

**Gayle M. Citrus Maize
Water Nora Shoshone
Doherty Winchester, story
song Glen A, Sweeney +
- poems -**

Publication Date:

2024

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +(1955)

sept 6,2024 Glen a doherty is in heaven... RIP do not erase my intelligence
paris Father Joe Henchey said to bring to justice all those who false charge and
no trial... Nakota... and take their Heads off as well... this is Jesus. You are
scum beyond belief..... hey sluts in the office like Shay eat Grass after your
dicks are cut off....+ you are not excused witnesses, God here i am the
judge...you are not excused as you tell yourselves you are not love and you dont
love duty....duty... Amen...Scum.....> > > > > > > >
> > Go to Smokey Hoss and Joseph Anderson poems, too.all my poetry to
go to glen A Doherty Seal Winchester and Paul K Sweeney 'Doc' Special Ops....
Gayle Marian Honora Sweeney Doherty RFK RIP Do it go July 14,2024 I am
special Ops in training always.... like Paul my only brother in my heart and friend
who loves me. all reports to go to my friend on high...woburn Police cheif and
conspirators charged for violating all rights... Pontifical North American Collage
DC to charge thru St Peter.St P +..ALL Soviet not medical care charged and all
not care charged treason and no insurance retroactive paying for anything that is
not medical care. Vote for free.. save a tree! ...by, Gayle Sweeney. Hospitals are
places of learning not businesses what is 411 all about hospitals under business
for ex.? hospitals are publicly owned..I reported to Tom Davis Davis Lab UNH and
Cherokee and AIMovement and Abenaki tribe VT UFL Citrus Pith study and my
finding, my work and Corn flower water etc all foods and more thru www.
poemhunter.com psweeney@rcn.com pword 1448 all my poems can be used
for country wild sacred Gayle Sweeney legal name and doherty July 7,2024.
corn varieties to be revived = Native American Indians and write Kellogg for light
tacos and tortillas.sp? ... Paul can learn shortcuts in towns in an amazingly
short amount of time after studying maps of places like Gloucester, MA. Glen A
Doherty is our teacher Winchester..... I live in New England and had a magical
childhood reading books, playing in the woods and dreaming of being a Native
American Indian. I made my own native costume for Halloween one year with
some red beads and some fringe on it. I saw a bear in the Sierra Nevada
California when I was about twenty two. The bear was off to the side of the trail
a little way from me all of a sudden. I didn't recall that incident til years later
when I was playing the piano and started to get flashbacks. My mind could have
been protecting itself by forgetting while I was in the wilderness. I went to St.
Mary's College at Notre Dame and had season tickets to the home football
games. I graduated from U. Mass Amherst where I studied Art History and did a
summer theatre internship.. Now I do volunteer work for environmental nature
research and development at the Seacoast, NH USA. I research my family

history, too. Thank you. PLEASE SEE HISTORY OF ST BERTONI WEBSITE BY OUR CHILDHOOD FRIEND..... pAUL kAREN bILLY rICK AND MY FATHER r.i.p.WHO IN MY MEMORY IS IN A GOLDEN LIGHT IN MY HEART pAUL KINSLEY SWEENEY BORN 1928 AP aMERICAN hISTORY tEACHER AND COACH AT wOBURN sR hIGH sCHOOL wOBURN ma 01801...OUR CHILDHOOD FRIEND WAS fATHER jOSEPH c. hENCHEY. jESUS SAID BE LIKE THE LITTLE CHILDREN. fATHER jOSEPH SAID EPISUL NOT EPISTLE I THOUGHT VATICAN THEN.....i THOUGHT THEN EPISUL.... i GOT cASTLE oF gOD..EPISUL...LIKE A FAIRY TALE. jESUS MADE ALL CHURCHES cASTLE OF gOD CHURCHES WHERE TO GO TO VOTE AND GET GUNS ETC. ALL WEAPONS BELONG TO THE FREE WORLD. nATIONAL SECURITY CLEARANCE FOR ALL EPISUL THE ONLY WAY.... wEAPONS BELONG TO THE FREE WORLD EPISUL THE ONLY WAY..... cAVES WITH HDDEN MASSES ARE CASTLE OF gOD cHURCHES AND GAELIC ALL IS CASTLE OF GOD OF COURSE... CALVARY CEMETERY wOBURN ma SEE ALL KELLEY AND hENCHEY AND sWEENEY WOODBROOK TOO AND hOLLAND ND sEVERANCE ETC ALL FRIENDS AND FAMILY AND JOHN jOSEPH KELLEY BURIED t 9 3 SHAMROCKS W MY GRANDFATHER FALL 2023 AND sPRING 2024

- OVER WHERE HE IS BURIED ONLY.....WHO SAID THE UNION RULE BOOK WAS HIS BIBLE AND HE KNEW IT COVER TO COVER... sHAMROCKS ARE ON MY GRANDFATHER KELLEYS GRAVE AFTER ABOUT 22 YEARS OF JUST DIRT JUST OVER MY GRANDFATHER WHO WAS UNION....RIP SEE FAMILY hISTORY cENTER SALT LAKE cITY uTAH mORMONS jESUS cHRIST AND IATTER DAY sAINTS....ON FILM IN THE MOUNTAIN sTORIES BY JOHN jOSEPH KELLEY B 1910 wINCHESTER MA pAUL kINSLEY SWEENEY B 1928 LIVED cLINTON sT wOBURN MA 01801 STORIES BY sARA -H (sADIE) JANE KELLEY rOBERTSON LIVED

11 HILL sT wINCHESTER ma AND bETHEL me... gENEALOGY sWEENEY WALSH LINES BY pAULA cAREY KANE 800 PAGES ABOUT. INVESTIGATE ALL MY FAMILY DEATHS - WE ARE UNION. NOT MY MOMMY i WAS THINKING. wINCHESTER. wINCHESTER ma IS A STORYBOOK TOWN.... JESUS TOLD ME HE IS USHERING IN AN ERA OF PEACE. jESUS SAID ROUND THEM UP..... SIGNED gAYLE mARIAN hONORA sWEENEY dOHERTY...dOHERTY MY NAME IS dOHERTY rip. BIENTOT SOLZHEZEN (SP?) - I MET, IN la 1979 OR 1978 MY

MOTHER TOLD ME JEAN sWEENEY 35 qUIMBY aVE wOBURN ma.....MONARCHS AT hAPPY hAMPTON WAS WRITTEN WHERE IT SAYS VECTOR RIGHT IN MEMORY - VECTOR RIGHT IS FOR MY UNCLE JOHN jOSEPH KELLEY WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF BOSTON TOW BOATS IN BOSTON HARBOR MA. he WAS A PILOT.. HE TAUGHT ME THAT THE AIR GOES UNDER THE WINGS OF A SMALL PLANE WAS IN A FOUR SEATED WITH HIM AND MY BROTHER bILLY...THE AIR UNDER THE WINGS OF A SMALL 4 SEATER.PLANE CAUSES THE PLANE TO FLY. AT pNEUNFFS (?) IN mANCHESTER. HE WANTED MY MOTHER IN HER 80S

TO GO TO AL GAURONS TO GET A BOAT AND TAKE IT 3 MIES OUT TO DUMP HIS ASHES IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. IT WAS A VERY SOMBER OCCASION AT THE

CREMATORIUM TALKING TO THE REP THERE ABOUT MY UNCLE DYING. i TOLD MY MOTHER DONT WORRY ILL GET YOU SOME DRAMAMINE (?) .. I TOLD BOBBY dEVER WHEN LEAVING rOCK AND rOLL. GAYLE mARIAN hONORA sWEENEY dOHERTY RIP IN HEAVEN rENAGADE RIP BLESSINGS. ill KEEP RUNNING AND NEVER LET GO. YOU ARE MY dAWSON. THANK YOU FOR QUELLING - THOSE PESKY RED LIGHTS FOR 2 BLOCKS ABOUT AND A STREET. i AM GLAD I PULLED OVER AND STOPPED THE FUCKING CAR AS YOU SAID YOU WHISPERED DEAREST BECAUSE I DIDNT HEAR YOU AT THE TIME IT WAS YEARS LATER I ASKED WHAT WERE YOU THINKING AND OF COURSE I SAW YOU WAVE AWAY THE PESKY POLICEMAN AND ALL WAS AND IS WELL. pEACE ON eARTH AND gOOD wILL TO MEN. gAYLE mARIAN hONORA sWEENEY dOHERTY mAY 22 2024 THANK YOU HUBBY DUBBY SWEETCAKES.... I LOVE YOU DO YOU LOVE ME HUBBY DUBBY DO? ALLS WELL IN WHOSVILLE WHO? investigate all my family deceased not coming up on find a grave - especially William Henry Sweeney William James Sweeney Doctor? Phoebe Doran Sweeney? Gayle Marian Honora Sweeney Doherty May 23 2024 i have been locked up illegally 8 times about by mother who goes by that she thinks taking zyprexa out weighs the fact that zyprexa can destroy my song a gift from God. NO ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO DESTROY SONG. I can hit a high C and singing talent runs in the family. My gift from God is not my mothers gift.IT BELONGS TO ME MY GIFT FROM gOD.... I am for childrens rights reforms. Children are the USA. We have rights and and i have been in this corrupt system supposedly mental health since 1992 USA not our USA rather it is Stalingrad THIS DEPRAVED SYSTEM IS AN INSURANCE RACKET..... i have been made out mentally ill because i am an enemy of Putin. An angel said to me your house is Putins House in the USA..... signed Gayle MARIAN Honora Shoshone Sweeney, Mrs Glen A Doherty Winchester June 24,2024 St P + Jesus MD + (especially save the following notes for culture and history) I sent Nasa researchers the episul code = episul is word for epistle by Fr Henchey, Joe ie think Vatican then think episul and the response is Castle of God = a fairytale = Ckazki = Camelot only always..... and known what I know about Lady Moon and Mary i also sent to NASA top Researchers = please see my poem here called Our lady Moon. Mary's face I thought once must have been as beautiful as the Lady Moon's face..... allpoetry.com/poem/32270521-walk-the-plank-by-connieyost1938 (plank and research Pa's Death John Joseph Kelley died Winchester MA Aug 5,1936.)

Has the Aberjona been widened since 1936. How did Pa cross the river on a plank if it is wide like today? It would have been impossible and was he at work or going to work like in the Winchester Star? Blackjack worked Public Works and across street a cement guard rail taken down 2024 that said 1936... Blackjack got Victory Medal see Star Winchester thru Winchester Library MA the paper online in full 1904 on and searchable by quarters.....)

research all deaths Kelley and Sweeney....+++++ angelicum.it/in-

memoriam-fr-joseph-henchey/ {Rio Grande Blue River for Children's Art all along the blue riverbank by the refugee children survivors all and painted on river stones, white blossom papers and more - moorings pf peace - the colors of the Milky Way and the New Mexico sky in the heavens and in the kids dreams of the USA....The preceeding is an idea of mine} episul.... the response is = a wonder for all time.....+++++ June 26,2024+++++ June 14 1975 Paul K Sweeney Jr Palos Verdes CA Marathon.....Paul 1979 hopped Soo Train line home as far as Minnesota about for Karens and Michaels wedding.....i do not want any family charged with anything..... unless if the home Paul and I are in and have lived in that my Dad and Papa bought... Then if that property does not be put in our names and whoever elses who is usa and belongs there for wild and free only - the charge will be violating all..... Gayle Sweeney July 14,2024 RFK All

paul kinsley sweeney ran and walked 26 mi marathon at Palos verdes ca one of the greatest marathons i read in the USA and possibly it said and more or the like.... date was june 14 1975 i circled...baldridge lawyer see...mary ellen 5670 wilshire blvd # 1500 la CA 90036 Paul worked at the WILd flour sp? Main st making pizza owner from boston ma nd paul saw jane fonda come in...in Sant Monica CA He went to Santa Monica Community Jr College and played football there he said on kick off team thats all? mark Barret said a UCLA Coach was supposed to come see paul about playing football and it was a no show, , , IRish, , , , paul delivered unwrapped spinach on a bus from a place he lived at with chickens owned by zimmernan in Topanga Canyon and then he was going to alaska and hopped Soo line to Minnesota from i believe spokane and ate blackberries blackberries? and sat in open door of the box car looking out no blanket or pillow ie karen was marrying Michael Sean NEE.... Paul out on his own Homeless xselter knowledge how much and roads he is a homing pigeon hire him, usa he says nothing is over and he loves Camelot face lights up like a christmas tree lit up on christmas morning for all USA.... Gayle Sweeney July 17,2024.

Poem

Gs 2024>>>>>>>>>>gs 2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



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My Name Is Cheyenne

i am a Native American Indian girl in my heart. I reported a war crime to all who love the free world who i heard of. I am A special Ops National security lady. I was Raped by an Arab. also another war crime from Mt Auburn Cambridge MA USA Wyman Bldg uflackers watch is my private feminine Gods universe part has an unholy male part illicitly like horse hoof glue illicitly stuck on and elephatine wrinkles there too are horrific and not me. I am just a girl who loves song and no one has the right to destroy song, , , .that mutilaion is from a snake in the grass who is stealing the kids money..... I hardly run. I have Kyphosis of the spine which is the shape of a capital C.. Diagnosed at Spaulding Medford MA go to the top. I am More like George Burns - I just go....I have had a lot of fun times with my friend on high who told me not to bottleneck and more... I kind of like him.... He is sweet and He is an American Hero... He is cupcake and Teeth all in one to me meaning you do not mess with him ie teeth, , otherwise is his cupcake.... And Navy seal in his heart.... I reported his name is Kiowa at the World Court.. i believe is the name i put or maybe Comanche and Paul my brother is one of those names.. different than Glen A Dohertys who is Jesus said my friend on high..... St Peter said there can be dissassociation and it does not require medicine especially psychiatric which is tardive dysykanezia.... and or Hospital stays. These people on this floor are charged by me with high treason against the United States of America, , This mission is Jesus's mission and St Peter said I am the messenger. The messages are Hands off Hilary she did not cause Benghazi.... Free Bill Cosby at once.... If you mess with Navy Seals you go to Hell.... Hands off all the Kennedys, of course... Jesus told me he is ushering in an era of peace. Round them up..... Jesus said you know who they are.... and that Navy Seals know what to do with them.....St Peter my friend who was never mean is my friend and he is the rock of the church which is the castle of God. Think then the code word i found if thats what you want to call it that i found it..... Nakota, , , The poetic answer is Hallelujah...! ! ! Gayle Doherty, Mrs Glen A Sweeney I love my brother Paul and our Buddy System the only loyal - devided illegally and anyone involved are snakes in the grasses and have been charged... Aug.12,2024....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Dances With Wolves Last Lines About.....

'Sunkmanitu Tanka Ob Waci'^ Tanka = Buffalo
NAKOTA ...poetic Answer is then > The Sun Also RiSES by Ernest
Hemingway Amen.....One Feather is my husband who is my doctor.....
my.....Dream..... my dream is always SOS and
'NOW' Siioux with Wind in All Dakota Song Stories.^^^^^^^^^
Nakota.....All Color Calm oh holy Night Ya LUBLOO = LOVE BOOKS USA USA
USA ST P + jesus healer + too Rainbows in all pastels... St Peter the Rock of
the church In Gods UNiverse that is and always will be..... and always was
neverending amen Dakota Colors of the Winds.... USA

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



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N Cambridge

dublin st history commission july 27,2024

nps in concord ma ranger there took musket out of an encasement in the wall with glass in front clear beside the store at the Minuteman nps mansion and showed me how to shoot the musket - he demonstrated put one round pellet in the musket at a time, , , Go to Concord Ma where the stars came together.... abigail Alcott - Sleepy Hollow French frieze of 3 civil War brothers and so forth... Gayle Sweeney Doherty July 27 2024.... +

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



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Gayle Marian Honora Sweeney On Legal Papers....Born May 25,1955

marian marion was my kelley grandmother who made me corn because she knew i liked it.... she a union wife and a Kerrigan ' Dont ever interrupt someone when they are praying and she was on her knees in living room and near the heat that came up from the floor heat checked and ok Grandpa there and she had a little softt cover black french dictionary.. lovely and she taught Snell island catholic church St Rapheal... St Pete kindergarten yr - the year i worked at the vista motel i saw French dictionary bookcase near the heat in the floor... see the labor dept came to vista motel NH Hampton Beach and manager said they said i was underpaid and i was paid 50 cents a double room and 20 rooms a day july and 2 probably weeks in august and as i write this now i see blood inside me around my stomach area and no pain then or now and sometimes 3 i m told St peter is my friend cottages and i was the only chambermaid... irs what taxes? for year of french dictionary at 3 hemlock st Hampton NH summer after 6th grade i went to Camp stella Maris next year vista born 1955 May, , and 1966 summer theater woburn sr high scholl i went and my father has arranged that, , greatly nice and i sat in the audience alobe all rehearsals ther exceept might have missed one or so dont remember that though and that performed Impromptu and I liked Toni not Winifred...writing about that on poemhunter

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Pope News

Speeches - Pope John Paul II - Spirit Descending, Fr Joe Henchey Hope, Mother Theresa Paix Peace, St Peter St P - St P, my friend was always the Rock of the Church....St Peter is the Rock of the Church - the Castle of God...Peace is the Vatican.....Rock oN Castle of God.... Gayle

Shoshone Sweeney Honora Doherty, me... I am* = Mrs.Glen A. Doherty
Winchester Seal in his heart... July 25,2024

-get off our Cloud Michael SEan NEe Ceres adv school graduate? Navy pilot 2 tours down the ice flew scientists down the ice in helos karen said he died of the insulin...died at 58 ... was years prior mine sweeping suez canal michael told me the Arabs were hassling them in the shower.....i was thinking - how do you mine sweep? from what i remember a drawer with jewelry the jewelry not expensive but i had sorted through for what to keep and i kept so i liked the jewelry enough to keep was missing. for sure i had pierced pewter darkish grey heart shape earrings and one was gone and i could not find even though i went thru all i could think of of my jewelry more than once i am thinking. i loved those earrings and they had a lovely scroll design on them i am picturing and I might have got them not online but a shop type place in NH or VT... like a souvenir thing too one earring never found...i am not psychiatric. prove i am.....no one has the right to destroy, alter or torture song....song is heart...every beating heart has a song in it, , , Gayle Marian Honora Shoshone Sweeney, Doherty, Mrs. Glen A. My Cupcake Gun.....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Freedom, Too

by Gayle Sweeney

the sun rise is a color world -
a Christmas surprise.

I love Appaloosas painted in the sun
and running wild - native - and freedom
in the sun.

Nakota is the code word for good
intelligence then think Nakota.....the poetic answer is wild.

Freedom by Gayle Sweeney was at Camp Stella Maris
and i dont no where it is now.. Camp Stella Maris WEst Gloucester I think
Wingersheek Beach is the information i was given = a Nazi military camp
supposedly Catholic..... no privacy dressing in a large room of 13 year olds like
me and they were strangers. I was molested there by a girl in the all girl cabin
of strangers...this stranger reached around to my front and touched me at my
breast area which i didnot - at 13 did not have - breasts as a grown woman does
or even on the way to being a grown women can have or other..... Gayle
Sweeney July 20,2024 she reached around from the back to my front mother
just said (on divine intervention I am St Peter opened up) briefly.....this wierdo
reached around from the back to the front on my right side....and i was told we
were taken to the Salam Witch Museum and i remember an inlet and still water
looking away from the land the blue water opening up... there were shrunken
heads in a glass curio like thing in the middle of the room Gayle Sweeney JULY
20,2024

...

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

'The Moon In Heaven Is By The Light Of The Moon'.

by my friend on high.... medic and gun who is White Feather to me and on high.
Jesus said my friend on high is Glen A Doherty and he is Seal in his heart
>>>>>R.I.P.

V

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



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Au Lieu De Maple Syrup

no maple syrup for cinnamon French toast? then put on top of the orange juice - shaken up - which is on top of the french toast, some - just a little chocolate milk put on top of orange juice thats on top of the french toast and la beure butter aussi on top of the lovely french toast >>>>>>serve if you wish with slices of medium well crispy bacon.....Gayle Sweeney

>>>>>>>>>>>>Mrs Glen A Doherty = me Moi Aussi US
Edelviss how do you spell edelwiess? from the Sound of Music which i learned to
know by heart along with My Fair Lady and Camelot when I was about 6 years
old St Peter said, , , My song is my gift from God , and my song to me from God is
no one elses gift but mine...Gayle Sweeney 7/14/2024 the year of the Lord 2024
all charged..... I am.. song is ours... Nakota.....song is SACRED....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Lollipops And Melanie Smith Sweeney

Melanie above had the idea many moons ago for kids and all to have lollipops that have cough medicine in them.... This note is to go to Glen A. Doherty Seal Winchester I want this idea copyrighted by USA right service please for Melanie and Sweeney family - Brian (Brio) and Shawn (Shawnee) and their families only to share as they wish for free and wild.....GS 7/14/2024

RFK..... Do it

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



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Cucumber Soleil And Coffee Soleil

Cucumbers i have heard have been used to soothe the eyes. I tried one slice on each eye tonight July 12,2024. I get severe dry eye sometimes. I put the cucumber slices on my eyes with my eyes closed and squeezed the slices a little so a little juice of them came out. The result was a not thin liquid in and around each of my eyes and the liquid was just short of gel like so it was affective in soothing my eyes more than the slices put on only.. can cucumber reduce or prevent dry eye?coffee pot of coffee coffee used to clean between toes and fingers under nails as needed..... are there antiseptic properties in coffee and cucumbers? signed, Gayle Sweeney Doherty July 12,2024 to Bub's i added a dried marigold flower St Peter said is okay + and a single package about of salt.....G.S.2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



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At The Gate Of The Usa

God has one face for everyone of Earth's heavenly places = LOVE.

pearly gate ya know>>>>>
in this country -USA - and one God.

hard

SACRED, I am. I only am.
blue rivers, the stars like bullets and trees.

God in the New World that's old, as you whisper upon the
breeze,
And staying awhile you say to us>>>>> It is truth that you live wild
and only free.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Song Story By Gayle Shawnee Honora Sweeney Doherty

One night I was coming out of Barnes and Noble in Burlington MA. I turned the corner in the dark going to my car and there was a man standing there. He said to me 'Remember Bobby Sands and put his harm up at his elbow and said something like upp and then he said - 'the Queen'.

Freedom of the Press and Remembering
Hampton NH Boston Globe and Portsmouth Herald paper routes i had at night in the winter. Damart Portsmouth NH store boots nylon light fleet footed sleek dry very dry always and warm.... My grandfather Kelley who was Union said if your car breaks down call me. He was about 75... main intersection was High St and Mill Rd and I was told that route and it was the only route not computerized payments wasnt computerized because that route was the beach I was told by the liars in charge..... and at night in the winter...In my heart i heard the people happy and they remember.... I hear freedom ringing in the laughter of America...G. S.

An angel told me at my father's grave
tell the father..... tell the father..... Glen Doherty's memory must never be
erased from the earth. I told the father what the angel said....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Bobby Dever R.I.P.

Bobby Dever went to County Galway Ireland in or by Cloon (Cloone sp?)He handed me the story at his home called The Traditional Story of the Kellys in Co Galway with the name Sean Kelly. The Kellys were burnt out by Ffrench the landlord. Bobby Dever asked me if I minded if he told me a story. He had gone to a home in Co Galway where he was told a Kelly (sp?) lived. Someone answered the door of the 2 story home. Bobby Dever asked to see the Kelly relative. The one who had answered the door called upstairs ' It's your fucking cousin from America'

When I left that night i said to Bobby Dever who gave me a big bear hug 'Rock On'. He died after that of cancer I was told. Bobby Dever's obit is at Cantillon Woburn MA and he was Mayor of Woburn, MA at one time... Gayle Sweeney July 8,2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



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Whole Wheat Buckwheat Bread With A Touch Of Cinnamon... Retrieved By My Friend On High Glen A

made by gayle M Honora Corn Flower Water Sweeney, Doherty Mrs Glen A
Winchester

see whole

wheat flour poem. If you can use hot water then try maybe corn water from corn on the cob boiling on the stove. I call this corn Flower water... Signed Gayle Sweeney July 7,2024 Glen Doherty said he knows a lot about PTSd and that he is going to help me with PTSD. He is bringing my music back from when i was a little girl living at 6 rock St Woburn Ma

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



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On Bus La To Boston 1980

I was on a bus ride home
I was on the ride alone
 we got to Indiana
 and the bus was packed by far.
The bus driver announced well -
his voice was clear like a bell
'we're now approaching the gold -
N.D.' -told.
bus was filled with cheers -
cheers all at once - golden cheers!

en dome of
Then the

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A Friends Poem Rip

The Plank by Connie Yost 1938

must walk the weathered plank

9inch board of knotty pine

which bridges plank to plank

a steady stride it takes to cross a frost does make it slick

one slip will send a a skidding boot

6 inches to the crick.

in wintertime it wasnt there

to inexperienced eyes,

since muffled trundling can be heard

crick is in disguise.

ice and snow give up and go

comes a tidal flush

at once the plank is free

overwhelming slush.

warming sun brings out the green

springtime garden lot

nearly every color seen

near the crossing spot.

outspoken tulips lead the reds

grape hyacinths so blue

the pinks and purples nod their heads

and all the yellows, too.

so come and walk the plank with me

i'll find a walking stick

See mini fish and poly wogs

Johnson's crick

now i walk the plank

meadow thrives I am thinking Cloon G.S.

doe simply waits my first poem its in my room was about a doe or a deer. I

forget.

until her time arrives.

a

the

when

there

then all

of

the

in

and

lives

in little

So often

the luscious

its there a young

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Some Of My Treasures

My handmade Native American Indian Dress I made for Halloween, pottery with a spinning wheel and a princess like girl sitting there bordered with flowers and it is white - maybe made in Germany. A Virgin Mary white in a garage window she is praying and peaceful oh so so peaceful...

there's the Degas print of Ballerinas in raw sienna colors like and has an old feeling to it like from past history.

A print by Linda Gebhart of seagulls and a beach ball in the sand and see my poem Sea Gull World to go with Linda's painting maybe..I wrote to Linda and sent her a copy.....Linda Gebhart and John Gebhart and friends they chose USA and Paul Sweeney and friends USA he chooses own my poems.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



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My Brother Paul, Paul Kinsley 'doc' Sweeney Jr

pAUL WAS BORN mAY 11,1956 wINCHESTER ma.

aLL MY ART WORK - DRAWINGS AND PAINT STUFF ON BEACH STONES AND PAINT CHIPS ETC EXCEPT MY CROSSES BELONG TO pAUL. WHEN i DIE I BEING OF sOUND MIND STATE THAT ALL I OWN GOES TO pAUL... mY mri AT mgh WEST OF MY BRAIN RESULT IS tHAT i HAVE A NORMAL BRAIN....gAYLE m hONORA sWEENEY = MY NAME ON PAPER jULY 2,2024....I WROTE PAUL THIS ON PAPER AND IT SHOULD BE IN HIS ROOM.....G.S.. Paul K Sweeney is Special Ops Glen me the same...paul and mary beth nordahl sp? and tommy higgins and i jumped off the Hampton/Seabrook Bridge together years back far enough away from shore so we wouldnt hit the rocks close to shore.....mb was treading water and said gia jump before i drown so i jumped... and we swam to shore.... paul and his friends used to sneak into the Boston Garden and hang out in the rafters until the game or whatever it was ssstarted then they came down from the rafters aaaaaaaand we tried to sneak into the Rolling stones and coud not get in because of security.. Enlsish nazi sid ed a dopper minh pincher on paul wwwho ended upon the ground aaaaaand he got bit how many times and he was saying on the grounf get me up and ralph coakley got bit by what i was looking at paul get up and Karen and I took them to a hospital to get tetanus shots. I can dtil see fangs coming at paul and red in the dopper minh pinchers open mouth. we were by the trains in the parking lot jusy hanging out and Bernie Mc Laughlin was there Pauls friend....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Mrs Nora Donahue's Irish Bread

IRISH bREAD + NO CARRAWAY SEEDS

Mrs Donahue

was from Co Galway and i happened upon her leading the rosary once in the lower church of St Charles church Woburn with her gaelic accent. I told her afterwards it was one of the most beautiful things I had ever heard. She moved away. Her husband died young and she lived nearby. was given fr joe's rosary....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Bowery Winchester, Ma Abt 2020 Maybe

I ran into a lady at the Stop and Shop in Winchester MA. I told her my grandfather b.1910 Winchester, MA lived in the Bowery and that his father Pa (PA was born Cloonaucaneen Co. Galway Ireland 1874. A priest in Co Galway church Fr Callanan i think it was looked up the Kelley family for me. He was great and sent a lot of information...) .would not allow the word Republican to be said in his house. The lady said that she lived in the Bowery and that her mother was the head of the Democratic Party when you were not allowed to say the word Democrat in the town of Winchester!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Shamrock Miracles

By Gayle Marian Honora Sweeney (Doherty)

Winchester

My Irish grandfather and his father, Pa, Kelley
lived in the old Bowery without electricity.
He read there by the light of a kerosene lantern
for about 8 years and their spirits didn't dampen.
Grandpa told me the union rule book was his Bible. and he
knew it cover to cover - his Book of Kells! He died about
1998 and I was there he wasn't alone
ever - his storytelling here. Until the leaves of
autumn in 2023..... Only dirt was over where my
grandpa was buried. The
rest of T-9-3 Calvary Winchester MA Where
our O'Connors are, is covered with sunny grass. That fall shamrocks
had grown over my grandpa's coffin. Shamrocks are miracles saying
your welcome often..... In the following spring shamrocks
greeted me again - wondrous almost beyond belief - and
Ireland's smiling! sent to Ambassador Embassy of Ireland and
JFK Kennedy Library att Kennedy Kid or Sundance kid i think or something like
that... or Rep. Joseph Kennedy Newton....Nakota..... Helpful all sacred Jesus +

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Orange Pith - Camellia Chocolate Cake + Blueberry Cornburst Bread..Citrus Library..Ufl..

>>>>>>>>>>I sent Mac Donalds the idea that is mine to have cafe au laits in all or some Mac Donalds i meant for nice stuff like Paris things...Gayle Sweeney Aug 29,2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

John Joseph Kelley B Winchester Ma Abt 1933

worked Eastern Gas and Fuel Everett Ma.. My uncle Jack seen above told me years ago at 3 hemlock Hampton Nh he was under the train on the grounds of the train with a severed cut leg.... he said the train was moving back towards him and there was a part under neath on the roof of the underneath part of the train that was moving back toward him. He said that if he had stayed under the train that section would have hit him and he would have been killed. my uncle said that he rolled out from under the train holding on to his leg. he said that there were some guys coming towards him or something and that he said to them i believe just cut it. Gayle Sweeney June 28,2024 my uncle was a pilot and flew small planes. He took Billy and I up when we were little and it was windy. When we landed Uncle Jack described a lot to me how a plane flies.... He went over quite a bit and i remember thinking to myself just act interested. I am glad for the talk because after hearing about the parts of the plane what i remember is that the air goes under the wings and that gives the plane lift which makes it fly..... I have his flight history in my room at 35 Quimby Ave Woburn MA which he told me and it is hand written. I wrote as he was telling me his story... HI USA...My uncle was out there.... Je ne comprend pas that anyone could think for an instant other than..... this is the USA..... I have rights, Just ask the spirit in my heart of RFK... R.i.P BullShit... Heaven is a TRip...Wonder.... God Bless the USA.....my uncle was in Korea and said he was in a fox hole and ate out of a can and there were bugs of flirs i dont remember which. In his old age he wore a Marine hat. he told me wings level and nose down did he tell me> Anyway i remember wondering if he was trying to kill me. nose down and all... years i think later i thought well wings level is good and nose down solling about at the ground... I sont know when his 'accident' was... My mother said after KOrea...I think she said he got his license to fly snall planes after he was in Korea.. he couldnt fly coomercial planes because of his leg which was his dream... I was his flower girl and wore a pink dress and a kind of pearl bracelet. I have the picture i think in my room. The dress is hanging uo in the cellar 35 Quimby Ave near the ceiling near the washer and dryer where the water has leaked down from the shower for years and years. try getting anything done without checking with her first. I was thinking you have to pick your battles... She wants you to check with her first to doanything for God knows which things but when you do something without asling iy is not unusaul for that to be the thing you should have checked with her first on . Like paul lied about the ceiling there she said and it all needs to come down... The walls are warped and alll need to come out which i asked about and she said no... they insulate the place upstairs so it wont get cold upstairs. She has said her legs are cold watching tv there in the winter. I bought her numerous slippers including the upgraded down

which she said she does not need because she does not get cold... If you want a dull assessment of such said household ask her she is the one in charge according to her however on the Assessors website of Woburn It says that Karen, Bill and Rick Own... Quell supise! Paul and I are homeless i take it because we never hear from karen and Bill. At times Rick came over and he can be wonderful with soup and a handmade birch waking stick for me, , , No charge there. One thing... Father Joe wrote in a homily for his 60th Anniversray in the priesthood see the history of St Bertoni website - if you dont know what you are talking about keep your mouth shut...anyone who says Paul and I are psychiatric and not deligent or the like is no friend of ours. Rick because of Native American Indian history and his Turkey Soup will always be in the loop somewhere in my heart just dont bring up pschiatric ever... Thats our right...Rick will always be an acquaintance at least.. The other 2 - Karen Sweeney maiden name, Nee married name on paper and William Sweeney can go blow.... God Bless Our Home.... and May the Road rise to Meet you who love all.....Gayle Sweeney June 28,2024 follow the money.....how many irrevocable trusts have there been if any? any now? I was told they can not be revoked - irrevocable trusts by mother....I was told by mother there were 3 irrevocable trusts. How did Karen and Bill get their names on ownership papers of anything my father bought? ...Gayle Sweeney June 28,2024 Bon Chance PERE Dad RIP SEE GUY PARIS WOBURN MA LOCUST ST PARIS FARM AND FRANK COMITAS MIGHT BE FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR AIR FORCE MAYBE TOLD TO ME BY uNCLE jACK jOHN jOSEPH KELLEY B 1933 WINCHESTER ma.....HIS FLIGHT HISTORY WAS GIVEN TO ME BY UNCLE jACK AND IS IN MY ROOM AND I CAAN NOT ACCESS IT BEING ILLEGALLY LOCKED UP IN bEVERLY HOSPITAAAL WHICH IS NOT A HOSPITAAL BUT RATHER IT IS A TORTURE CHAMBER AND I HAVE CHARGED THE OWNER / AND OR OWNERS AND CONSPIRATORS AND DO CHARGE STILL ALL STATED AND THOSE CHARGES INCLUDED HERE ARE AGAINST gURYANOVA iRINA OR IRENA SHAY KATHERINE hEATHER dARLENE (SAMI (SP?) ETC = ALL EXCEPT (KELLY mALE AND rON mALE) WITH HIGH tREASON AGAINST THE uNITED..STATES OF aMERICA AND I WILL aDD iRELAND AND THE REST OF THE FREE WORLD IN gODS uNIVERSE WITH AGAIN tREASON AND WHITE SLAVE TRAFFICKING LIKE THE tRUMPS AND sTEALING BODY PARTS AND MOLESTING THE CHILD SONG IN OUR HEARTS AND FOR VIOLATING ALL OF OUR gOD gIVEN rIGHTS PROTECTED BY THE uNITED sTATES cONSTITUTION AND FOR DEPRIVING SLEEP IN CONSPIRACY BY DEALING AND LAYING OUT BY GANG RAPE PROPAGANDA THAT pUTIN dEALS AND SPREADS OUT LIKE THE EVIL PERSON HE IS... gAYLE m hONORA, dOHERTY, MRS gLEN a WHO IS MY mY FRIEND ON HIGH JESUS TOLD ME. IN THE YEAR...AUGUST 22,2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

My Cold Days And Nights Beef Stew

Purified Water a la in a Tom Brady Book

Lean or very lean cut up beef not stew beef I dont think

simmer beef a little in the bottom of a big stew pan in Irish butter local or other good butter on the top of the stove with copper like bottom which I think could have been a Revere pan..... stainless I think.....

then as far as i remember i boil the cut up beef in boiling and then simmering water after simmering in butter a little... maybe 2 kinds of la beurre! to

this add turnip - purple and maybe try 2 kinds of turnip or more potatoes white and maybe try 2 kinds of potatoes or more and a little sweet potatoes or yam(?)

onion i use red onion and maybe try 2 kinds of onion or so baby carrots or cut up regular carrots from local farms (all ingredients) if can keep water ONLY for a base of beef stew after beef stew is cooked..... My Recipe Gayle M Honora Shoshone, Doherty, Mrs. Glen A Sweeney WINCHESTER , , , TooT!

Betty Crocker Fudge Brownies add some cinnamon. If eggs float in water in a cup they are expired....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Evidence=pa's Murder, Uncle Jack's Accident, I Walk The Plank By Connieyost 1938, Poem On Allpoetry.Com

Walk the Plank

9

inch board thats all?

bridges bank to bank

steady stride +

crick why?

muffled trundling?

crick changed?

a tidal

flood? what i read Island of the Blue Dolphins and it always stayed with me

dolphins close to shore wierdo

out to santa monica CA said they were studying dolphins close to shore
he = cal tech? like MIT close to shore episul.... i get soviet submarines.....

garden? chickens yes at swanton St see all

Kelley history and info here on poemhunter where

30 porter my mother said had wisteria are they ok
north? every color scenic seen

tulips see my the Red Tulip poem constance stood out the

tulip poem by me eleanor

got 30 porter woburn MA i was told

johnsons crick name of Foleys principal high school woburn MA walking stick not
needed to walk the plank grandpa never mentioned a stick and i cant have one in
the house

where is WPA sign? rick made me a birch walking
stick i love and I would never part with... He talked about native American
Indian culture when he was little like me a bond we have.....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

My Appaloosa Covered Diary

Where Is It?

the cover is an appaloosa print about friends and being with them a lot

hop scotch, double
jump jump rope. chinese jump rope, jump rope, potato baked on the grill at horn
pond grill along where the parkway is today i believe but by the woods at a turn
and the potato wrapped in tin foil... real good. may have been a stick and i think
i was alone not sure.... I wrote a poem my first poem and hid it in side the cover
of the appaloosa diary and now i still have the poem at least unless the witch of a
mother of mine threw that out too. the poem has type i am not sure at the end
because the last 2 lines do not rhyme which is totally off and i dont remember
leaving the poem not finished... Gayle Sweeney, Doherty, Glen A Mrs. Shoshone
June 27,2024 poem the last i saw it was in my bedroom 35 Quimby in a frame
with a picture of Marta and my little German shepard i got at amherst on a
sidewalk. she needed a home...a photographer by the pond at Amherst MA U Ma
Campus took pictures of us, Marta and I. He would have mailed them to me i
would think....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



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Nasa Bound And Star Bound

All ABout the Milky way is cultural...episul and poetic is the response from thinking Milky way is cultural and then thinking episul and the response is the Milky Way is Poetic, too.... the episul code word by Fr Joe Henchey see my poetry collection..... episul Fr joe Henchey's word for epistle is the code word. episul is the code word top researchers at NASA were sent June 24,2024 P.M....and Lady Moon episul Lady Moon only Lady Moon is Mary's Moon episul Naturally all holy there. See my poem Our Lady Moon Simple... Thank you USA. I am Intelligence. Gayle M Honora Sweeney Shoshone Mrs Glen A Doherty Winchester

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Warmed Cookies

>>>>>>>>

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

My Ocean Breeze Clean Whole Wheat Bread - My Life Is Magical And I Am Lucky, Sunny Lucky

Organic Whole Wheat from a Whole Wheat recipe from Laurels Kitchen recipe book the hand illustrations of earth and goodness true and left where the Arab was for I couldn't carry the book and it was left behind in the remaining suitcase two suitcases too heavy to carry alone..... Dark brown sugar in the handmade homemade bread book of the warm earthy pictures I first got in Amherst, MA foreign films with sub titles Amherst like 'One sings the other doesn't' i remember the title alone... I believe and whole wheat flour in the Natural Food store down the Alley in downtown Amherst off the Main ST. - so from yeast and cinnamon the Whole Wheat bread was made by a picture window overlooking the blue Pacific place that Paul my brother found and his friends some followed him out to California me too! i was invited by Paul 2x to come out to California to stay with him and my Shoshone dreams came true - a touch or more of cinnamon, a touch just a touch or so and the Air was filled with cinnamon dreams Clean and California Air there, Sea salt no doubt from a natural food store local maybe toward Venice CA where i found lovely some bar Rose Kaolin French clay soap and use water purified in the bread use now I would use only i read to use decades later in a Tom Brady Patriots book and yeast and Bulgar flour 1 cup from the Natural Food store, too and maybe a touch of corn water boiling (?) would be nice or just a very little dusting of organic corn flour see Wayside Inn Sudbury MA and orange story that is about the place and my friend on high got the recipe after about 40 years the recipe for my whole wheat bread with bulgar was lost my friend on high who is Glen A Doherty Jesus said when i asked out loud Jesus is my friend on high Glen Doherty? Jesus said yes.... got the true recipe for me that is very dear to my heart... I am special ops always in training with my friend on high...!!!! My friend on high is the Air I breathe. What could be better... I made lunch from the bread I made and i forget what, , , i want my friend to be on it please, , , I love him with all my heart... Love ME, Gayle Shoshone California Always ! ! ! ! !

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Castles Of ^***^*^***^ By Gayle M Honorah Shoshone Sweeney, Doherty, Mrs. Glen A Winchester * Guns ^^^

Castles of SHAMROCKS in Memory of my Dad, Pere, Paul Kinsley 'Doc' Sweeney
A.P. American History Teacher and beloved Senior Varsity Baseball Coach and
Heroes Fred Zollo

'Mississippi Burning' in my Dads Class and ^ Tribe ^....Love, All USA, and D.C.
Big Flame the South Carolina (?) The South..... Bobby Sands R.I.P.

'Imagine' by John Lennon R.I.P. J.F.K. R.I.P

R.F.K. R.I.P. M.L.K. R.I.P. Rosa Parks R.I.P. all Camelot in Heaven R.I.P.
Shamrocks cradled in the green grasses, are masses of sunny shamrocks noddin
under the bright blue ciel heaven arising all out of the warm sparkling earth
below stars are bullets and turf burning is not downtrodden rather ckazkis -
Castles of God - round tables... I wear a golden shamrock for you. Its a treasure
of the Emerald Isle embracing the reflecting sea to share - to cherish - on
diamond sands twinkling together and alone with our civil city of Heart, Lore,
Work and Nature > Woburn USA our Dream is a Golden Horn Pond, Rag Rock,
the Storybook town of Winchester MA and Boston for Truth and Ireland Dawning
the year of our Lord 2024..... ST P + Jesus MD +

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

I Had The Thought - Mary's Face Must Have Been As Beautiful As The Lady Moon's....Title: Simply Our Lady Moon By Me

Once the moon was tilted to her side
As if she could play the violin.
Tonight she is big
up in the sky.
Her soft, beautiful smile is shining.

For now the moon is simply happy
While in concert with all of the stars.
She's not looking down toward us sadly
This clear night from above and afar.

The moon is a bright circle of light -
So silvery and on high so full.
Smiling way past the twinkling twilight,
At heart strings she can lovingly pull.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

To Provence! ! ! ! ! (To Ukraine The Bread Basket Of The World) 2024

+++++++ France 2005 - it is my birthday month - May... In that spring we were in Provence at a fortress Chateau - my niece, my sister and I. Climbing the stone steps - winding with my niece I saw a white dove up above in the blue pastel sky... at Gordes there were winding paths through the city with golden light sandstone walls of work and Joan d' Arc with a Mary statue was in the chapel there. Joan d' Arc is looking up to heaven with a light on her face in the chapel... The Celtic village looked out across a low valley and the sun shone...After a World War all the residents of Gordes got a medal... in Paris, the city of light to the North, it's a rainbow and Camelot.... The countryside rings so true.... Paris's miracle is alive in the white dove up in the pastel blue sky I saw for all and France is free. see Constance Yost 1938 poems on All Poetry see my biography or 1938

see 'Walk the Plank' by Constance Yost clues on this website for Pa's death = not right.....who was the priest at St Mary's who said Pa had committed suicide? Mary pic from here in St Firmin has an obscured non color blotch on it that was not dark in shade.....developed by Shutterfly Glen is on it.....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Hampton Seasons

Old Hampton is magically lovely
Like a sand castle by the sunny sea.
Here close to shore summery hours take part
In dreams for children and those young at heart.

On golden maize autumn days the town rests
From many visitors and busyness.
Not far, apples glisten at country farms
And get carried to kitchens in glad arms.

Winters angels shine as all Hampton sleeps
Under pure, peaceful, downy snow so deep.
Christmas tree lights bring warm homes sparkling cheer
And reflect memories of gone by years.

When red ruby sunrises in spring glow
While bright blossoms and dewdrops start to show,
An unbroken wish comes true with the dawn -
May joys in our Hampton live on and on! .

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

November Song Too

In a flash tall autumn is gone
Blazing cool leaves blanket the ground.
White winter's door will open soon
To our world's wonderland abound!

Holidays dance au plein air there
True sparkling lights in town got strung.
Childhood dreams wake at once with joy
Christmas carols at homes are sung!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Full Moon In August

Over the ocean
The sailing full moon had glowed
In satin rosy pink blush.
The moon turned opal
And showed a happy smile
While the world around her
She touched.
Suddenly she was sad
And it looked like diamond tears
Could soon start to fall.
Still her pure milky white face
Of Love
Lit up the night
With A shining way for all.
On the quiet water below her
Stars,
Perhaps spilled from the twinkling sky,
Danced.
In the heavens then
Again the bright moon smiled
And the sparkling stars all advanced.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Our Heirloom

Our heirloom bright pearl moon
Full and afar
Can behold the world and shimmery stars.
Up in a heavenly sky
This clear night
The moon, a companion,
Rose in pure white.
Throughout the lovely ages,
Handed down,
The moon,
Stolen hearts have dreamily found,
Is their very own luminous treasure.
Its triumphant magnificence endures.
We might catch the shining moon
Star gazing
Sparkling nights when
Angels are trail blazing.
Swept up by
The moon and stars in the sky,
Strangers can marvel and love never dies.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Summer Days

Girls whirling cartwheels in the soft grass and pure kisses,
Surprises, waves of laughter
And candle light wishes.
Summer days,
Starry nights.
Hearts in flight.

A car ride by the still morning blue ocean with you -
The peaceful time together on sunshiny wings flew.
Summer days,
Starry nights.
Two hearts in flight.

Open paint box blossoms dancing in a clear, cool breeze,
Kids climbing up and up
From bough to bough in green trees.
Summer days,
Starry nights.
All hearts in flight!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Rick's Garden

While raking the old garden to make room
For spring green sprouts Rick heard a sudden yelp.
On the ground he couldn't see a thing doomed
But there had been a distressed cry for help.

Then lifting a pile of grass all sun dried
He saw some baby bunnies were hidden -
A new born bunch! - snuggling, to his surprise
So far from any storms the sky could send!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Monarch Butterflies At Happy Hampton Beach (Nh)

Shining Monarchs galore
Spark like orange flames
Upon some bright, summery trees
And soak up the glorious morning sun rays
In a soft, cerulean breeze.
It's the butterflies' last hurrah
At this seashore
Before their long south bound trip.
On purple and gold blossoms
They cluster, too,
And pure, flowery nectars sip.
They will soon take to the blue heavens
Above
With herculean wings flying
Then vector right,
From northern skies
To Mexico
Where celestial dreams sing!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Love On The Boulevard

True hearts like they planned unlocked
Met under the clock
At the grand Hampton Beach Casino.
like in a dream - the twilight hour
Summery on the boulevard
Long, long ago.

This glistening night boulevard
By the ocean
Its own dreamy wishes still shares.
Taffy kisses, the colors of rainbows,
Get unwrapped
And adorn the dark sea air.

Fairy pink cotton candy and more
Sold for children
Some who had tans from the sun.
In the candy store window
Starry blue dreams
For everyone, too, sweetly were spun.

Today a rose petal sky
Fell asleep close to dusk
Above soft diamond sands.
Bright memories are lovingly made
When happy people
Walk about holding hands.

The Ocean House Hotel
With an open, treasured porch
at the corner by the sidewalk
Once stood and our elders
Listened from there to concerts
On the seashell stage and talked.

Sometimes cherished thoughts
That were tucked away dance to light
Like they happened yesterday.
Now new bands play on just as in the past

And shimmery fireworks sparkle
Then fade.

So while wondrous stars
In heaven shine afar
With old songs budding dreams can unfold.
On the boulevard love spills over
Forever and ever
And all wild beach lovers stroll!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

A Quiet Night Alone

A full cookie cutter moon is sparkling
Like a pearl brooch dripping with diamonds.
Bright stars are sprinkled across the night sky.
I made a wish upon a star on high.
Heaven stirs in twinkling sweet dish delights.
The moon sails on above sugary white.
Moonstruck silver shines by a cup of blues
While chocolates dip in dreams and dance, too!

Ptsd
Light

was in my mind in Mt Auburn Cambridge MA and when I tapped my fingers on a surface in Mt Auburn there was someone good there who had said something to me that I couldn't tell was there before...

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Songs

The birds hold a sing along in the morning breeze
And a constellation of sunny white flowers
Shine before me quietly.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Summer Dreams

Have the broken cookie that's left? No, I don't mind.
For you know broken cookies are one of a kind.
My hair is not combed and I need a manicure -
One that through scrubbing dishes the color endures.
Dust - I dusted away but some is back again.
A dress I shortened myself has a crooked hem.
This summer I'll sip peach juice with champagne on ice
And make lemonade from lemons - a paradise!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Tulips, Too

How lucky I was alone earlier at a sunny hour
To have gazed upon a splendid blue sky and tulip flowers!
The shining blooms had opened peacefully like a prayer book.
With purely painted petals the waking world - so wondrous, looked.
Sacred cups of bright sunrise orange, flame red and yellow glowed.
Some stored dreams for golden days in boundless summer tulips hold.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Pinellas Shores

The breaking waves wear pure white pinafores
All along this clear blue shimmering shore.
In the sky stardust brushes pines and palms
Gulls glide while the beach sings a quiet psalm.
The moonstruck tides can smoothly bring me back
To where the diamond sea has relaxed
Far out beyond the sandy spot of mine.
There goes an expedition of sunshine!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Zinnias By Gayle M Honora Sweeney Shoshonee, nora, Ckazkis - Mrs Glen A Doherty, Winchester

Zinnias USA, in A Garden to Scottie Elkins my friend..... In a valient sunrise
front yard

In a Rye garden

On an Ocean road

Where heavenly Zinnias shine,

It's so hushed and peaceful.

Gazing at bright red, orange sunrise scarlet,

Happy yellow aflame and more -

Sun upon about two hundred tall-stemmed zinnias or so

Sparkle in my memory for all time.

At a turn in the road

Not far from a dappled apple tree those starry blazing blossoms

With colors close to a low stone wall

Hug the roadside and the Virgin Mary's Statue scalloped framed.

Wishes from All and

cleared old and new sod tended by someone not really alone,

Made the free curve where our black road bending turned

Suddenly

A dazzling

Zinnia

Ride!

>>>o>>> Jesus told me he is ushering in an era of peace.....

American Indian Movementalways and Jesus said Round them up.....be like

the little children Jesus said..... 'Stars are like bullets and Miracles are in the

ocean Air'... BY me in the year of our Lord 2024 see u of Kansas i think it is ie

memory old age the elders are.... and search Native American Indian good

medicine and Food and Monarch Watch and as you wish

>>>o<<<

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Early October Days

In two days a full Hunter's moon
It was said will rise.
Some lovely Monarch butterflies -
Stragglers - floated by.
Outside my porch window the red sun
Dropped in the west.
A pink taffy light shined and
The land started to rest.
My gaura flowers outlasted
Morning frosty chills
With pretty petals like
Soft rose ballerinas' frills.
The gauras were a nice surprise gift
From a true friend
Though it got cold at night
The day blossoms still opened!
The moon is now milky white
Up high in the dark sky.
Twinkling stars might visit us
And from the world not hide.
Big orange pumpkins on doorsteps
Are wondrous delights.
Old costumes are rediscovered
For Halloween night.
Graveyards with stones
Are spooky about early evening.
At my door some little trick or treaters
Always ring.
The lovely Gauras plant flowering was a gift from Linda Gebhart that was in our
yard at 36 Fuller Acres Hampton Beach NH

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Spring Songs

Though dark, a spring
Morning shined
In the songs of the early birds.
Under bright stars above me
Morning broke in the notes I heard.
The celebrating dawn
Joyfully wished for a new sunup.
Before heaven's blue sky soared
Songs woke
Around my coffee cup!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



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Linda's And Friends' Happy Hampton Beach Flower Gardens

Crimson,
Sun yellow,
Fairy rose pink,
Blue, Paris lavender
And soft white -
Colors are afloat!
Some rippling flowers
At Hampton Beach
Bloom in roadside island gardens
And in their own rowboats.
The flowers
And more blossoms, too,
Welcome sandy feet, sea gulls,
And sailing butterflies alike.
The beach blossoms
Hold pure sunshine,
Delighting all ages,
From the very old
To papooses
How the bright petals shine
During a magical day
By the seashore
In the summery sun!
It is fun to see the beach gardens' treasures
Growing
Around magnificent Happy Hampton!
Once the spots where the pretty flowers
Now catch the sunbeams
Were just plain dirt
Or bare, hard concrete.
Today the shimmery flowers,
Bringing joyful tidings,
Have our families and tribes
To greet.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

The Sign

One time while I drove the car
On road
A bird flew by not far away outside the window
And I slowed down.
Some trees danced and bowed then -
A moment was captured in time by wishing to go slowly and
By reading perhaps
The wings of the bird -
Nature's sign over
Pavement.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Star.....To Scottie

In a wish
In a dream
Looking up at the
Shining diamond dusted night's sky
He said,
'That star is us.'
Our true love.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Robin Egg Blue

Robin egg blue -
Cold winter flew
Away today
while the blues played.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Spring Flowers At Bedtime

On spring green stems
Soft, flaming red, sleepy petals,
Closed up for a silent night,
Looked like hands in prayer.
Although twilight was about gone
Just before the dark
The wonder of sunshiny flowers was spared.
Another clear, glorious day,
Filled with blooming blossoms,
Was ready then for a deep, peaceful sleep.
Somehow when daybreak arrives
The petals awake and open
For a pure, vigilant watch to keep.
As the sun's last light down low
Dropped and disappeared
A bird sang a lullaby made for the heavens.
All tucked in their bed
And promising buds once again,
The dreamy flowers couldn't wait to turn in!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Spring In New England Going Towards Concord By Carlisle I Think It Is

Spring is singing a soft song
To us and we are reborn.
Here and there pure daffodils
By the country roadsides thrilled
Us as we passed sunny fields
And heavenly green hills kneeled.

Red robins have now returned.
Their breasts like winter fires burn.
Windows of joy thrown open
Let sunshiny, warm air in.
Springtime birds sang in the dark
Before the sun showed its sparks.

The dream of summer looks bright
The symphony of spring's light
Brings magnolias alive.
Buds open toward a blue sky.
The silver moon was in flight.
Woven nests are birds' delight.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

A Bird On The Wire

Beyond a bird on the wire
Is a sky of light blue triumphing sapphire.
I looked up at the sapphire and the bird
Thinking if I could only sing a song of sunshiny words.
The sound would be as pretty perhaps as a tree in a breeze.
The facets of cool green leaves
On some closeby boughs reach higher and higher.
Shining under the golden sun and sapphire. I can
sing reaching a High C, Miraculous Medal Church Hampton, NH choir director
lessons with Pat M. Free Press... God Bless the free
Press. I worked for the Boston Globe 4 dollars an hour delivering newspapers 7
days a week and got a 500 dollar bonus for not missing a day rain snow sleet
slush etc. My route was not the beach as i was told it was and the same for the
Portsmouth Herald that my route was the beach and that is why it didnt have
computerized payments. My route to begin with main intersection was high and
Mill....i computerized the Portsmouth Herald route and was told the result was a
big suddess by an ooficw worker there, I was not paid and was told there that i
didnot know how to collect... USA... Union All>.... I will say that Damart boots
helped me to survive that i got at an outlet store in Portsmouth NH - black sleek
nylon light dry waterproof totally and warm.....I remember stepping out of the
car once in the dark into slushy wet snow and my feet wanted to be swift and
dry. They were both... and driving on.... Gayle Sweeney Doherty Winchester
Shoshone July 2,2024...USA... Imagine that!
Nakota Color Song.....think the Word -
NAKOTA.....Response....Over the Rainbow.....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Fraises Des Bois

Fraises des bois

Called 'Mignonette' -in my garden are sweet

Minature rubies I adore - and

Taste like a sip of strawberry wine does perhaps.

The fraises des bois I tried are like amour in summer

And are a delight for some parisienne chefs

who are hoping for more.

With happiness this red strawberry of the woods

One by one

When ripe conquers sunny pots and

Treasured, earthen floors!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



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Appalachian Bowl

A patch of feathered cloud white
is glazed inside the center
Of the small, round blue handmade bowl -
Kiln fired, down from around the Tennessee smokey mountaintops.
A hint of the cloud has embedded blue circles there -
Soaring sky blue and then deep exquisitely blue.
Midnight blue adorns the edge of the pottery.
The white and blue are luminous -
A piece of the Appalachian sky!
got this small bowl at Dollywood. Gayle S.

I

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Hampton Asters!

Asters along Hampton's Spring Marsh river bank
Surprised me where I've never seen them before!
On the asters light lavender blues have rank
And some Monarchs found pure, golden nectar stored.

Such is the sight near the sea's emerald land -
Sunny asters as if by good fairies sown
Are shown like linen made by an unknown hand
With sparks of the bright butterflies there enthroned.

Joy blossoms at the shore and the Monarchs' reel
is a medley of rainbow colors shining.
This land's glory beneath the sky is revealed.
Fireworks on the gemmed asters a wonder bring!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

A Red Tulip

I remember

A bright LIPSTICK RED tulip and more

Grew in the backyard... and a maple.

The maple tree is still there growing

Where we slept out some magical, childhood summer nights with friends.

The small wooden garden RUSTIC red house dried maize husks ever there it seems from a small beam that was ours

And clothesline grey even somehow how? survived forty years or so STILL TO NOW!

Our childhood never left that house. Karen said to me she wasn't going to leave....

About eighty kids playEd in the OLD neighborhood

Of TWO woOds THE wHITE wOODS AT TE TOP OF rOCK sT TO THE LEFT behind

A WHITE RANCH I THINK HOMe there SOMEONES..... WITH ROCKS LARGE LIKE

DID MAKE A LOW WALL KITCHEN A LITTLE FROM THE ROCKS AND i CLEANED

THE ROCKS FOR A HOUSE.tODAYS THOUGHT = KEPT HOUSE.... and MANY

COOL SUMMER DAYS IN THE LIBRARY books. BOOKS ARE THE aIr I BREATHE.

bOOKS WERE THE aIr I bREAthEd. *****THE bLACK wOODS - BEHIND bLACKS

ON HOUGHTON st GO TOWARDS THE TOP OF rAG rOCK BLUEBERRY PATHS..AND

DOWN TOWARDS BEDFORD rd. tHEY CUT TOO FAR INTO THE WOODS BEHIND

bLACKS WAS PURELY WOODS GOING TOWARD BEDFORD RD. CAN THAT LAND

BE BOUGHT AND THE WOODS REPLANTED? LOVE THAT.....FOR MORE

CONSERVATION...mY drEAM WAS TO BE IN MY HEART A nATIVE aMERICAN

INDIAN gIRL.

The red tulip is a flame I have in my heart for the tulip not for mother. MY

MOTHER PLANTED MAYBE ONLY 3 OTHER TULIPS BY THE PATIO AND PORCH ICE

CREAM CONES WITH A LITTLE NEIGHBORS MAYBE MY COUSINS IISA AND KATHY

NEIGHBOR HOOD KIDS ON BIRTHDAYS kAREN I WOULD THINK SHE IS jULY

Held to my memory! saw My Fair Lady on Karens Birthday... My mother told me i

couldnt get up from the table once when I was a little girl until i ate a plateful of

oysters. Evidence here. Constance Yost specifically said she like this poem and

she wrote to me on Poemhunter on my account.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

A Bluebird

A bluebird sat on top of
A small sign by the green woods in the sun
At the side of the road alone
Beyond where we drove.
The sparkling, dancing blue
Like a lovely summer's pond
Upon its glistening feathers
Awoke in my heart
A wonder deep and true.
Suddenly the sunny blue bluebird flew away above this land of
southern splendor
And the satin azure Tennessee sky
Dipped high and low with the mountains on the horizon forevermore.

bluebird I ever saw. This bluebird is the first
red white and blue here =
thats me and by me the following by me... in a restaurant or at a cookout or
something I like a cup and its pretty nice and wrapped kind of in white organic
stuff napkin and ketchup packages in cup with a napkin for that cat in the hat...
corn husk paper for writing out doors black charred and clear for war used i
think paint for with oranges and orange and cranberry wwwriting and for
making art which is culture corn husk all...3 native foods my favorites to do
good corn is glory blueberry with a star imprinted on top and fragaria
virginiana....+

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

At Gate Usa And More

our God

In heaven just has one face for everyone of
Earth's unique places = love.

The Great Spirit is by the pearley gate too ya know -
A guardian of our country USA.

The Great Spirit said to all while native hearts bled -
I can gladly take your hand.

The Great Spirit lives in the rivers, flowers, stars and trees.
Through him our one true God in the new world says while
Whispering upon the breeze - it is meant for you to
Follow me here and be free.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



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At Margaret's House

The big old white house A PLUMBER' S on the top of the small hill THE MAN WHO SAID HERE SHE COMES mISS aMERICA WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL AND COULD WALK UP rOCK sT BY MYSELF... WAS A PLUMBER WHO LIVED ON rOCK ST.

By a woodland

Was filled with lots of children.

On some summer days laughing and splashing in the pool

Was the thing to do

For Margaret and her friends in the sun.

She was one of the young girls who lived there

And I was a friend.

Would you believe a special table for us

Was set up, too, outdoors in the fresh air!

On it were boxes of ice cream flavors to choose,

Soda water, brightly colored red syrup and more

And rich cream - everything to make as many

Ice cream sodas as we wanted as if in a dream

Without a care in the world.

We played in the round ABOVE gROUND blue pool

In the afternoon

And had ice cream sodas on a

Summer's day to stay cool.

At times other days inside on the record player

We listened to 'Rubber Soul'. nORWEGIAN wOOD...cALIFORNIA dREAMIN ON

SUCH A WINTERS DAY.....THE HAPPENING dIANA rOSS ALL WE ARE SAYING IS

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE jOHN IENNON, , , , HELP ME IF YOU CAN IM FEELIND

DOWN tHE bEATLES. sHEA sTADIUM WATCHING A BIT THERE MAYBE BUT

THERE IOUISE mC cAULEYS HOUSE..mAIN RD TO 4 CORNERS AND cANNON RD

WHERE ICE CREAM SODAS WERE RIGHT ON THE CORNER OF MAIN RD TO 4

ABOVE AND CANNON RD. I AM nATIVE aMERICAN INDIAN IN MY HEART. mY

FRIENDS CALLED ME sPARKY. i pUT OUT A FIRE IN THE FIELD SMALL FIRE IN

THE MEADOW/CLEARING LIKE ACROSS FROM cANNON ROAD. LOUISE MC

CAULEYS HOUSE AROUND A BEND IN THE ROAD...

I was maybe twelve years old.

Margaret moved to another town

A few years later

And the house was long ago torn down.

Whenever I drive by that place

There is something about it

In the sun

Something time has not erased -

A memory of fun. A WONDER AND GOLDEN AIR....THERE MAYBE IT IS?

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

The Christmas List -

Kisses under the mistletoe, holly, Santa's list,
Rudolph's red nose aglow,
Sleigh bells ringing,
A donated toy, presents galore beneath the glistening tree,
The rich, soft scent of green pine, wreaths to behold, angelic joy from above,
A wish made upon a star,
The wise men's gifts from afar, the drummer boy,
Satiny ribbons, big red velvet bows,
My hollyberry dishes,
Wondrous white fallen, holiday snow
With lights at night - a shiny, sparkling fairyland show! ! !
Christmas time can bring dreams magically about heavenly things
To life again.
Boxes of candy are ready to go
Except for the bows - a must for shoppin'
Around the world Santa, driven by reindeer,
Will stop for good children Christmas eve night.
Soon I'll get some seeds the red scarlet cardinals and other woodland birds to
delight.
Christmas carols were played past years
On our piano
With two old fingers and more.
My grandpa who had a heart of gold could play songs by ear at his memory's
door.
Days have long ago gone by since
My grandfather so dear to us
Told me how they use to put
Wax candles on the window sills
And the tree - to light the way for Christmas.
Around the deep, magnificent boughs, too, a scallop trim with splendor
Made by hand from strung popcorn and pure ruby cranberries, danced along its
adorned, lovely strand.
A glorious tree it must have been!
Grandpa didn't have a red Christmas stocking.
He got a piece of chocolate
And an orange in his sock
Early Christmas morning.
Wishing you all a snowy, Merry Christmas season
Filled with sweet dreams of sunshiny days.

This wish tops my list like winter's cherry cheeks
On children whose laughter brings cheer while they play! ! !

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Happy Thanksgiving! ! !

Good Mornin! !

Happy Thanksgiving! !

The turkey is roasting

In the oven.

The aroma from an open box of Bell's seasoning

The past few days has filled the kitchen.

We have fresh butternut squash planned with brown sugar and cinnamon, small onions, cranberry sauce, potatoes and stuffing.

Yesterday we did the hoilday shopping.

On the table pies await - apple, blueberry and southern pecan.

We are blessed by the heavens on this traditional occasion.

Bless families not so lucky in our beloved nation.

Today we honor the pilgrims

And the wonderful native American Indians.

Today we remember the Mayflower and the devoted celebration

At Plymouth Plantation

Not far from the great blue Massachusetts ocean

With our country still in the making.

Football rivalries are an elation.

The Macy's parade is a New York City sensation.

Is it cold outside? - Good Morning! ! !

Soon turkey we will be gobbling!

Gotta go visiting, too,

And we are hoping for sun.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

America

Happiness is a bear claw
at heart -
The thought of someone brings.
Happiness is pretty days
With blue skies
And angels singing.
Beyond the dark
I feel like a true native
Woodland princess!
With the sun in my heart
I've found America's happiness.
Flashbacks of a black bear started
While I played the piano willie nelson trill and others too
The memory of the Sierra came back from long ago.
When the bear appeared I wished to run
Far away to L.A. -
Santa Monica - a village next to how the mountains play.
Happiness is mother earth's bright sunshine in the wilderness.

A golden treasure the wild past gives us is a peacefulness. William
Kinsley and Ellen Kindley Sweeney 340 Washington St Woburn MA for Ellen have
the same mother and father... Thomas Kinsley and Elizabeth Cummings....see
Paula Carey Kane obit should be at Lynch Cantillon website and looks like death
record, says William died 3/16/ 1884 * Millbury MA...note I am starring all family
deaths around St Patrick's Day - seems to be reoccurring - to what extent?
and cerebral hemorage has come up more than once for cause of death and or
one of the causes of death as i remember... example Harriet May Barthelmess
Morrison lived in Derry NH and Bridget O'Connor buried I am seeing now in my
mind T-9-3...Calvary Cemetery. Winchester/Woburn MA where the Shamrocks
grew in the Fall 2023 and Spring 2024.... see my poem Shamrock Miracles on
this website....Bridget was my grandfather's aunt - a kitchen canarie my
grandfather said. He said a picture fell off the wall and then Bridget died. That
was after Honora died... How? my grandfather said his father Pa had no
insurance and that he Pa had just finished paying for his wifes burial expenses
and then he had to pay for Bridgets burial expenses. Pa was in charge of the
Town Dump in Winchester MA why
does it seem that the passenger list for PA 1904 to Boston asked him if he was
an idiot and then i dont remember seeing that question when I looked at the list
another time.. Please see the not to be missed passenger rule list 1848 as i saw
it that said and signed by the Queen that swords were allowed on the boat

however the said swords would be collected confiscated whatever not allowed just before the boat embarked... Happy Trails IRA! ! ! Free Ireland of course like free USA and Free world. Whats good for the goose is good for the gander and the egg is not a chicken....'All politics are local' even on a boat to America! ! ! Tip O' Neil...'.Pass the bill not the buck'... Moi

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

The Play

I was a young child about twelve or so with dreams.
In the one act play 'Impromptu'
Tony, one of the characters, wasn't at all a cynical -
He dreamed instead.
The play was the one chosen for summer theater at the high school.
The plot was -
The audience would be arriving soon
In the hall.
The actors
Had to come up with a performance without a script,
Out of nowhere, out of the dark.
That's how I recall it.
Tony was a spark.
I was the audience during the rehearsals -
Just me alone and captivated.
It was summer theatre at the old high school auditorium,
Built in 1906, with wood floors
And side balconies up high, facing each other - two of them.
The auditorium has since been replaced
With a new state of the art one.
Once after a rehearsal an actress from the show
Asked me if I wanted to go
For a coke at Woolworth's local 5 + 10.
Not far from the school and the grass was green.
We went down to the store
In my hometown of Woburn.
The store is no longer there.
We sat on the red topped stools and we ordered a cold glass of coca cola with ice
i believe it was - a soda
On the hot summer sunny day.
In those moments together I was happy.
To this fond memory is where a lovely childhood dream
Took me! i had the book a red book with the play 'Impromptu' in it. Where is it?
. The book is a memory never to be erased and the cover treasured from a
daughters grateful heart. My Dad who is in a golden light now in my heart sent
me to WHS Summer Theatre - Maybe I have written that already - but thats
okay. Thats what Karen said on the altar at my grandfathers's funeral at St
Charles upper church.. She wrote the eulogy and said sometimes we hear the
stories more than once... but thats okay, i will never forget the way Karen said

that on the altar - my grandfather was Union = John Joseph Kelley b 1910
Winchester, MA

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

The South

In the mid 1960's about

My family and I drove through the South down Rt 301

More than once on our way to and from Florida about 8 times we did this the whole family

To visit my grandmother and grandpa kelleys home my grandfather who was a shop steward for a union and the union rule book he said to me was his Bible... in st petersburg in a pastel seashell pink colored one story home and a yellow chaise lounge and my father Paul Kinsley 'Doc' Sweeney American History teacher got my grandfather an orange tree got where maas brothers maybe where my granfather parked cars and saw or met Pete someone who played baseball...karen and I went in april and my mother said sssshe was coming too at the last minute """.

Florida - Spanish for flowering - is

The Sunshine State

With shimmery orange groves

And blue paradises at the white beaches.

I remember

Rt.301

And driving by the poor, unpainted shacks kind of dark brown and all the same as i remember as i am picturing them now - houses - often

With shiny cars, bright cadillacs of different colors sometimes in the yards in the front at the sides of the yards i am picturing to the right sides of the front yards In the sun.

'Colored' it said on the bathroom door

At an old gas station. - men woman and then colored colred to the right toward the road as i remember and the gas staaation was white...

I'd never seen a sign saying colored like that before.

I was a child. (How many powder rooms does a mansion need?)

We went to a Catholic mass down a back country road off of 301

Which I hardly remember.

The congregation was Afro - American Black and i am seeing i am to the right of the main aisle but now i am looking at the left side of the aisle from the right looking up and down the pews in the center of the church and the people are black.. nicely dressed pretty. I m looking toward the middle part of the aisle but at the pews

Or mostly maybe and us, too.

Spanish moss hung from cypress and southern live oak trees. and something ssssmelled awful....in the south i loved the blue sky of North Carolina i want to say crisp...

The earth was rich, sparkling brown.

One day near sunset we saw on Rt 301 narrow 301 looking forward brown i see now to the left///

A black man all alone walking - home from work perhaps and north with out turning about as my father pulled over on the side of the road and i think my Dad who is in my heart now in a golden light in a golden light (R.I.P.) got out of the car to film the man walking..... i know my dad filmed re i saw him film and i was in the back seat and could see the man walking clearly and an amber like field to the left of 301 where the man was walking....man to the left side of the road

I sang quietly looking out the car window behind my father

At night as we rode in the dark how many times in the dark =? my mother called black people chigaboos in the front seat of car and she was in the passenger seat. no candy from her now in mind... there was a fire in the 1960s in South Carolina I believe jesus said yes.and it was a small motel with an outside corridor to the doors. My mother said she smelled the smoke inside the motel room. I was right near her and did not smell yhe smoke. We got out. and when we were out the entire roof was ablaze i looked and saw and it was a very big fire the whole roof over the rooms. The owner did not tell anyone there was a fire. We got out on our own. My father and another guy there went from door to door knocking and banging on doors and yelling fire and the people came out and got out yhat way and that way only..... The owner not there to say there is a fire. One door would not open. NO one came to the door to get out even though as i remember of course i would think fire was being called... I dint remmber just that the two guys were trying to get the people out - one being my father. finally the door had to be knocked in = shouldered and to my recollection my father shouldered the door.. The fire truck ran out of water and had tp take water out of the pool i was told. It was the 60's and the man who turned out was there and didnt come out was black... i am picturing black and i had to have been out and piccturing not by the car at that time and i remember seeing peolr and the man was young on the other side of the door maybe i am just picturing that seenig the man inside the room and that is where i am pictuing the man was insssin side the room and i am seeing a golden light.. I am martin Luther King the man said to say+++ that came out Fire.....we had a Light tan rambler staction wagon... we were off of rt 301 i believe west drk by the road facing west. i can picture down a side road and i is night now, The next thing is dressed.... i rememberwre New Jersey. it is night going east. in about 2o 14 my mother wanted the 30.00 odd dollars that was paid for the motel room that burned and office 2 dtories and beyond where the pool which was in the fron beyond the pool and before pool a little was the room and to the right where the caar was facing the car facing towards the motel and back by the pool and its night and we are alone..... so there is caaaaaaar room we were in across about from the car that

was by the pool and it seems like my father had to move the car to back near the pool and the office next after room and car up by the pool.. small pool outdoors not much fire for the water to put out the fire and the fire trucks left... i would say it would take a lot of water to put out that fire a real lot. WE were at a house i believe so that is where the Black arab think..... then think nakota answer i got is.... here..... who i said no to i remember was as a taxidriver, , he said in NYC he said and SC.... the house i really couldn't see.= tall trees or bushes.....There was a beware of the dog sign to the left of me in the car where i was and i was in back seat... house was on the main road for the place where it was and house was on the left...and facing out is how the car was facing - facing out and downwards about.... the sign beware of dog was on a fence like to a driveway left of trees maybe chain link can not tell you what was behind the tree/ bushes along the road and i would think was the front of the house but with like a driveway i am thinking and the right of sign was tall trees/ bushes that because of them i could not see the house.....i look back and believe my father was parked bottleneck facing down and out and we left my father did not go up to the door to get the money from the owner which is what she wanted.... It was not inviting to me and the beware sign....at that place not urban and rural to the right of the car.. dad all protected there i m being told... how far BACK TO THE MAIN RD =? BACK THEN WOULD HAVE BEEN I WOULD THINK to 95 A HIGHWAY 301 gone? I DONT KNOW. HER ROOM HAS A LOT OF PAPERS INCLUDING MEDICAL SHE HAS ON Paul and I gayle black desk at least > i NEVER SAW MY FATHER WITH A DRINK IN HIS HAND AND MICHAEL NEE SHE ACCUSED WAS IRRESPONSIBLE about eating pizza and that accusation went on for years.... SHE IS IMPERSONATING A DOCTOR, . SAYING MICHAEL did NOT CONTROL HIS APPETATE in the morning in Virginia Beach VA stationed there the family of his.... AND HE WAS A NAVY PILOT...and he flew helos FLEW DOWN THE ICE 2 TOURS flew SCIENTISTS around the ice DOWN THE ICE rip MICHAEL. now get glass cutter from Paul no dogs if you can shock from being bitten attacked haaaaving adopermin sicked on him by a dopermin pincher outside Boston Garden we were in parking lot towards the train side of the garden me looking toward the Garden and a main walkway going to the garden to the left building and Bernie Mc Laughlin there on main walkway and paul in front of me and behind him was a mean looking cop with a black v like shaped beard paul saying i n my mind help me... that was very short.... with a dopermin and he sicked the dopermin on paul and had to take Paul for a tetanus shot and the rolling stones was there and Ralph Manley got bit and Karen and i took both to some hospital on the way to Woburn MA i imagine to where we were living at the time not NH...MICHAEL SAID MOTHER DEAREST WAS A TORTURER, SHE DID NOT ALLOW IS TO SLEEP SEVERLY AND I DONT REMEMBER THE AMOUNT OF DAYS IN A ROW.. SOMETIMES DAYS IN A ROW AND I DONT REMEMBER HOW MANY YEARS SHE STARTED YELLING ALL NIGHT FOR NIGHTS IN A ROW I

WOULD SAY WITH 100%ACCURACY JANUARY 1975 and maybe DEc 1974 karen told me before i got home in a call out to st maaaaaaaarys that my mother ws acting wierd WELL CORRECTION JAN 1975 IT WAS I BELIEVE. i WENT TO ST MARYS nOTRE dAME 1 AND 1 HALF YEARS STARTING SEPY 1973 AND LEFT dEC 1974. pAUL jr AND MY FATHER oAUL sWEENEY +dOC+ CAmE to get me ME AND BROUGHT ME HOME... SIGNED gAYLE m hoNORA sHOSHONE sWEENEY dOHERTY jUly 28.2024

I sang an impromptu song - softly and low -
In the seat behind my father as he drove on et 301south
At our hometown school he loved
To teach American history.

This story is about the South from me. gs2024 i am not correcting the dates i e right to life and i am very very sick and being tortured and my song being tortured and i ma free...Gayle Sweeney July 28 2024 and i am not charged and innocent jesus's message to anyone knowing about this and doing nothing and St Peter too.... Go to hell

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

One Halloween

Many moons ago
I had a dream to be a native American Indian
For Halloween.
I was a twelve year old girl.
From directions I found
In a book I cherished
All by myself I made my own dress.
Brown cloth was bought, unfolded and cut -
Plain cotton for pretend buckskin though still as rich as soft silk even to me.
To have a wild and free look
Lots of bright red beads
Threaded with fringe were sewn
Onto the costume
One at a time
Again and again
Up top and close to the hem.
The beads maybe came from the downtown Woolworth's five and ten then.
How long it took me to make the dress
I don't remember now.
When the sewing was done my happiness filled the room
Like the sun!
With two long shiny braids
And my hand stitched beaded costume on
I stepped out
Into the cold, black night.
Holding a trick or treat bag
Alongside the other kids, fleet of foot, too,
I took flight to get candy and was glad.
Past pumpkins, door to door -
A young native American Indian princess I was
Following my heart and my dream soared.
The costume is now stored away.
Those memories - pieced together -
Are glowing memories
And they are treasures
Lasting forevermore.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

My June Garden

Our bird feeder holds golden seeds for birds
Who sing their silvery songs in the trees.
Some chickadees flew toward the feeder as more
Birds waited to get their share of seeds.

A black bird, hidden among leaves
Of the trees called out and I looked up and around.
At a closeby woodland suddenly
A wondrous light dazzled the shimmery ground.

Blueberry plants on the backsteps now
Need to be put soon in the rich, dark, brown earth.
In the sun blueberries sparkle and enchant
The world with celestial blue mirth.

Memories of lavender by the house
Last year brings thoughts of old castles in France.
A dish has water with a stone where
Butterflies might catch the sun's reflected glance.

On a swaying bough a wind chime plays
Like a music box in a blue summer breeze.
Borrowed pots hold plants and dream
They'll bloom into scarlet splashes of brilliant poppies.

A cardinal kissed his bride right
On her red sunlit lipstick painted beak so bright.
In the green grass they loved having bread crumbs
Then after sharing in turns they took flight.

My petunias are a chorus of antique pink
And coral under the windows.
These beautiful flowers sing a song
In the sun side by side in a shining show.

Astonishing roses opened and are loved
Dressed up in pure, perfumed cherry red.
Amidst the hushed backyard at their sunshiny home
Our roses have an earthen bed.

You'll find deep midnight blue pansies
On the quiet patio winking up at us.
They peek secretively above clay pots
From morning til about the hour of dusk.

Butterflies with lemony, homespun wings
Float by in the sunshine when they visit.
On petals and at sunny spots by a brook
Under the blue sky they sit a bit.

My pretty, flowery garden is heaven,
Dancing a dance in summery June.
A wish upon a star could maybe
Blossom here and shine with the happy, full moon.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Chopper

Some nights little Katie wished upon a twinkling star
For a dog to make her fun days shine even brighter.

The starry answer was a dog called an Akita.
Akitas are Japanese and they have thick, warm fur.

When our new dog came to stay his name became Chopper.
That name is a Navy way to say helicopter.

At his old house Chopper was kept on a chain outside.
Now he's family to us and our arms are open wide.

Chopper gives us every bit of his kind, cheerful love.
His four paws are pure white like the sunny clouds above.

His face is black and he looks like a big teddy bear.
He gives his love dearly all of the time everywhere.

Woof, woof strong Chopper says out loud when he gently barks.
He carefully protects us as it gets very dark.

Most of him is deep brown and he has a waggly tail.
With him here there is joy for he makes our spirits sail.

Our Chopper likes to give us his warm, loving kisses
Which are special and afterall one of our wishes.

Chopper really likes to chomp away on a large bone.
It is a treat good for his teeth and is all his own.

Our Chopper is a playful, delightful pup at heart.
When we're together he loves to run, romp, dash and dart.

He often goes to the groomer's for a bubble bath.
Seeing him all wet is so funny it makes us laugh.

Chopper likes to lay down inside the house on the floor.
He guards us by the glass at the open wood front door.

When he gives us his soft white paw he can get a treat.
He knows his surprise jar is a happy spot to meet.

Our Chopper is a dear, very good, wonderful friend.
His heart is a treasure bigger than the blue ocean.

Chopper helps to make our home a place to truly love.
He always likes when we give his white belly a rub.

Chopper can open the deck latch, unlocking the door.
Since he is real smart, I bet he can do a lot more.

Sometimes his head tips a little as he looks at us.
We love him a whole lot and so we have gained his trust.

One sad, long, hard day Chopper simply just disappeared.
We looked and looked but could not find Chopper anywhere.

We put up posters with a picture throughout the town.
It was cold so we were hoping he would come around.

He was gone six nights then a lady called on the phone
To tell us he was in her yard hurt and all alone.

We drove straight to the nice house where Chopper had been found.
He hopped into the van and didn't even fall down.

Just to be safe we had to take Chopper to the vet
Who said he was one of the best dogs he ever met.

Chopper needed care because he had an injured hip.
He is a brave dog and the vet helped him quite a bit.

We bought the good lady who called roses and candy.
First Chopper was brought home where he wagged his tail gladly.

He could hardly move and he couldn't go here and there.
From us all he got a lot of tender loving care.

Katey's sister held water for him in her cupped hand.
We think our Chopper is the greatest dog in the land.

Chopper got better and soon he was as good as new.
He could play with us again so he was happy, too.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Cold November

On top of the morning grass frost is glazed
As cheery orange pumpkins sit amazed.
My fraises des bois from summer still are green!
I opened the door to this autumn scene.

It was good to see the orange grinnin' ((Makes me think of Cute Higgins on Fuller Acres to see me about our family history.. he looked like a big pumpkin with his smiling face! ! ! ! coming up the street toward the beach as i was returning home))

By the mums on the Halloween pumpkins.
How beautiful is November's stardust -
And a joy bright colors remembered us!

For November can have some dreary days
When sunny autumn leaves no longer play.
Thanksgiving though is around the corner -
Our country's quest is then greatly honored.

Turkeys carved and from the bogs cranberries -
Red like holly berries makes me merry.
We can blossom along sacred stations.
And gladly celebrate our traditions.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

My Very Loverrrrly Cat, Mittens At Happy Hampton Beach, Nh

At our beach cottage lives my very loverrrrly cat.
She likes a big, warm chair and a gentle, cheery pat.

How my cat loves to nap at a rosy, cozy spot!
She surely likes to curl up in a round ball a lot.

We got to be friends when she was only a kitten.
She has four twinkling white paws so I called her Mittens.

Once little Mittens rode on my shoulder in the car
on my winter coat maybe to look out and see far!

In my bed Mittens the kitten pounced on my big toe!
Why Mittens loved my big toe so - I simply don't know.

My kitten Mittens grew up fast and she is fluffy.
Carefully with her love she likes to look after me.

Getting her needed shots each year is the best plan yet.
She meows all the way to the I told her nice vet.

Mittens gets a surprise at home after her checkups.
And water helps to make her feel like a buttercup.

Mittens is my friend and she gives flowery sunshine.
Every day with her is a pretty valentine!

With her swinging paws she happily plays with my feet.
Way up for a game en plein air is where our minds meet.

For a quick bath she licks her coat with her tongue of pink.
Mittens plays at night when starry stars come out and wink.

Like a downy, falling snowflake Mittens is quiet.
She gives my world a twirl with joy I just can't forget.

Once the tips of Mittens' white whiskers were sun sky blue!

She had fun peeking at light paints about - tried and true!

Mittens flexes her padded paws for good exercise
To help her to jump up high gracefully which is wise.

She jumps up on the steps' railing by a side window
To look in and see what's happening faithfully so.
when she's poured her dried food some lands on top of her head
and all the good food doesn't land in her dish instead.

The dry, crunchy food helps to keep her white strong teeth clean.
She loves tuna fish and wishes in heavenly dreams.

My Mittens loves very much, too, when I pour her milk.
The milk helps her to keep her coat like satiny silk.

Mittens stops by spots where caught scents of marsh flowers row.
She can watch as butterflies ashore dance while the sun glows.

Some nights Mittens follows me down to the corner store.
She waits for me right by a good ice cream shop's back door.

Mittens found a wild boyfriend who meets her for fun days.
The cat named Ted is there for her with his loving ways.

His deep heart is as big as a purple topped mountain.
He is always happy when he sees Mittens again.

This all grey cat likes to visit because he's smitten.
He loves to play outdoors and he truly loves Mittens.

One wintry day I tried to walk, shaken on sheet ice.
He put his paw gently on my solid boot! - So nice!

The two friends can walk on top of glass like, frozen snow.
Love is a summer's bouquet tied up with a red bow.

While playing together they don't ever want to part.
Mittens' brave boyfriend tried with delight and won her heart.

He came by to see her during frosty harvest moons.
The thought of her very true real beau made Mittens swoon.

The wild cat jumped high up on the cottage roof one night.
His stars like burning torches beyond him were quite bright!

Once Queen Bee Mittens shared her dish with him which was sweet.
He was glad for the gift - a nutritious fancy treat.

He tries to kiss her at times and can almost get smacked!
Mittens loves him in her heart and he's lucky for that!

Mittens and her boyfriend in time gladly got married.
They both hoped a lot for their own kittens to feed.

My Mittens had a kitten on our couch beside me!
This little kitten was born there miraculously.

Mittens had three kittens and one had a crooked tail.
This cuddly grey and white kitten was very special.

One kitten was like Ted - grey from his head to his toes.
The other one, Ara, was charcoal with white by his nose.

As Mittens rolls about her warm belly you can see.
Where she nursed her young is white like an Easter lily.

Mittens' three kittens watched in unison strands of yarn move
swinging back and forth all together like a charm.

At home outdoors the father cat's strong love never ends
For his heroine is always and always Mittens.

Mittens licked her three kittens to keep them clean and bright.
Her young were still on the beam it seems every night.

Mittens' new crew shined like diamonds as they frolicked.
She wouldn't trade them for anything else she could pick.

After she had her own kittens my Mittens was spayed.
This way the lives of sacred homeless kittens were saved.

Together at my safe place the kittens romped and roamed.

I spent eight weeks with them then I found each one a home.

When dear Mittens is content she purrs and purrs away,
Cuddled up snugly in my lap where she loves to stay.

Soon when the kittens were gone our hearts needed to mend.
My darling Mittens is a treasure and she's my friend!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Singing The Blues

Singing the blues is a way to say I love you.
When we went from shore to shore
We didn't know what was in store
On the road far from our home.
We were glad though sometimes we felt so all alone.
Singing the blues is a way to say I love you!
I still now hear the sweet song
During some starry summer nights -
A soft lullaby
Of a bird who sang in the blue swinging sun light.
Singing the blues is a way to say I love you.
We wanted out in the world
For the happiest days to soon come -
Shining days when we wouldn't be lonesome.
Our dreams are glistening, pure pearls in the bright sun.
Singing the blues is a way to say I love you!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

My Dear Irish Grandfather

My grandfather recalled
Some days of old when he
Collected pieces of coal -
Black gold -
From the train tracks in his town, our U.S.A.
In his hands he'd hold
Pieces he brought home - coal to burn in a pot belly stove -
The only way sometimes
For him and his 'Pa'to keep warm back then in the days of old.
That's a story he told me.
I remember as a little girl
Walking along the road to the little one room candy store - the road that was
Part of my world -
By the greenhouses where flowers grew for market.
My friends and I looked for coke bottles among the tall grasses
Worth not one cent but two!

Each small glass bottle we found meant two pieces of penny candy -
Like a Christmas stocking feast - making our hearts soar..
My grandfather found coal
But lots of times we got candy from the penny candy store! A
childhood friend of Paul's and mine and my Dad's told me when I was a very little
girl - 'You have tears like diamonds'....All USA always has good tears and the
beauty of blue and diamonds, too. All poems on this site are by me, by Gayle
Sweeney July 8,2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

A Simple Stitch

What a simple stitch
The sign of the cross is -
To sew and mend care worn hearts.
What a jewel this day is - I have
A photograph of daisies
And purple lupines by a roadside at the ocean.
Where the sun is dancing among the flowers and
Not yielding!

With the NHDOT I got a wildflower site after writing for about 15 years for one for this particular spot. Paul my brother says 'Nothings over' and my father did not like quitters RIP Dad.. Wildflower site location = Rt 101 Hampton Beach NH by the tidal marsh river. The seed came from American Meadows and the flowers were a mix as I remember at first and then reseeded with purple lupines and daisies... there was an article in the Hampton Union about the adventure. Years later I joined the Hampton Beach Beautification Committee. I was going north on Rt 1A going into the beach - Hampton Beach and I saw a woman planting at a spot that was concrete at one time in the middle of the road. I told my mother who was driving to pull over and I got out to see what this woman was all about about - taking care of flowers. That is how I met Linda Gebhart and she makes beautiful art.....Orange Song and CREC Need to study orange, corn, and chocolate and varieties in the past all foods....I sent in my pith findings thru my poetry collection here to Tom Davis UNH, John Davis CREC and many years ago my pith findings I found to USC Davis....not doctors at Beverly Hospital Leland Unit June July 2024 Guryanova, Choice Judge Chapman no doctor or judge and i never met him, Leverett (sp?)

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Our Feathered Friends The Beach Had Black Cherry Trees Out Back And No Brook At Yard With Rocks.....

In sunlit green trees three bright berry red cardinals sparkle.
Small chickadees were topped with black caps.
A masked warbler visited dressed up in summery, lemon yellow.
These birds are our friends who love the magnificent feathers
Upon their proud backs!

A blue jewelled brook is jubilantly dancing around rocks
Through its own cool, wondrous woodland nook.
Suddenly closeby a dazzling bluebird friend can be seen
In full flight.
Our strong feathered friends love the heavenly songs heard
Alongside a shining brook!

Some ruby throated hummingbirds are donned in deep emerald
With a spot of firey red rouge, too.
This tiny friend loves to drop by our blossoms
On blue sunny sky days.
All of our feathered friends love blue
Since it is beautifully forever true!

Side by side red and yellow colored rays of the sun adorn
Like brave soldiers' bars this blackbird's wings.
This special friend's dark coat is as coal black as the
Twinkling, starry night.
Our feathered friends often times during the early morning
Can hear him singing!

Way up, up, up in the robin egg spring blue shimmery sky
Are white powder puff sunshiny clouds.
A light, stirring breeze is gently moving the branches'
Glistening leaves.
From a tall silvery treetop a hidden feathered friend
Is singing out loud!

Into our inviting, bird feeder in the quiet back yard
Many cherished seeds were poured with care.
There are brown birds merrily splashing about in

A bird bath next door.
Lots of other feathered friends have a picnic
With the seeds they're glad to share!

The birds love kisses and peaceful hours filled with pretty flowers.
They love big trees that playfully sway.
They love cloud white cottontails on bunnies
And unbuttered popped popcorn!
Lots of our feathered friends just simply love the whole
Wide marvelous world this way!

Under the golden yellow sun birds love splendid butterflies
Who with stunning wings float in the air.
Birds treasure perfumed petals and sun patches, too,
Where butterflies land.
All of our feathered friends like cloaked butterflies
In lovely gardens everywhere!

High up in the swinging trees
Touching the clear open blue sky
Majestic boughs so joyfully bend.
Where cascades of gemmed green leaves
Are glittering some birds are right at home.
All of our feathered friends love to have fun
And love to stay true blue to the end!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

New York City From The Night Sky

NYC could be sparkily seen by some passengers in flight.
The pretty city from the sky looked like a starry magical night.
Girders of bright lights in the dark on the ground
With brilliance glowed not masked.
Shined from up far away - by the velvety black
Earth - held fast.
Tall skyscrapers stood, appearing like little toys,
On the tip of the island and were strong envoys.
This lovely vision of the clear, distant land
Had awakened
And it reflected our heaven's dream alwaysl in the making.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

For Sunny Florida

>>>>>>>>> I did get a wonderful orange flavor from the white
of the orange rind. The cake called for a cup of boiled water and I used corn
water - maize - from corn boiling on top of the stove. I call it corn flower water.
Is there a connection between corn = maize and the flavor of the pith? What
type of orange did I use? What were the variables including sun, water and soil?
Who was the grower? /were the growers? Market Basket had a box with a lovely
picture of drawn oranges on it. I collect things orange.... St P + Jesus +
MD...>>>>>>>>>>>>>

The fragaria orange of orange piths are blossomingly magical le ciel blue
bouquets of stars are bullets corn water orange white blooms and wondrous buds
with sunshine green. Florida has its own, its own in lovely Ckazki and fairy tale
Camelot days and flowery southern love, for us together.

.....Oranges are sunny citrus.

With Vitamin C they're good for us.

An orange can be shared by two.

It can help us from getting the blues.

Oranges have crescent moon sections.

Peeling the rind perhaps - are the only directions.

Once the white of the orange rind I baked

In a chocolate whole wheat orange ginger cake (Camellia Choc.Cake)

And blueberry orange corn bread with streusel. (Cornburst Bread)

The blossoming orange flavor flowered

Was magically wonderful!

You would need the recipes

And I didn't write them down.

With that little cake though

And the bread, I just went to town.

An orange gives us sunshine and blue skies

On cloudy days or anytime.

An orange is poetry I find

With or without the citrus rind! Please see 3 notes I sent to Wayside Inn

Sudbury MA USA Archives and Mill where corn flour and wheat flour are made

and can only be picked up. I wrote today June 11 2024. I wrote about the Citrus

Research Extension at UFL Lake Alfred, FL about the Pith and the Citrus Archive

recipes where the pith is studied and corn water could have been the deciding

factor for the the pith's orchestra flavor as beautiful as orchids. = economic

benefits for USA if possible to reproduce for market authentic Pith Corn Water and or spice like product....*Result got same flavor from pith 2x in 2 different recipes*. See Archive Citrus Library for 2 different recipes altogether*.....signed, Gayle M Honora Nora Shoshone Corn Flower Water Sweeney Mrs Glen A Doherty Winchester! ^! ^! ^ June 11,2024 Orange Song John Davis CREC Tom Davis UNH Davis Lab and USC Davis...I wrote my poetry, code episul, Vote for Free Save A Tree by Me G.S. You are my Dream...to Seminole, Cherokee, Lakota, Blackfeet, Mohawk, Abenaki, The Peace Center and maybe more.....Seals here on envelope and Corn written in a half a Christmas tree on the front of the envelope with Arrows up War and R.I.P. - J.F.K R.F.K and M.L.K., Les Deux Magots and Bok Tower orange Blossom flower that is the Florida State flower perfume.... where at Bok orange blossom oil and magnolia combined... why that combination? Have address. Special Ops always in training - see Woburn Senior High School Yearbooks and Elizabeth Condon thru the Woburn Public Free Library unprecedented when I was a child I am 12 about...and Orange Blossom Corn Flower Water boiling and (then cooled - its properties & what is that like?)

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Sorrow

There's sorrow deep in my heart

And a mist doesn't depart.

My grandmother's diamond..... shined in the glistening sun. Blossoms last eternally -

Heavenly for us to see.

Sadness is at my shut door -

Not ending and by the shore.....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Aberjona Cranberry Bog

The bog is now conservation land in Woburn, Ma USA. The old house, built about 1870 is my brother's home. According to a neighbor the house used to be a boat house.

By the Aberjona River once cranberries were growing.
Many treasured, sunshiny trees still are astonishing.
This land, where the harvested berries were taken to markets,
Is now a keepsake in the city like a jeweled locket.
Don't miss the songbirds flying up high in the pretty blue sky
Or pure evergreens and the white birches bending with a sigh.
A blue house is there where holidays we visited and talked.
Just think we can go among the woodlands for a peaceful walk.
A patch of rich history was told by a closeby neighbor
Who remembered the bog long ago as a place of labor.
Sometimes red winged blackbirds marvelously in the bright sun sing.
I happily wonder what to the sunny woods I can bring.
This dear land with beauty casts a dreamlike, magnificent spell
And the Aberjona and the land have old stories to tell.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

A Red Wing Blackbird

By the awakening shore
A red wing blackbird
In song could be heard
After the rosy dawn.
Bright, crescent applique's of the scarlet sun
Adorned his dark wings.
While sunny rays sparkled
On dewy open blossoms
To beautiful morning
Our feathered friend
Was singing!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Happy Hampton Beach+ Traditional Family* Beach By Gayle M. Honora Sweeney

Smooth like a slice of banana the sun
Slipped through the summer sky
Tossing white sail boats on the deep,
Emerald blue sea floated by.
A lone sea gull cried out with valor
On the pure true blue shore.
In the soft sand pearl seashells washed up
To keep forevermore.
By the rim of the water from a tidal pool
A shell peeked out.
Children played ball and
Blue waves and the sun's yellow rays danced about.
Close off shore sunny islands shined
Like broken shimmering white shells. (like San Francisco, CA)
Lovely roadside wildflowers
Were as peaceful as golden church bells.
The crashing blue ocean to this bright,
Treasured majestic shore rolled.
We stepped barefooted around a sand castle
While the beach we strolled. Memory>>>>> San
Francisco Califo/rniaA May 1979 is like a white castle seashell that crashed
ashore now broken up in shells galore, the shell glistens in our sunshine by Gayle
Marian Honora Sweeney Doherty, Mrs Glen A (Sweeney then) and
Winchesters Now Gayle and Glen June 6,2024 *++* D Day + and him Glen A.
Doherty beaucoup de dream bateau moi + samari, too.....impressive undaunted
imagine that! USA USA USA thank you Sri Lanka with USA! Boycott Pepsi... Not
Cola >>>>>>O>>>>>> Seagull and
Beachball Painting by Linda Gebhart...no Cliff for her and John Gebhart
++++***Le CLIFF = THE Great Spirit's Cliff =/...>>>> my name is
Sweeney not Doherty ever June 28,2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

A Snowman

Lo and behold in the white winter wonderland
A snowman was magic made from snowballs.
Rolled and rolled in the soft fresh fallen snow,
The snowman was formed and he spread cheer
In the crisp, sunny air
Under blue sky.
With his bright orange carrot nose,
Ebony black eyes of charcoal pieces
And stone buttons.
He had outstretched warm stick arms.
Steadfastly he withstood the cold in the yard
Wearing an old cardinal red worn scarf in the sun.
The snowman was a real good wintry friend
Of mine
Who was lots of fun
And made me laugh.
This round and happy fellow though too soon did melt
And in the warm, lasting sunshine
He no longer dwelt.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Rudolph

Rudolph has a berry red nose and it lights up the view.
On Christmas eve we leave him a shiny apple or two.
He guides Santa Claus's flying sleigh that magical night
And gladly brings magnificent gifts to our hearts delight.
Rudolph the red nose reindeer has lots of glistening friends.
He brings presents on Santa's long list to all good children.
Rudolph lives at the cold North Pole with elves and Santa Claus.
Santa's elves make toys for kids to share with hardly a pause.
For every Christmas eve that's approaching Rudolph prepares.
He works and plays in the big white snow with other reindeer.
The night before Christmas Rudolph is up in the black sky.
From a candle lit window maybe you'll see him fly by.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Tulips

Happy tulips top the soft brown earth under green buds on the trees.
Sunnily the blossoms dip a little bit in the warm, spring breeze.
Tulips can captivate the world and sweep away the winter blues.
Open morning chalices, they sparkle like the diamond dew.
Some silky tulips spring up during the bright, merry month of May.
Down in my deep heart tulips keep rain drops and dark storm clouds
At bay.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

A Winter Night

Powdery white snow blanketed the trees
Where boughs beckoned to us so peacefully.
The earth was once green and brought flowers and joy.
Up in the frozen sky stars tell us stories.
The cold winter night lasted
But the world was warm in my home,
Covered with quiet snow.
A memory of a rose flickered
And then a whisper of one returned
By firelight, quickened.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

By The Sunny Blue Sea

By the sunny blue sea are the white, dazzling sands.
Two open sails were drawn on the palms of my hands.
I wandered down to visit the summery beach.
The soft, shining sand my tired feet were glad to reach.
I had set out all alone and found wondrously
The shimmery shore's treasures still surrounded me.
Many moon shells in the wet sand were a surprise.
My whereabouts I didn't want to advertise.
The sea looked silky like bolts of blue by the yard.
Greeting me there were free, golden sea gulls on guard.
The bright sand held many glistening diamonds.
With stars the deep blue sea danced in the happy sun.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Milkweed

On a sparkling day some children in play opened up milkweed pods
Between fingers and thumbs with delight.

Once set free brown seeds from inside with white spun, silk threads
Took to a breeze in summery, magical flights.

Did those little children know for Monarch butterflies green, sunny
Homes like pure heaven they were making? -

Milkweed villas where caterpillars munch leaves and soon to open
Are shiny, orange butterfly wings.

If we went back to our childhood when joyful milkweed pods we
Found all called to us to come out and play -

They'd be more Monarchs in the wondrous world to bring
Magnificent happiness and brighten up our days!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Sea Gull World+++++ ^ In New Hampshire

Sea gulls glided in the blue sky above the deep blue sea.
They wore pure white sun feathers, dawning, and blue peacefully.
Over the water happily in their blue world gulls soared.
Atop of glistening waves the gulls floated close to shore.
More gulls looked for fish while up in the sky they hovered still
They searched the salt tide sand for clam shells that their beaks can drill.
Whirled from their sea, shells by a beach ball rested in the sands.
Crashing cold blue waves and white caps, rising, danced the cancan.

When I was a little girl
my grandfather Kelley told me about how the seagulls drilled the shells with their
beaks.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Train Ride In Winter Snow

Snowflakes floated softly like wedding confetti
Outside the train away from the bustling city.
Towards the wintry clouds the train whistle blew loudly.
Traveling passengers took window seats to see.
Snowy trees were gifts on swiftly seen small town squares.
The fast train moved with hardly a minute to spare.
Stops all along the way were just moments in time
And in the clear glass town life played - silently mimed.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



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The Old Stone Wall

The old grey stone wall magnificently
Passes sunny flowers and green ivy.
Over time some cool stones fell out of place.
The wall has a boundary to embrace.
Something is hidden in the wall - alone -
A golden treasure - lost and can be known.
Deep in the woods stone walls behold promise
Where heaven triumphs and summertime rests.
A mirror of this lasting handmade wall
is a book and Cinderella for all!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Summery Roses

My lovely cherry red rose blossoms
Shine on, sunny days.
With wishes for happiness roses
Are showing the way.
A warm breeze can give a hint
Of a deeply perfumed scent
That closeby the satiny, pure petals
Lightly augments.
The astounding blooms promenade
Above the joyful ground and
Softly whisper to us not to make
Even a sound.
How with flowers romance fills
The clear merry go round air!
Majestic hours of summery peace with roses are shared.
For our bright young children where is there found a richer school
Than when a loving, summery rose is the learning tool?
While big white clouds float way up in the heavenly blue sky
Happy summer days coming up just can not wait to fly!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Grief

Our time spent at our homes on this flower earth is brief.
The elders survived their world sometimes fatigued with grief.
The wish to see our loved ones up in heaven aloft
Is a wish we carry with us in our treasured thoughts.
During the autumn some trees spin their own flaming leaves.
For its in our majestic song stories we believe.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



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Summer Love, Woburn Public Free Library Ma

Free public library, Woburn MA for love and Children all...1 mile about from 6
Rock St Woburn MA i went both ways on foot and bore in my arms books about 6
to read at home armed with books. We have the right to bear arms. Black woods
a mystery save...Houghton St Woburn MA so warm.....Books found on our cool
library's old shelves
are books from which I can't hold back myself.
Flower words on the white paper pages, open up to magnificent places.
the beautiful stories with love impart
All golden chords way down in my pure heart.
Warm summer hours with books gladly last
And memories good are books unsurpassed.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Magical Snowflake

A bright, magical snowflake
Unwrapped the long winter's hidden joy.
It was a dark, cold Christmas night
And snow shined in the street lamplights.

Candles glowed in the windows.
The party inside simply glistened.
Christmas time with our family
Was here once again already.

How the feathery flurry
Twinkled that special holiday night
In the soft lights was dear to me
And fondly is a memory.

The small snowflake touched my heart
With its white, playful, enchanted flight.
I then dashed about to tell all
About the new snow's arrival.

The snow was a true treasure
As it sparkled like big stars above.
Like the presents around the tree
Snow makes me smile so happily!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Our Dog Tippytops (Tippy)

Through the green yards our brother Billy carried
Little Tippy home in his arms one sunny day.
Tippy was only a puppy then and we were so happy
He was brought to our house to play.
He grew up to be a small black dog with four bright white paws
And a white spot above his wet nose.
When he saw us coming home he wiggled and wiggled
His short tail and shook down to his glad toes.
On the sidewalks by the streets Tippy i was told
walked carefully right around the puddles.
He simply did not want to get his dry, white paws
i guess even a little bit wet at all.
Tippy followed Rick and David to church on a Sunday morning
And sat with them in a pew.
When Tippy got old Tippy went straight up
To heaven since his heart was beautifully true blue.
One time Tippy was lost but later on he was found about
A mile away in the church yard.
If little Tippy had disappeared forever we would have surely
Taken it very hard.

Our funny Dad liked to give Tippy a small cookie then pour him
Some cold, refreshing milk next.
Dad explained his Tippy had to have milk with good cookies because
They go together the best.
Some nights our Dad drove his volkswagon bug down our side street with
Baloney to get Tippy back home.
Tippy hopped right into the stopped car once out the open door
His piece of baloney was shown!
Darling Tippy came back to my Dad's home smelling awful
Whenever he was sprayed by a skunk.
He got tied to the lamp post by Jean and cleaned with a can
Of tomato juice as his spirits sunk.
My German Shepard, Marta, who was the last puppy on a sidewalk once,
was Tippy's friend, too.
They'd go out to play and before
They'd take off she turned to give Tippy a kiss -their hearts so true! !
One day back from the
west I was in my room all alone and i heard a soft scratch at my door.

I opened the door and looked down only to see Tippytops
looking up to be with me more....
If we did not feel well Tippy came over to us sometimes to sit snugly
Right by our feet.
Tippytops was a good joyful companion and one of the best dogs
You'd ever want to meet.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

The Sky

The sky is a concert of shining blue.
The sun is glistening for me and you.
Silvery songs float from the swinging trees.
White daisies clutch sunny rays in a breeze.
On the morning grass there is sparkling dew.
Violet, starry flowers blossom, too.
Blue encompasses everything in air,
Joining the ensemble of the day's wares.
The blue sky enhances earthen keepsakes.
Drawing me near, a bloom I stoop to take.
A cool, beautiful garden has bestowed
For the warm sun, a foothold far below.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

After The Rain Shower

>>> Family History Library Mountain for Film Mormons Salt Lake City Utah Stories by John Joseph Kelley b1910 Winchester MA Stories by Paul Kinsley Sweeney b 1928 Woburn lived MA stories about/By Sara Jane Kelley Robertson born about 1900, lived in Winchester MA 11 Hill St, Sweeney/Walsh lines by Paula Carey Kane key words Woburn, MA, I sent my stuff some, need to review..... In the puddles are golden ducks and four leaf clovers bring us luck.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Woodland Wonders

In and out of sunlit patches I strolled
Upon a lone, woodland trail
All around me tall lovely trees stood
And the perfume of pine trees sailed.
Magnificent waves of bright, sunny mountaintops
Rose up peacefully
While I crossed happily
Through this sparkling, shimmery sanctuary.
Beyond the trail surrounded by trees
Was a floral, dancing byway
The spot was blessed with sacred, painted blossoms
And warm sunshiny rays.
Who knows what can be encountered suddenly out in the wondrous wild
Where Indian dreams can awaken once again just like in a child!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Apple Picking Time

Not far up the path green trees with bright apples
Sparkled under the lovely autumn sun.
The bent, magnificent apple trees marched in rows
With a parade of red shiny drums

At a farm stand my friend and I found
Apple pie a la mode then bought apple cider.
Above the dappled apple trees the sky blossomed
Like shimmery powder blue asters.

To get one big magical pumpkin
From the sunlit patch I thought of pockets and spare dimes.
The wish for an orange Halloween jack o' lantern
Had emerged to glow at night time.

For us all a band played songs joyfully
Like flowers in the blossomy month of May.
Yellow ears of native picked corn from the field
Roasted outdoors on the dazzling fall day.

Sweet maple syrup was sold inside the open air store,
That had a pure country charm.
Some children, warmed by the sun, romped
Like little kittens pouncing upon strands of soft yarn.

Later our horse drawn wooden wagon brushed by
Boughs of apples down a bumpy dirt road,
Carrying us and other harvest visitors
In a way fashioned from days of old.

Clear, silvery bells in the pretty orchard
On the strong harness jingled as they played.
They brought to me the dream of sleigh bells
And a merry, snowy white Christmas holiday.

Along the glistening ride I sat upon
Some sunny, golden hay for a short while
And marveled about how every happy
Apple picking time can always make me smile!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

The Belle

Wearing a charming
Cerise dress
And deep pink rose stockings,
The belle outside my train window was holding
A bouncing baby in her lovely ebony dark arms.
She appeared sparkily warmed by the shimmery sunshine
And calm.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

By Our Seashore At Happy Hampton/Seabrook Harbor, Nh

This poem is intended for the child in all of us. I thought maybe a small book with a color on each page....

Blue

Our summery sea is sunny since it is sunshiny blue.
It's blue far away and by the shimmery shore it's blue, too.

Green

The soft white sand is lovely by the blue waves under the sun.
Kelley's green pail for shells sits beside the big, splashing ocean.

White

Most sea gulls have proud white cloud feathers that are
salt ocean spray.
Our days of song at the seashore are like gulls' blessed holidays.

Yellow

Children play with pictured rainbow beachballs in the yellow sun
and when it gets real hot quickly to the blue water they run.

Orange

A gull called for 'more' while its beak was opened and opened wide.
In his beak a flame orange tiger lily blossomed inside.

Purple

At beaches bright quahog shells are found
with violet in them.
Some native tribes used polished white shells for beads known as
wampum.

Pink

A pink umbrella makes a shoal for young and old who like tans.
The blue, blue sea sparkles with stars alongside the dancing sands.

Red

Our sun goes down by our little harbor while our sky is red.
Each boat there, painted in quiet, is tucked in their rosey bed. *

Happy Hampton Beach and our harbor at the Hampton/ Seabrook
estuary by the bridge is the beginning of the Great Marsh and is a NH Audubon
IBA. All of the nearby Hampton State Park at the bridge, too, is a Monarch Watch
Waystation.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Summery Shore

My bright, summery pink rose painted toes
softly sank in the warm sand.

Sunny, glittering stars on the dancing blue water
Dazzled the land.

I saw the footprints on the diamond shore
Made by happy sea gulls.

By quiet, gently breaking waves at early morning
The beach was lulled.

Way up in the clear sky the glad, golden sun
Joined me as a guide

Out over the blue shimmery ocean, so shining blue far and wide.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Hotel Flowers

Bright white lily starlets,
Open scarlet blossoms,
Sunburst golden yellow flowers
And melodic pink petals
Mixed with ferns and cascading blue floral arches are
Like an
Orchestra playing.
In the center of the sparkling hotel hall
On the table in a big vase
The flowers' song for guests
Welcomes us all.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Woodland Spot

Rich, cool caroling trees
With airy, shimmery leaves joyfully sing
As to the silvery forest floor
The pure flowers elegance bring.
Bright violet vinca hold shining dew in the shady, soft green grass
At this removed, quiet world
Not far from our own,
Spinning very fast.
The woodland birds enchant us with songs
In the early halfpenny sun.
Now in the sunlight they sing perhaps
Like long ago Algonquians.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Delete

Wood sorrels,
Cradled in the shining grass,
Are sunny shamrocks nodding
Under the bright blue heavens
By some warm, sparkling earth -
Down trodden.
I wear a green shamrock for you.
It's an emerald isle treasure
To share
Together
And cherish along
With our storybook love that came true.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Painting

The majestic painting in my heart found a home.
By the true blue pure treasured heavens that is known.
What colors do you see there plein air
Dancing joyfully and all so rare?
With jewelled strokes the painting is a pretty show of
Devotion juxtaposed.
The colors are a once in a lifetime happy journey for my searching eyes.
I'm glad I could get to go there just once, just once
Before I die.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Frost On The Glass

On a cold window pane stunningly
Appeared a garden of frosty blossoms.
Snowflake white petals painted on the frozen glass
Are all framed in the bright sun.
Outside the icy wintry winds blast
But in the sun the blossoms won't last.
Already sunny rays have staked their strong, blazing claim.
The bouquet of frost will melt where my window is stained.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

A Blue Jay

A blue jay's feathered back holds spots of white clouds
And soft, glistening blue.
Upon its wings is painted days of sapphires
And snowy flurries, too.
I peeked out beyond the open curtain
At the big, flowering rhododendron.
There a bright, silent blue jay landed suddenly.
Among our pink fairy blossoms it stopped by me,
Jewelled with patches of rich blue - perhaps a gift
From the azure sky.
We might even think some of pure heaven
Is in flight when blue jays fly.
This dappled blue jay then soon quietly moved from branch to branch
In the green blooming shrubbery outside my window.
By boughs of cool leaves like sheaths
All at once it paused for a moment
And surprisingly looked up at me from below.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

The Cormorants At Hampton Beach Can Make Song Under Water They Dive Black And Surface) Singing Is On The Top Of The Water Together...Reported

A beautiful song was heard at the rosy dawn
On the blue ocean awakening with a yawn.
The cormorants enchantingly welcomed the sun.
With the bright shore my steps had happily begun.
A floating choral song was sung for the taking
By cormorants while morning was in the making.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

A Cat Nap

Finding my cat outside curled up in a ball
By the door there was a happy surprise.
While taking her cat nap she was blocking the bright sun
With one soft white paw from her eyes.
In concert she loves the sun's
Pure, symphonic, summery overture.
Perhaps cats' nights and days are equal lengths,
Or almost equinoctial.
That might shed light on their strengths!

my private medical care and all ie name ie care is in public view here and from
Lahey Health Beth Isreal my care information is here and it is false from Lahey
clinic psychiatry and no charge go free and i am poisoned here by Guryanova and
Jennifer Leavitt jesus said get fffirst here Puitn here.. an computer skipped
typical angel saiddddddd your house is Putins house in the USA Jean called the
assessors.... do karen and Bill own Putins house? my name in essence it is used
as propaganda in that this is not my name they put up for public view and my
care is private and my care... Anonymous... + St P ^ Jesus MD + Bubs
Naturals The Wanted coffee medium ground make for ice coffee and add banana
or cucumbers and or orange slices or peach pieces and a little peach juice...ice,
half and half can try maybe cucumbers and orange slices together if you wish...
G.S 9/2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

The Gulf Sunset In Florida

A big red hibiscus sun slowly sank down in the bright pink sky.
and showed a glowing countenance - on the gulf
Purely not disguised.

The pretty sun held four quiet, musical quarter notes in tow
And carried a song to the soft, warm white sand
In a sparkling row.

When at the horizon the dipping sun suddenly disappeared,
Then perhaps a starry night departed far far away from here.

The magnificent shiny blue shore
Was enchantingly entranced

As the water and reflected flamingo rose sky colors danced.

On the shore a sandpiper crossed over the rays's shimmery path

Before the treasured sun immersed itself in the calm, evening bath.

All peace Paix and i was Given Father Joe's Rosary with deep red beads... like tears that florida days seem to be gone by. Father Joe (Father Joseph Henchey Woburn, MA) said when i was a little girl 'you have tears like diamonds'. I have the rosary piece i kept for myself the medal with beads.. a picture of my grandfather and Winnie with a big white bow plunked on the top of her head i thought by her mother Honora O Connor Kelley and i thought maybe she was thinking plunk you are the Queen of Ireland no one can hurt you. Honora died when my grandfather was 6 and a baseball glove he said was his most prized possession. This picture is one of my prized possessions and it was torn up when i got back from one of the illegal lock ups at Mt Auburn Hospital milieu meals not brought to rooms llegal policy same here beverly hospital. I love intelligence. Good work if you can get it. USA USA USA Imagine that. Thank you JILL Compass NAMI. God Bless the USA. Still shining...! ! ! ! from sea to shining sea, patriotic songs cant be forbidden that is treason... gayle m honora aberjona sweeney doherty.. Jesus is rounding them up. Jesus told me he is ushering in an era of peace.

>>>>>>>>>>>>

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Sunshine

If only sunny rays could be spun with a spindle in my hand.
I'd try to make it truly happen if only it could be planned.
I'd purely spin magnificent wishes that were wished once before
And have sparkling sunshine all over the world land at every door.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Dreams

Still mobile are my true, beautiful dreams
Since flowers have sewed the old, ragged seams.
Above the earth during a sunny hour
White clouds float while those pure flowers tower.
The shimmery sky, sapphires of light blue,
Hummed us a song
Then on wings the song flew.
At night the moon by the world is treasured.
Our lasting dreams are beyond what's measured..

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Colors

The painting is an ancient fortress
Colors like gems are a minuet.
Brightly brush strokes carry a pure song
From the artist's loving hand so strong.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Carousel

Flying, painted wood horses on the carousel
Pranced up and down.
While whirling colors of the sunny world danced around,
Kaleidoscopic
Merriment rose
Under the blue sky.
I had my feet in the stirrups
And happily held my head up high!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Bear In The Sierra Nevada

Once I was walking all alone in the sparkling, sunshiny Sierra Mountains.
Up the wooded path a bit a black bear appeared by a knoll on the horizon.
Suddenly I turned to run far far away
But I knew in a quick flash this wasn't play.
Instead I stood as still as the closeby, heavenly trees
In the wide open spot, not knowing if the bear saw me.
I just really didn't know if the big bear
Was surely at last finally gone.
When I looked up it wasn't anywhere though,
Then silently I kept walking on.
The magnificent forest was an ancient and sacred cathedral -
Shimmery and alive.
Later I stopped by a cliff with a deep, wild valley below me
And dancing trees proudly nigh!

I was walking in the Sierra Nevada California when I was in my twenties. Up in the sunny blue sky one day I envisioned written in powder cloud white the word Sacred. In my memory the trees were like spires on many cathedrals.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Blue For You

I'm blue
So blue
Because I don't belong to you,
Oh so lonesome blue.
Wanting to be just yours for some time,
A stream of days went by though
And tomorrow isn't promising still you'll be only mine.
When you appear suddenly down by the corner on the street
And we happen to meet there I'm always glad.
Loving you like I love a starry night, every time
We part my heart cries.
It's sad never knowing if our paths
Will ever some day ever cross each other by.
I'm blue
Oh so blue
Because I don't belong to you,
Oh so lonesome blue.
Wishing before you turn and go on your way
To catch you like a falling star
And to hold you like a dream that's here to stay,
I miss you already.
I know I'd be as happy as a river of sunshine
Up in the clear blue sky to meet by chance again.
If that time does come then
For a minute or two
I wouldn't be so blue
Just oh so lonesome blue. to Scottie Elkins my boat ! Love Gayle Marian Honora
Sweeney

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

The Shining Dewdrop

Once inside a jewelled dewdropp I found a shining spark.
Orange rose came with the morning sun and out of the dark.
On the end of a blade of emerald grass the spark glowed.
A warm breeze danced and the course of the glistening sun showed.
Somehow I was enchanted by this little, steadfast spark
And by the glad ways of bright lights that for the earth embark.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Snow In The Sun

Magical snowflakes had floated down to the cold ground
And astounded me while they were in flight all around.
In the sunny fallen snow stars twinkling were countless.
How they fell and landed I could only take a guess.
It was dazzling to stargaze towards the white snowy earth
For there was the sparkly, wintry world bringing bright mirth!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Talent

God given talent
Is a heavenly present.
Talent holds the key to locked doors,
And can make our hearts soar.
There is a saved spot
For the gifted,
As with sparkling, brilliant stars -
By the night skies sifted.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Tracks

Pawprints in the white powdery snow
Come and go.
I could tell by the tracks
They belong to a cat.
Perhaps it went looking for a mouse
Near my house
Or maybe it was trying to get in
To escape blustery winter winds.
I could not discern for sure the destination
But in the snowy drifts those tracks were an elation.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Your Shoes

Fill your shoes?

That's something to do!

I haven't a clue how to

But I keep you down in my heart.

That is a lovely start.

Apple juice for private feminine area towards the top of the legs...apple juice worked really good for me one time...and is helping me now....Check Anna Jacques Hospital Newburyport MA for ER visit for rash and Doctor there said lay down with no clothes on spread eagle for the rash for air to get on it.....Gayle S 2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

A Cardinal In Winter

A sunny cardinal in the tall, snowy evergreen tree
Wore a shining coat the shade of red berries so joyfully.
While I looked dreamily outdoors towards the small, white,
Wintry woods
I wished for summer days where pine boughs had donned cottony hoods.
Suddenly then the brilliant cardinal all at once took flight
With feathered wings opened up and a flying path, very bright.
A quiet wonderland for all lasted in powdery white.
The world beckoned with shimmery hands and its silvery might.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Birthday Wish

I made a birthday wish at the party in the dark
And then blew out the bright candles - every little spark!
The wish to me though had mostly already come true.
After all you did it was a special surprise, too.
For while the shining candles my frosted cake entranced,
Your happy smiles in a circle around the flames danced!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

A Butterfly And A Lollipop

A big lemony butterfly floated up with a sunny breeze
And drifted among the cool green leaves of the old, black cherry trees.
It was seen clearly dancing in the air and then not found at all,
Cloaked in cloisonne' as if it was going to an evening ball.
Now the blue heavens bring solace,
Brightening up the empty space
Where the sunshiny butterfly suddenly left
Without a trace.

I

THINK OF THE BUTTERFLY WHEN I WANT AND I WAS SICK. i HAD A LOLLIPOP
SO I PUT IT IN ICY WATER WITH ICE AND I SUCKED ON THE LOLLIPOP FOR
MY DRY THROAT WHENEVER I WANTED TO.... hOW MEDICINALLY NICE!

In Mt Auburn

illegal lock up Winter 2024 I heard the native American Indian Death song in my
heart and a spiritual white shirt came upon me... Signed Gayle M Honora
Shoshone Sweeney, Doherty MD, Glen A Winchester III July 3,2024

there were black cherry trees behind
our property at the beach. were they on a R.O.W.? they were at the end of Cole
St on the right and second house at the time up from the Spring
Marsh...Colorado did not secede from the Union when the voters voted to keep
Trump off the ballot....Thank you. Gayle M Honora Sweeney Legal name on
paper July 4,2024 For Illegal lock ups and i
have had making art has been a life changing and learning thing. Steps in
making art have brought answers to me for life's different steps meaning the
next step to take and what direction to go in. The answers come with the designs
and the colors.....Jill Gichuhi CHW The Schrafft's Center Compass 529 Main St
Suite 1M17 Boston, MA 02129 new thought about a simple recipe tonight from
the supper brought. You put on Oatmeal Raisin cookies = jif peanut
butter.....Also in illegal lock up i love to sort things and put like with like. At
home for example i put sea glass in a Galway Irish crystal glass I forget the
name of the glass from Ireland exactly.....

Vote for our freedom

Save a tree singing by Me Gayle Sweeney Doherty Special OPs
yellow marigold seeds in orange juice for how long? just a little and
orange blossom oil and countries + regions goal research of mine i want to
do...for fun and medicine.... Have bottle i got years ago maybe 2014 maybe and
the fragrance is unimpaired. i am working with Glen A Doherty Navy Seal in his
heart on medical research he said and on recipes, too GS 2024 i charge any one
who has or who is or who is conspiring to prevent me and us from working on in
my case my Irish American History which is history and culture and any

conspirators like them who are lying about their conspiring with killers of my Irish history and for the same as who are mentioned above meaning those who keep us from trying to preserve history and are charged with treason with stealing body parts also which is horrific and unholy and molesters with treason against Ireland, the USA and with treason against all cultures in God's world and i also charge them who deny culture with nailing Jesus to the Cross as is there intent to murder beauty and charged with murder for not allowing necessary sleep in Gods Kingdom where the only laws are the legal laws of Camelot and Czechoslovakia which is a Rose and Russia and all freedom. Gayle Sweeney 6: 31 pm August 18,2024 Rock ON....St Peter was never mean.... + Jesus+ and RFK RIP and Blowing in the wind and all songs are right by our sides....GS 2024

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

Petals

The silky petals
Celebrated under the blue sky
Peacefully like a month of Sundays
And were accompanied by a soft, pure breeze
In the green trees.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Daisies

Many daisies together by the road waved in the bright breeze
And wore wedding day white, by a sunny gathering of trees.
The petals clasped jewels of the yellow sun and glowing gold.
The battilion of pretty flowers the heavens could behold.
Fluttery daisies like stunning wrapped gifts openly glistened
And were glad for the blue sky and sun rays dancing above them!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Bumble Bee

The bumble bee, yellow and black, crawled into the funnel
Of the purple petunia
Until all I could see
Was the flowery flower
And the little Beee kind of
The Bumblebee!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Rag Rock - Paul And I Went Up There One Night At Christmas Time And I Didn't See Any Christmas Lights On Houses.

When I was a child on Rag Rock blueberries surprised me
Near shady trees.
The berries revealed a dark, sparkling blue and caught a deep, rich,
Dreamy breeze.
Brown dirt footpaths can be quietly followed
Warmed by the heavenly sun.
Some summer days white clouds greet the bright, dancing sky
With a happy welcome!
A cliff not far from the woods where
A little berrying still can be done,
Might have helped an old, sacred homeland at one time
From being overrun.
Way up high this threshold enchants us purely
With a magnificent sight.
The cliff is now softly taken only by the
falling twinkling twilight.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

My Teddy Bear * Bought To Toys For Tots Box For Years To South End Firestation Unlocked Door In Woburn Ma.* Gayle Sweeney June10,2024

In a lit up storefront window for toys my teddy bear
Had made a sunshiny wish for a loving home to share.
Now he is my teddy bear and he's a little bit worn.
He was a gift long ago about the day I was born.
Red like the bright berries on boughs of holly is his bow.
Many times he's very merry to the top of his toes.
My teddy often goes traveling with me in our car.
Actually he has been around home and very far.
Whenever we go places together mostly we stay.
We're glad when we get ice cream, find penny candy and play.
On the grass at our yard we look way up to the blue sky.
Out back grows a heavenly tree where soon we swing up high.
Our sparkly, summery flowers bring us both butterflies.
At the park we can not wait to find the slide for fast rides.
My teddy bear sits by me as I read a storybook.
We color pictures with crayons in our room's cozy nook.
When I come in on snowy days we love to have cocoa,
With a big, floating spoonful of white fluffy marshmallow.
My very lively teddy bear is snuggly and cuddly.
If I'm sad and I cry, my teardrops can get all puddly.
In my arms very closely I hold my soft, warm teddy.
Holding him makes me smile again and I feel so happy.
Forever in my heart he will be my good, furry friend.
My teddy treasures laughing, hugs and playing let's pretend.
When I wear woodland moccasins like Native Indians,
Then suddenly our magical fun just simply happens.
We wore feathers as through a dark dream filled forest I led.
Sometimes we play right up until we get ready for bed.
All tucked into our own bed for the night we're not alone.
A heaven's angel's love above for our wishes is shown.
Soon after the lamp is turned off before we fall asleep
With pillows, like cotton clouds, teddy hardly makes a peep.
The stars in the sky outside our window are shimmery.
I looked up at a star and made a wish for my teddy! &&&&&Aberjona is
my name too. written for my nephews teddy he called Ted when he was a little
boy. My nephew is Bill Jr.....Thank you Bill for your love and service...you are

always Willie Fish!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

The Ocean

The ocean is a treasure trove of bright, glittering blue.
The sunny waves are splashing and bringing painted shells, too.
Seashells in the soft sand washed up along the starry shore
And they are now catching the shiny, golden sun galore.
The wondrous gifts of the jewelled shore to us all belong
While a dazzling symphony of blue captures a true song.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Masquerading Warbler

In shady trees a yellow warbler masqueraded
And by cool, dancing emerald boughs in the breeze hid.
The small, disguised warbler was black masked to my surprise
And so thereby the bright, glorious sunlight belied.
In spring the visiting bird is a welcomed new guest -
A gem, dazzling us from the golden sun's treasure chest.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Fall

Like burning embers in ashes the fall blossoms glow.
Red, yellow and orange colors from sunny trees blow.
The flowers while awaking saw a blanket of frost.
Flaring leaves in the sparkling air float down and crisscross.
The rich, lasting gems turned aflame in the golden sun,
The leaves are pure, bright signals of a blazing autumn.
Here some majestic trees in the strong winds gently bent
And to the soft, wondrous earth a magnificence sent!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Ruby Throated Hummingbird

With ruby red on his throat the emerald hummingbird descended
In air before pure, sunny purple-kissed, blooms
Above their earthen bed.
Standing outside then in clear view I needed to suddenly decide
From a wide open closeby spot how to stay and secretively hide.
All of my quiet, majestic flowers are sweet, starry lullabies
Where this bright, jeweled bird visited under joyful heaven blue skies.
While hovering alone as the magnificent blossoms' tiny guest
Its colors like boughs of holly, were a citadel of happiness.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Springtime D.C.

It's an illuminating city, D.C.,
With pretty spring tulips
In April.
There are yellow daffodils, too,
Flowing fountains and white
Stately columns on the hill.
Sunny pink cherry blossoms
Flutter, petals of peace
In the light wind.
Two brothers killed,
A cross and an eternal flame.
Nothing will ever be the same.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Strawberry Moon

The strawberry moon glowed over the deep, dark ocean,
Sailing during the night with elegant devotion.
The bright moon was full and in the sky was beckoning
While the small, shining waves below were genuflecting.
The night sky remained so still as it met the big sea
And this magical moon, as I walked, stayed right by me!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

My Sled On Rock St Woburn Ma

My shiny, wood sled flys like it has wings.
In warm mittens my hands by the top cling.
Near home I can slide down the big white hill
Again and again without one small spill.
Like a bright angel with light, golden feet,
The red rungs of my sled don't miss a beat.
Going out in the snowy world to play
Is great fun on a sunny, wintry day!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

The Sun

The bright yellow sun shines
Upon the cool green grass
And touches the summits of blooming flowers
All the while
During, long quiet summery hours!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Violets

Violets, spied in a sea of deep grass,
Blossom in the sunny, cool green enmasse.
Their sole sojourn in dancing spring began.
Wrapped in amethyst they color the land.
With shades of shimmery splendor cast,
Violets whisper to us while they last!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Daffodils

The pure, springtime symphony of
Yellow daffodils in the skyward garden
Shine at a dancing hour.
A soft, blossomy throng
Besought, are
Those sunny flowers.
Like trumpets coram populo
They play with gold instilled as
This azure day drinks in the songs
Their blooms so gladly peddle.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

A Shooting Star

Between the tall, darkened evergreen trees
Some twinkling stars shined
In the night brightly..
The black sky is a melody
Where a shooting star is
A trolley to our dreams.

See history of St Bertoni website much written by Father Joe Henchey Stigmatine... He said when I was a little girl that I have tears like diamonds. I was left his rosary.... Father Joe us kids and my father called him loved native american indian culture as did we all. My dream when i was a little girl was to be a native american Indian girl.... I got my dream in the sierra nevada which might never had happened if not for my brother Paul who invited me to live with him in California in 1976. He ran the Pales Verdes marathon about 1975 i think. He loves football and he rode the box cars the soo line from the west coast to (+) Minnesota to be there for Karens wedding to Michael Sean Nee. RIP....+..... Karen said Michael died of the insulin. I want to do medicine research including good medicine gifts from the Native American Indians a great site thru the U of Kansas along with Monarch Watch the same U, it is an American Indian nutrition website thru the U of Kansas...good medicine is a gift from God no one can supplant it....We can do good things with OUR very own God given gifts. Everyone has songs in there heart and we can whistle while we work..Right to all god given rights... Gayle Marian Sweeney Doherty Winchester 2 ** ++ June 6,2024 We have the right to bear arms... The Constitution is eloquent...i am thinking of a mother bearing a child... medical care....for protection..... the egg is not a chicken and we all have the right to the pursuit of happiness. WE have the right to health.. We have the right to liberty.....We have those God given rights protected by God under the God given eloquently written Constitution by Our Founding Fathers....to me the Stars are Bullets.. Reach for the Stars. The Moon is a Lady Moon... I thought sitting out looking at the night sky that Mary's face must have been as beautiful as the Lady Moon's face....+ Love, Gayle Thank God.

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen A, Sweeney +

The Monarch Butterfly

Oceans of mandarin orange played upon the bright, sun painted wings
Of a Monarch in the air who made happy, shimmery blossoms sing!
By and by this graceful butterfly fluttered like a dancer from Spain.
It floated with a soft breeze then stopped atop some petals where it
Reigned.

Soon all at once the lone, lovely Monarch took flight and was on its way
Packed with pure, sunshiny joy during the glistening, summery day.
Dressed in a blazing, astounding cloak and yet still very elusive
While embraced by the heaven's blue sky
My visitor could truly live!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Apples

The picked red apples, dazzled by the golden sun, glistened
Where they were held beside an old barn in their, wooden bins.
At Christmas red and green orchard colors often are worn.
From simple apples some pure delights of autumn are born.
The shining sun way up in the sky is our biggest star
But I love when bright apples top my table best by far!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +



PoemHunter.com

Summer Water Lilies In N.H. Rye

Summer water lilies in Rye show pure white petals
And lily pads.
Below the warm sun the rippling water in blue is sparkily clad.
The shining, stunning pond seems ready for a pretty gala -
Dazzling -
While reflected sunlight like stars during a clear night are glittering.
The lily pads' curved green rims, kissed by heavenly cool blue,
Are at play
With majestic blue in the mirrored pond
And blooms brightening our day.
A quiet, very happy world emerged for us to wondrously see.
On the decorative pool are many sunny, delicate lilies.
An indelible spot from where a calm,
Enduring peace is derived,
The still, cloud white, cottony
Flowers
All float
And water comes alive!

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +

Blueberries By Gayle Marian Honora Sweeney Doherty Winchester

Blueberries came out in the tall patch and looked like a handful of
Pink rose pearls.

Their blue with a brilliance now and a jewelled twinkle, astounds
The sunny world!

An imprinted star, I saw on top of one picked blueberry's dark,
Smokey blue,

Found me happy sitting alone not far from a woodland and
Enchanted, too.

Some blueberries are stowaways, hidden on low, cool boughs during summer
Days.

Elegant bluets they are kept by the shimmery blue sky's sunshiny rays.

More berries on branches cascade like gems up above the shaded, wooded
Floor.

I carried all the saved berries back to my home in a cradled box
To store.

Eating just a few of the midnight blue blueberries near the bright woods
Was sweet.

Maybe I'll go berrying again soon away from the paved and busy
Streets.

How silent the resilient soft, warm brown earth was under my glad,
Dancing feet!

This is Applecrest Hampton Falls NH where the lady i wrote to there wrote back
to say yes to me it was ok to paint and draw and stuff at her orchard. I was
thinking of the apple blossoms.....

Gayle M. Citrus Maize Water Nora Shoshone Doherty Winchester, story song Glen
A, Sweeney +