  
for anonymously I have no other  
motives other than declare, my love  
for you, happy valentine day.

chas garcia

# A Cloudy Day

Cloudy skies obscure your view  
A sight of blue shines through.

A slight breeze moves the clouds, from  
east to west letting the sun-shine  
through.

As a warm breeze to caress your face,  
making you feel at ease.

Reminding you of the days gone by.

Sorting all anxieties, leaving your  
mind free, and a clear.

For a heart be none but innocent.

distinction from love and fear.

chas garcia

# A Day At The V.A.

Today I saw a cripple leaning over his food and tray  
Trying to manipulate a simple movement in dismay,  
his back arched, can hardly walk, can only see his shoes.  
His spine is gone, not to know how long or when or from,  
never the less not there.

I could not see his eyes, he seem to accept the best he can,  
this my recollection of the visit of this man.

at the Veterans Affairs, I feel so sorry for this man  
as doing the best he can.

2003

chas garcia

# A Day At The Zoo

Yesterday I told you of a monkey in a tree, fenced, in to protect him from you  
and try feeding him peanuts, Cracker Jack, things like that, laughing in his face,  
jesters too. Not to realize that you are making fun of yourself, not the monkey, If  
only you could be in his place looking out at you. It's funny, but the jokes not of  
him but on he is doing great, being in this estate, doing what monkeys thing for  
his conveniences and all for no mistake  
so if it pleases you take a good look, make a funny face but to remind yourself,  
that you are the one, that's paid a dollar just to come and tease. so take one  
more look before you leave for you are the one that has the problem, not the  
monkey in the tree.

chas garcia

# A Day In School

Today I shall ask a child, what did you learn yesterday?  
I shall ask a child, what did you learn?  
Today we shall count to 10, the alphabet to begin,  
ABCDE&f will be the starters for today.  
Children listen to what I have to say, for tomorrow  
You will have your way, to express the very words,  
that was the highlights of today. Then on and on to  
the next phase of GHIJKLMNO we have a long way to go.  
I ask a child what did you learn yesterday in school?  
I expect the answer to be nay. Mr. I know that  
you have made my day, I'll know that you are on your way.

chas garcia



# A Day To Be Remembered

been two years now, year 2000.

that we lost our Betty.

The saddest day of my life, for you

knowing that it will take many more

to forget, the good times that we had,

counting week ends it was 55 years.

She left us gone are these days, but never forgotten,

so says Crystal and Charlie. We shall carry on, her work,

in her remembrance we shall never forget this day; to remember.

chas garcia

# A Day To Remember 11

Its a holiday for most, work hard now time to play,  
Where shall we go on our holiday?  
To relax in the sun, I work for this day  
I deserve to play.

But the truth is this is a sad day, sadder than you  
Think, many lives have be sacrificed so you may  
Have your say.

This memorial day so many service men are gone  
Remember by so few. For this is about world war all  
The vets of Korea, Vietnam to name a few, we build  
memorials for all to see. Please don't forget our veterans,  
Forever they shall remain headstones on the green.

chas garcia

## A Day To Remember (3)

Thinking of tomorrow as this day to past,  
some things to remember, some things to forget.  
some things said today, we may regret,  
as in our minds, not happen yet.  
time to set aside, the bad omens of our thoughts.  
Concentrate on a new day with perceptiveness.

2004

chas garcia

# A Day To Remember 1

It's been two years now, year 2000.  
That we lost our Betty.  
The saddest day of my life, for you see  
Knowing that it will take many more  
To forget, the good times that we had,  
Counting week ends it was 55 years now  
She left us gone so are these days, but not forgotten,  
Promise you that. So says Crystal and Charlie,  
We shall carry on, her work, so in her remembrance  
We shall never forget this day; Aug 7 2000

chas garcia

# A Flower

Gather in the flowers if you may,  
will last forever.  
The same flowers in bloom today,  
tomorrow will wither.  
Use your time wisely for once it's gone  
it's gone forever.  
No matter how hard the past was spent,  
today you can do much better.  
As the flower wilted today, placed in a book  
will last forever.

chas garcia

# A Long Walk

There is an old saying; beware of the heart you break, it may be your own. This is true as a heart is vulnerable. As my heart in the now I prefer to be in the middle of a circle, as a circle is round very strong has no -for, I envision myself as a monkey in a cage, looking out at the world feeling comfortable in a given re-tired I feel that you are the one outside this circle, not me, as all my comforts are action free. I paid my dues at a given rate, and I shall do my time. I say; pay attention to me and you shall do just the wisdom that I share as true as I stay within my circle, keep my ber a long walk, a short talk, listen to the message I share with you.

chas garcia

# A New Born Stem

~Haiku

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

chas garcia

# A Nickle Could Be Rare

Was all the entertainment that we had, for wishing and day-dreaming?  
Was a way of life, for we did not have.  
A nickel could be rare, change to spare, depending how you spent it,  
there were endless ways to share.  
Searching and wishing was our dream, as all for free,  
having a nickel to spare was a un-attainable as not there.  
These where the days of no credit as you pay or you stay.  
as no credit cards by the way. I cut out some pictures made a caption  
perhaps a word or two, hand carried to my friends as stamps cost  
a penny or more. Which made them fairly rare could not afford.

chas garcia



# A Soldiers Lament

When considered how my life was spent to grow up to this event  
While our generals and President prophecies mocked up events.  
mass destruction, from behind a desk, Saddam is our s the world in turmoil, a  
day of darkness, needs our help, as nations fighting nations, not willing to share  
their wealth. Our President could care less. As death to come from the unknown,  
mothers not to hear their death moans, as their life shattered in the cold  
mountains of  
Afghanistan, Iraq, and now looking at Iran. This in the name of justice, this we  
are told, a mad man on the we forget our sons and daughters gone? can we  
realize a useless war is on? all in the name of our President, his dreams,  
all in the name of is justice done? Where is justice done?  
for I have lost a daughter or a son.  
as death to come from those ps a kid begging for some candy, with a grenade  
ready to be thrown. Or perhaps a little old lady, hidden underneath her robe,  
could happen anyway like that.  
Our President does not hear his screaming, his mother cannot hear him as he  
sheds his last tears, nor hear his deathly moans, his last gurgle before he the  
only memories that this mother has, is that he is  
gone; never will he come our President goes on with his filthy intention to bring  
our sons or daughters home.

chas garcia

# A Space For You

Words of Wisdom:

Can't see the forest for the trees, old fable but true you see,  
as a child we can cling to mother dear,  
feel self-content, confident, as she is always near.

We shall not know or understand for many years as different levels we are to  
grow.

Not easy as some to excel and some will lose their ability to sow,

Lose a puppy love the world all wrong, your parents will interfere as to your  
plan, no one to hear or understand...

Always there is mom. What to wear comb your hair, no rings in your nose,  
navel, God forbid other places we are told, this will last till puberty she will not  
let go.

Use good judgment and faith in God, you will find your way; you will be part of  
the odds this I'm told, don't be swayed, for you have been told.

My advice to you, forget the I's the we, the you, and focus  
On the world, and of its nature, and as without mother there would not be a  
space for you.

chas garcia

# A Space For You Mother

Can't see the forest for the trees, old fable but true you see,  
as a child we can cling to mother dear, feel self-content, confident, as she is  
always shall not know or understand for many years as different levels we are to  
easy as some to excel and some will loose their grip and fall. Lose a puppy love  
the world all wrong, your parents will interfere, as to your plans, no one to hear  
or understand. Always there is mom. what to wear, comb your hair, no rings in  
your nose, or navel, God forbid, other places we are told,  
this will last till puberty. she will not let good judgment and faith in God, you will  
find your way, you will be part of the odds this I'm told, don't be swayed for you  
be part of advice to you, forget the I's the we, the you, and focus on the world,  
and of nature, and as without mother there would not be a space for you.

chas garcia

# Agony Of It All

I look out; falling rain drops  
one by one, create a puddle,  
a stream, from a tributary into a river,  
will eventually guide us back to the sea.  
The wind in motion, we feel the breeze  
that's inviting. As the sky will be blue tomorrow,  
the hills in bloom, beautiful back to nature.  
can we envision, the tree branches swaying  
the skies peaking through the clouds, just, there  
to please, if you are to gaze out to the horizon,  
What a wonderful sight as this is the moment so  
comforting, always there to please.

chas garcia

# All Along I Long For You

All year long, I long for you, to take  
this opportunity to say I love you.  
Please accept this special card that  
I set aside for you.  
Although you do not know who I am,  
There is someone out there that  
admires you,  
I hope you understand.  
Someone anonymously  
that loves you.  
Happy Valentine day.

chas garcia

# All Of A Sudden

All of a sudden there you are,  
A silhouette against the sky,  
I knew then, I know now.  
That this girl was meant for me.  
2004

chas garcia

# All Of A Sudden It All Ended

All of a sudden it all ended, sunset came and you were gone,  
The memories to linger on.  
The days of wondering, the loneliness of not having you here  
will linger on, a new life to begin.  
Although gone the memories embedded in my heart, will not depart,  
the sun rises, life must go on, death is so permanent, a new start.

As standing in the wings, there may be someone to fill this void.  
but never take your place.

The pain you are to leave, the music no longer there. For somewhere out there,  
is someone burning scented candles waiting for the flowers to bloom, there may  
be someone waiting in the wings, To take your place but never overtake my  
heart or the memories of you.

chas garcia

# All That Glitters Is Not Gold

All that glitters is not gold, our eyes meet the test.  
Those that are to wander are not always lost.  
The old saying are strong, do not stray.  
deep roots not reached by the frost.  
never underestimate the deepness of a rock.  
From the ashes a fire can be rekindled, a shadow  
will follow light.  
Comes spring a twig that has been broken,  
will be replaced.  
Selfish we spend our time, complacent to our needs,  
our thoughts. All that Glitters is not gold

chas garcia



# Am I Really That Old

Let's see to remember the ziggurat the pyramids  
the Niles at flood stage.

When Atlantis was a city as well as Pompeii.

Romans building cities, had it their way,

Pyramids all along the way. Then came Jesus,  
he was to fall, a Pope or two to save us all.

am I that old; to remember, ? camels, donkeys,  
was the only way to travel, literally speaking  
to get back home, the Model T Ford, was handy.  
but who could afford.

Only birds could fly, no mail as we know today,  
pony express had its day the choo choo train.

As pigeons the only way to convey a messages that  
had important things to say, as how could it be,  
as no stamps invented as we have today.

The lifeline of man the Bible says was hundreds of  
years give a year each way; at 82 I am young at heart  
as all the wisdom is buried in my heart to stay.

I shall write poetry till I can write no more.

as my parents guided me to this path.

all the virtues of God I have, as I be young at heart.

chas garcia

# Anger

Yesterday I wrote of anger, I find anger reaches out to happiness,  
and happiness brings on gladness;  
If you have happiness I am told; you have tranquility and tranquility  
brings on serenity.  
For if you find serenity and happiness in your day, nothing will get  
in its way, as serenity can only bring on love.  
That's what it's all about, know and love God and mankind.  
and be thankful that we have many ways, to show this love.  
and not let anger get its way.

chas garcia

# Another Sunset

Another Sunset

A re-creation of Creation

Life begins on Earth

chas garcia

# Another Sunset You Observed

For what you are to see, can only be seen by you,  
as one second its gone from view.  
no one will see the same formation,  
who's to say wind freedom has its way.  
The mystical clouds are seen in different ways.  
not the same feast everyone's mystical  
clouds is different, everyday. who's to say; wind  
freedom not have its way.  
we only see the similarity, of some formation  
that to change every second, every hour, every day.  
as yesterday's not the same. not to stay,  
only to register the reality of what's seen today.

2008.

chas garcia

# Answer At Bay

Could this be the answer? It's 5 am.  
I awake this morning, slept all night,  
took my medications, feel alright,  
no more is what I have to say;  
perhaps to change my ways, regulate my diet  
and my pills, do as the doctors says.  
For this may be the only answer that I  
am to find today, no more pain and whats  
left of it. all mine.

chas garcia

# Anticipation

Sitting here in anticipation of what to write,  
thoughts seem to be filtering in my mind tonight.  
Once words are coordinated different meaning to  
be found, of the words that I am to document tonight.  
Describing the words that I choose, there all the time,  
as the poetry in my head is found, to rhyme, gives me a handle  
as what to be said and write,  
of the words, I had in mind tonight.

chas garcia

# Artist Eleanora

This is what I have to say;  
Where does all this energy come from?  
that you process, what keeps you all hyped  
up, need no rest.  
You say you have this urge to paint,  
that's why you are to partake.  
That is why you are to take painting lessons  
twice a week.  
Then one day, at the break of day, with brushes  
in hand, you begin to paint.  
But this time it isn't a canvas that you seek,  
but the kitchen cabinets and the sink.  
You must be proud of what you learned.  
not an easy skill and the training,  
the accomplishment, of mixing paint,  
getting the colors that you choose.  
the kitchen cabinets look brand new.

chas garcia

# As Poor We Did Not Have

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  
many memories, these were the games we played.  
kick the can, hide n seek, hop scotch, simon  
says? spin the bottle, but not race,  
mattered not, as children are one  
love always in the has happened to  
these good old days? When children not quest-  
tion, were allowed to play.

chas garcia



# As To Pain

To the beholder the depth of sorrow.  
day in day out we dread tomorrow,  
although we do not know, when pain has  
reached its peak, its peak be tided as it had  
its we shall resound with sound and  
cry out with our prayers to be  
answered, no more pain.

chas garcia

# Ask Me About The Angels

Ask me about the angels, ask me about the stars.  
Ask me about anything near or far.

I'll try to give you an answer as to your request,  
To the best of my knowledge I'll do my best.

As close as to my understanding of the celestial skies  
As you are the manifestation of what is here and gone by.

As I was thought to keep my head down, but holding  
my head up high.  
never to forget the almighty in the sky.

As I be divinely inspired by the acts of God.  
The angels are my guide.

chas garcia

# Beebe Hospital

My visit to Beebe hospital a day was spent,  
See if my nerves and senses in place, my stent,  
Doing what they are supposed to do.  
The nurse's very cooperative checked me out,  
fingers to my toes.  
Checked my heart stent for it has a flutter or two,  
not keeping time, skips a beat or two.  
At Beebe hospital I spent my day,  
Taking x-rays echocardiogram.  
Very satisfied with their services, and their plans.  
Crystal my guide, standing by.  
won't get the results for a day or two,  
they will let me know if anything new.  
I will wait for my results.  
of what I have to do.

chas garcia

# Betrayal

I tripped the last time you pushed me, somehow I was able to catch myself able to take control, I'f you continue to push me I may lose this control and fall, I'f you wish me to fall; I will fall, and you are strong enough to overtake me, if I was to ps you do not understand, to the full extent, of what this means to me, each time you push me, make me stumble, cause me to fall.

In my life I seek a path; I sometimes feel a cold hand pushing me to the unknown. I try to find my way back, the safe path that I took, but find myself in darkness on the way home. Then I finally realize that what is causing me to fall, without my cane, I stumble I fall.

chas garcia

# Boarding House

A place to get your mail, a place to lay your head,  
a meal once or twice a day, a place to meditate and  
find your way. A place to find rules to follow,  
keep your room in order, do not mislay, as the rules  
are here to visitors unless approved, stay fully  
clothed, do not withhold, you have been fast  
at seven dinners at four, be on time, as nothing more.  
wait for morning breakfast seven to nine.

chas garcia

# Children's Dreams

A child's dream is what it's all about; any witness to the contrary should not be allowed. The secret of success is not in trying to be perfect, but in working to reach their intended goal. Not all can be perfect, but all have a story to be told and we should listen to all. To succeed is not easy, but all need a chance to try. We must encourage them to work diligently until they get it right. Their ideas need honing, so be patient and at ease; if they try but for some reason fail, persuade them to try, and try again. For some, success comes sooner; for others, failing a first or even a second attempt, does not mean they shouldn't try again. The secret is in persevering, not giving up in haste.

So do not knock their childish dreams as wild imagining. They will know, in time, when to spread their wings, but once aloft return it's not easy. Their destinations will vary; no one can predict how many roads they'll travel or where they'll go. The answers to these questions will unfold in time.

While some will succeed, some will not, but do not discourage a child from trying for the dream embedded in their heart, for that is all they have at this time, all they have to offer.

chas garcia

# Distance

If you don't do your part, sharing your true love,  
helping others to understand, the day is near.  
Assuredly that the entire world to see, the thoughts,  
you are to share, is not as it appears.  
As your random thoughts unclear.  
For the beginning is the same as the ending,  
Nothing falters in its path.  
The irony is in its stance separation of distance,  
In Gods eyes, not nice.

chas garcia

# Don'T Fall Between The Cracks

Some people never listen to my advice,  
even though time after time proves me right.  
as time and time again, telling me that I  
am not listening to their plot.

Repetitive in all my ways, building me into  
something that I am to go on always,  
on time, needs an even keel, to stay upright.  
I am no hero, no saint, just a man striving  
to get it right, a dream from strength to  
strength.

Many mistakes I have made in the past, as I  
look back, bridges are to fall, what do we  
do, but pick up the pieces repeat the process  
to restore, for without repetitiveness life  
is stalled. Is the light in your eyes that I see,  
your tears will never break me down, but you can try,  
My love don't fail me now, don't fall between the  
cracks.

chas garcia



# Eye Has Spoken

Childhood, teenage, adult, than retire,  
Prepare for life rapid descent,  
For then every one to leave something behind  
as they use up, all allotted space and time.

For everyone it is the same, what you have left, is what you sow,  
You cannot blame yourself for more or better.

Never mind the bitterness of time, when you were young, it does not matter  
what you did or didn't do.

As time goes on and the end is near, we had it or we didn't.

For life is as a raindropp in a bucket, drip by drip, when full cannot receive  
another drop, the rain that drips, now drops.

For very few will remember the stones we kick, as we walk along the path,  
no one pays attention if they get broken, lye there in half.

Just because they are hard outside as we are to understand, does not mean no  
visible cracks inside.

chas garcia

# Footprints On The Sand

Haiku

Waves against the shore

On the sandy beach Footprints Vanish

Signs are there no more

chas garcia

# Hard Time Has No Address

Let me tell you; hard times has no address, don't think your situation any difference than the rest. If you are to put your trust in God, you will pass the test. Just like a little birdie trying to fly from his nest, when she is weaned will try jumping from branch to branch, when she reaches the top will test her wings do as momma says; once your confidence built up, jump, no way you can stop, be cautious in your thoughts as once you make that choice, and not be ready, you can't come back. the story goes, in case if at first you don't succeed, an happen to fall, get up dust off your knees, start all over again, as I have been there and know how it feels.

Robbing Peter to pay Paul is not the answer, you must stay focus, on the straight and narrow, that's why God used Moses to free the people from the Pharaoh, keep your conversation pure and with those on your level, it's not about the car you drive, but the road you travel

chas garcia

# Highway Patrol

Traveling on a freeway, experiencing the pitfalls of the highway  
Makes no difference whether they be coming or going.  
The Hi-way Patrol lay lurking, at an exit, somewheres in town.  
so remember driving in a fast lane, cutting across the line.  
will trigger a call to flag you down will come at any you will get a ticket and a  
fine.  
So remember next time you use a freeway, If the road rage  
doesn't get to you, The Hi-way Patrol, will be waiting  
to put you down.  
2007

chas garcia

# Hillside Aviary

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

I ask, Do your wings ever get tired? Why are you fighting  
for a spot.

as there is room for everyone. no need to be sacrificing  
feathers to battles that are you peck the seeds  
of choice. How many feathers do you lose. daily while you  
are here.? 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 is no fear: at the feeding  
ground, all to share, predators are a threat sometime,  
so beware. thanks for visiting my backyard aviary  
in the hills near Santee.

chas garcia

# 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 cans and bottles,  
both seemed content with what they followers.

Although he was homeless, no signs of complaining  
as, to market he goes to get some cash, allowable..

For cans and bottles that he was to collect,  
that are necessary, to maintain his way of life.

chas garcia

# Hurricane

This is a story of fright and despair, a day of confusion,  
It all began with a day of rage a visit from Sandy,  
Now Sandy at her earliest day brings to us much sorrow.  
As all fascinated by her fright and power.  
As she seeks her path, calm, with a little rain to start.  
A trip to the long and narrow. Mediterranean Sea, some damage to be seen on  
the way but not decided to whom and when.  
She feigns a movement to visits a few cities, like Carolina, but decides to go  
back to sea, lost and confused. the cats and animals are all nervous, have no  
answers, as what to do. depending on their masters, to decide for them refuge  
and safe haven. The morning of the Hurricane to reach the shores of Delaware,  
leave wariness in her action, and to change her direction an action, as who to  
get her devastation.  
As she travels up the coast, not leaving a clue as to her host and destination.  
trash in somebody else's yard, where have all the gulls gone to flown to another  
nation? . Sandy then decides to end up in New York e is done as the sun  
returns. your garbage is gone in somebody else's yard. The brunt of Sandy's  
force, to Lewes, now over.

chas garcia

# I Am To Remember My Kindergarden

Journey to unfold, a colorful classroom,  
In a sandbox full of sand.  
sleeping mats, milk and cookies too.

After nap on a mat as. we were do,

In a playful mood, only a child would know.

our teacher as a mother hen, gets all our  
attention, now and then, as we feel safe in  
her custody.

On the wall, colorful pictures, tacked,  
skillfully, depicting the alphabet, a to z,

Also numbering 1 to 10, In her classroom you  
always knew what to do.

Highland Elementary School.  
Oakland, California  
2004

chas garcia



# I Hear A Baby Crying

Me thinks I hear a child crying,  
I searched out, I saw a cat,  
a male, and a female, in a sensual act.  
I called out to mother,  
did you hear that?  
sounds like a baby crying mom? I see two cats.  
she said; come into the house my son,  
Its only a cat, he needs this time as he  
has cornered a female, she knows where shes at.

chas garcia

# I'Ts Not The Things You Say Or Do

It's not the things you say or do that makes you so special to me, my friend. It's because you are always there, you are someone I can reach out to. Someone I can connect with, that understands just who I am what I want to be, whether I am right or wrong, you seem to under-stand, are always there to love me and support me, as to who I am.

I can say how much that means to me. You have touched my life, in so many different ways, and because you do, my life has changed. Whether you are near or far, I make this claim, you will always have a special place in my heart, for ever to remain.

chas garcia

# It's Spring Again

All of a sudden it's spring again,  
winter passes by.

The snow pack in the mountains,  
catches every ones eyes.

For some good will come about,  
as the streams and lakes to rise,  
satisfy their needs and wants.

new life to the trees and plants  
as this to come about, water is  
the spice of life.

chas garcia

# Little Old Lady

Catching everyone's eye, with a precious sigh,  
especially the children, so innocent and shy.  
You have such a charming manner.  
always with a smile, a loving hug, doesn't matter,  
you're a perfect picture in our eyes.  
your hair silvery gray, sometimes white,  
A housedress lots of lacing, always nice.  
Braided bun, stickpins, holds in place.  
Sweet and shy always a smile upon your face.  
You remind me of all Grandmas,  
Resting peacefully in grace.

chas garcia

# Losing Is Winning

There comes a time, when we are told, to take a stand today, add your name,  
come and join comes a time, when we meet someone that wants to change the  
world. and when confronted No longer there.

This is a story of one I found that follows this line of thought.

Thinks there way is always out of sync with the world and saying always the  
same, take a stand join in with us,

Let's bring this government down.I am sick and tired of exclusionary politics.I am  
sick of hearing of moralities and values.I am sick and tired of hearing of the talk  
of freedom.I am sick and tired of hearing of to show us a better way, to bring  
about, just changes.

we must find a way to eliminate these issues, selfishness, Irrational behavior,  
judgmental, defensive or offensive feelings being unwanted in this socialist they  
appear hurt and angry, after failing time and time again, to get their point  
across, and their need met.

some where's along this point, we need you to donate to this cause. Just  
remember to have effects, we must be strong, make waves along the way, and  
when you look for me, I will be long gone, and by the way on the way you will  
do some advice is to listen and walk losing will be winning. stay in your own  
backyard

chas garcia

# Love Is Always There

Thinking about tomorrow, trying to forget the past,  
something's to remember, something's to forget.  
Time to set aside, the bad memories that didn't last.  
To begin a new day with spirituality. nothing less.  
For love comes in small packages, perhaps not  
happen yet, we must be as if, struck by lightning.  
ready for the test.

chas garcia

# Mariner Comes Home

We reach the bay of Serenity after a long journey,  
I Captain Wallaby returning from the sea.  
how I yearned to be home once again. an free.

As I stand on a bollard, I plainly see my room, protruding  
from the mountain side, no one knowing I am here but me.

no family or friends to greet me, as they did not know of my  
return.

my rocking chair awaits me, my pipe on a stand, the  
tobacco stale, will need replacing, my only demand.

I shall sit on my chair, gaze the harbor, catch up on all my  
readings, of my logs, maybe more, I shall reminisce of the  
hardships encountered on the sea, and more, I shall understand.

I shall tell my tales to all who will listen, drink their ale,  
and when I had enough return to my habitat, drink more ale.

Soon I will tire of this solitude seeking the excitement  
of the sea.  
as no sea faring man to waste his time, as no challenges does  
he see.

Here I shall remain until I get the call, from her Majesty The Queen.  
to sail her ship which lies silently in the harbor,  
being prefitted for a journey.  
Or'e the earth once ng cotton, tea, and maybe more.

.  
How I yearn for the sea once again.  
Captain Wallaby.

chas garcia

# Mariner Comes Home Two

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, waiting for a message from the Queen. In his rented room, he is to gaze out to the harbor, and all the sailing ships docked in harbor of Tranquility. For Capt'n nothing more important than to fill his pipe with more of quality tobacco, stare out to the harbor. For he knows nothing more important than, going 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 go.

The Capt'n loves great tales, loves, his ale, will talk for you let him go. 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 be 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 Colaridge

chas garcia



# Mourn For Me

Do not mourn for me after I am gone not to hear the church bells ringing. I will no longer worry of the life I am to leave as I go to be with my maker. I no longer worry of this world that I'm about to flee, to be buried whole, the worms to feed. If you are to read these lines, remember my best write no more, so I leave behind message installed in my poetry, my only wish is I be in your thoughts, thinking of me, the bad things not. as I will be compounded in earth and clay. my days on earth be over. Please remember the good things that I was to host and to cherish, Lest we look no further, my life will be no longer here. It will be all over.

chas garcia

# My Father Cuts A Furrow

My Father cuts a furrow, true lines does he run,  
My Father cuts a furrow, no horses does he own,  
My Father cut a furrow, fields hill of grass.  
My Fathers furrow was wisdom, this is what he had.  
To his dying day, his gait was straight and true.  
My Father was not a true farmer, for the city  
Was all he knew. As Father cuts a furrow, so  
Does his son, I am told, the wisdom my Father  
Was to pass along lay dormant, many years,  
put on hold. Not till I was 78 did I realize not  
much time left, to unfold, as I too was growing  
old, so I write my poetry using the genes and  
wisdom passed on to me. the only way to have my  
stories told. As Father was to cut his furrows, so  
does his son, to carry on this wisdom to everyone.  
God Bless his Soul.

2014

chas garcia

# My Friend

It's not the things you say or do  
that make you so special to me,  
my friend.

It is because you are always there  
you are someone I can reach out  
to. Someone I can connect with  
that understands,  
Just who I am and who I want to be.

Whether I am right or wrong, you are  
there to love and support me. I cannot  
tell you how much that means to me.

You touch my life in so many ways.

And because you do, my life is changed,  
so whether you are near or far  
you will always have a special place in  
My heart, as always there.

chas garcia

# My Therapist

My therapist goes on and on says; there are things to be found,  
things I Have to do.  
not to look to close at the past, that did not last.  
but of things in the future I must do.  
My therapist, she says; I am to prove myself,  
if I wish to enjoy my retirement.  
I must retain new thoughts, make new friends, to take the place,  
of you,  
not be afraid to correct the few mistakes that I made.  
as the past marches on.  
as time waits for no one, goes on with age.  
someday, statistics will show, that you did your part,  
to face the future as to sage. be rejuvenated to new heights that awaits us all.  
so admit to our past mistakes,  
not to late.

chas garcia

# Rising Sun From The East

The sky is clear, no visible clouds,  
as I look out to my aviary no birds to be found.  
This is strange as hungry they must be.  
Perhaps they need some rest, before migration  
to some foreign land, will need fattening before a long journey,  
perhaps they choose to sleep a little longer, as they  
know that the seed will still be near.  
Many will end up in Mexico, others to migrate to South America  
at some given field.

chas garcia

# Smell The Roses

This is to remind me of the beauty that nature brings,  
to everyone that reaches out, to all things.  
That is willing to take the time, and spend some time,  
to smell the ciate all life and given things the glory of God and what he has  
created on planet earth, for the enjoyment  
of all mankind.

chas garcia

# The Alphabet

The alphabet many words to be found,  
as all to be said, in 26 syllables no more  
no less, to be Unscrambled as the thoughts  
come to rest.

Our interpretations to determine the Words  
we seek, all wisdom is contained, as to mans  
Understanding and taste.

Taking many reasoning's as you see,  
for all the words are written, one time or  
another, with these 26 letters, its interpretations  
are what we get.

chas garcia

# When I Dance

When I dance under the moonlight, My shadow dances too.  
Alone in a marvelous wild of fascinating memories, of days gone by.  
Shadows, un-clear my eyes, I begin to see. a silhouette and feel the nearness of  
you near, I try to create with words, sounds with hidden meanings. That I the  
only one that ng full well, only words, as you no longer to relate to me. makes  
us three, moon, shadow and only memories of you that ps only my endearing  
memories will remain, while I dance under the moonlight, as my shadows follows  
me.

chas garcia



# When Will We Ever Learn

When will we ever learn, how many times man turns his head, pretends he does not see? war destruction, touches everyone. Through out the world, not in my backyard I am told, Prayers to be said, as we are to bury our dead. husbands, fathers, sons and daughters, some before they will we ever learn the whole world is of our concern?

How many ears must one man have, to hear the people cries? \*

How many eyes do we need to recognize that all is not fair?

For the air we breathe, the tears we share are all salty and the same.

as we be no longer miles we stare into the faces of those that have cried, How many deaths will it take, when we already know how many have died, As we all is tied together as on a piece of string, all tied up in a life of sin. as our sisters, brothers, husbands loose their skins, Effects all of our lives from within, the answer my friend is lying in the wind, \*United States no longer as a Nation envy all, no longer respected as the terror lies within our walls,

Who is to say our way is right? What are we to do? All in the name of oil, could it be true? The answer is lying in the out, for the time will come when we all as brothers, will be holding hands once again.

chas garcia

# Where Has All The Soldiers Gone

Where has all the soldiers gone, long time remembered,  
all the graves stone say, the same, the day they surrendered,

Why where they all told: to survive; they must kill their  
brothers.

What went wrong, what went wrong? Can't we under-stand each other?

Being from different lands does it really matter?  
they all had mourning mothers: many others,  
some came home, broken bones, others to be remembered.

Why? Did they have to die, share their blood, as we all  
be sisters and brothers.

chas garcia

# Why Such A Rush

Did you ever wonder why; the tides rise and fall. The earth be round,  
same up or down, the universe out there, no end to be found,  
as infinity in the way, we can only stare; hardly to believe is what is there, do  
you ever wonder; when we eat and when we sleep,  
to repeat this procedure day after day. not knowing what we seek.  
what's the use of shaving, when it grows back next day, using soap to wash  
your face, It's said why we have to pay for school buses and we have no kids.  
The high prices of gasoline. all makes no sense, what has happen to the price of  
water; it was one time free, the bicycle, walking stick, all things of the past, just  
you wonder why coffee just a cup, use to be 5 cents need not ask for more, refill  
free. All this just does not make sense as a haircut cost a quarter a free shave.  
send you on your way, It's told some places even gave you a shine. can you  
remember when all the girls were virgins, and never displayed a navel, a knee?  
the boys not much better, smoked fig leaves wishing they had beards, for today  
its cocaine, hash, have a choice, what ever happened to our belief in God, can it  
be possible that we can go back, start all over, once again.

chas garcia

# With Out You I Am

When I dance under the moonlight. My shadow  
dances in a marvelous wild of fascination  
memories, of days gone by.

Shadows, unclear my eyes, I again to see, a silhouette  
and feel the nearness of you near. I try to create with  
meanings, that I alone that hears. words, sounds with  
as you no longer to relate to me makes us three, moon, shadow, and memories  
of you.

This I seek perhaps only in my endearing memories,  
that remains, while I dance,  
under the moonlight, as my shadows follows me.  
With Out you I Am

chas garcia

# Without You I ng

Without You I am nothing,  
Insouciant to material things of life  
attached only to the love for you.  
as you alone the inspiration that  
I need to sustain this life of mine.  
For without you I am Nada  
and Nada means nothing, you see.

chas garcia