

Poetry Series

**Christine Kerr**  
**- poems -**

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## Christine Kerr(June 29,1953)

I am the only girl in my family with three brothers that are older than me. We grew up with a petting Zoo full of animals. Learned quickly on being a Tomboy and enjoyed getting into the adventure of life along with my older siblings. Rhyming words to poems seem to come easy for me when I felt stressed out. It has been a good way of getting a lot of things off of my chest or cheer me up. Hope you like what you see, which usually come from the bottom of my heart. Enjoy

# Afterlife

What's that out of the corner of my eye,  
Is it a spirit looming, from the other side.

Could it be my parents or my last beloved pet,  
Are they hanging around me so I won't forget.

Things are missing, Things are moved.  
Which one of you are telling me, I belong in a zoo.

I feel your presents, day and night,  
Reminding me of our many delights.

I'm trying to be good, honest and fair,  
To find my way to those who care.

Christine Kerr

# Animal Cracker's

Can you enjoy a meal,  
If it ain't your Cat.  
Is he mad as a Dog,  
or blind as a Bat.

Could he be Chicken,  
Doing a gig.  
or  
Roars like a Lion;  
and snorts like a Pig.

Perhaps he's

Mean as a Bear  
Sly as a Fox  
Quiet as a Mouse.  
Or big as an Ox.

If I wonder anymore,  
what he might be.  
Would he fly like a Bird  
or sting like a Bee

This has probably been done,  
One way, or another.  
Guess I better eat my words,  
Before they turn to Butter,

Christine Kerr

# Beginning Of The End (Part 1)

Should I take the time to explain,  
Playing house was just a game.  
You were expecting a mouse in our new life?  
Aiming t to control me as your new wife?

How could I give you what you desire,  
When you forced me to play with fire.  
You hit me once, that was my clue,  
-'Do it again, we will be through.'

Like two trains colliding in the night  
Could expect there, to be a good fight,  
You tried to belittle me in front of your clan,  
-'Surprise, Surprise, I'm still looking for a man.'

It was your plan to drive me nuts,  
So you could squander away my big bucks.  
Your plan was to get it on a silver platter,  
I was slow to realize that my love didn't matter.

Charging my Visa as high as you could,  
I went to the bank and froze all the goods.

I had enough, You pushed me too far.  
Quietly, I was soul ownership of our new car.  
I'm not a rag doll for you to do with as you please.  
My way was to get even with a smile of ease.

To make an impression,  
You would be little me with disgrace,  
Laugh at my misfortunes  
Purposely get in my face.

Painting the house, was your plan every three years.  
-'Why'? was my question, -'When only your bum boys were here.'  
The double meanings, made you rack your brain.  
Guess who now, has started a new game.



## Beginning Of The End (Part 2)

I was told, -'You drive me to drink.'  
My bad habit was speaking before I think.  
-'Typical drunk, like to blame others for your problems, '  
Thought you would like me in helping you solve them.

You threw a glass that splattered on the floor,  
Three days, it sat as we traveled back and forth to the door,  
I was to blame for getting you mad,  
-'It's not my fault, You can't control your temper.'  
I just had to add.

You did your damndest to break my spirit,  
I stood my ground, hoping you would fear it.  
With your anger you threw me to the floor,  
Two years of Lawyers, I finally got you out the door.

The plan was to make me squirm with all the pressure,  
Sweat from your forehead, told me nothing could be better,  
The time had come to finally break away,  
There's just no more that we have to say,

You pleaded with me day and night,  
- 'Lets try again, Lets make this right.'  
- 'You got to be kidding, I can't take any more.'  
- 'Don't come back, I've changed the locks on the doors.'

Once I got rid of him I thought it was the end.  
I found myself having to deal with his friends.  
- 'You will have to go, I'm running my bath.'  
- 'What's stopping you? ' Your voices had asked.

- 'Things were different,  
When he thought it his house, '  
You will have to leave,  
Go visit the big louse.

Christine Kerr

# Behind This Glass

Have you ever wondered if you live in a zoo,  
Your world becomes, this glass in front of you.  
Waiting, waiting, for something to begin.  
Twitching your nose to make it all end.

Addiction happens from searching the sight,  
My brain tells me I can't do this all night.  
Thoughts exploded from digging so deep,  
Words become splattered on the sheet.

Looks like they've called it a night.  
I'm sitting alone, behind this glass,  
At least I'm safe and out of sight.  
But that feeling won't always last.

I've learned a bit more about life today,  
Through words given, without any pay.  
Have clicked, typed, then pressed send,  
Thankful, for meeting a few friends.

The sun tells me, it's getting late,  
My aching muscles need a break  
The clock is ticking, it's quarter to eight  
It's time to get away from this glass.

Christine Kerr

# Birth Of A Poem

I tried and tried again  
To write a poem from beginning to end.  
Though this is what I planned at first.  
The night goes on and my writing gets worse.

I decided to print during the night.  
It's the only thing that seems to look right.  
I know I'll be marked from one to ten,  
Are they my teacher's or my friend.

Crumbled papers gather around my knees,  
A glass of water is all I really need.  
Laundry's done, and I had my bath,  
Back again, quick as a flash.

Fearful that I'll write a bummer,  
Time slips by as I sit and wonder,  
Who ever thought that writing a verse,  
Would be so hard, Though math is worse.

Twelve o'clock and all is well,  
My head's getting big, It's starting to swell.  
A pen in hand felt like my only friend.  
Before I realized it, I reached the end.

Christine Kerr

# Bonding

I tripped,  
I tumbled,  
I always fell.  
For being the baby,  
my life was hell.

My teacher was my Bud,  
he tried to show me the way.  
It took to grade eight,  
before I had anything to say.

Teased and bullied,  
no cuddling before bed.  
Came so close to heaven.  
Wished I was there instead.

The angles told me,  
'it's not your time to go.  
There's a lot of other children,  
that you must help grow'

My teacher showed me friendship,  
till he turned blue,  
My final response was,  
'If I knew the answer,  
I would tell you.'

With much confusion  
I showed him my tears.  
The closer he came to me,  
the more I felt fear.

There was admiration for each other,  
we were surely two of a kind.  
My strongest trait was to do it alone,  
while his was to get deep in my mind.

A child's bond,  
is a precious thing.

Without it, they feel,  
they have nothing to gain.

He smiled, He coached me,  
to sit with the crowd.  
My expression showed him that,  
too close was not allowed.

Finally, his thought was accomplishment,  
but it quickly changed to disbelief.  
Once he noticed my angered expression,  
he nearly fell off his seat.

We both felt we learned something new.  
His warmth and words linger with me today.  
Everyone in this world needs hugs.  
I know now, that hugs are O.K.

Christine Kerr

# Can You Make A Difference

Would you say you were fine  
To say Good day, To take the time  
To someone with slanted eyes  
or to another who's babies cries

Can you smile at a child  
Who doesn't have a tongue  
Perhaps everyone has noticed  
That the little boy can't run

Could you give a lost soul confidence  
So that they may succeed  
In this mixed up world  
Of what ever will be, will be

Giving your time and energy  
where it is needed the most,  
Will make your heart grow stronger  
I don't mean to boast.

Would you reach out to a man  
Who offered you his deformed hand,  
Could you buy someone a meal,  
Who sooner or later will probably steal.

Chubby you may not like  
Thin may be in  
Nothing is as heart warming  
As a face with a toothless grin

Christine Kerr

# Childhood Memories

Back when I was a kid at play,  
we played games throughout the day,  
Telephone wires that snapped on the ground,  
were our skipping ropes we had found.

Stilts were made from wood poles so grand,  
Walked my brother from a roof tops across the land.  
Back yard swamps were cleared during autumn rush,  
Which made winter skating go from Dawn to Dusk.

An important roll my big brother did play,  
Tying a rope around me, on hot swimming days,  
Someone would ask, 'What good will that do.'  
-'Just pull me up, if I should turn blue.'

Needing some money, we walked the ditch,  
looking for pop bottles to make our pitch.  
Our crew hiked to town, It was our only way,  
To see a good movie on a free Saturday.

Now the woods was a place of wonder  
Rocking ourselves from one pine tree to another.  
Forts were built, and hide and seek played.  
From the house, the cars horn blew by end of day.

Oh how I miss the days as a kid  
When your imagination ran wild through your head  
Friendships held strong, throughout the years  
The trust has remained, as we laugh with tears.

Christine Kerr

# Child's Dilemma

Phoned my dad to pick me up from school  
'Why, ' he asked, ' What's wrong with you.'  
'I'm sick, ' I say, I thought you might care..  
'Can't you walk, and get some air.'

The old man was acting the fool  
If he was picking me up, I was to follow his rules.  
'Wait for me beside the fence.'  
Why did he have to be so dense

Sitting in the car, at the house,  
He couldn't understand me, quiet as a mouse.  
'Dad look at me, ' I tried to roar.  
'Can't, got no light.' As he opened the door.

'My teacher says, I'm burning up.'  
But like before, I'm Sh\*t out of luck.  
'Your mother will be home soon.'  
I got to go to town.'  
'Would you watch to see, I don't fall down.'

I made it through the house  
With my cloths leaving a trail,  
My mother would look for me.  
Determined, to post no bail.

While laying there waiting  
I'm thinking goodbye to my friends  
Heard some beautiful music  
And a bright light poured in

Something was stirring  
Must be angels floating above  
I understood that it wasn't my time  
A lot of other children need love

Heard my name from a distant door  
Stumbling through my cloths on the floor  
Mom took my temperature of 105

Thankful, that I was still alive

In cold water she laid me.

Fear in her voice, for what she sees

Finally I cried out, Gasping for air

Brothers yelling out, 'What's wrong with her.'

A couple days later, Mom finally asked,

' Where was your father when you came in.'

'I couldn't get it through his thick skull,

just how bad it had been.'

Dad pointed out his new interior light.

Rolled my eyes, but I dared not fight

He screamed at me that he didn't know

Silently we drove home though the snow.

I know now, it's all in the past,

Still wished I could of kicked his ass.'

Yes, when I was a child at age ten,

Scarlett Fever nearly did me in.

(A childhood memory like it was yesterday)

Christine Kerr

# Contentment Verses Worry

I've found the solution to all our problems  
Just plant these seeds, they will help solve them.

Water and sun is all they need.  
No chemicals mixed in big factories.

Let them grow, then dry them out.  
You will so find, what it's all about.

Roll it up, light it, then inhale,  
Now you will be ready to sail.

Feel that relaxation, let your mind wonder,  
Don't be afraid of dreaming up a bumper.

This time is your to do as you please,  
By now you should be buzzing like bee.

Your on this world for such a short time,  
So why is smoking pop such a big crime.

They say it's a cop out,  
It's not reality.  
But oh lord, look what it's done for me.

I've been able to sit, and let my mind wonder,  
About the past the present and all the beyond years.

I think the Government knows we got something good.  
They hate being the one's, who look like the hoods.

The small man has got a piece of the action.  
The big shots don't know what to do about the taxation

Cause what can you do about a silly old weed,  
That only needs sun, water and a nice cool breeze.

It took a little pot to write this verse,  
They aught to smoke it to help problems that are worse.

Now, laugh and enjoy with a rolled up toke.  
For there's nothing like, enjoying a natural smoke.

Christine Kerr

# Don'T Mess With Old People

Just minding my business on my front porch  
A young man struts by carrying a torch  
He winks at me with a crazy stare  
As I sit here in my rocking chair

This little pervert  
Enjoys being bold  
Playing the innocent  
Teasing the old

Day after day, he has nothing to say  
I try hard not to look his way.  
cause  
He'll throw a kiss  
Lick his lips,  
Shake his hips,  
All the time a grinnin

Little does he know,  
That I may be old,  
I can be bold,  
Show him a jerk,  
Lift my skirt,  
I'm still fine and dandy.

So, come here little boy  
Gran-ma's got some candy.

Christine Kerr

# Exercise You Say

I've weighed myself in bra and panties  
Nothing seems to fit.  
My cats eat more than I do,  
Oh how I wished they would quit

The energy it takes to get up,  
You need to count to three  
Exercise is not my thing  
That's why, I own a TV.

Like the show, I'm The Biggest Loser,  
Just a hundred pounds to go.  
I thought of, becoming a boozer,  
Loosing weight can be so dam slow.

The Fitness Centre is the latest Fab  
Walking and riding can be so drab  
I know the rules, been there before,  
Drink plenty of water, get down on the floor.

The time has come,  
Nothing good ever last.  
Sex, smokes and food,  
Are a thing of the past.

My mind tells me to get up,  
The Gym can be my friend.  
The diabetes won't flair up,  
If I am willing to bend.

The incentive is there,  
It's kind of sad.  
That I allowed myself,  
to get this bad.

Exercise, may make me cry,  
Will never know until I try.  
Can I handle all the pain?  
Strength I'm sure, will be the gain.

Christine Kerr

# Extroverts Verses Introverts

Extroverts are energized by talking with others,  
I'm sure, one snuck up inside my mother.  
Being an Introvert, It's easy to see,  
Extroverts will drain the life from me.

Oh how I wonder what I might say,  
When, this person comes walking my way.  
The Extrovert wonders why I'm sitting alone,  
When they can talk, using many tones.

Papa hits his head on the floor.  
Extroverts will tell you with all of their gore.  
Introverts will give you a small grin.  
Say it quick, to make it all end.

Give me a book, give me a bath.  
We're all alone, finally at last.  
One on one is all I need,  
Be it with you or be it with me.

I listen to you till end of day,  
Always wanting to have your say.  
You act and speak without thinking,  
Your silence is so hard, in the keeping.

The only difference between you and I,  
My need for privacy in case I cry.  
At end of day, You can't get by it.  
Finally alone....I enjoy the quiet.

Christine Kerr

# Feeling The Satisfaction

Empties were laying,  
All around the shelves.  
Some friends won't see me,  
Till it snows in hell.

My limbs are aching,  
My knees are weak.  
My best friend has been,  
The toilet bowl seat.

My husband was screaming,  
Right in my face  
'It's all your fault  
That I'm acting this way.'

There was no more compassion,  
For the smear of disgrace,  
My satisfaction,  
Was getting out of this place.

The race was on,  
Then he missed the road.  
I gasped for some air,  
as he hit the pole.

The night is late,  
I'm getting cold.  
Or is that my soul,  
That's just been sold.

He tried to catch me,  
As his soul left this place.  
The crowd gathered,  
While I sank from grace.

The sirens were flashing,  
My eyes squinted red.  
Held him with some compassion,  
As life drained from his head.

(Just wishful thinking)

Christine Kerr

# Fire

Crackling fire, floating in the air,  
Pitch fork flames poke you everywhere.  
Stand to close, you will feel the heat within,  
You know by its power, it has a creation of sin.

The eyes of coal have a glow all of their own,  
It warns you to be careful of your tone.  
Don't ever think of stealing a woman's desire  
She may take the time to show you her fire.

Don't ever think that she'll give up and quit.  
For she will let out a roar and show you her spit.  
The image will hypnotize you, this is a fact.  
This is not your time to be laid back.

Grab a stick, let it be your clue  
The time has come between the fire and you.  
Just remember, if she gets out of hand  
A pail of water, says you've taken a stand

Christine Kerr

# For Louis

I know of a man  
In a far away land.  
Who encourages your strength  
To do what ever you can.

You know he's a saint  
through thousand of words  
The pictures he paints,  
All needs to be heard.

The meaning of life,  
through love and disaster.  
It all comes through  
Even his laughter.

Like a Fly.  
Who just stands by,  
Your heart opens up.  
Though, he will not pry.

He has the answers,  
before you speak them.  
and in his soul,  
you know he'll keep them.

God Bless this friend,  
With couraging words.  
his words of wisdom,  
Need to be heard.

Christine Kerr

# Hard Times

In this recession, the hard times begin  
No one knows when it will all end  
A few lucked out, playing their cards.  
For them, life won't be hard,

Played my cards, with talent that I lack  
Wished I had more, hidden under my hat,  
A witches brew and all their goo,  
Couldn't make life easier for me or you.

The trick is not to feel the despair,  
The time has come to show we care  
Break down the wall, depend on each other,  
Be thankful, for all my sisters and brothers.

All the electronics are here to stay,  
No power will come, selling on E-Bay  
Wished I could fix this huge mess,  
Life feels like a game of chess.

Times are tough,  
Seen it before,  
There just wasn't as much,  
To throw out the door.

Life was good, when I was busting at the seams,  
For now, my warmth comes from eating pork and beans.  
Wished this recession would gave me the break,  
The hell with it, tonight I'm eating steak.

Christine Kerr

# Housework

Procrastination can be a bummer,  
Once you're caught, it has your number.  
Giving up or giving in  
Can be the beginning or the end.

Housework is done during dawn to dusk  
But in this house, it is not a must.  
If you think my mess is like no other,  
You ought to see both of my brothers.

Dishes are soaking in the sink  
Hate to admit something may stink.  
Try as I might, it's just not in the air.  
To show the world that I really care.

I made a plan during my writing,  
To start the cleaning in my sighting.  
The best way to get a dent in the room,  
Is search through the mess till I find my broom.

Christine Kerr

# Just One Shot

Expressions that are the least expected,  
Are my search, when I'm not detected.  
Small pups and kids, babies in cribs,  
Gives me a start, to lift my head.

Sit or lay close to the floor,  
Gives me the shot, that I adore.  
Tho I drive everyone crazy,  
Can't resist, that clicking of babies.

Young ones and Lovers,  
Like to hide under cover.  
Their not giving me much,  
That I can discover.

But trying to hide away from me,  
Helps me, in snapping their misery.

Old folks, with skin like dried up leather,  
To me, will never, ever look better.  
Life lines set deeply within,  
Is a great place that I can begin.

Oh how I'm locked into history,  
Of actions given or thrown at me.  
They may not like me too much,  
Black and white, gives a great touch.

Time passes, with my collection of impressions,  
The aged are eager to see their reflections.  
The only way to capture that glow,  
Is to take my camera, wherever I go.

Christine Kerr

# Life Is Too Short

Where are all the Bumble Bees  
Monarch Butterflies I do not see  
My outside plants are growing so fast  
Life is telling me, nothing will last.

Tomorrow never comes, if you think that way  
My mind tells me to live for today.  
Life is short, It will not last.  
Take a look around you.  
Feel your feet on the grass.

Summer is here, soon to be gone,  
Someone will benefit by making it a song.

Christine Kerr

# Lucky No# Five

Playing in the sand pile around age FIVE  
Soaking up the sunlight, enjoy being alive,  
The kids, around me quickly stumbled to their feet.  
Their expressions, showed me one of defeat.

Following their thoughts, I ran like I should  
Headed towards a door as fast as I could.  
FIVE feet away, he had me in his sight,  
This mad dog was surly looking for a fight.

The foam from his mouth, the cold stare in his eyes  
Told me, he could, care less that he was alive.  
Frozen in my tracks, feeling alone without the others,  
Couldn't scream out in fear, wishing for my mother.

Breezing by me were bullets of sin,  
Couldn't believe this moment I was in.  
Unable to break away from my clear bubble,  
FIFTY feet behind me, was part of my trouble.

Standing far back, stiffly in another land,  
Was my mother and neighbour, his rifle in hand.  
Shooting at us, I was surrounded by loud roars.  
Turned back around, experiencing all of the gore.

1 shot, 2...3...4.. then FIVE  
How could this poor animal still be alive.  
Gold round pellets kept popping in his head.  
White foam around his mouth was turning all red.

Finally I think, he must of clued in.  
This bright sunny day, became his final end.  
Falling over, like a ton of cement bricks.  
Children ran back, searching for his last kicks.

My feet finally moved away from the spot  
My sanity lost, it could be forgot.  
That FIVE minutes, put me in a terrible haze,  
Passing of time, has finally ended my craze.

Christine Kerr

# Memories Of Michael

As he helped closed the gap between 'Black and White, '  
The perfection showed in 'Beat It', if things weren't right.  
Just starting out when learning his 'ABC's.'  
If you had a friend in ' Ben, ' You would be just like he.  
Many felt, 'Off The Wall' was this lad.  
'The Way You Make Me Feel' fit in with 'Bad.'  
If you could do a Moon Walk with 'Billy Jean',  
'Thriller' reached the top with some 'Dangerous' scenes  
It's to late now to say, 'I Want You Back.'  
The closeness you can feel is listening to his tracks

Christine Kerr

# Mr. Skunk And I

Our City is bothered by critters of the night.  
Their instinct tells them to hide from our sight.

My neighbour thought he had a great plan.  
'A cage will trap as many as we can.'

Wouldn't you know it, The first catch that we got,  
Was Mr. Skunk who could hit with one shot.

For a day or more he sat in the sun,  
Everyone advising on what should be done.

The out come I was hearing, I did not like.  
Took it upon myself, to take him in flight.

With the cage covered, I sat him in my car.  
Thankful for, not having to travel too far.

Over the bridge, are some woods and the river.  
Was the place of plan, to where I would deliver.

Out of his prison, with a little coaching,  
The freedom we felt, both of us boasting.

A bond was made on that fearful day.  
We both moved on without any spray.

Christine Kerr

# My Best Friend

Sunday mornings  
Is a day of rest  
Time for reflecting  
At it's best

Our week has passed  
Another will go  
You never will know  
What will take its tow

Words can't be taken back,  
It's time to let go,  
The time has come.  
For that turn in the road.

Your eyes tell me yes,  
I tell you no.  
Now we wonder,  
Which way do we go.

The third party shows us,  
What was always right.  
If you want me in your life,  
Don't forget to let me out at night.

Christine Kerr

# My Cocoon

Bubble Baths are my relaxing time,  
It helps, keeps away that bathtub slime  
Bubbles disappear from crying out loud  
Breaking away silently those massive clouds.

Never know where the imagination will go  
Feeling water flow over my head and toes  
Eyes are feeling heavy under these terms  
Suds disappearing, taking away the nasty germs

Sometimes I wonder  
Where I have been  
Soaking in the water  
Now at half past ten

Got to crawl out from my warm cocoon  
Out of my dreamland oh so soon  
Into the reality of ice cold air  
Into the discomfort of feeling bare

Christine Kerr

# Paying It Forward

Why are there those who love being mean.  
In their farce, they remain to be seen  
Hurtful words shoot in the air  
To show us all, they really don't care.

It's time to step up and take a stand  
Show them, a far better man.  
Love it or leave it, I'm now in your face  
It's time to point out your little disgrace.

How do you feel, perhaps a little sore  
As your tail hangs low when you walk out the door.  
The next time we meet face to face,  
Your mind tells you I put you in your place.

The world has changed just a little bit  
When you realized I can be just as quick.  
Respect is important right from the start.  
Truth be told, It's straight from the heart.

Christine Kerr

# Psychiatrist Thoughts

Your life seems so much in vain,  
It's time you came in, from the rain.  
Stop depending on me, I'm not your mother  
Start looking inside yourself and not your brother.

Call me cruel, call me heartless  
It's not my fault that your life is worthless,  
Sometimes, you got to be cruel to be kind,  
Maybe then you'll work with your own mind.

There's only so much one can do,  
This up hill battle is strictly up to you.  
Victims surround me, I can't take anymore,  
Get out of my face, so I can slam the door.

Christine Kerr

## Read This

Thank-you all who read my wonders.  
Thinking them up are sometimes bummers.

A lot of my friends have left this place,  
New ones come in to take their place.

We all have something to share,  
Who can we find that really cares.

Sharing our insight, laughter and emotion,  
Connects us all to our good fortune.

Rhyming and thinking comes from deep in the soul,  
Getting it read is like a winning ticket in a bowl.

If you managed to get this far,  
I can honestly say that I have passed the bar.

Christine Kerr

# Sad Dog

My coat is all dirty,  
I smell, oh so bad.  
If only I could be pretty,  
Then you wouldn't be so sad.

Feeling a little lonely,  
Oh what can I do.  
I will sit in the corner.  
And just stare back at you.

Christine Kerr

# Take That

I will show you clean.  
Scold, if feeling mean

Bid on that.  
Tip your hat.

Can be used for lickin, and pickin  
Or testing the wind.

Given for a bow  
Tell you where to go.

If you have a need, be  
You can count on me.

I'm your No. #1  
On a hand of a friend.

Christine Kerr

# That Voice

That voice, that voice,  
Oh what you do to me.  
Tantalizing, analyzing  
Oh how it makes me free.

That voice, that voice,  
That gives a bite without bark,  
Can stroke me, coach me,  
For I will never part.

That voice, so convincing, soothing,  
Shows how deeply it can care,  
Can make me feel greatly at ease,  
Over Karma, drama, and all that I can bare.

That voice, that voice,  
The one from the beginner,  
Who would of ever thought,  
All this time, Its been my inner.

Christine Kerr

# The Affair

Planned a night of beautiful bliss,  
It all happen with a stolen kiss.  
Fear we'll find, each other's core,  
Only to find, we leave feeling sore.

We cuddled some,  
It wasn't the same,  
The back of our minds,  
we were playing a game.

Sometimes I'd wished,  
that there was more.  
Before I know it,  
we're out the door.

Feeling sad,  
feeling alone.  
Should I of really,  
said yes to the phone.

Now that I'm tucked out of touch,  
Fear is from, thinking to much.  
Not wanting to be part of the pack,  
Has been my reason for not calling back.

Dreaming back, to the night of bliss,  
Really enjoyed, our soft warm kiss.  
I admit, it all was in vain.  
Nobody here, but myself to blame.

Christine Kerr

# The Answer's In The Wind

As I take a walk under the moon,  
I am hoping you would come by soon.  
As the night gets chilly, I feel so alone.  
Cause you had never even phoned.  
I see a shadow behind a tree  
Was wondering who that might be.  
There are some footsteps I hear coming near.  
Now the face is very clear.  
I feel your heartbeat close to mine,  
Together we will be for sure this time.  
Your eyes are dim as they cry a tear,  
Your body is warm as you draw near.  
Your lips touch mine, I know what you think,  
From your breath, You've had a few drinks.  
Say not a word cause I love you my friend,  
hope our love will never end.

Christine Kerr

# The Last Goodbye

You offered me your home on cold winter night.  
I told you, ' Well I'd rather take advantage of you than someone I really didn't know'.

After laughing under my breath, You popped out of no where to ask if I thought you were being bitches.  
I was pleasantly surprised to learn you cared what I thought.

## We managed To Work Well Together

I sucked you into doing the hub and you still managed to have a chuckle about it.

In one of our rarer jobs I asked you to tell me where the first coil was placed.  
Then said, 'Good, Do you want to Tell Her that.'

You redid a guys job privately to save his butt as long as I confronted him about it without telling him who fixed it.

## You Also Looked Out After Me

By pointing out someone who had the same condition as I did and living a full life.

Also by praying that I wasn't caught smoking inside. (Your prayer worked)

## You Know How To Make People Feel Special Or Not

Playing the good cop against the mean foreman was done expertly.

Placing yourself in the middle of our pack to spread some of the company's ugly truth was gutsy.

Your strength had it's way of overflowing to others.

Doing the job to the best of your ability and showing others the same way was important to you.

## I Witness

A couple hundred family and friends gathering at your 50th year Birthday Party and you made it a point to come over and chat with me.

You asked causally why I considered someone as your buddy. It was because, I heard him say, 'You seen him cry'.

You have made me break my record for shedding a tear in this troubled time.

I can honestly say, all our moments together have been special in a special kind of way.

Knowing you maybe 10 years has not been long enough.

Perhaps no more than a few times of each, we have partied, shared, sang and drank together. yet I feel the complete honesty and directness that we shared only touched the surface of what our friendship could become.

Thank-you Pat for help creating all the wonderful memories we shared together. You are proof that one person can make a huge difference.

All my love goes out to you in this trying time.

We have always planned and I will always hope that someday we will do our walks together.

Love Ya

Chris

Christine Kerr

# The Thought Of Quitting

Tried kicking the habit from the begin  
A bad habit to start at age ten  
Sucking it up and inhaling  
Was the beginning of the unveiling.

The smell in my pores and stink of my hair  
Told the world that I'm a person of flair  
Beggars gathered, to grab a free smoke  
You smoke them, You buy them, was my big joke.

The coughing and hacking all night in bed  
Was definitely the way of waking the dead.  
A few months of trying to do without,  
Saved me from the cold. I now don't go out.

Money being saved, It's hard to believe  
I'm also learning I can finally breath  
A puff here and there makes my head spin.  
Can this bad habit be the final end.

Christine Kerr

# We'Re Not The Same Kids

We were five,  
when we shared our young lives.  
Fun was had,  
by catching Monark Butterflies.

We were six,  
when starting school.  
Played marbles and jacks,  
Broke all the rules.

Chorus  
We're not the same kids  
we were in school  
If you missed the bus  
Then I would too.

Reached High School,  
The fun started to fade.  
We were in different rooms,  
And also in different grades.

We were in our late teens,  
The friendship began to slided.  
I learned the hard rules,  
You found the free rides.

We were in our twenties,  
Together we could hardly cope.  
I was looking for adventure.  
You were looking for dope.

You had your way,  
I had mine.  
I'd feel sorry for you,  
time after time.

Chorus  
We're not the same kids,  
we were in school

If you missed the bus,  
Then I would too.

In our thirty's and forty's,  
I worked hard to stay alive.  
You've been content,  
to live in a dive.

Times have changed.  
We have too,  
I see messages to call you,  
But I'm too busy to.

I don't lie.  
I don't steal.  
I don't expect you,  
to buy my next meal.

I don't want to go to your place.  
We just don't have the same taste.  
I'm tired of being used and abused  
You have the need to stick like glue.

Chorus

We're not the same kids,  
we were in school.  
If you missed the bus,  
Then I would too.

Age has sent us down different roads  
Your living in the past, I've grown old  
You feel like your left, on the shelf,  
Have you ever looked, inside yourself.

We're not the same kids.....

Christine Kerr

# Who Am I

Give me a taste,  
Of my own space.  
I can than make a plan,  
Of who I am.

Born in a family,  
the only girl baby.  
At the age of forty one,  
I can show you a lady.

I am who I am'  
from the beginning to almost end.  
Evil words, heard from a far.  
always trying to put me behind bars.

It's become an addiction,  
to know fact from fiction.  
Unsolved Mysteries, Sightings, and X-Files,  
have a way of staying with me for a while.

Fairness and kindness,  
comes with my open mindedness,  
When in fact, showing a little tack  
I can come on like a lioness

Author, Social Service and Theater Art,  
may tell the world what I'm all about.  
Laugh with me as I sing and dance,  
Leave me alone, so I may give you another chance.

Christine Kerr