

Poetry Series

**Christopher Aaron**  
**- poems -**

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# Christopher Aaron()

I was born in San Francisco Sep.21,1949 and raised in Santa Rosa, California. I studied at Brigham Young University, served in Bolivia from the years 1968-1970 as a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I took a study abroad tour of the Holy Land in 1976, studied on site, had some wonderful experiences and met some awesome people there. I was commissioned to teach English in Bolivia in February of 2000. In October of that year I met my future wife, Cecilia; we were married in April of 2001. We built a home in Cochabamba, Bolivia where we planned to stay, but with the political unrest it became unsafe for us to stay there. We returned to the U.S. in August 2005. I have 5 children, altogether. I was exposed to music early in my life as my father played the guitar and sang professionally. I started playing the guitar and singing in 1965. I recorded a record in Bolivia in 1970 in Spanish and later in 1980 recorded an album of original songs. Have sung on radio and in various live performances. I suffered a serious auto accident in 1987, was paralyzed for 3 weeks, upon waking I had sustained a closed head injury, had to learn how to walk, talk, and eat all over again, then struggled to reclaim all lost talents and abilities: guitar, singing, and writing etc. Have written poems, articles, and short stories in both English and Spanish. My most enjoyable pastime is spending time with my wonderful wife, enjoying the peace and calm spirit in my home, and most lately using the creative genes within me to express my thoughts and beliefs both in writing and in music.

The last few years of my life up to this point have been filled with what some might call tragedy. For me it has been a struggle. I first had problems with my breathing and my kidneys. I was sent to Dr. Tien a nephrologist and he determined I had amyloidosis. I went through chemo and a special diet for that. But I was able to 'graduate' from the chemo and entered back into the 'life of the living'. Later on I had a pain in my side. They ordered a chest x-ray, they found 2 blood clots in my lung, with the x-rays they also found I had emphysema that has since developed into COPD. I have been living with that since 2010.

I don't complain about my situation but better yet appreciate the many blessings I have received, most especially for my angel wife who, as a result of my inability to do so many things I used to, has had to 'pick up the slack' doing what I can no longer do. She is amazing and I am really blessed to have her by my side.

Writing both poetry and music are my two passions. They bring me much joy and satisfaction. In all these writing endeavors, my main focus and goal has been to inspire and help lift up others. That, along with a little humor are the main

focuses with my writing skills.

This is a collection of poems written, most of them in the later years of my life. I continue composing and will add to these as they come along. Meeting people and establishing relationships is also important. I wish happiness and fulfillment for all and that all others can receive the richest blessings the Lord has in store for them.

# A Homonymer

"Since" I left home, I started out on my own  
To waste my dollars and "cents" was I prone  
I didn't have the good "sense" to be thrifty  
But the "scents" of success sounded real nifty

I was never a brass "coarse" fellow  
Better yet of "course", was I more mellow  
I took an advanced "course'  
And joined the Marine "Corps"

I said "Aye" when they called me to attention  
But "ay! " It was time for an ascension  
My "eye" was set on being a colonel  
"I" craved a rank that would be eternal

Every morn they woke me up at "eight"  
Pancakes we almost always "ate"  
And I love milk; the things I mostly "hate"...  
Are the raisins they snuck onto my plate

"Ere" long they had me in maneuvers  
The fresh "air" made me a fast mover  
But I did "err" when I let them take the scissors  
And cut my "hair" in the middle of the blizzards

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# A Lad With A Question

A lad, not yet man, strode toward a neighboring forest  
He finished reading the Word of God and now he'd put it to test  
Samuel, Gideon, Abraham and Paul doubted His might and presence  
The boy wondered, there was something that didn't make sense

He'd listened to disputes, discord, and heartfelt dissension  
Right or wrong, weak or strong, was He real or an invention?  
He carried the question to the man they were referring  
If no answer? Then he'd side with those not reassuring

In the forest he sought his place of quiet refuge  
That was where he would go, when he found himself deluged  
With a question, dispute or conflict, when he felt disconcerted,  
In the Man he had faith, to His word he was wholly converted

He craved a response, a celestial intervention  
The topic settled, from this time on there'd be no contention  
A whispering wind whisked by and hummed these words while passing  
&quot;I am that I am&quot;;, the same words heard Moses when asking

&quot;Yes&quot;;, now sure He was real, he wondered what he looked like  
&quot;Was He a man? &quot; Then he was enveloped in heavenly light  
The image of the Son and Father he had with their arriving  
They were just like him but glowing, as with the suns' arising

The fathers on earth have sons, and the sons have fathers  
On God's side it's no different, with the Son we all are brothers  
But He lives in Heaven, his dwelling is a celestial site  
Our dwelling place dwell is now on earth, but after this life we might

Live close to Him if we've lived a life worthy,  
Cast out evil thoughts and bridled our actions earthy  
We'll be with heavenly family...parents, spouses, children  
An awesome reunion is coming...we'll be forever euphoric then

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# A Long Time Ago

I'm longing for home, it's been way too long  
Have I forgotten your face  
After being together for so long  
Side by side in the very same place?  
In the very beginning we both were together  
You gave me directions - I took your suggestions  
You sent me down so I could learn  
All on my own; for that I yearned  
Now one step down from that Celestial town  
Every time I fall- - please be there when I call  
I called you 'Dad' then, I call you Dad here,  
I'll call you Dad once again...but if it's not any bother  
Let me call you Father  
Dear Father... my Mother I know you love Her  
Will you please send good weather  
For that great get together when time comes to an end  
When our new life begins- and all things become new  
We'll bid the old life adieu- what will the new life bring?  
We'll fly on angel's wings...please save a spot for us  
If it's not any fuss we'll get on the bus  
And take it to the end... I can't wait to see you my friend—  
- -my Father

- -c aaron

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# A Poem For Good Eaters

A thought for my small, always on-the-go friends  
I hope you will read this, and your ears will attend:  
On your way to the table at the dinner-time bell  
When you look at your plate, do you say: "I'm not well!"

"My head aches, my tummy hurts, and my eyes are all red,  
"I think I would rather go straight to my bed!"  
So you go to your bedroom, and start to lie down  
But then look in the mirror, and detect a big frown

Starting way on the one side, curving 'round to the other  
And you wish you'd not told that big tale to your mother  
As we study ...how much you like food... in great detail  
Then your story of not wanting to eat is a big whale

On your plate there was something quite dreadful you saw  
That scared you, and shocked you, like a tarantula  
When, in fact, it was just a small, green, Brussels sprout  
Which sat there observing you from its lookout

But you had been taught by your friends down the street  
That 'Sir Brussels' was a foe that you never should meet  
And so, when you saw him there, 'lone on your plate  
A great fear o'ercame you, as you saw his end fate

In the pit of your stomach he shortly would rest  
You wondered if, in fact, your 'tum' could digest  
Such a challenging rival, such a threatening foe  
So you faked you were sick, to your bed you did go

All this, so you'd not be obliged to consume  
A few 'pipsqueeks' of cabbage, and a youngsters' sure doom  
If ever you slipped and let them pass your lips

You'd be forced to then wash them down with juice and chips

Now, I know there are some of you who aren't ashamed  
Of trying just one bite of Brussels' great fame  
And some of you think that the sprouts are quite tasty  
Of you I beg pardon, hope I've not been too hasty

If I have misjudged and ranked your favorite 'green'  
As something quite dreadful, and much less than 'keen'  
For those who so feel, and think I am unfair  
I will suggest others of which you should beware

For some these are peas, for some they are beans  
For others it's spinach, or fresh turnip greens  
For some cauliflower, or broccoli or beets  
Or carrots, or onions, or squash (not so neat)

There are hundreds of 'veggies', and hundreds of kids  
There must be at least one you wouldn't forbid  
So give them a try, try them all if you wish  
And discover which one of them's your favorite dish

It is very important to find some you like  
'Cause if you are growing, and riding the bike  
The 'veggies' will give you nutrition and strength  
To go the full distance, to go the full length

You need vit'min A, and vitamin B,  
And then vit'min C, and D, and E  
And calcium, iron, and fiber; these three  
Plus the vitamins mentioned, will keep you healthy

All these are contained in the vegetable group  
When you can't eat them fresh, then at least in your soup  
I know you'll feel lively, I know you'll be strong

The vegetable-eaters are those that live long!

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# A Tiny Seed

A beautiful cherub cautiously  
Prepared the earth...she spaded and tilled,  
Then carefully planted her small treasure  
Her barren garden was watered  
And fertilized...In a short time-  
The miracle of life! The initial motion and growth  
In her fertile field was manifest... first the shoot,  
Then the stem, the leaves, and the first bloom.  
She felt a similar delight each year when she planted,  
Watered and cultivated the small garden outside  
Her home. In both cases, the miracle of life  
Was a supernal phenomenon. Nothing to compare  
It to, no words to describe it. Definitely a Divine  
Procedure. And just as her husband delighted in  
Witnessing the growth of the first shoots  
'Popping their heads' through the rich soil  
Of the garden outside, he was delighted  
Better said ecstatic about the inner growth  
Taking place inside his wife. He could barely  
Wait to see the little 'head' popping out  
Of the garden within her.

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# Aabb Or Abab

I learned a great fact yesterday...  
To pen a poem, the rhythm and rhyme  
Should not such an importance play

But deep down meaning is the key  
'Twas yes! the essence of the poem  
Not AABB nor ABAB

(The stuttering insect: A, a, bee, bee!  
Or the panicked child: A bee! A bee!)  
The poem I read that antecedes?

I'm on a journey, and much, much more  
A country town, a country house  
A store abandoned years before

And at the journey's fateful end  
A grandma's diary had been found  
Her long life's story explored therein

And when the reading was complete  
(The story led to a vision rare)  
I had, myself, a will to meet

The 'gramma' with her lovely face  
And her life's story, her address  
That were discovered in that place

So even though there may be rhyme  
In my attempt to replicate  
A poem cleffed at an earlier time

My hope is that a meaning clear  
Will be discerned and understood  
By all those reading, and poem(book) worms near

I'll concentrate now from this time  
More on the essence of the poem  
Than on the rhythm and the rhyme

My gratefulness today is giv'n  
To a new friend not found afar  
But found right here, in my poem's heaven

MsSmith I hope that you will see  
Your poem affected not just others  
But left a greater mark on me!

Christopher Aaron

# An Okie's First Pome

Eats about thyme whee due anudder pome inna gnu tung. `Dis won iza mixtyour uv da `Okie', anna won wear da spale-in's badd. Az U cun sea, Ei'm knot spale-in berry gud inna dis pome. Dat's acuz eye nebber hadd

mulch skoolin' winn eye wuz growin' upp. Sew dis iz m-eye attemp two due sumpin' dat ewe cun reed ann halve funn wit.

Speekin' uv funnwit...Eye no sumbuddy hoos uh haff-wit. If'n eye ad

too haff-wits togadder dew eye git won funnwit? It'll probly tayke alla duh wits ewe halve too reed dis pome, oar attimp atta pome, anywhey. Bee shore `n till mee if'n ewe liek dis, `n Eye'll keepa

rightin' pomes lika deez.

Liek eye sed, eat's reel e.z. two right acuz dere's know rools. Ewe cun dew xactly whut ewe wanna dew ann knowbuddy's gonna core-rect ewe

acuz dere's know pruuf-reeder. Eye'm mye oan pruuf-reeder. Data makes eat funn four mee. Eye wanna xpres mye simpatees four doze hoo wur inna da pathe uv da lass too oar tree herricanes.

Eye feal sew badd fer dem! Ann halve askt fer God two blass dem `n hilp dem recubber frum da trajady. Dey cud probly ewez ur prairs ulso!

'N now dere's bin anudder trajady widda fire inna Santa Rosa

Califronier. Datsa wear eye mooved two, winna mye famly lift Oklahomer. Eye halve famly 'n freinds dere naow to. Blass dem ulso 'n hilp dem two recubber.

Oak kay, eye gues datsa nuff fer `dis won. Doan wanna maykit two longe oar ewe'll git two tieherd. Ewe cun reed dis won `n eye'll cum bak widda `nudder layter, oak hay?

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# Balderdash

I was asked to teach how to write poetry today  
Thought we would go over some of the basics:

Stanza...to stutter in poetry- Stan's uh, Stan's uh and so on  
Forms...wooden poetic structure that you pour cement in  
Lyric... someone telling Ric to ly  
Narrative... Not even a tive or nairy a tive  
Ode...A limph node missing the 'n'  
Elegy...poem written for a funeral  
Sonnet... a Petrarchan sonnet sung by the Swedish group ABBA  
Ballad... an engagement song a man sings to his wife-to-be  
Epic... a record label owned by Sony  
Rime... video game developed by Tequila Works  
Un-rimed...they discontinued the video game  
Haiku... someone's response when asked if they wanted to take a hike...Hike  
who?  
Limerick... When they asked Rick what he bought- A Lime Rick  
AABBA... there are two groups named Abba, this the first one or the A Group  
Anapestic... medicine taken for the flu  
Meter...little over a yard  
Feet...2 thirds of a meter  
Blank verse...a poem written with invisible ink  
Free Verse...a poem that doesn't cost anything  
Iambic...the boy Bic affirming his name  
Assonance...a donkey walking on top of a hill of ants  
Consonance...Two cell-mates walking on the same hill  
Onomatopoeia...word with all of the vowels but 'u' with a tomato (missing the 't')  
on top  
Simile...A smile with an extra 'i'  
Metaphor...For the first time you met your friend 'Aphor'  
Synecdoche...Christophe Doche - Faculty of Science and Engineering in Australia  
is a cynic  
Metonymy...the first time I met a person from New York  
Symbol...Something a drummer dings  
Allegory...Al needs to let go of Ry  
Personification... Person with a positively charged ion...(kind of 'iffy')  
Irony...Something that has a lot of iron in it  
Hyperbole...energetic trunk of a tree  
Sarcasm... A canyon crossed in 9 years and 5 days

Tone...a musical note

Mood...if in a good one, you'll write a poem

Atmosphere...the air you breathe

Imagery...Picture on the front of the Royal Bank of Canada

Tetrameter couplets...two fish swimming a little over a yard in distance

Trochees...two little

Spondees...when the (dee) fish spawn up the river

Dactyls... He tills the earth to find two digital-to-analog converters

Anapests...Mosquitos that are bothering Ana

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## Basket Case-Basset Face

Bassett Hound yowls with a sad face.  
He just lost 3 of his puppies who were run over by a car.  
Woman (his owner) crying inside the house with a sad face.  
She just lost three of her children in an auto accident.  
Put the two side by side and the faces look just alike  
The first has a Bassett Face  
The second is a Basket Case  
The woman's face like the dog's  
The dog's face like the woman's.  
He'll get over it, she may not...  
For a long time.

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# Bees Love Haze And A's Love B's

I love bees, I also love haze  
I love b's, I also love a's  
Haze covers the bees, when there's a heat wave  
A's go with the b's to spell behave  
Bees live in hives and make honey  
A's will take bribes to earn money  
Bees will really sting if you're not careful  
A's are on their knees so very prayerful  
Bees are on their knees when they've been knocked down  
A's get so upset when you spell brawn brown  
B's and A's are distraught when the other's not around.  
The End

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# Broken

A narrow stick may split when it's been jumped on  
More stable is the wooden planking in a fence  
An arrow might fracture when it is shot off  
And hits something inflexible or dense

A glass cup will break hitting a cement floor  
A window may shatter with a rock that's thrown  
Your leg could be crushed if you love sports  
And play a lot of football on your own

You promote a failing heart using tobacco  
Fat and sugar contribute to the problem too  
Heart attacks are mostly unexpected  
When they occur there's not much you can do

The wood and glass are objects that aren't living  
But the heart is active and always pumping blood  
There's something else that might cause the heart to break  
While it's still alive and beating as it should

This most often occurs when your fond feelings  
Are saddened by love lost or one's demise  
Worse yet is a heart abused, or one downtrodden  
A wound that affects both the foolish and the wise

A broken man can be overworked or sickly  
His body is browbeaten, it won't take any more  
An injury could cause him to be hampered  
While a broken spirit will take him to the floor

The body, feelings or spirit can be broken  
The physical is the easiest to fix  
The browbeaten and downtrodden are much harder  
And a spirit healed is the hardest one to get

Christopher Aaron

# Butterflies And Grapes

You see the dreaded caterpillar  
A violet's enemy devourer  
I see the ensuing butterfly  
Whose proboscis sipped the nectar dry

The first has vision incomplete  
The second has a view that's sweet  
The first's concern is losing money  
The second looks forward to the honey

I have a grapevine overgrown  
Over the fence and tree it's flown  
"Cut-it-down! " you say; I say "Please save"  
For kids it makes a perfect cave

You have a vision of loss and bother  
And my eyes vision sees another  
There really is no wrong or right  
It all depends on the seer's sight

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# Caitlyn

My niece driving into a curve  
Broadsided by a careless, hurried young man  
She lost control, her car flipped on its side  
She...crushed. This fair young beauty died

Parents awaiting her arrival  
Anxious, disturbed at her absence  
Interrogated family, friends...  
They were all concerned

They prayed for her safe return  
She, unable to avoid the thoughtless,  
Hapless navigator...  
But then, no, a word at last!

They, braced themselves for the worst,  
But hoping for the best...  
The words 'No hope'  
Barred further encouraging expectations

It pierced them with the realization  
Of what had happened. Her battered body?  
They would be reimbursed with what was taken  
It was sixes: A lifeless mangled figure

For a young, vibrant, beautiful seraph  
They had hoped for the best  
But had been reimbursed with the worst...  
A figure with no life...

That for which they most yearned  
The challenge now?  
How to learn to live without her.  
Family, friends, even unknowns

Totally adored her  
Now a void,  
A massive space to fill  
In our journey through life,

There is always someone missing  
We pray for life,  
The tragedy we always are dismissing  
The part most difficult is not for the departers

But for the residue...those who remain...  
Yes, for the livers  
Long-lasting relationships we must form  
That we love others, and they us,

With tender feelings that are warm  
Time dissipates, there is scarcely time  
To meet, to know, to love  
Let's not squander it on criticism,

Abuse or contention.  
Squander it on love!

Christopher Aaron

# Caitlyn's Passing

Dear Samuel and Catherine:

The time has passed, so now at last  
Some words of consolation  
Friends take it hard, neighbors are jarred,  
But you're the blood relation  
The brothers are harder skinned I think  
The sisters- their soft hearts do sink  
But Mom & Dad, they have it bad.  
She was their own creation.

I know it's hard 'cause you're still scarred,  
But reflect on God's intention  
Your hearts can rest! She was His best!  
And here's one more dimension...  
Most of us need a life-time to tame...  
Our mind and soul, and thus reclaim  
The Father's love, 'n those things above...  
And blessings not yet mentioned.

She'd had her test, she was the best  
Of all things He created.  
Her- He called home, one of His own.  
No doubt she was elated.  
And now she has a much greater work  
You three'll join together, just call it 'teamwork'  
You'll teach on this side, she'll watch on that side,  
And you'll all end up well-compensated

When you have a bad day, or you're in a bad way,  
Remember that she's by your side  
She'll be there to assist you, she's already kissed you,  
If you need something, she will provide  
Some don't believe that those over there  
Can help or build faith, that they even care  
But she will surprise you when she hovers nearby you,  
Yes, her family she's always beside

So be all united, and oh so excited,  
For the reunion that is yet to take place  
It's not too far away- look ahead to the day  
When the family will hug and embrace  
Just keep yourselves busy with your everyday work  
The time will go by while you build the framework  
For your mansion above, a society of love,  
A reward you can never replace!

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# California's Screamin'

All the leaves are brown  
And the sky is grey  
I've been on the run  
Since the awful day (when it started)  
I'd be safe at home  
If I lived in Bombay  
California's Screamin'  
Put it out today!

Stopped into a church  
I passed along the way  
Well I got down on my knees  
And I began to pray  
You know high mountains like the cold  
Oh flames please go away  
California's Screamin'  
On this autumn day

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# Canine To K-10 One Step Up

What can a person  
Who loves canines do  
To become more religious?  
Reverse the order of the letters  
Of that which he loves most.  
I love my dog,  
He's my best companion.  
I love my God,  
He's my best companion

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# Carpenter's Son

"I'm just a builder/carpenter" he told my Uncle Tom  
"I've framed the homes all down this street" he said, his voice was calm

I have some friends that are 'big shots', they're always in the light  
They can't yawn or breathe, or roll up their sleeves, without being in sight...

Of newsmen, snapshots, interviewers, so well-known are they  
That even the illiterate can oft be heard to say:

"Hey! I seen this young guy before, ain't he been on the tube? "  
And others say, "Yeah, I know him, I just seen him in the news"

Our builder-friend was not well-known, he had not received acclaim  
For famous deeds, no P.H.D's, he had no special fame

He just built homes; friends knew he was the best at his profession  
The details were paid attention work... out of the question

His homes were the most luxurious structures man had ever built  
You'd stare in awe and drop your jaw if you saw all the skill

Assigned to each and every home. Impressive in and out.  
But he, himself, a humble man with no degree, no clout

(And like him :)

There was a humble carpenter's son who came from Nazareth  
He also built impressive homes not long before His death

The homes He built were everlasting, any man could buy  
And without money, without price, they only had to try

To live a life of virtue, love, and do unto another  
What they would like done unto them, treat all earth's men as brothers

This builder's son received no honor until after he died  
His homes are on the market still, he certainly has tried

To sell them, each and every one, but not with much success  
Very few will take a loan out; that is what I guess

And make the monthly payments of good works and sacrifice  
Most people would rather rent a home than pay the market price

When you grow up, get married, and then want to settle down  
One point of special interest is your neighborhood, the town

That you would like to live in at the start, then down the road  
It seems to me you'd want to get a clean, well-kept abode

So if you want to live in towns depressing, somewhat dirty  
Then look for one the other framers built, live in their city

But if you'd like to dwell in one that's heavenly and lush  
Come buy some land in the last builder's town, but better rush!

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# Cellphone-Itis

Every illness has its symptoms;  
Each sickness has its type  
While some plagues may be fatal,  
A runny nose sure makes me gripe

The doctors urge vaccinations  
For all the deadly ailments  
The other germs may bother you  
Or cause you brief torments

This throe if and when you catch it,  
No doctor can make you well  
Your eyes get ruined and then your neck,  
Your head and hands both swell

And it's easy to master,  
But men want to be slaves  
To their habits and their passions  
Yes, they go down to their graves

With heads all bent, their eyes all squint  
And kinks throughout their neck  
From pounding letters, numbers,  
Yes, their fingers are a wreck

There must now be some billions  
With this dreaded disease  
And all of you could be healthy  
So listen to me, please!

Put down your cell, lift up your head,  
And see life's greatest wonders  
Look at the crowd (not at your phone) ,  
Hear the swift stream (not the music) ,  
Enjoy the rolling thunders

The next will be the hardest  
And now I'm talkin' tough  
Talk to all people face to face

And eye to eye's enough

Sir Apple will still have his place,  
So don't think I'm a weirdo  
Remember it's the people you embrace;  
Talk to them and get near, Joe!

A programmed phone may call you  
And recite some chatter senseless  
But 'one on one' takes walls down  
And friends will make you fenceless

For other folks to reach you,  
And to relate and talk and chatter  
Talk with and see them face to face  
Cause those things really matter

If that life is too 'human',  
And you think I'm full of crock  
Then make a wish to leave this life  
And come back as a rock.

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# Dan Fogelberg's Last Wishes

'Going As the Raven Flies' is 'The Long Way'  
To see my 'Forefathers' 'Bones In The Sky'  
I'm not 'Telling You Stories' but 'It's Hard To Say'  
When they drive The Last Nail, how much Longer `til I die?

If it's Part Of The Plan please Tell Me To My Face  
All There Is Along The Road are Empty Cages and Ghosts  
Just Give Me Some Time...is the Nether Lands my place?  
If not, it is the Stars, The Morning Sky I love the most

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# Dead Ringer 1

I have an albino Springer who's a dead ringer for a bear  
He's husky like one but playful like a canine  
It was time for him learn some tricks  
We started with "roll over", trick number nine  
With a milk bone I swirled my arm  
He followed directions and started to sway  
But got stuck on his back, couldn't go the whole way  
We tickled his tummy...and that made him turn  
With plenty of practice, we knew that he'd learn  
We did it again, but once again he muffed  
He'd probably make it if his hair weren't so puffed

c aaron

(here's the picture of our...well, maybe not a Springer, but he is puffy)

Christopher Aaron

## Dear Samuel And Catherine (Caitlyn) :

The time has passed, so now at last  
Some words of consolation  
Friends take it hard, neighbors are jarred,  
But you're the blood relation  
The brothers are harder skinned I think  
The sisters- their soft hearts do sink  
But Mom & Dad, they have it bad.  
She was their own creation.

I know it's hard `cause you're still scarred,  
But reflect on God's intention  
Your hearts can rest! She was His best!  
And here's one more dimension...  
Most of us need a life-time to tame...  
Our mind and soul, and thus reclaim  
The Father's love, `n those things above...  
And blessings not yet mentioned.

She'd had her test, she was the best  
Of all things He created.  
Her- He called home, one of His own.  
No doubt she was elated.  
And now she has a much greater work  
You three'll join together, just call it `teamwork'  
You'll teach on this side, she'll watch on that side,  
And you'll all end up well-compensated

When you have a bad day, or you're in a bad way,  
Remember that she's by your side  
She'll be there to assist you, she's already kissed you,  
If you need something, she will provide  
Some don't believe that those over there  
Can help or build faith, that they even care  
But she will surprise you when she hovers nearby you,  
Yes, her family she's always beside

So be all united, and oh so excited,  
For the reunion that is yet to take place  
It's not too far away- look ahead to the day

When the family will hug and embrace  
Just keep yourselves busy with your everyday work  
The time will go by while you build the framework  
For your mansion above, a society of love,  
A reward you can never replace!

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# Divorce...Division Then Multiplication

He awaited the news,  
A blistering blitzkrieg  
On his emotions;  
But then recovering,

As does the pedestrian  
Who is struck by  
A careless driver  
Who ignored

The protective yellow lines  
Of the crosswalk,  
Picks himself up  
Brushes off his clothes

And continues on his way  
He attempted to comprehend  
The meaning of the word  
And its consequences.

'Sever' she says.  
How do you sever something  
That is inseverible?  
In today's world,

Severing a relationship  
Can be likened to penetrating melted butter  
It cuts and spreads effortlessly.  
In the supermarket

New products are demoed,  
Quickly consumed  
And replace their  
Predecessor instantly

No warning. No red flashing lights  
No descending half barriers.  
But like the water balloon  
Which is thrown (drenching the face

Of an unwary spectator) ,  
Immediately arouses  
The groggy eyed observer,  
The news awakened him

And compelled him to ask the question...  
Why? Was it me? Was it her?  
After recovering from the 'breaking news'  
He pondered, attempting to answer

Those questions...  
What would cause my wife to even  
Consider such a life-altering event?  
Their marriage had most certainly

Not been one deserving the award  
Of 'the perfect marriage', but still  
In spite of their differences  
They had endured, continued on,

Overcome weaknesses and offenses made  
And their relationship had evolved  
Into something steady and long-lasting.  
He began to ponder, reflect and deliberate...

Just recently he had criticized her for  
Her laxness in keeping the house  
As clean and organized as he thought it should be.  
He recently complained that she was late

In making his breakfast. He failed to recognize  
And praise her for her support when he was  
Going through difficulties...the death of his father,  
The loss of employment when his company

Downsized, the care she administered to him  
When he was very, very sick.  
As he reflected, he realized that  
Instead giving her the support

And recognition she deserved

He was criticizing her into oblivion  
She just couldn't take it anymore  
The word 'sever' or divorce,

After it was said  
Also caused her mind to stir  
What kind of a wife was she?  
Had she done some things less worthy

Of being the 'perfect wife'?  
She thought of times where she had  
Like him, failed to express gratefulness  
For his never-ending faithfulness as a provider

For her and the family,  
For his excellence as a father,  
For repairing and fixing anything  
Needing fixing in the home

In short, she wanted to divorce him  
For some of the same things she was  
Doing or not doing. Hmmmmmm...  
After reflecting,

They sat down together in the kitchen  
And reviewed and shared their thoughts  
With each other. Both now, admitting  
Their negligence in treating each other

With gratefulness  
And the recognition they deserved  
She backed off, regretting her precipitation  
In making the announcement

And they began to talk reconciling  
Their differences and their neglect  
In displaying, both vocally, and in action  
How they accepted and appreciated

Each other. After some deliberation,  
They both realized their mistake  
And vowed to do better.

That 'sever' turned into 'ever'

As in ever-lasting. They once again  
Made a commitment to vocalize  
Their love, appreciation and commitment  
To each other. To forgive, and then live!

Live in harmony, in hope for a better future  
To live worthy of receiving the Lord's blessing  
In their lives individually and together  
As a pair. Their, or better said, her decision

To petition a division resulted in a  
Multiplication of love, of dedication,  
Of understanding, of commitment.  
Oh, that we could all 'sever' ourselves

From that which divides  
And multiply that which  
Unites, which brings together

Christopher Aaron

# Eclipse

A special event not often seen,  
You might say rather rare  
'Tis where the moon wanders away  
And sets itself right there  
In front of that bright, heavenly mass  
That represents the sun  
And interrupts the blaring blaze  
That gives light to everyone

The most impressive darkness comes  
When the blackout is total  
The light deferred, excluded from  
Each critter, plant, and mortal  
All of those who observe the affair  
Are awed at its uniqueness  
But at the same time grateful for  
Its shortness and its briefness

A few minutes lost/given to the dark?  
A blindness temporary  
The blaring light's back all too soon.  
The moon moved, it could not tarry  
At the day's end, before the bed,  
We all retrieve our journals  
To annotate the amazing act,  
Which was, in fact, supernal

Back down to earth, yes that's the place  
Where the exuberance all started  
There's another eclipse that oft takes place  
In those soft, and kind-hearted  
The darkened sun: Adverse effects  
On all plant's life and human  
If allowed to stay, they'd pass away.  
their lives all thrive on lumen.

Our eclipse will come with adverse thoughts,  
When we let evil enter  
The enemy gets in our way...

He blocks His light top center  
Let's pray the dark is short and brief,  
Like the celestial wonder  
When we allow its permanence,  
The heaven's roll with thunder

Temptations, lures, most always come  
At times when we're the weakest  
When darkness reigns, when doubts arise,  
Let's come to Him in meekness  
Our lives' eclipses may take place  
When we're not really ready  
We have to make the barrier move,  
Our efforts must be steady

The moon travels all on its own,  
It needs no force or shoving  
But man's eclipse is coaxed to leave  
Through penitence and loving  
The Savior said the very greatest  
Thing to own was charity  
Our broken hearts and love for all  
Will bring endless prosperity.

Christopher Aaron

## Fast Or Slow?

The time goes slow or the time flies by  
You're either bored or you're occupied  
If you complain "Nothing to do!"  
Then read a book or learn Kung Fu

If you're going too fast and need a break  
Then say "time out" please for my sake  
Watch the second hand move on your watch  
Crack your knuckles or play hop-scotch

You don't always need to be out front  
So slow down, pull over then stop and grunt  
The 'stop' will halt the auto's drama  
The grunts decrease your risk of trauma

This life is full of slows and fasts  
The secret is to do what lasts  
If you always speed the gas runs out  
If you crawl you may garble the route

Is there an answer to my dilemma?  
The stressed and tense take an enema  
If you're tired and bored the answer's easy  
Ride a roller-coaster till the stomach's queasy!

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# For Marilyn Cook January 12,2011

Nelson had goods, had a home, he had money and property  
Marilyn was good, her face shone, it was sunny and so pretty  
Nels was a businessman with his earnings invested  
Mar'lyn, a busy woman with her virtues well tested

Nelson was good, he was giving, and he blessed many lives  
Mar'lyn was good, was forgiving, and her light never dies  
The man's sweat and toil blessed their lives monetarily  
But Marilyn was loyal, now she's gone temporarily

Nelson got sick and he died, left a will, you see  
Marilyn got sick and she died, left a legacy  
Nels' lands got divided and his money ran out  
Marilyn loved, did not hide it and she cared...there's no doubt!

This last part's for Marilyn as her memory stays  
Her road was a-narrowing, and she left, went her way  
But a life of example, filled with love, service, charity  
Is not one we should trample, rather one we should try to be

We will miss her soft sweetness, and her kindness, her loving way  
Not to mention her meekness, and the thoughts of her yesterday  
For her hub and her children, it'll hurt, that for sure, I know  
But for her, don't feel sorry, she's gone where we all want to go.

A good friend who died... this for her funeral... caaron

Christopher Aaron

# Forever Lover

Last night I tried to see you  
They wouldn't free you,  
So I got myself together,  
In the stormy weather  
I raced across the tracks  
To get you back  
I got there late,  
They'd locked the gate  
I heard you scream  
There went my dreams  
It was over,  
Forever lover

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# God Is An Exalted Man

Do I dare write of a precept  
That some might label blasphemy?  
I would not if I thought likewise,  
But a light has helped me see  
Not to infer that I am special  
Or that I have distinctive power  
From what I read I used my common sense  
And then I prayed for many hours

Our God has told us in His words  
That we're created in His likeness  
Or in His image say the Scriptures,  
And from the same seed we exist  
'Who being the brightness of his glory,  
And the express image of his person, '  
Our brother Paul says of his Lord,  
And how the Father is like the Son

The Savior said to Thomas...  
'My hands and side...touch with your finger'  
He later met with his disciples...  
'Let's drink, break bread, I cannot linger'  
'Eat, drink' skills of a spirit?  
'Flesh and blood' alone is able  
Those claiming different are misled...  
They... one and all tell idle fables

The Son is like the Father,  
Their look and aspect are the same  
You mean the Father has a body?  
Yes, that's the truth I must proclaim!  
If the Father then is like the Son,  
He has a body resurrected  
The main distinction between Him and us?  
He is also one exalted

He reigns from Heaven high on His throne  
His words guide men, if they will follow  
He says, 'Be perfect' that we be just like Him,

So work and strive...the words aren't hollow  
For those who say that He is spirit...  
This is the truth you've learned today  
A man like us, but He's exalted...  
Indeed our Father; in not just one,  
But many ways

Christopher Aaron

# Happy Birthday Okie Style

The pet canary and rabbit  
Want to wish you  
A HOP-py BIRD-day  
We think you're a PEACH  
Some say you're NUTTY  
And have gone BANANAS...  
We don't CARROT all  
About what others say  
We think you're GRAPE  
And there'll never be  
An UDDER one like EWE.

Love, your f(r)iends

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# Hayden And Heather

Our hearts unfold, secrets reveal,  
And we just now barely started  
Trudging down the aisle of life,  
Each (one)lonesome and half-hearted

(Hayden)"I wonder what she's looking for"  
I ask myself, then ponder  
(Heather)"Am I just another passing flower,  
Like the ones the wind blew yonder? "

Two souls (soles)impassioned to be one,  
Like leather sewn together  
Still colored buff, but more mature,  
Our hides (heads)not yet stained heather

The Lord indeed peered down on us  
And viewing our incompleteness  
(Heather)Sent me the force of your strong hands,  
(Hayden)Made known to me your sweetness...

(Hayden)"Do I dare make the staggering move-  
Once made, I can't repent of?  
And trade my life for a lovely lass?  
My freedoms, no more scent of? "

(Heather)"Do I entrust my every care,  
My hopes, my dreams, my pleasures  
Into the arms of a dashing prince-  
Who proclaimed I was his treasure? "

Too late to opine, it's said and done-  
The choice that we'd both longed for  
Or 'yea' or 'nay'? The first of the two...  
Was the answer he sang a song for

Now that it's done, any regrets?  
No, none... still there is one thing that matters:  
(Heather)"Years down the road...eons away...  
Will my heart still pitter-patter?

Each day when you come home from work,  
Every night we spend together  
Will the spark that you ignited here—  
Beam and glow in stormy weather? &quot;

The response you (Hayden)give to: &quot;Will we continue to live- -  
This dream, our eternal courtship? &quot;  
Is contingent upon -the kindling and coal—  
In the coffers of the steamship.

The sky is fine, and the heavens shine  
At your most requisite decision  
Look! The flowers that bloom, Hear! The birds that sing—  
Since you both got out of prison

- c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# He Hurts Deep Down Inside

He always wore a smile,  
And he was loving and kindhearted  
Though his wife was sick, his home foreclosed,  
And his newborn babe just died  
"It hurts, my friend, you know it's hard..."  
Yes, his buddy knew that it smarted  
But he didn't let anybody know  
He kept it all deep down inside

The friend was filled with wonder  
As he saw his buddy suffer  
There was so much hurt and so much pain,  
He knew he was being tried  
But he didn't gripe, he didn't moan,  
Though this time it was even tougher  
Than any trial he had had before,  
Still he kept it all deep inside

His company then downsized  
And he was no longer needed  
They let him go from the job he loved,  
It really shook him and it hurt his pride  
But he bit his lip and cried inside  
And then he knelt down and he pleaded  
He asked for strength to endure the blow,  
Then he tucked it all deep inside

We all have the tendency  
To share our worries & tribulation  
With other folks we may or may not know,  
We get it out, then let the whole thing ride  
Some learn to tackle life's battles  
With just one stipulation  
They keep their heartbreaks to themselves  
Yes, they keep them deep down inside

Is it wrong to open up  
And share our hardships with another?  
It's good therapy to unload your grief

And share your troubles both far and wide...  
Or is it better not to throw the burden  
On your sister or on your brother  
They have their own troubles and worries  
Should we keep it all deep inside?

There might not be just one answer  
No, it's more difficult than that  
Is it more important to unload?  
Or think of others and of their side...  
Should we bury our hardships deep within,  
Like an unwearying pack rat?  
Or is it more healing for us to share  
Instead of keeping it all inside?

I'm sorry, I cannot answer for you  
It's a decision you must make  
You'll have to evaluate the situation  
And with the outcome you must abide  
When you find the answer best for you  
Please, I beg you, and for my sake  
Tell me if I should I pass it on to others  
Or should I keep it all deep inside?

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# Height And Creation

A giraffe in the wild has a long neck  
A skyscraper? That name implies  
That it is the tallest, it scrapes the skies  
To ascend it you'd make a longer trek

An airplane soars extremely high  
With destinations far and near  
And when the craft is ably steered  
It gives you an ideal view birds-eye

Is there a plant or something live  
Of height, of girth, of such dimension  
And size sufficient for me to mention  
That will compare, that grows outside?

Yes, there is one that we have missed  
In western woodlands they're known to appear  
Majestic and tall, they've lived for years  
Be sure this one is on your list

Its needles green and its bark is brown  
It's found in redwood timber troves  
And stands alone in nature's groves  
In westward land they're mostly found

Next thing I'll bring to your attention  
Is of its birth, and of its age  
No one knows, not even a sage... can guess  
The precise year of its inception

Three thousand years we could speak of,  
If examined by the rings within.  
That's before Holy Writ begins  
So why not ask its Creator above

That is an option you should consider  
A spatial trek to meet that Person  
And if your condition does not worsen  
And your feelings toward Him have not embittered

Older and taller than the redwood  
For ageless time has He been around  
He that created the very ground  
Where we stand and the first redwood stood

From this report let's understand  
The redwoods have grown for many years  
The earths' most lofty, but it appears  
That none stands taller than earth's Greatest Man!

Christopher Aaron

# Her Beauty

Her beauty was not facial  
It was a purity, a deep-seated beauty  
An inner elegance which allured me.  
Instantly captivated and hypnotized  
By her innocence, her eagerness to do good  
To be good...she was fascinating, enticing  
Compelling me to furbish my inner self  
Likewise with integrity and morality  
My spirit hungered for that type of  
Relationship. Not body to body, not face  
To face, but spirit to spirit. The physical  
Could wait. First and most important was  
To integrate internally, the facial and physical  
Connection would instinctively follow.  
The union of spirit to spirit, of soul to soul,  
mind to mind, a unification of faith,  
of emotions, of purpose, then body to body,  
Would all follow each other like  
The cars on a freight train are linked,  
Hand in hand (you might say)  
One pulling, the others following.  
The union of spirit and soul was  
The locomotive, then followed their faith,  
Minds, emotions and purpose...  
In no particular order except the last:  
The physical. This last most likely was  
The initial incentive for them to pursue a  
Relationship, but all the carriages  
Contributed significantly to the train's  
Velocity and accuracy in arriving at  
Its final destination...  
A complete and total integration!

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# I Can

When you are assembling the puzzle of your life  
Two pieces stand out most important  
For a bride it's her beau, for a gent it's his wife  
And there are two words you never use... "I can't"  
&"-I won't make you dinner-or-I won't fix your washer-&"  
Some overwhelmed spouses may chant  
&"I'm tired, I'm pooped out, I just don't have time&"  
But remember you never say, "I can't";

When poor wives are cleaning, watch kids and do laundry;  
Their hubs must display some compassion  
The fellows work hard, sometimes they're sweaty and tired;  
Dear darlings... Their food? Please don't ration  
Amid all your crises, hardships, and hapless misfortunes,  
Pray, this one last appeal to me grant  
Their request may be annoying, the task work a burden  
But don't ever imply that you can't

Most of us are concerned about big #1...  
OUR attire, OUR food, and OUR pleasures  
Let's focus our time more on big #2...  
For in fact they are our greatest treasures  
Should we always insist that they do things our way?  
That's selfish and takes away vision  
If we sacrifice and struggle to do things their way...  
We'll coalesce and then work hard with precision

Take a step back and ponder, then swallow your pride,  
Because you both walk in the same direction  
Don't inwardly battle to take the advantage,  
Better yet show them further affection  
What a good spouse won't do to see their partner happy?  
To be honest? - My mind thinks of nothing  
When your life-mate's in trouble, or sad or discouraged...  
You'll be impassioned to do them the best thing!

The key isn't muscles, or brain, ingenuity...  
In fact it's not even ambition  
The pivotal process to help your sweet partner

Has much more to do with VOLITION  
If you want to, you CAN...if you don't, then you CAN'T-  
See the whole thing is really quite simple  
You CAN help each other, rub feet and scratch backs...  
And foremost you CAN always be gentle!

Christopher Aaron

# Kit And Caboodle

Every day you walk by my home  
Your cane in hand and leg in a cast  
&quot;Poor guy! You have to &quot;hobble, hobble, hobble&quot;;  
Thanksgiving, it's to the coop  
For the main course, he escapes  
Chanting &quot;gobble, gobble, gobble&quot;;  
You need new shoe soles  
It's to the shop- he takes off the old,  
Puts on the new-&quot;Cobble, cobble, cobble&quot;;  
The heel on one shoe is thicker than the other  
So when you leave the shop  
You &quot;wobble, wobble, wobble&quot;;  
Playing baseball, you pick up a grounder  
To throw him out but &quot;bobble, bobble, bobble&quot;;  
You type in your computer in all lower case  
And have to change to all caps  
So you &quot;toggle, toggle, toggle&quot;;  
You go skin diving and want to see  
The enormous mammals of the deep  
Put on your &quot;goggles, goggles, goggles&quot;;  
You're given a job to do at work  
And do it wrong, don't worry  
Next time you won't &quot;boggle, boggle, boggle&quot;;  
You write a poem and try to think  
Of the right word, but it doesn't come  
Just use your &quot;noodle, noodle, noodle&quot;;  
Don't need to &quot;Google, Google, Google&quot;;  
Or blow your bugle, bugle, bugle  
It's not so &quot;futile, futile, futile&quot;;  
You're always &quot;frugal, frugal, frugal&quot;;  
When you buy &quot;strudel, strudel, strudel&quot;;  
The leftovers to the &quot;poodle, poodle, poodle&quot;;  
This poem just gave you the whole  
&quot;Kitten caboodle, boodle, boodle...  
Hmm—this is all garbage  
I'll give it to the kitty...

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# Limelight

How do you feel when someone mentions your name  
Does it open your ears and does it light up a flame?  
When a group of your friends get together and mumble  
And they refer to your name, does that make you feel humble?

Most of us would rather bask in the sunlight  
Than lay in the shade, where things aren't so bright  
In the sun we score high, in the shade we score zero  
We'll just sit there and dwindle, because we're not the hero

We love recognition and envision our stardom  
And we'll get there I promise...when the preparation's all done  
We took our first step on the way to the summit  
And grabbed the checked flag and then quickly did plummet

When we got to the top we had no assistance (assistants- they were all down below)  
We slipped on the gravel and then fell a great distance  
We can all win acclaim, enjoy glory and honor  
When we gain it ourselves it shines quickly then wanders

Let your friends share the limelight, watch their confidence increase  
Then you take a back seat...and all the 'hoopla' will cease  
Take joy in the quests, and achievements of others  
Laud not your distinction but give credit to your brothers

They're just one step down, they're good men but not high rise  
They only need nudging to bring their lows up to highs  
Not much success in their lives since the very beginning  
Won't you please build them up and make this their big inning

Cause once they have scaled the tower mighty and exalted  
They'll have more self-assurance, when all the hurdles they've vaulted  
You don't need to worry about your greatness waning  
You will always be up there, but your numbers will be gaining

This life is the test grounds for all of God's children  
The gifted are few, but the total is millions  
The fact He's our Father should make all feel important

We are of His blood line, we all sleep in the same tent

The next time you're announced as a great man with talent  
Be a mouthpiece for all...so many others are gallant  
Please give them some credit, and attest to their goodness  
With that sole distinction you assure their success

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# Men- Let's Be Men...Women- Let's Be Women

Men want to be recognized,  
Want to be praised,  
Want to be thought of,  
Want to have power,  
Want to be great,  
Want to be heroes  
They desire love and purpose  
Basically men just want to matter.  
They would like to be legends.  
To become a legend man, women say:  
They need to be faithful  
They need to be kind.  
They need moral integrity  
They need to be good fathers  
They need to have a sense of humor.  
They need to be intelligent  
They need to have passion.  
They need confidence.  
They need to be generous.  
They need to be a good listeners.

Women want to be sexy,  
Want to be attractive,  
Want to be trustworthy,  
Want to be loved,  
Want to be appreciated,  
Want to receive kindness,  
Want to be taken care of:  
Physically and Financially.  
To become a legend woman, men say:  
They need to be family oriented.  
They need to be kindhearted.  
They need to be intellectually challenging.  
They need to be understanding and empathetic.  
They need to be ambitious.  
They need to be consistent.  
They need to be willing to put in effort for you.  
They need to hold similar values as you.  
They need to be physically attractive (to her man)

They need to be friendly and sociable.

Christopher Aaron

## My Older Brother 2

My brother was the one selected  
I was not envious of his call nor of his mission  
He was given the choice of himself or of others  
Most seek their own, not their Father's volition  
As soon as he knew the will of his Father  
Eager He was to bring to fruition  
His ungrudging labor of love and of sacrifice  
This he carried out in humble submission

All of those in the world are his younger siblings  
Should they feel indebted to him just one day a week?  
His arduous travail shows a never-ending compassion  
For his kinsfolk who are whole and for those who can't speak  
A daily devotion is not something excessive  
There are abundant believers and those who esteem him  
With their hearts and minds always reverential  
Their older brother who was selfless, redeemed them

Christopher Aaron

## No Man Is An Island 2

No man is an island located way out in the boonies better spelled No-man's Land  
Iceland is the land of ice or the isle of ice

Dryland is land that's not wet

Wetlands are lands that aren't dry

A National Park is Public Land but a land without pubs

Maryland is the Land for just Mary-the lambs live on the public land

Newfoundland is the land just found, located next to Oldfoundland, last year's  
discovery

On Oakland the land of oak, do they also grow hay there? If yes, answer `oak  
hay `oak hay'

Ragland the Land of rags has new clothes too

Portland is the Land of ports...what kind?Both harbors and wine.

Does Finland the land of fins has both fish fins and swimming fins?

In Ireland the land of ire not everybody is angry. Those who are, what are they  
mad at?

The Netherlands are located right below the Highlands.

Poland, the land of poles has both kinds, fishing and vaulting.

Swaziland is the land of Swazis. They keep you warm when you're hunting in  
New Zealand

Switzerland is the land of Switz's-Some are mediators and others are neutral and  
don't get involved

In Thailand or the land of Thais there are two kinds:bow-Thais and neck-Thais

New Zealland (need 2 l's)is the new land of zeal, but some are still apathetic and  
indifferent.

The Marshall Islands or lands of the marshall also have sheriffs and deputies  
living there.

The Solomon Islands or lands of Solomon are what are left of their parent David  
Islands ruins.

Burgenland, Austria is the land of Burgen; they sell Double Burgens there also.

Queensland, Australia is the land of the Queens, but there are some guys living  
there-the Jacks & the Kings

Prince Edward Island is the land that belongs to Prince Edward; Princess Sophie  
often comes to visit.

Greenland the land of new missionaries is located next to Trunkyland the island  
of old worn-out missionaries.

Rhineland Germany, the land of Rhinos, also has hippos living there.

Scotland is the land of the scots and they have to pay more scots than many  
other countries

Rhode Island yes, is a land of Roads...millions of `em.

Somaliland Somalia, the land of Somalis has also some biggies living there  
Nagaland India, the land of the Nags also has wives who encourage and praise.

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# No Rhyme Nor Reason

"There is no rhyme or reason, "  
A good friend of mine once said  
"It's not the time or season, "  
My mission clear, I'd not misled  
A poem without a rhyme  
Has no inherent evil  
But a poem without a reason  
Is something quite medieval  
We are all participating  
In a craftsmanship that's real  
And our greatest inner dream  
Is that the verse will have appeal

The poem you're reading now  
Includes some rhymes and has a cadence  
But much more vital than the rhythm  
Is the message it presents  
Don't get me wrong, I'm not critiquing  
Some poets' strengths and others' weakness  
I just suggest our creations hold  
Some purpose in their uniqueness  
None of us comprehends  
How great our influence is on others  
The most are not concerned,  
It's too much time or it's a bother

My proposition is that we all now  
From this day and forever  
Include a message in our poems  
And have a goal in our endeavor  
That doesn't mean convert  
Another person to our logic  
But inspire those who've gone astray,  
Give words of comfort to the sick  
There are many ways to lift  
And motivate the lives of others  
Let's devote, employ our time  
To help our sisters and our brothers

This life does have a purpose,  
Most of us think of "me",  
Don't worry, we'll always have sufficient,  
Without much difficulty  
The trick? First think of others,  
And the impression you can make  
And the influence you'll have on their lives,  
Not on all that you can take  
More blessed are not the takers,  
But the ones who freely give  
My hope is that we self-assess  
And more benevolently live

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

## Okie Secun Pome

Whale, ewe maydit tru da furs Okie pome, sew hears da secun. Eye'll tryin mayke dis'n eezyer too reed. Ya'll gotta no dat eats knot to harred too rite dis, butt eye'm tryin' m-eye hardist too rite eat sew ewe cun awl reedit! Sew data taykes sum thyme. Eye meen eat taykes ut leest uh cuppula ours too rite wanna deese. Jes tink if'n eye hadd two corriect mye spalin' `n punchew-ashun ulso. Eye meen eat wood tayke mee fourebber! Lit's git too da pome. Hear eat iz:

Eye wonce hadd uh dawg culled Britney  
Hiz image wuz da spitney (Dat meens da Spittin' Image)  
Uv ma frends dogg knamed Kidnee  
Whale, Britney dyed `n Kidnee cryed  
Acuz hee's uh liver `n Brit's uh dyer

Hee's uh Liver ha ha...git eat?  
Kidnee's uh Liver... knot uh pancrease  
Ora gull blatter ora stummuck butta Liver!  
Mye kidnees arr badd. Eye tink mye libber's oak hay.

Eye'm reel surry acuz eye coodn't finnish  
Dat lass pome. Eat gawt to harred fer mee too rite.  
Sew eye'll stard anudder won rite heer:

Tree blined mise, Tree blined mise  
Sea howday runn. Sea howday runn  
Dey awl wran aftur da farmur's whyfe  
Hoo cutt awf dere tails widda carbing nife  
Deed ewe ebber sea sucha site inn ure lief  
Az tree blined mise, tree blined mise

Dare, dat's uh laught bitter dan da lass won,  
Ya no? Whale, Eye gotta gogh (Van)two bedd  
sew aisle ind dere! Until da nixt won. Bye,  
c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# Our Death Is But A Sleep And A Remembering

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:

Our death is but a sleep and a remembering:  
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star  
Doth have elsewhere its habitation  
And goeth there directly  
Not devoid of recollection  
Nor bereft of robes and garments  
But fully clothed in glory do we go  
To our Parents, our Eternal Home

January 14,2013 William Wordsworth, c aaron□

Christopher Aaron

# Redemption

He deemed his life unimportant  
He considered he was lost, forgotten  
But when he shared his worthless feelings  
With a good friend, one who knew him  
And his actions well,  
The friend helped him see  
The influence he had had on others  
And the good example he had been  
The man was blind but his friend helped him see.  
Sometimes we all are blind, but our eyes can be opened  
By another. The man who deemed his life unimportant  
Was told by his friend to re-flect and re-view his feelings  
Or to re-deem and consider them again  
And when he re-deemed his life and actions  
It redeemed his life...a redemption almost as sweet  
As the final redemption he hopes for  
The one enabled by the Man above.

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Christopher Aaron

# The Habitat Of Words

My emotions are the feelings in my heart  
Sometimes my heart is bursting  
With the love I feel for my wife  
Or for another person  
At times my heart is sad for a friend lost  
Or a child abused  
I feel euphoric for the man or woman  
Who wins the fight against cancer  
I'm depressed when I think of  
How much money I owe  
Or how much it's going to cost  
To repair my car's engine  
That just threw a rod  
When I need to communicate these emotions to another  
I have to find a way  
To put into words  
The things I feel in my heart.  
Sometimes I'm successful  
But all too often the feelings and emotions  
Remain unaffected and in their pristine state.  
Or until the computer up on top  
Can extract them  
And convert them into vocalized digital units  
Or prompt these impressions to stream  
Down to and through my fingers  
Then out the fingertips  
In paintings and in drawings.

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Christopher Aaron

# The Key To Peace

World peace is achievable  
When all its denizens possess:  
The art of persuasion...  
The ability to be compatible  
Tranquility when there's a battle  
Civility when one is rattled  
Docility when you've been tattled (on)  
Agility when you're in the saddle  
Humility when you're mistaken  
Mobility when there's a break in  
Stability when you are shaken  
Flexibility to be unshaken  
Tranquility when you're awakened  
Your utility in every situation  
Nobility in every action  
Sensibility in your reactions  
Affability in the midst of trials  
Tactility without getting riled  
Facility in forgiving  
Sociability when you are living  
Versatility in all maneuvers  
Capability in all endeavors  
Tranquility when there's contention  
Viability and gentility (not to mention)  
Peace is when we all unite  
When we cease to fight,  
Decrease in strife  
And leash the knife  
Shall we ever see peace in this world?  
If not here, in the afterlife!

Christopher Aaron

# The Match Story

A short and gritty runway's scratch  
Ignites the flimsy wooden timber  
An oil lamp's view transcends the match  
But exercise keeps fingers limber

Each day a routine ably forged  
The Holy Writ was read at dawn  
The craftsman's soul wished to be gorged  
With gems of truth as the day moved on

At workdays end the sun traversed  
His work domain, in crept the night  
Once home, lit a match, read one more verse  
The morrow brought the selfsame fight

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Christopher Aaron

# The Most Essential

I'd rather be a poor man than be rich  
I'd rather dig myself out of the ditch  
I've had some painful struggles in my life  
I've learned to veil the grief, allay the strife  
I'll never learn to conquer if I quit  
I'll never learn to fight stress if I split  
I'll never learn to hurdle if I sleep...  
Then just sit out and mingle with the sheep  
I'll never rule my rage if I can't tame...  
My passions, thoughts and feelings are to blame  
A bridled horse is lifted with a rung  
I want to learn the same trick with my tongue  
I'll never know my Father if I stray, then  
Close the gap once more, unless I pray  
I'll never learn compassion without love  
To love my fellow man and Him above  
The most essential features these last three  
My fellow man, my God, and charity

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Christopher Aaron

# The Planet Of The Apes

Hey big baboon, we just escaped  
From the circus, but don't go ape  
The chimp can see that we are free  
So monkey do, and monkey see  
Or is it monkey see, and monkey do,  
Whichever one is right for you  
My monkey business says it's a cinch  
I'm the greased monkey, with the monkey wrench  
We've just been gibbon our freedom  
A jump in the barrel of monkeys sounds fun  
It's now the time for us to try mate  
Some orange-tan (orangutan) lotion for light skinned primates  
Make a monkey out of me? Yes, that's going down  
But be a good friend and don't monkey around  
I'm the monkey's uncle and I don't like this state  
There's a better life on the Planet of the Apes

C aaron

Christopher Aaron

# The Sun And The Son

Our world spins, revolves and rotates around the sun  
Our lives are well-spent, involved and rotate around the Son  
Gravity keeps the earth close to the sun  
The Lord's Spirit helps man stay close to the Son  
Gravity is a case of never-ending attraction  
The Spirit keeps track of our every action  
If the world breaks loose, the Sun pulls it back  
When a man breaks loose the Son pulls him back  
The first law is Newton's...universal gravitation  
The second law...the Lord's...universal salvation  
The first law unconditional...it never will fail  
The second conditional... lest man's weakness prevail  
The earth's final status is unending duration  
Man hopes to leave life with the Son's approbation

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# Third Okie Aaron

3rd Okie Aaron

Eats abowt thyme whee due anudder pome inna gnu tung.  
'Dis won iza mixtyour uv da 'Okie', anna won wear da spale-in's badd.  
Az U cun sea, Ei'm knot spale-in berry gud inna dis pome.  
Dat's acuz eye nebber hadd mulch skoolin' winn eye wuz growin' upp.  
Sew dis iz m-eye attemp two due sumpin'  
Dat ewe cun reed any halve funn wit.  
Speekin' uv funnwit...Eye no sumbuddy hoos uh haff-wit.  
If'n eye ad too haff-wits togadder dew eye git won holewit?  
It'll probly tayke alla duh wits ewe halve too reed dis pome,  
Oar attimp atta pome, anywhey. Bee shore `n till mee if'n ewe  
Liek dis, `n Eye'll keepa rightin' pomes lika deez.  
Liek eye sed, eat's reel e.z. two right acuz dere's know rools.  
Ewe cun dew xactly whut ewe wanna dew ann knowbuddy's  
Gonna core-rect ewe acuz dere's know pruuf-reeder.  
Eye'm mye oan pruuf-reeder. Data makes eat funn four mee.  
Eye wanna xpres mye simpatees four doze  
Hoo wur inna da pathe uv da lass too oar tree herricanes.  
Eye feal sew badd fer dem! Ann halve askt fer God two blass dem  
'N hilp dem recubber frum da trajady.  
Dey cud probly ewez ur prairs ulso!  
Oak kay, eye gues datsa nuff fer `dis won.  
Doan wanna maykit two longe oar  
Ewe'll git two tieherd. Ewe cun reed dis won  
'N eye'll cum bak widda `nudder layter, oak hay?

Christopher Aaron

# To Sissi, Mi Increíble Amor

She's increíble! I mean, I can't believe it!  
Her heart's full of amor-I can hardly conceive it!  
That's her feeling towards me, yes I'm her esposo  
My feelings towards her? In her deuda, and more so  
Sometimes I feel like I don't la merezco  
She's on my mind always- I wish I could crezco  
In her eyes-she loves truly, a love como Cristo  
She sees the best in me, in como me visto  
Sometimes I feel guilty, I pray she'll me perdone  
And she continues to love me, when she could me condene  
She fills mi corazón and my every ambition  
And me sigue amando, even in my condition  
This day is her day- Día de San Valentín  
En su cuerpo no hay un bone man  
Wish I could do more to lift her heavy cargas  
But she just keeps on working, and does it with sonrisas  
I know she could doubt me, cause I don't lo demuestro...  
All my love, I should more, pero es verdad that I feel so  
When we married she didn't know que todo eso would happen  
That her life would so change, I'm grateful she's my sostén  
Right now she's at trabajo, she works hard to help us  
She's so altruista, is so giving and unselfish  
Este poema is for her, to show my love and aprecio  
For her servicio, devoción- that her love is without precio  
Yes, you're my ejemplo-wish I were more like you  
My sanctuary, my templo, hold your hand and a big hug too  
This Valentine's Day honey- tú eres the very best  
My whole life te debo, but I'm afraid I'm your test

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# Triple Whammy

Amyloidosis was enough,  
Don't know the word? Look it up!  
Next, a sharp pain in the side,  
A finish nail was being hammered,  
With each breath he hammered harder.  
And then it stuck. Each breath  
Confirmed that he was a close friend,  
He went with me wherever I went.  
We were 'bosom buddies'  
Side by side...Glued to my ribs.  
A Gorilla Glue success.  
Two dear friends never to part.  
A fatal decision had to be made.  
Sadly for him this was total separation.  
We would have to say farewell. If not  
He would cause my fatal(ity) .  
His last name...'Colt'...  
Too much time in the sun  
His skin was all red. Nicknamed 'Blood Colt'.  
I told my friend about my buddy 'Blood'.  
He pressed me to take  
The 3rd grade spelling test again,  
Then repeated the words  
'Blood Clot' ... 'Blood Clot'  
Strange name for a man  
Strange name for a horse  
But not a strange name  
For the pain in the side.  
Two weeks in the hospital  
And I thinned blood colt...  
He was too chubby.  
Released from prison,  
Called my wife to pick me up  
She answered then asked  
How I was, I couldn't muster  
The breath to answer.  
Breathe deeper, breathe deeper,  
Whisper louder, whisper louder.  
Returned to the hospital

This time an x-ray  
Doc looked at the lungs and asked  
How many packs of cigarettes a day?  
How many? Made a zero with my fingers  
Lots of empty sacs floating in there, he said.  
&quot;Him Fizz He Ma, Him Fizz He Ma&quot;  
He doesn't fizz  
And my ma is a she  
I didn't understand  
What he was saying  
His police friend would help  
There was Cop A, Cop B, Cop C  
His friend? COP D; a nagging cop  
He always hung around  
Nowhere else to go  
He loved his job  
He hung out with his buddies  
At 'The Pleuras' a fancy restaurant  
You enter in and can never get out  
They can't coax you out  
They can't kick you out  
So they hung out at 'the Pleuras'.  
For the rest of their lives  
They were in the Pleuras.  
When the Pleuras broke and failed  
They broke and failed.  
That was the death of The Pleuras,  
My buddy and me.  
The Triple Whammy?  
Amyloidosis, Blood Colt and COPD

c aaron

Christopher Aaron

# U F O B Y

A UFO landed in my BY  
I saw it, reflected and wondered why  
Why mine? What brought him to my home?  
AFAIK my dog, has an FOMO  
He's kind of SO, especially in his mind  
And attracts ATTF, SRLSY!  
ICYMI the UFO was attracted to him.  
I'm really grateful, TYVM  
For listening to me. And ICYWW  
He's GTI right now. IIRC for you  
This happened before, it is a CC  
Of something in the past, He had a TBT  
Where they didn't throw it all back. IDC if he had a TBF  
Cause he's my BFF, UC

- c aaron

BY back yard  
AFAIK as far as I know  
FOMO fear of missing out  
SO spaced out  
ATTF all things that fly  
SRLSY seriously  
ICYMI In case you missed it  
TYVM thank you very much  
ICYWW In case you were wondering  
GTI going through it  
IIRC if I remember correctly  
CC carbon copy  
TBT ThrowBack Thursday  
IDC I didn't care  
TBF ThrowBack Friday  
BFF best friend forever

Christopher Aaron

## Walks With Dad(The Circle Makes A Round)

Every Saturday my boy grabbed my hand and said,  
&quot;Let's go out for a walk dad.  
It's our time together, just you and me.&quot;  
You loved walking with your dad

I loved walking with my son  
For years our Saturday mornings went that way  
Just dad and his boy walking together  
Hand in hand, side by side

One Saturday you took my hand and said  
&quot;Come dad and take a look at my baseball jersey  
The games start next Saturday, please come and  
Watch me play dad...I know you will&quot;

You were happy- I was happy...and sad  
Happy because you were happy  
Sad because I knew from now on  
Things would never be the same

When the baseball season was over  
You wanted a Cocker Spaniel  
I took you out to buy a small cocker pup  
Along with a new collar and leash

Now your hand held the leash  
As you took Buddy for a walk Saturday mornings  
A boy needs a friend, a dog needs a friend  
But dad needed a friend also

No more Saturday walks for the two of us  
You walked Saturday mornings with Buddy's leash in your hand now  
Time passed, the days went fast, you grew and grew  
It got to where I could no longer call you 'boy'

My 'no longer boy' loved Buddy  
But he had to put the leash away  
And stick Buddy in the back yard  
His hand was holding something softer now

Kirsty was her name...not a dog  
But a female, a friend, a close friend  
I was still there alone in the house  
Buddy was alone in the backyard

The two 'loners' persuaded by me and the leash  
Began to go out together on Saturday mornings.  
When I went out with Buddy he was walking with a friend  
But he didn't quite take the place of my son

Some years later I opened up the window blinds  
Looked out and saw my son walking up to my door  
With a little boy holding onto his hand  
He knocked on the door, I opened it up

My boy saw my surprised face and said  
"Dad, will you take this little boy for a walk  
Like we always did? I have to take his mother  
To the hospital...another boy is coming"

"He wanted to take a walk today  
And wanted to meet his grandpa"  
So as I (dad)took him by the hand my son said,  
"My boy we'll do both...here dad, please take him for a walk"

As I grabbed Justin's hand my mind went back  
To when me and my boy had our first walks  
Together; and now me and my boy's boy  
Walked together, hand in hand, side by side

No, it wasn't my boys' hand, it wasn't the dogs' leash  
It was the hand of the son of my boy  
My boy passed his son's hand on to me  
He placed his total trust and his utmost love

In the hands of his dad...the friend that dad needed  
Was now his 'grand friend', no it wasn't his son  
But perhaps a treasure even better than his son  
My son put his full faith and trust in the hands

Of his dad...yes, his dad had a grand friend now  
By his side. But this 'grand friend' was more  
Special than any other friend he had had  
Because he was holding onto the hand of

His very first 'grand-son'  
Yes, life's cycle goes on  
When the cycle is complete then  
The Circle Makes a Round

Christopher Aaron

Christopher Aaron

# What Makes A Poet Great?

He finds a way of expressing things  
With an impassioned pen that sometimes sings  
He writes of amity made and love lost  
He reveals the truth despite the cost

To everyday words he adds a flair  
That adorns a phrase or provokes a stare  
Sometimes he saddens, at times he thrills  
The masses are swayed by what he quills

In essence, will music he compose.  
He'll grieve his fans with poignant prose  
At times he'll pierce the tender heart  
Deflate the spirit, tear the sole apart

He decorates yards and razes cities  
His words evoke your pride or pity  
To men or women exalted or fallen  
His words are now and ever calling

The best musicians here and far  
Can tune the strings of harps, guitars  
The type of poet we hope to find  
Is one who tunes the heart and mind

Our heart where love flows and feelings rise  
Our mind where thoughts soar toward the skies  
The finest poet will always find  
A way to sway the human mind

Hitler's mind was influenced by Grant  
&quot;The Great Race&quot; was his written chant  
Rudyard's moving classic named &quot;If&quot;  
Did many men bolster and lift

If coeval poets can't awe and inspire  
For what profession should they aspire?  
Our time on earth is not too long  
A good poet writes and make weak people strong

~~~ c aaron

Christopher Aaron

## When You're Sick (For Kids)

A poem when you're sick, for some day you will be  
If you eat too much junk, or too much candy  
If you're good 'friend' next door, who just had the mumps  
Shares his germs with you, and you get some lumps

If you break out in measles, and your skin turns all red  
If you become sluggish and then jump into bed  
If you're sick at home, because of dark spots  
That speckle your face, and look like kumquats

If your temperature's high, and your nose is all runny  
If your friend tells a joke, and you don't think it's funny  
If you are coughing and sneezing, and you sniffle and moan  
If you have a headache, and your toenail's ingrown

If you break out in sweat, because of a fever  
If your tummy's upset, and you can't relieve her  
If you wheezing and gasping because you are clogged  
If your throat's like a rasp, and your voice is like a frog

If all these things happen, and your folks can't decide  
Whether to keep you at home or let you go outside then  
Outside you must go, when your health you've won  
The fresh air feels good, and a run in the sun

Will help you feel better, and get the blood flowing  
You'll soon feel much stronger; your eyes will be glowing  
It would be lots better, to never get sick  
I'd surely advise it, if you have your pick

But here is my plan, to help you stay well  
Shout it from the rooftops and ring it with your bell:  
"Eat all the right foods, good vegetables and fruit"

Get plenty of exercise, jog, play your flute!

Make sure that you sleep at least for eight hours  
And then you must work hard, and next take a shower  
You've got to be clean, Yes! That is a key  
You must wash your hands, and I think you'll agree

That with a clean body, you'll get the most hugs  
Take a bath every day to scour off the bugs  
And then wash your hair, and in back of both ears  
Scrub all of your nails, your face over here

And over there too, 'cause that side is dirty  
I don't like the grime, you have to look pretty  
Now let me backtrack, review every step  
To have a sound body, with zest and with pep:

Good food is the first thing, yes, you must eat well  
And then lots of exercise, "inhale, exhale!"  
It's good to go jogging; I think if you run  
That you'll always stay well, and it's certainly fun!

Of rest you need plenty, eight hours of sleeping  
Will bring back your zest, and keep the legs leaping  
And then there's hard work, at school and at home  
Do all your homework, your hair needs to be combed

The last thing is be clean, in body and mind  
Do all of these things, and I think you will find  
That you will be healthy, wealthy, and wise  
You'll seldom get sick, so, please, take my advice!

caaron

Christopher Aaron