

Poetry Series

Gary Halsey Sr.
- poems -

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Gary Halsey Sr.(July 20th,1946)

The author was born in a small town in Indiana, called Frankfort. He was well known as the class clown, and also somehow was christened with the nickname of "Kak". He was forever talking. If you had, or even seemed like you had the slightest interest in what he was saying, he would talk your ear off. He is one of those characters that you never wanted to make eye contact with, in fear that you would get him talking. Well, he grew up. Needless to say, things didn't change much; he still loved to "Kak". The author was, Gary W. Halsey Sr.

He liked to think that he was a "normal" kid, but he wasn't. His mom had dreams that he would become this famous movie star, (which he didn't) , but it wasn't because she didn't groom him to be one. She had him take tap dance lessons, dance lessons, even Hawaiian dancing. Don Ho would have been proud! ! He luckily grew up. He was in the Navy, and served over in Vietnam, did 3 tours of combat, and was very glad to get home. He went to work for Westinghouse Electric, then moved on to IBM. He eventually retired from IBM, and he is again working, but having a ball doing it. He has always loved to write, and poetry, and articles or short stories, which is just some of the many things he liked to do. He has been known to write a couple of songs, and even short stories.....his latest being "Riches To Rags, Rags To Riches" (which he is still working on) .

He is an accomplished husband to a wonderful wife Christine, and has three wonderful children, (whom are not really children anymore) , and four wonderful grandsons. He has been in the movies, and he performed as an actor/singer/stuntman, among other things. Here's hoping you enjoy his little rantings about humor, and life's little hiccups. He hope's you enjoy his poems, at least as much as he has enjoyed writing them.....

Arizona, Desert Of Death

Not a sound,
except for the distant howling
of the desert coyote.
In the early morning
there's a slight chill in the air.

Right before the heat
slams the desert floor,
tarantulas and scorpions scurry about,
to escape death rays of the desert sun.

Sky so dark, this time of day,
that's when the chill,
and darkness gives way,
to the fiery red and pink hues
of the first morning light.

The occasional hawk, is circling around
to find rats and lizards,
maybe a snake or two on the ground.

The smell of the day is sage or mesquite;
Saguaro cacti stand like forbidding
guardians of the desert,
and all its inhabitants.

The desert is beautiful,
in its own way,
except for unforgiving heat
and the sun is deadly.

As the sun crosses over the skies
things seem to take on different shapes
and the colors are amazing,
as the dust devils dance
on the desert floor.

I love this place of untimely death,
unpredictable in its own way,

unforgivable, if you're in its way.

For beauty is only on the surface of
this majestic place.

You can die out here,
as many have before me.

When dusk comes,
then it's like a kaleidoscope
of the most beautiful colors,
Again the sky catches fire.

The mountains and shadows,
are all lavender and purples,
Then comes the night.

Tarantulas, scorpions and snakes
once again, own the place.
There's a slight chill in the air,
this time of night.

Gary Halsey Sr.

As Time Goes By

As I sit here and ponder, why I am here,
I know there is purpose, but then I fear,
Am I missing something, and will I grow,
Why am I here, I really, truly, don't know.

Rhyme and reason, trying to figure it out,
How will I know, what my lifes all about,
I am God's creature, there is no doubt,
What he wants me to do, I stand up and shout.

'What do you want of me, please explain? ',
Nothing but silence, is what remains.
I suppose he will show me, some sort of sign,
I imagine I will see it in some point in time.

As time goes by, I hope I shall see,
What my purpose is, what he expects of me.
My quest is to do, whatever that is,
What am I to do, that is the quiz.

As time goes by, I will ponder no more,
To learn lifes lessons, to know the score,
Believe in myself, and God, what I should do,
To be a good person, and to thyself be true

Gary Halsey Sr.

Childhood Memories

When I was young,
my imagination was vast,
The characters that I played,
when I put on a mask.

Peter Pan, is who I wanted to be,
With Tinkerbell,
and Captain Hook,
the pirates I could see.

I was in love with Wendy,
and that was really a fact,
When I took her to "Never Never Land",
around her, I didn't know how to act.

I taught her how to fly,
and swing a sword, so true,
We took her brothers with us,
John and Michael too.

I pretended that my tree house,
was my hideout clad in leaves,
It was really very small,
I had to climb in on my knees.

My next door neighbor played Wendy,
(I really liked her allot) ,
but "Tink" didn't like her much,
she was always so distraught.

As a boy, I didn't know,
what jealousy was all about,
but put those two together,
they'd always scream and shout.

Well I soon tired of playin' Peter,
That's because they argued so,
So I took to being Superman,
and let those two girls go! !

Gary Halsey Sr.

In The Eyes Of The Beholder

Beauty is all around us,
can't you see?
God's sculptured everyone,
including you and me.

I never stereotype,
this is so true,
because unto his own likeness,
He made me and you.

Flawless, yet imperfect,
this is a fact,
If we were all perfect,
how would we act?

How we differ,
from one to the other,
is of no consequence,
to our heavenly father.

So if you see something different,
in the way someone appears,
Don't stare or criticize,
don't laugh, don't leer.

For if we were all perfect,
what a dull place this would be,
I rather be different,
I'd rather be me!

For in his own likeness,
like I said before,
Is how he made us,
and this I adore.

So if I am white, or black, or yellow too,
I could care less,
what you think,
or I think of you!

If I am skinny, or plump,
and don't have the best Physique,
I know who made me,
he thinks I'm neat!

We need to remember,
who made us this way,
God loves us all,
each and every day!

Gary Halsey Sr.

Karaoke Koolaide

I look forward to Saturday,
that is the night,
When I get dressed up,
Oh what a sight.

I go to the bar,
to tune up my voice,
I love to sing,
country music is my choice!

I sing Willie, and Waylon,
Toby Keith too,
I love the way they sing,
and the songs that they do.

Alan Jackson,
Tim McGraw,
I love their tunes,
and that's not all,

I love country oldies,
can't stand Mic Jaggard,
Much rather listen and sing to,
old Merle Haggard.

Songs with meaning,
that is what they all do,
When I sing at Karaoke,
I do George Strait too.

I don't like rap,
this is so true,
I can't understand half of it,
but I'm sure some folks do.

To each his own,
I always say,
but I'm a country singer,
and that is what I play.

So if your in any Karaoke Bar,
Just be nice,
if you hear me singing,
a song of Ray Price.

Tis "Karaoke Koolaid",
is what I like best,
Each and ever Saturday night,
I'll with-stand the test! !

Gary Halsey Sr.

Life Is So Precious

Life is so precious,
this we all know,
Live it wisely,
and let yourself glow.

Cling to it desperately,
knowing full well,
How long will we be here,
only time will tell.

God gave us this gift,
this we all know,
Never take it for granted,
live it and grow.

Life is so short,
just a second in time,
I will spend it wisely,
for this time is mine.

Thank you Lord,
for this gift you have given,
Thank you for the life I have,
and the life I am livin',

And when it is over,
I say to thee fairwell,
I know I am heaven bound,
life's been so swell.

My wife and my kids,
I love with all my heart,
I know when I die,
we will then have to part.

Only for a little while,
God only knows,
Will we reunite again,
in his heavenly glow.

The street paved with gold,
pain is not known.
And our suffering, and sorrows,
may never be shown.

An existence of Grace,
in his heavenly glory,
May we repeat our existence,
our love, and our story.

Gary Halsey Sr.

Love Is Lust, Lust Is Love?

"To Those Who Don't Know the Difference"

Interpretation that's the name,
Is love lust, or is it the same.
Love is from the heart,
this I believe is true.
Lust is only desire,
that is always misconstrued.

Love to me is a emotional thing,
that only one can feel,
lust is not the binding factor,
that confirms your love is real.

Lust is desire, in a physical sense,
this I believe is so true,
Lust is not the same as love,
is all I'm saying to you.

So which emotion do you feel,
is it love or lust my friend,
It's important to tell the difference,
Or relationships will eventually end.

If you love her....tell her so,
this I beg of you,
Or If it's lust your after,
let her know it, try to be true.

She'll respect you a lot better,
If you tell her, make it clear.
Give her the respect she deserves,
at least friendship will be dear.

One thing I have eventually learned,
in this ripe ole' age of mine,
Sex is not what makes a relationship,
But love, faith and honesty, it's divine!

by gary1hal

Author's Comments:

'Just a thought....some of us think that lust is love, well, as I hope you can see.....its not! '

Gary Halsey Sr.

Me, Myself And I

I have written many poems,
this is so true,
About many things,
Inspirational, and humor too.

I've written about places,
that I like best,
About God in his infinite wisdom,
putting me to the test.

I've written about love,
and devotion so true,
about tragic events,
and Karaoke too.

I've written about cowboys,
and man's best friend too,
About Arizona Skies,
that are so blue.

I've written about Christmas,
and ole Saint Nick,
Keeping in rhyme with these,
now that is the trick!

I have written about my kids,
and my grandchildren too,
I have written poems about people,
Good folks, just like you! !

But I have never told you,
about Me, Myself and I,
Am I just an average dude,
or just a exceptional guy?

It really depends on the way you look at it,
this my friends is so true,
I'm just a cowboy, that's a fact,
not to much different than you.

The "Me" stands for who I am,
This my friend is true,
we all have me's, and that's a fact,
The "Me" that's in "Me and You"

"Myself" is an expression of "just me",
This for sure is a fact,
again "Myself" we all have,
without it we won't know how to act.

And finally my "I", is individuality,
This is mIne alone,
It's the person you would talk to,
If we were talking on the phone!

For "I" is unique to the Individual,
This for sure is so true,
it's something that you and "I" possess,
It's us, as a whole, and it's me and you! !

Gary Halsey Sr.

My Entity

We all have spirits,
to me that's a fact,
to see it is one thing,
would you know how to act?

What would it look like?
What makes it work?
Could it be a kind spirit?
Would it be a jerk?

The thing that makes us tick,
our spirit....it would be,
Yours would be different,
so different than me!

Do you believe in spirit's?
Oh my friend....I think I do,
Just because you can't see it,
doesn't mean its not true!

'Where does it go,
when we pass on' you ask.
Is it used again,
or has it completed it's task?

I prefer to think not,
this spirit in me,
it just lives on and on,
This beautiful entity.

We all are different,
because of our spirit's.....you see.
This soul of ours....God gave,
to folks like you and me.

So live it pure,
and live it free,
it's the only one,
we've got..you see.

Treat it kind,
and nurture it too,
This wonderful entity,
that lives within me and you! !

Gary Halsey Sr.

My Shadow

Have you ever wondered,
why do shadows appear?
Are they an extension of my body,
Are they something to fear?

It follows me around, from day to day,
but never says a word,
What good is it, why is it there?
I think it is absurd! !

Do I look like that? This copycat!
It really gets on my nerves,
but every time I duck or dodge,
with me it always swerves.

What's it for? What is the score?
Why do we have these things?
Never fear it's always here,
silent and it never sings.

I tried to hide mine on a shelf,
but it rolled right off of there,
So in a bucket, I tried to tuck it,
But it still follows me everywhere!

Does it have a name, is it the same,
as mine....I'm sure it's not!
So I think I'll name it,
my friend, my shadow...Sir Lancelot! !

Now you might think, I'm a little nuts,
I understand....and it may be true,
But for this dark figure following me,
At least I'll never be blue! !

Gary Halsey Sr.

September 11th

To Those That Died On That Fateful Day

Where were you,
on this fateful day,
When hell showed up,
and took them away.

The Twin Towers,
is what I'm talking about,
The most wicked disaster,
without a doubt.

Thousands of people,
were lost that day,
In the most gruesome,
devastating way.

Planes dove into those,
two massive towers,
What would only be minutes,
turned into hours.

For those responsible,
God would know,
And in the end,
he will show,

That murdering thousands,
is not the answer,
But the hatred that this represents,
Is a menacing cancer.

It's got to stop,
this is so true,
Is war and more killing,
the right thing to do?

I'm not so sure,
that is the answer,

Cause if we kill thousands,
Are we spreading the same Cancer?

Ask yourself what God would do,
If you look at the bible,
you'll find the clue.

Thou shall not kill,
is the definitive answer.
To stop the spreading,
of this devastating cancer.

Let's pray for the loved ones,
that we have lost,
Don't let their death's go in vain,
Keep this in mind, at all cost.

Let's end this Cancer,
that's cause's so much pain,
For in death and war,
there is nothing to gain!

by Gary W. Halsey Sr.

Author's Comments:

'My heart goes out to all the families of those that perished. God Be with you all.'

Gary Halsey Sr.

The River Rats

Vietnam, a cold and dark place,
In a cold and heartless conflict,
Killing those, who had no face.

Where on the water,
We were sittin' ducks,
Will we last another day?
Or run out of luck?

As we moved silently,
Towards the rivers bend,
Movement ahead,
Would this be the end?

I was a gunner;
Behind twin 50's I sat,
Straining my eyes,
To see where the enemy was at.

A marine spotter,
High above in a tree,
Came over the radio,
He was warning me.

'Fire a thirty second burst',
'9: 00 Port side'
And I fired my thirty-second burst,
While hearing wounded men cry.

How should I feel?
I would ask myself,
should I care who I kill?
Or put my feelings on a shelf?

I'm a Christian man,
Feeling life's pain,
Thinking to myself,
'In wars and conflict, there is absolutely nothing to gain.

I am living in a sin,
That is sometimes hard to bear,
I was killing my fellow man,
It's a conflict, should I care?

Thou shall not kill,
Keeps coming to mind.
I want to embrace my fellow man,
Not be so unkind.

'It's either you or them',
Is what I was told,
They never told me,
How I would feel when I grew old.

We are moving further,
I need to be alert,
Or I too would be dead,
Or severely hurt.

With caution we approach,
'Round another bend,
Would the fighting and bombing,
Start all over again?

With a sigh of relief,
No signs of aggression,
Gives me a chance,
God hear my confessions.

If I should die,
In this far away place,
Let us not be dishonored,
Remembrance in disgrace.

In prayer I am consumed,
That I did not heed,
We were again going faster,
Picking up speed,

We're under mortar attack;

We're all over the place!
Cutting and swerving,
Have to leave this space.

The boat behind us,
Getting hit pretty bad,
That's when we cleared the place,
What I saw was pretty sad.

The skipper was killed;
The boat was hit,
Those commie bastards,
Didn't know when to quit.

Once again we escaped,
With our precious lives,
God was watching over us,
Acting as our eyes.

With speed from those diesels,
We got out of there,
This pressure and fear,
Was much for some to bear.

Eighteen long months,
I'm glad to admit,
I have been doing this,
We never got hit.

I owe my life,
And that of our crew,
That with God's help and protection,
We knew what to do.

Don't ever forget this,
I beg of you,
We're lucky to be alive,
And back home it's true!

My prayer to those,
Who served in that place,
Is don't feel dishonored,

Don't feel disgrace.

Like so many before us,
We served our country well,
Hold your head up high,
We came back from hell.

Gary Halsey Sr.

The Sensual Moment

The Sensual Moment,
what does that mean?
Can you be sensual,
And still keep it clean?

'Tis hard for this cowboy,
hard to stop at a kiss,
Without being too forward,
seeking wonderful bliss.

To gaze into her eyes,
'tis hard for me to do,
without stirring up emotions,
or saying 'I WANT you'.

I hold her in my arms,
she's warm to the touch,
Then she responds to me tenderly,
in my arms she is clutched.

My body against hers,
and hers against mine,
gets me so aroused,
I could explode anytime.

She smiles that knowing smile,
with me she can tell,
when things get out of hand,
and I begin to swell.

With red faced expression,
I'm embarrassed to tears,
I can't even hold her,
without realizing my fears.

I want to make love,
in the most passionate way,
but in honor of her being a 'Lady',
I just turn and look away.

I feel cramps in my stomach,
and shaking with frustration,
making love to this woman,
Is my goal.....my destination.

Her fragrance and soft skin,
Is like satin to touch,
To entwine myself with her,
is what I want, so much.

But hold off I will,
till the time is right,
I'm sure she'll let me know,
It could be TONIGHT! ! !

by Gary W. Halsey Sr.

Author's Comments:

'Cowboys, what can I say? 'Tis the cowboy way'.

Gary Halsey Sr.

What Condition My Condition Is In

Why do we do,
what we do each day?
Ever stop to wonder,
what makes us this way?

Are we creatures of habit,
this I think is true!
When you wake up each morning,
does it change for you?

It doesn't for me,
now that is a fact,
I climb out of bed,
scratchin' my crack!

I head for the toilet,
seems the first thing I must do,
Why is that?
I haven't a clue! !

Then I look in the mirror,
it scares me to death!
my hair is all over,
instead of Gary, I look like 'Beth'!

I read 'National Geographic',
as I sit on the pot,
Drinkin' my coffee,
really hits the spot!

Every single day,
this is a routine,
to take a shower,
and climb into my jeans.

I comb my hair,
lookin' good I think!
until I look down,
and see all that hair in the sink!

I'm sheddin' like a dog,
I think to myself,
holy shit and shineola,
I look for remedies....on the shelf! !

Oh well, I'ma gettin' older,
is what I like to think,
but then I panic again,
at my hair in the sink.

Perhaps I'll look like VanDiesel,
It'll be cool to look that way,
but there's that hair again,
I'm in total dismay.

So this is my routine,
each and every day.
how can I change it?
Any ideas? Throw em this way! ! !

Gary Halsey Sr.