

Poetry Series

John Shea
- poems -

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John Shea(1-28-50)

I am an old Marine. Enough said...Love you folks on poemhunter...more than enough in Puerto Rico

Japan, Hawaii when it became a state, Lima Peru for the big earthquake of sixty plished Chef in southern New enough to be a marine...which makes me very lucky.

A Poem

I cradle the travelers in their windy Birth,
My name is Mother....Mother Earth.

I Give them a bed in nature to lie,
When they hear that sweet lullaby.

I wash them in my rivers and streams.
Thier furtive flight is a product of dreams.

When the dream ends and they always come clean.

They thank me with colors and odors of fall,
And remind me to give Old Man Winter a call.

What am I?
The leaves inspired by,
The one who says,
'Semper Fi '

John Shea

Age

I taste a chocolate broth run down my throat
Ensure I thought with awe
Damn I said to myself
Put me in another boat
I can still take care by myself
Paddle my own boat or float
Good gracious now I cower
They offer mechanically ground
Pureed and smooth
I will refuse
Cause I need crude
Lock me in a room
I will never care
Allow me to stare at a mirror
You see me and I not you
Then my image and life
Reflects back to you.

John Shea

All Natural

Like the odor of a newborn puppy
Mothers kisses when your sad
Snow in the winter
Your old car getting rusty
An American flag
Fluttering in the wind
Flying a kite
On a too windy day
Making a wrong right
Who is to say
Is that all natural?
Naturally true
I am at risk to be naturally blue
When my pup dies of old age
My car will not start
The flag becomes tattered
My kite takes a nose dive
But making a wrong right
Is all that matters.

John Shea

Allegiance

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the united states of America
One nation under god with liberty and justice for all.

I pledge to my my Mom an orphan
Who raised five children a promise

Dad was seventeen and mom was fifteen wedded.
Born in fifty, dads second tour in korea
We struggled from that day I was born! 950

So lets make Amends great for the people who deserve
He gave her hell..as a marine.
But as five siblings..we gave him hell.

Living in Hawaii in 1959 did some young crimes
Dad was was a devil and mom was an angel.

We all served in the military
Like my dad with 27 years in the USMC
I saw the world.
Hawaii in get it together

Who, s to blame for the crime today
Loss of control over normal people.

Dig a hole or climb a steeple.
If your undecided your safe

Or your broke and your raped.

John Shea

Alligator Mouth

Some nutria have dodged us'
Ate a poodle in sixty three
Tadpoles are like tapioca
They are little but free
Why do they hunt me
After all these years
I strive to leave them with toothy fears
I was flushed down a toilet
Nothing to fear but a vortex of the urine of waste
Rats in the sewer were sweet
Better than the dogs on the street
On the mississippi I found real food
Asian carp were really good
I dodged discarded tires bottles and trash
To get a good meal from natures stash
Give me a break my human friends
My alligator mouth
Will never be your friend
My being on earth is worthy I think
My death is a shame
As to the bottom I sink.

John Shea

Amazon

Let us live our lives in peace
With our daughters sons and wives

Burn your firewood to stay warm
We grow breadfruit and plantain
You grow corn

Life slows down here in the jungle
Where we were born
Your need is the greed for more and more

Sounds of paradise are with us
The birds and wildlife we feed and protect
To cull as we feed without the greed

Listen to your machines and chainsaws
Killing all that is left
Not right!
Eat some roadkill when that is all you have left

Life in the Amazon is odors and sounds of life
Not a midnight train sounding off
In a greedy American City.

John Shea

Amber

Amber I must rest
Life is fleeting at its best

You made my life simple
life with no strife.

But Amber I must rest.

Run like the mare with the amber colored hair
Like you do every day

In your own special way.

I used to fly
Before I could run

Remember to run straight into the sun
for love shines on our lives.

Always believe the lovers
And the prize we receive

When life is a child you love so madly

In your own special way.

when we love we give
When we give we love

Who, s to say we are right or wrong
You are right to love the wrong

So run like a deer in fear for its foal
Run for your life and the young and the old

You are loved and rewarded
By God this Christmas day.

John Shea

An Average Poem

It was at the railroad station where I met her
She was run over and almost dead

I wiped the blood from her forehead
And gave her the cpr I had been taught

She smiled and said John I love you
That scared the hell out of me

So I drank a quart of coffee
And said, well, excuse the hell out of me.

John Shea

Arachnid

A little spider took up a corner in my room
I looked him over with awe then with gloom

Little friend, how will you survive without food?
Without a mate or something to sate your hunger

A terrible tangled web he did weave
I gave him a fly from my kitchen window

It was destined to die for the winter
He was not ready for a meal from a sinner like me

We eye balled each other for weeks
He found little critters to eat

With my power mag I found it sad
To see he survived on an ort

The following spring he threw me a curve
He was a she and with egg sack gave birth

What a terrible tangled web she did weave.

John Shea

Arachnid Two

If a spider I would feed you my girl
Something spicy from natures grill

Your bigger and better than me
Bigger is better for a man you see

We wonder bout love to happen by
Then give it up with a sigh

But loving you my eight legged lover
Is the day that I die.

John Shea

As I

As I wander through this life
I wonder
As I grow older and bolder a brazen soldier
I quake
As I ponder the question and confession
I pray
As I Live sup and partake
I survive
As I love fondle and feel
I submit
As I perish I smile and file a brazen soldier
To the pearly gates.

John Shea

Be A Poet

we know when a rhyme
comes just in time

So give me the time
to flow with your time

lest you know best
the rest is but a test

John Shea

Because There Was A Kickoff

I lost my punter
My end zone was unknown

Tight ends got as loose as my mind.
I was challenged for the play

she gave me a goal and a smile
I knew I would get an extra kick
I was love sick

My end zone was unknown
My goal as a hunter.

John Shea

Best Test

How to live your life?
Or, how to leave your wife.
Living the nine lives
And counting down.
Speeding on blessing
On speed bumps confessing
On your brow a counting frown.
Life is the test
So be my guest
To joust with the creme of the crop.
Try me and confess
I am but the best.
Counting lives and blessings
Cruising on blessing
Bruising on speed bumps
Best test for life.

John Shea

Bird Food

I was sitting on a bale of hay
A blue jay flew my way

Robins did their bobbing worm stab
Into the still frozen ungiving earth

I saw her blue eyes in the carolina sky
They made me want to sprout wings and go fly

Where I flew was the nest I intended to fight for
I ruffled my feathers to say nevermore for that piper on the shore

She gave me a glance and smiled to my dismay
For today the ground thawed and food was to stay

So plentiful and fine
feathery and devine

sticky and sweet
smelling like mesquite in the new found heat

I ruffled my feathers
Showed her my regal bald head

She gave me the bird
The one I never had seen before

It looked like a snipe
So I grabbed a pillow sheet so white

The night was dark with a sliver moon
My flashlight was working last June

I gave it a shake
As to ask if by mistake but captured a loon

If spring would bring Robin to me
Why are there beggars like sparrows
In my nesting tree?

John Shea

Blood Let

I shivered in an alley in a country so strange
He ripped out the throats of those deranged

Blood flowed to rivers full of life
Trickled into the veins of my strife

With silver daggers and fear
I let his blood flow with my river of fears

So howl you lupine creature of lore
Your life is like fleas
Naught to secrete and not to delete

Good is great and you are evil
Beaten by the meek and lovers

Who see your weakness and then discover
Your but a wolf undercover.

In sheeps clothing you befriend
But with asses to mate

Your downfall does give me my life
To procreate.

John Shea

Blossomed Love

Someone once said
We love to the sense of madness
On one hand we grope it
On the other we hope it
Therefore love becomes very dense
Flowering with life
A colorful living fence
Lovers bathe in liquid joy
haters but with their hearts to toy
So go slowly my friend
Life does not end
Love spent like a flower
Will therefore bloom again
Smell the aroma in the air
From a blossom
Oh so fair
Oh so fair

John Shea

Blunt Force

They told me to relax and it would be easy.
I tried to let the moment flow.

My vein, they said was small.
My body was a temple after all.

I loved my lovers and my haters,
As I was taught.

If I relax it will be easy,
My thoughts flew.

They went everywhere my mind ever went.
In a meadow and wood,
In a brewery and in my hood.

Please, I begged them, I am but human,
But with blunt force, I was but taught.

Taught to be evil and dark in the day.
Learned to do just what they say.

But I am proud and ambitious,
Living like a bright spot in their dark night.

Evil is good for the bad.
Good is the evil they never had.

John Shea

Bright

Not drinking and driving
not shucking and jiving
Aware with your mind
you body will find
That bright spot
That left me in a coma
I miss that time.

John Shea

Broken Promises

Like a napalm ravaged jungle
Black and smoking in my mind
Not a scrap left for even a vulture
Though it searches but cannot find

Like a beach strewn with dying seaweed
Brown and green mottled clumps
Of what once was life
What we did to the oceans
Was warning we gave no heed

Like the haze and smog in our polluted air
Gray and dismal and hardly any sun
Nor blue skies with winged feathered friends in the air

Like the dying young in our midst
Craving perhaps only an ort
However finding none
Holding thier empty cups
And shaking an angry fist

As mother nature looks down upon us
She can only weep acid rain
We all destroy what we promised to give
As she suffers the pain.

John Shea

Busted

I like living, inside boxes, warm each day I snoozed away.
Never relenting to sundown, the cold weather made me quake.
But I never complained, about the snow, sleet or rain.
Then thunder was heard, and darkness deep, I have begun to shake.
The roar of natures fury, made me muster courage so fake.
My fear forgot about dread and gave me a great dry thirst to slake.
Waking in a warm yellow lake.

John Shea

Butterfly

I saw a butterfly kiss a bloom
I saw love and life on the fly

I then saw a cat eat a mouse
My cat belched and then sighed

My thoughts say who when and how
My spirit so close to the sky

Life is a gift in the rough
We live it then we grow tough

Never forget the love for another
Your siblings and family
Your father and mother.

John Shea

Cents

Pennies from heaven
Was a song long ago

We see them in streets
In left over trash

They're kicked to the curb
One cent only cash

The pennie saved
And the pennie earned

Is weathered and beaten
And rather sunburned

Because many a soul
Has not the worth

To bend over
And give it new birth

So flip it over
And see if it's wheat

If not save it
For your piggy to eat.

John Shea

Chimes

i am living here on the eaves
not on the eve of destruction

should I sing or should I swing
Or chirp out a ding o ling

I hung here for years and never complained
Of the snow or the rain

where is my friend the wind?
Lover of the music at a whim

birds nested close to me
for the tune that I sung

sweet lullabies for the children
the children to sing in our skys

the future that brightens our eyes.

flowing breezes with sweet melodies
that come before the frost and the freeze

me and my friends will sing you a tune
that will elate you well past June

so hang us anywhere you want you see
we just aim to please.

John Shea

Classic 69

Free love, I love it
Next on the list you shove it

who sheds the tear
For the fear that we feel
The sure to be chastized
The fool at the wheel

My feeling of life
Is naught of just strife

Living with the past
Reminds me but of my wife..

John Shea

Contagious

I come for you
There is no escape
I am worse than evil defined
Your life I rape

I cover the world
There is no escape
Your demise I create

I crave your ending
Your beginning is mine
Be it viral or benign

My rule is final
Your fate is mine
I crave your ending

Beginning with life as you take your first breath
Introduced me to you
My name is death

My rule is final
Your fate is mine
I crave your ending
As you take your last breath

No vaccine can cure my wrath
Everyone walks my eventual path.

John Shea

Contract

Over my shoulder the keeper of my heart
Are you much bolder to quell my angry art

Love is dancing and romancing
Lest I leave you...standing

Standing in lust in a room full of dust
Standing in shame a woman with no name

Sitting in misery without a history
Left all alone like a spiritual clone

Do as I say not as I do

My love is forever
And I already flew

To your heart and your mind
To your mind and your heart

Right from the start.

John Shea

Counting Mile Markers

This poem is about sixty
Just when I thought I could'nt drive fifty-five.
But is'nt it nifty
Still cruising along and alive.
Looking for road
In high gear.
My heart is set and is sold
On life and love with no fear.

John Shea

Courtney

A gift where I work
Sausage peppers and onions
She smiled all the while so did we

Missed is a gift
Sausage peppers and onions
She smiled and said I know

She a lover of animals
Gave all of the dawgs at Otts tavern
Her heart and her grace and her flow.

God Bless your quests in life
Lover of critters
Product of Christ.

Amen...Hushpup Shea.

John Shea

Courtneys Love

Our furry friends give us love
They greet us with wiggles and wags

Unconditional love they give
Trough life as they live

Her friend is remembered with tears
Also with smiles for the years
For the pleasure they gave to each other

I truly believe that the lord above
Will reunite them in heaven
With wiggles and wags

Therefor our best friends
Will never be sad

For your dog is smiling from heaven above
For the woman she truly loved

In her pocket she carries a treat
For her dog when they do meet

John Shea

Dancing In Heaven

Dear lord here I sit with pen in hand
Hoping you will understand
Lillian will be dancing with the stars
With mother nature
Old man winter
Integrated with the wind and rain
Dancing in heaven
With wild refrain
Holding hands with the angels
Who smile with bliss Whispering in the night wind
To loved ones on earth
Sending them a gentle kiss
So lord you are really blessed
To have Lillian
Your dancing guest
Now that special smile.

John Shea

Dark Eyes

Pools of dark oil.
see, the reflection of the sun.
Leaving green and hazel blue.
blue eyes searching the sky.
green eyes on forests feral.
hazel so keen on the edge of the green.
please let me look into your eyes,
fathomless, breathless and sate.

John Shea

Dear Mother

For all the moms in the world
A bloom you deserve

for mothers just three words
We love you

Be your wonderful self
Today on the shelf

You are the trophy of life
We all adore

You gave us life.

A score for mom
One for the winner

Gods blessed patience
He bestows on you thrice

We, your sons and daughters
Applaud you

your life
Is our spice

John Shea

December

Santa is dodging reindeer
Ice and snow in the air
lonely souls walk the street
Seeking presents for the ones they love
We see another year arrive so quickly
As we age
Last year was I a sage or was I a jerk
Neither me thinks as I work work work
But soon arrives January
The warmest month of all
When Mom cried at my birth
A mothers happy day
December buy
But January pay.

John Shea

Deviled Crabs

They walked their walk
With sharp stinky feet
Up and down the beach
Searching for treats
I followed them with glee
For what they taught me
A homeless veteran
With a meal from a can
Of deviled crab Tossed by my toes
I ate it for free
Now comes the prose I ate it for free
That is important for people like me
Deviled crabs are my scouts on the beach
Teaching me lessons from high
Where their is a will we survive.

John Shea

Don Bigley

I miss you my friend
You left so quickly
My life is fine
Your family too
Why you left is a mystery
But so is life
Your sons and daughters
Are fine as you journey with god
I see the turkeys early in spring
You feeding the sparrows who feed
On the muffins offered by blueberry seed
I see you fishing down at the shore
Cleaning your catch
And asking for more.
Please send us a sign
That you are fine
You are missed by the children
I saw teardrops fall
He remembered a silver dollar
And a teardrop fell on his cheek
Everyone misses you
Its not the same
You are the man whose life is but fame.

John Shea

Doubt

I forgot love once
But never twice.
I forgot the extra feelings
The happy,
And the strife.
Never forgot the love intended,
For the love of my life.
Where are the green fields we used to roam?
In my heart full of seeds,
Ready to be sewn.
Too late she asks and smiles,
I just use me simple ways,
My lonely smiles,
The road not taken,
Or, perhaps, a dream forsaken.
Never a doubt.
Love was the prize.
Never the doubt.

John Shea

Dragon Slayers

Life was good and thoughts were better
Little Rascals and Captain Kangaroo were my heroes

Now I cough and strive to live again
The wild emotions of the past

My mate was a colorful toy
When I was young
Just another love song
To be sung

Love and life intervened with thought
Thought left me lonely and sad

Life made me question the ways
To live in your world
With my flag unfurled

Never forget the dreams of a vet
We live in your streets and never forget
We love you and protect you
Stand tall my freckled friend

We are one
you are me
And I am you
Together today the dragon we did kill

Who slew the dragon
It was me and it was you.

John Shea

Dream On

I awoke and dream off
Tried to sleep to enjoy the ending
Other images filled my mind
Most were gentle pure and kind

I slept again
Intent on getting my dream on
Found myself lying on a plush green lawn
In early spring
Must be a seasonal dream kind of thing

In the summer dream I perspire
My body turns golden brown
Always active never a frown

In fall dream of colors
Nature sends my way
Forest friends stashing food away

In winter dream I am frozen
Like an ice cream bar
Never to thaw till the spring
That is until I get my dream
On.

John Shea

Duke

Once we had each other
he was smart and sleek
like no other dog I shared my life with
His speech was a Border Collies gift

Bred to herd sheep
But ended up on an island
herding young ladies instead

He was loved frolicking on Atlantic Beach sand
As his fifteen years of service came to an end

So sad as I cried oh such grief
but just beyond a moonlit reef

I spied a lovely mermaid
With teardrops in her aqua eyes
grieving for Dukey on the day he died.

The night was dark full of shooting stars
And among them was my good friend Duke.

John Shea

Eres Mi Sueno

Desde ayer, te amo sola
Quando mueves, me muevo
Soy eres los flores
Tu Y yo, siempre enamorado
Sueno tan linda, mi amor
Suenos lleno de tus calores
creciendo en el jardin
De mi mente.
Sueno....sueno viene a mi
Listo, , , , listo para ti.
Sueno con besos, esta noche.

John Shea

Erica

She lives in my dreams, for she lives for all dreams
A beautiful friend for all to see.

She smiles like the bridges that cross abyss,
We look for her smile when all is amiss.

Erica is America for all that she does,
A woman with life,
Flying high with peaceful white doves.

Go with God, my friend, your top of the line.
My life is enriched with your friendship sublime.

John Shea

Evasive

Like a stigma etched deep in my heart,
And the free trial offer it gave.

Now hidden behind the fig leaf,
Deep in the forest,
Ashamed by the grief.

Find a blind spot to sneak up on me.
Good luck in the woods,
For like the elusive Blue Jay calling.
I am so hard to see.

John Shea

Evil

I saw evil
Injected into a soul

I felt the ending of a far forgotten goal
My God forgive me

Life is happenstance
So I am told

Evil is everywhere
But the good is so bold

Be gone retched evil
Let the meek and the good
Keep you in hell
Forever to dwell
Where you should.

Amen

John Shea

Face Off

Frosty thoughts go through my mind
A chill invades my being
Then in my pocket I do find
A book of matches

I strike one and the odor fills my nose
Curious I put it to my big toe

The heat did make me wince with pain
So I knew there was hope for me

Then I held it to my nose
Flames shot up around my eyes
I realized without a fire hose

I almost burnt my hairy face off

Now I think warm and fuzzy things
Like warm just born puppies
And a short but fun fling

A frosty moment will melt away
When with matches you play.

John Shea

Fall Foilage.

Tis a blustery day I must say
Winter is near, I must say, my dear.

Mother nature holds some fear
On a cold winters day,
The leaves blind her sight.

Then Winter enters a tear into many a being
The elder, the young
The special.
The yet unsung.

Then on a lonely street
I found the leaves my friend
Shivering and shaking with cold,
I burrowed into them,
Ignoring the damp and the dust
Like a recipe
Of just friendly leaves.

As I lie there on the sidewalk and hurt
not by a car
But by a skirt

Well these leaves they keep me warm
My cell phone is in the sidewalk drain
My lover the leaves
To hell with the pain.

John Shea

Feathered Tears

I spied a bald eagle using the wind
To hunt for his prey.
He wandered afar as to leave my eyesight
Then soared with the wind
Back within my yearning eyes.
I wondered about what he saw
Not a cloud in the sky.
When I felt wet droplets pelting my face
He was crying I'm sure for
The total disgrace.
The struggle his downy chicks had to endure
While we fought each war.
While we wasted his we let our greed
Get out of hand.
He circled away and the droplets subsided
Then he returned and I was soaked
On this clear sunny day.
With the grief that he felt
I am sure.
He let me know that he could not endure
The ravage we reek.
In the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

John Shea

Fiddle And Faddle

Two feathered friends

blushed up in blue feathers
Laying eggs not thinking the who's

WHO'S my daddy said the sparrow
To his mom

your the son of night crawlers I said

Fiddle and Faddle
Do

paddle their own boat

Only in the summertime
when the water is warm

Ready for a faddle to fiddle around.

John Shea

Final Journey

There will be a benign smell in the air,
And colorful avian creatures everywhere.
Morsels of love spread on a table,
Adorned with gold and silver.
This is no fable.
I flew with them once, When I was quite young,
But returned through a portal,
Back into the waiting sun.
Now so tired and gray,
I long to go back with a smile,
just to say,
I missed you my brethren,
Let us celebrate and fly.
For the love of heaven and earth,
Let us not cry.

John Shea

Firefly

I see you in the evening
My sight waning
With your lovely flashing light
My thoughts are childish
As I catch you in my mason jar
You vanish as sudden as you appear
My life waning
Memories coming from afar
In my mind
I see you every evening
Where do you hide
Probably on a star
Fuel for your life
Feeding your evening flight

John Shea

Fly Me To The Poet

on a wing and a prayer
on my dogs gentle hair

with your prose all so sweet
give it to me as I meet
Your feelings.

good god your so fine
Like a fine wine

Bless my life and my being
free my eyes not seeing

the guest you are in my mind
a woman to dine
for my little left time.

John Shea

Flying

Flying at birth was my blessing and curse
My take offs were bad and my landings much worse

Then around the age of ten
I still crashed now and then

Then as a teen I thought of a scheme
And used the power to check out the scene
If you know what I mean

As I grew older I learned how to hover
My flights got much bolder

Now in my latter years I do just fine
My dream of flying
Is fresh in my mind

John Shea

Food For Thought

I ate guinea pigs in Lima Peru
My friends in the states said who are you
To eat the cute little friends we incarcerate
Ever been hungry feast or famine
We eat deer bear rabbits and salmon
I fed my family what I could get
With what I provided never upset
I would run like the wind with a chicken I had stolen
Eat little doves by the dozen
Feast or famine
Not even an earthquake could stop me from my quest
To feed my family from famine
I caught octopi in the cold waters of the Humbolt current
Ate sheeps eyes in the ruins of machu pichu
It was feast not famine that made us survive
So go purchase your long haired peruvian guinea pig
Lock it in a cage
Because if I get hold of it
I will season it with rosemary and sage.

John Shea

For Jackie

When she was young
On a white stallion she would run

Then she saw the black
And thought for awhile

The run on him did make her smile

I, m going to get away
She thought on the black

Six guns roaring
In a desert storm

The black it did run
Splendor was his form
Into the sun he ran

Now she runs night and day
Some see her
So they say.

John Shea

For Medicinal Use

This is the use I Ignore
Why you implore?
To make me feel weak?

Remember the beer and the wine
And the fine food on which to dine

I do and then falter
Like I did at the alter

Why worry about my waning life
We shared the pain my lovely wife.

Study our lives but not our deaths
Build our sturdy loving nests

Live with me this spring summer and fall
Feel the spirit and also the awe

We brought each other in life
My lover my lover my wife.

John Shea

Forsaken

Old man winter why do you forsake me?
I quiver and shake with your yearly visit
Is it you that makes the pain come?
To remind me that I have aged some
The flakes you send are beautiful to the eye
The pain of life sometimes makes me cry
What a beautiful picture you paint?
To make those suffer with your icy breath
It reminds me that death is cold
But I am bold as I grow old
Your fellow seasons are sweet and warm
So follow suit I warn
Winter is the warmest time on earth
When my mother gave me life at birth
You know who you are
Kiss and tell we own the warmth
You try to deny.

John Shea

Fruit Flies

Fruit flies made me realize the eyes I gazed into
The genes I wanted to fill made be blind and blond.
So then I sang a goofy song,
Perhaps one so full of the info
That it was the prostate of life that I did get into.
So..are they blue, green or dark brown.
Love those eyes that smiles and naught frowns.
Fruit of our life, a banana in the sun
Gives us a reason to break out those microscopes.
So please heed the class of 69...
Fruit flies ate our bananas
But we knew the the designer jeans they wore.

John Shea

Ghosts

I feel them in the winter time,
When life is cold, and time goes slow.

We shiver with cold like a silver dime,
Dropped in the cold,
To a soul floating in time.

With coin in hand,
we look for fortune anew,
But the things that we find are never so blue
as the rush of cold wind when the coinholder seeks you

John Shea

Happy Halloween

The blood that she let
Left me empty and upset.
My life now goes on forever.
I killed hitler with my fangs and a song.
His gardens died quickly,
He didn't belong.
Love was a dropp of blood for awhile,
Mine was to feed for the blood that she let.
Then I met friendly people on the street.
When I left them they were white as a sheet.
Tommorrow night I will eat candy,
My costume is real
My woman my blood to let
My tongue the blood to feel.
Give me a costume and reason to smile
I just use darkness and death all the while.
So, suck it up, you crazy believers
That we are the invisible creatures of myth
My journey for you
Is what she left.
The blood that she let
Is all that she left.
Happy Halloween.

John Shea

Her Garden

I grew a great sunflower that the birds and the bees did love.
It wilted and died in a great flood.
I cried naught for the plant.
But for the wildlife it did feed.
So I saved but one seed.
That is the service we give those we love.
A hope and a prayer.
From God up above.
Love is Rachel ann Butlers garden.

John Shea

Here

Where is there
But here is fear
What a way to live
Here I am there
Where I do not care.

Love is here
throw the rules out the window
There we go it was simple

Simple and lonely and here.

John Shea

Here I Go Again

Lest I kiss a baby
I might be a politician.
Perhaps a white boy beyond perdition.
Bugs and snakes are in my dreams
Are pureed like liquid dream.
I saw the moon today on a lovely blue sky
A fly in january
But why as I sighed
Cause I live in the great white north
Should I go forth and smile
For awhile?
Of course!

John Shea

Here We Go Again.

I flew last night and arrived
My thirst was quenched and my brain was fried
Loney thoughts crossed my path
I addressed it with thoughts of wrath
Then peaceful feelings quell the ire
I remember the love and the pure desire

My only thought is the morning
coming at me with it's warning
I addressed it with thoughts of work
Another four letter word
For the Elite or the Nerd

So whoever you are in this wonderful life
Forgive all the negative
Let your brain keep you living
Your life always giving
To the lonely and shy
The lowly and high.

John Shea

Higher Power

Who goes there?
Where?
In my shoes to spread the news.
Who dares to test my mettle,
I do have a score to settle.

So...who are you?
A critic?
With your mouth full of rhetoric,
You make me sick.

Make me happy!
With kind words,
Butterflies and birds.

Make me swim!
With wave to ride home,
Or in a brook far from home.

Who gives you the right?
To disturb my nest?
Like all that trespass my space,
Sometimes I erase.

Who loves you?
You have the right,
To sew it with all of your might,
The seeds of love and peace
I will set your soul to ease.

Who...who are you?
We are,
Who we will always be.

Souls with worth,
And lovers of Mother Earth.

John Shea

Holiday Meals

Here's a poem that will get your goat
But my goat ate my poem.
I'll get him for that
He ate all that i wrote.
I wrote such wounderous words
And all he does is burp
It's absurd.
Now all I can do
Is not let him get my goat
The words that I wrote
Were hastey and few
The goat that I had made such a great stew.

John Shea

Holiday Meals Two

A woman in England is breeding mini pigs as pets
She might have some regrets.
My crabapples will have a mouth where to park
Pork so tender with meat white and dark.
Small indoor cookers will make such a come back
Mini chittilings will be just a new snack
Bagged al natural
Or bar-B-que flavored
Wont that be wild.
I like em hot
Some like em mild.
For a party of twenty
There will be plenty.
We will cook two or three
As directed.
The big bad wolf will be happy cause he has emphazima
Old Yeller could surley handle the rest.
Babe is at odds with no mini sheep to herd
So from him you will not even here one word.
Clinton upset cause not bred in Arkansas
But Hillary wants one real bad
To keep up with this latest pig fad.
Mini Razorback hogs
Will be the talk of the town.
We can train them like tunnel rats
To infiltrate Afganistans deep hidden caverns
For the pig is smarter than
Us drunkerds in most taverns.

John Shea

Homeless

A cardboard box is my home
In the city where I was born
Wine beer and rats are my best friends

My meals come from trash
Sometimes it's hash
Or a soft pretzel hard as an oak

I beg borrow steal
to get a good meal
Like hot dogs and burgers and such

I smell like hell
And would bathe in a well
But there are none

Spring showers are nice
They rinse off the lice
That reside on my half balded head

So remember me when
You strive to be thin

Because death is not choosey
About your lonely fat life
My life was chosen
By living alone in my strife.

John Shea

Howard Simon

Howard Simon a young friend of mine
Walked the sands of of the Virgin Islands in search of prose

He arrived at acove in a horseshoe shaped beach
His hand was full of seashells

I said nice to meet you my friend and they dropped to the sand like dollars lost
from his hand

Why? because we never know when someone we know may be encountered
And the treasurers at hand are just but a meer encounter of life as we live.

So howard come visit me in Jersey combing the beach and I'll dropp the syringes
when thier out of reach...shea

John Shea

I Am A Single Tonight

Perhaps a little trip to the sip and strip
To see my buddies ha ha

Or down to the slip with bait and rod
To catch a skirt or a wayward frog

My dog wants to join me
But this trip is rare

He will excuse me I hope
For my eyes want to scope
What is forbidden

She will not see me casting my bait
But my curiosity I will sate

Miss your cab and miss your flight my love
These excursions are so rare

Nothing ventured may be nothing gained
Being single tonight
Sends a lure your way

Come on home
I got the dog a new bone

For you
Our time alone.

John Shea

I Believe What.

That pie are not square
They are round

Best dog I ever had
Came from a pound

Life was easy at its worst
Love was harder
When not found

A kind gesture is nice
Not a bad sacrifice for love and life

Nothing I did in the past
Should take away this page of my life

This is what I believe.

John Shea

I Flew

I saw the great Danube last night,
Dodged a eagle in his flight.

Hovered over a weary traveler, and wished him well.
Swooped down a silvery wishing well.

I saw God in a lovely sunset.
I knew a sunrise was coming anew.

Last night I flew.

John Shea

I Fly

When I was eight, I started to fly
For what reason, know not I.
At first I was awkward, would crash and burn.
Awakening alive, ready for another turn.

When I was twenty, I improved in my flights
Perfection was the goal in my sights.

Now in my sixties, I can circumvent the earth.
I fly, I flew, route sixty-six.
Leaving no rubber, nothing to fix.

Saw the Andes mountains with frost on my wings.
Watched every Mockingbird as he sings.

Never left this earth.
Next flight will be the first.

John Shea

I Forgot

I flew then forgot why
I loved for the sake of loving
I gave for the sake of giving
I live for the gift god gave me

John Shea

I Just Died

Living with your eyes
Burning a hole in my soul
It killed my vibe and I sighed
Eyes like burning coal
The pain is real
Your stare is real and hurts
Turn the fire off
And give me a break
You took my heart
Remorse is not an outlet
Para todo este triste.
Lo siento mi amor.

John Shea

I Left Her

She drove me away
On a lonely highway of life
She was my lover my lover my wife

We cruised on passion
Oh so fine
We flew away
To far away places

But the fashion was to leave her
Just because she thought I still cared
Just a lie for sure

Now I sigh for what might have been
If she was still alive
Just because I still care

I miss her smile
On the lonely highway of life
My woman my woman
My wife

Now I cruise with tears
Living on beers
Cause I left her.

John Shea

If

If you are reading this
You must have great taste
I taste your tears and fears
Your lost love over the years
Smell the flowers in your garden
As my withered body hardens
Smile with your happiness
Cry with your grief
Ours is a life so wonderful
Yet so brief
If we love we falter
Starts at the altar
when we ail we suffer and shiver
Then God does deliver
A place of relief
For your belief
Only if!

John Shea

January

With numbing cold, biting at my brittle bones
I feel many years giving me a wake up shake
Gripping my coat through the more gripping cold
I feel the world has grown old.

January I cried for my Mom the first time
She probably cried and then smiled for my tears
She surely is yet smiling for my thoughts through these years

For the tears that she shed were at giving me birth
January is the warmest time on earth

John Shea

Just Rats

Bowing down to muslim beliefs
Feasting or famine
Feeling no grief
Taking a hold on our honor and pride
Why are we evil?
God is great and Allah too
I wear the right shoe
You wear the left
Without my left shoe
The right shoe is left
When hungry I eat
Unleavened bread
When angry
On me do not tread
We are the future so they said
And like rats we breed
we plant a seed
Why don't we get along?
When we kill each other
Who is fed?
Not God Not Allah
But evil instead.

John Shea

Kissed A Poem

I grew up
Called the Pup
You inspired me
Who who are you to not see in the dark
A skylark winging through your life
Bitten by the dog that only bites harder
My job is your labor
So do me a favor
Make me grow up
So sayeth the Pup
Kiss this poem for luck
A poem kissed.

John Shea

-kitchen Jam

Justin sang bass
Shea sang tenor

Jamere and Harold would jump right in
Ricardo was banging them drums
Like an octopus picking up crumbs

kyle and chris were jamming to a rocking tune

Andy hollered a little more cheddar
Babbs said I think I just fed her

In the sky lord in the sky

John Shea

Late Night Pizza

I am in a dream catching crabs last night,
They crawled on the macadam
And under a car
Into a brown paper bag filled with irate dreams.
My hopes and my dreams.
I caught crabs that turned into bacon
My mind was awake
But my body asleep.
Why do we dream?
Then do reflect
On what might have happened
To this old redneck.

John Shea

Leave Me A Message

Write on the wall
In the spring winter or fall

Do it next year what the hell
Or perhaps in 2012
We owe one another a mark to remember
Perhaps the 11th of september

Hug and kiss the one you love
On the wings of that snow white dove.

Leave me the message in my olfactory nerves
Or in my aging tired eyes

I may taste it on the tip of my tongue
The message should be sung

By the old and the young

God bless our troops
And their march to heaven

A message for freedom
Sung by the old and the young.

John Shea

Left In Time

Left in time are the tears that I've cried
Mother nature gives them back in the rain

Left in time are the lies that I've told
For back in the day I was young and so bold

Now time tells me to swallow my pride
For life is now filled with aches and some pain

Left in time is are the words that I wrote
sent from me to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

John Shea

Lest We Shiver

Damn it is cold I thought
Will I quake as I deliver
My cold and lonely dreams?

Will life be my boat
To an island so remote
Where warmth comes in degrees?

So give me some slack
To some how attack
Living in the deep freeze
Of global warming.

Is this just a joke?
For the younger folk?

I quiver and shake
With each downy flake

Cold is our demise
Unless hell your surprise.

Give me a chance to romance this life
Give me romance to understand the strife

let me shiver and shake with a smile
As I walk my last mile.

John Shea

Life

Life is an integral part of the scene
Where we smile and go forward for bows for our deeds

Then reality checks us for what we have done
A piece of the pie, we eat, And do chew just to have fun

Then age lets us know that it was a valiant try
For our bodies give in to the truth so apparent

That life is short and death is inherent.

John Shea

Life Guard

Where are the tadpoles in our rivers and streams
Flushed down the toilet of dreams
Who is my daddy is a lonely lament
Sunk to the bottom in unrelenting cement
Why am I lost in a world so bold
To expect me to bloom
Like a flower in the cold
We ruined Our lives
Where are the toads
Smashed by our cars I am told
Who made my mother cry
Made her leave and made me cry
Why am I lost in a world so bold
I expect the reason will hit me
On the day I die.

John Shea

Life Two

My wife was sworn to three day fishing trips
I tried to make them short
Like the pole vaults out of bed

She caught me at the door
My tackle in hand

Naught a lure in sight
Sailors delight.

John Shea

Light Of Day

I awoke before dawn
With a yawn

Coffee was made
A drug that I crave

Out the door I went
With an English leather scent

I looked to the sky
And espied a raptor on the wing
He was hunting
Not a songbird did sing

He lowered so close in awhile
Then rose for what seemed a mile
Until he reached a cloud

It made me proud to espy
A true native of earth
Master his life in the sky
Then a tear fell from his eye

I saw it not fall
But felt it for sure
It was wet and so pure

Sad but no cure
For strife in the light of day.

John Shea

Lonely Bull

Go count the udders
The children and mothers
Who suckled the crying newborn

Go talk to the elders
Who sought naught but shelter
From the light from servants unknown

Lonely dark nights
And big city lights
Surround me

Life will astound
Both the young and the proud
Give heed to the ocean's white foam

Born in Atlantis
Meaner than a Preying Mantis
My country will always be home

Give me liberty
Give me death

I love this country
Until my dying breath

Shea

John Shea

Lonely Days

A final no in the flex of life
Making love without sex in life

I did it dear with you in mind
You made it easy for me to find

Your faults were my faults
My wounds you did salt

Like a snail on trail on the trail to death
So soften the blow
And allow mother nature to go one step further

Allow her to nurture my ego so butchered
A final yes in the life we flex

John Shea

Lonely Grave Yard Worms

Well here we are staring at our fare
With this tasty sweet bite to sate.

Lets throw a party
lets start at the heart of the matter.

Scatter the bones over the earth
It gives it strength to create.

Matter we crave
In order to save

Our job on earth
Death then birth.

John Shea

Lonely Poets

Lonely poets submit lonely poems
Like their dogs and their exes
When your a redneck like me

We fish and we hunt,
Looking to hunt
When the old lady lets us

So check this out, I fished instead and caught a memory,
She never had seen even bait.

I told her for shark we needed mammals and such
We had a talk
She said it smelled like pure t hell

I said what the heck my chittlings turned green
So let's use them for bait or with asses to mate

Give it up for my long ear girl
, Shark bait is cheap and so is road kill

John Shea

Loose

My patience is gone with the snow
Ice and snow must go
With the snow angel who went south
I shiver and shake
Give me a minor earthquake
For heavens sake
Panama sounds warm
To hell with the cold
Give me summer so bold

John Shea

Lost Love

Fond memories surround me
You are in my thoughts constantly.

Tears turn to smiles for life holds more miles
Of sweet times and wild abandon.

You are so loved and now your above in heaven
You keep me from going under.

Your wings are a whisp in the wind
I here them through the worst weather that my God can send.

So smile and have fun
For you shine like the sun.

A memory so sweet
You are to me.

John Shea

Lost Poem

It was on this page, then gone
Like feathers blowing in the wind.

Where is the prose I wrote?
Not a letter is in sight.
I am looking with all my might.
Oh where is the prose I wrote?

Today I wrote a new poem,
Was it lost in cyberspace?
I hope not for I might not know it,
Even staring at me in the face.

Give me a break, my memories are at stake.
Oh where is the prose I wrote?

John Shea

Love Is Never Lost

True love is earned with thought and deed
A blossom of beauty after planting a seed

A memory in life benign
Of a spouse or child
Or a pet ever so kind

love is an odor that brings back memories
It is found on a street of fearless endeavors

It is all around you in the earth and the sky
The thrill of love will make you high

Broken hearts never lose faith
because true love is a vast chasm
You wander through and always feel safe

The world goes on with love on its sleeve
for you and for me to always retrieve.

John Shea

Love My Left Hand

Hold my right
Kiss my thoughts with all your might

Follow me down Left hand lane
flightless grief will relieve my posture

right is might left is position
We spank what the left is afraid of

And we love what is right.

John Shea

Love Never Lost

We all have lovers of those that we love.
A cold nose then kisses
A warm carress.

From you Jackie, it sends,
A message to tell,
I am loved.

Through the trials and tribulations of my youth.
My play and pleasure that I brought you.

The comfort we gave each other in life.
Through teardrops and laughter.

These memories will last a lifetime.
Love Me.

We go to heaven too.
So with tail a wagging I'll wait on you.

John Shea

LummoX

Once I was a dolt, a fool, a brute,
Now I am a buffoon a bumpkin and bonehead.
My birdbrain thoughts made me blunderlike, a simpleton.
Like the dunderhead nincompoop hayseed I am.
Just call me meathead.
That's me.
A radiant candela.

John Shea

March Madness

A winter storm in Jersey south
Stopping by a field of white
I spied a flock of wild turkeys
What a beautiful sight

The beautiful contrast of colors
Against a windfall to hide in the snowy light

They strutted their stuff
But then had enough
Of my curious eyes
Into the windfall they scurried
Well out of sight

Etched in my memory
My excitement was high

I will pass this way
On that old country road

For years to come
In hopes perhaps it unfolds
More visual fun.

John Shea

Mary

A lovely lady
Parked on her porch
living life
No strife.
loving family
What more is there to adore?

John Shea

Mary Beth

Ella hablado conmigo.
She spoke with me.
Lleno de corazon, full of heart.
She shared it with me.
Cosas que pensaba, things that she thought.
conmigo, with me.
Ahora soy feliz, now I am happy.
Para un amiga, for a friend
Conmigo, with me.
Smiles, siempre, forever.

John Shea

Memorial Day

I was a player of sports and was smart
My teachers were great

At eighteen I joined the corp
I was true to them and my family

Then in Iraq a blinding roadside flash
I felt no pain as my life ebbed like the tide

I looked down on the earth and saw mom and dad cry
I asked the angels why their pain
With tears in my eyes.

They said it's memorial day
As we flew away.

John Shea

Message In The Wind.

I stepped on it and shook my foot,
It hung on like a fish freshly hooked.
It appeared to have feces on one edge, There was my foot stuck on its
words.
The message was hard for me to see,
My glasses are greasy being a cook you cooked that sticky stuff up? Not Dukey
my Boarder Collie pup.

I couldn't bend over, The best way to recover,
From this dillema I stuck my foot into.
For age made me stiff and full of pain,
So I wandered in the rain with the message.

I imagined what it said. are you happy, sad or wed?
Are you hungry fat and fed?
Are your hormones normal, your parties formal?
Or are you just like me?

A man with some shit stuck to his foot.
His infamy and fame stuck in some nook.
Perhaps the message carries the secret.
so bend over my friend,
And suffer the pain,
For nothing ventured is nothing gained.

I bent over and found,
A photo of a child and a puppie,
With a note to share love,
The message was clear,
chase in the wind,
What you hold dear.

John Shea

Mom

Where are the flowers I promised?
In the canyon of your love
We are one with family
You taught us well
You brought us to a river
Filled with your nurturing ways
We drank our fill of your wisdom
We put you in our sons and daughters
You blossomed in our lives
That is why we thrive
Tears run in your absence
Until we meet again.

John Shea

Mother

Katrina made me swim in a flood of tears
A chasm of memories throughout the years

Isaac sank my memories
For perhaps a century

Where are the powers I knew
When you were going to school

To protect us
To respect us

To give us light in the dark of day
A lite breeze to make the way

Power to feed us and cool our hurt
Sunshine to give us a new birth.

John Shea

My Buddy

Fire in his eye as I come or go.
Loving when he feels like it
Sharp teeth let me know
Know my place
When I am in his space.
Small but mighty
A liquid bandage will suffice
Other than that he's mighty nice
His eyes all bugged out
With a smile on his face
His home is his castle
Beware the human race
If you don't belong
You will watch your step
My buddy has lots of pep
At around fourteen pounds of steel hard muscle
An adversary with lots of hustle
He does love others
And gently the love does tender
I don't fit in that slot
Because he is the king of the castle
My Buddy, I do bow down to thee
Because I love you
You see.

John Shea

My Life

In fifty I Left my prose to make
My father was my heart I sake

He whipped me with his webbed belt
I felt the welts on my thighs

My lust for life was but a trick
My simple plan

Was to get a island To create
A pain just for his sake

He put his fist through sheet rock

I heard when I smoked
He Put me trough hell

Left is my right
My Right will
Leave you in hell.

John Shea

My Visitor

An English Sparrow flew in my kitchen,
A female because I know my birds.
She looked at me and said where are my treats.
I said the health inspector was here.
Go catch a fly and be indiscreet
I heard you'll draw rats
with your dirty little feet.
I just gave you crumbs
from the fresh bread they baked,
You have one more year so go catch a bug
I know it's not as good,
As the killer food we make, here in the hood.

John Shea

Mylee

What a beautiful girl
A golden brown hair
Is about to on curl

Her life is full of love
She will fly with golden doves
That goes hand in hand with Shea love

Mylee is inspiration to us all
A creation of unity of love to give us all
Peace, happiness and bliss

God bless her coming into this family so humble
She will fill us with pride in her arrival to mumble

At an early age...Iove you my family...
You are my heritage and you make me happy

She will be adorned with silver and gold trinkets
Crowned with lovely mom and dads gifts

Like her beauty reflects
Her life will reflect
The love that we all give her in retrospect

love from Uncle John

John Shea

Never

Never say never.
A kiss not tasted.
A hand held not felt.

Never forget the kiss you tasted,
Or the hand you felt.

Never say never.
A baby crying.
A lovers lament.

Never forget the joy of birth,
Or your lovers needs.
Never give up.
Sew more seeds.

Life is an endless lovely dream.
Full of never ending fruitful schemes.

John Shea

Never Leave Me Lonely

Gone just another four letter word
Left not the right word to leave
Right is what I am seeking
Behind me curls my nerve
Tears whipped on my sleeve
Are reminders that serve
That the love we shared was real
Please my love
Do not throw me to the curb
Like a disobedient dog
My life depends on you
All you do is my life
Such a loving wife
Never leave me
I sobbed.

John Shea

New Poem

I was just thinking of white trash things
Eat chicken wings or deep fried dings.
Chittilings or hog jowels
To season your greens.
I am the reason to season your food
Or your chicken may taste like wood.
Never say never to black pepper and salt
What you end up with is not my fault.
Eat at joes is the mistake you make
Soul food will make your booty shake. Pup

John Shea

No Pain

Go ahead and sink that dagger in my heart.
It feels not the pain.
Slice it in thin bloody slices.
It feels nothing.
Just sees the red droplets,
Fading in the rain
From natures tears and my own.
so step on my heart and give it a kick.
No dice! Go ahead do it twice.
Twist it and wring it out like a wet rag.
No pain will arise from its battered beating entity.
Try to patch it together
With needle and thread.
Glue will not work.
A tear wont be shed.
Just the silent retort,
From no pain.
If that does not suffice
Do it trice
My heart reflects the pain.
Send it rolling down a muddy bank,
To a river of red,
Where all love is lost.

John Shea

Nobodys Poet

I am somebodies poet
Who are you?
My poems are about nobody
Then again about somebody
Choose your poison
Select your place
A wanted poster
In a familiar place
Perhaps the post office
Civil servants will agree
Who wants who
We shall see
Writings on a bathroom stall
Thrill all the worlds great drunks
A can of paint in a tunnel dark
Words of non wisdom
Written on a lark
A banner behind a flying cessna
Eat at Joes
Ruins the beaches sunlit skies
I am nobodies poet
How about you?
Like the Marines
We are the proud and the few.

John Shea

Not Afraid

This may be a tale more than a poem
At seven in night teen Sixy nine

I was A child that blew the image
You were my love link

You are the answer to the crime
I was as a child in life

John Shea

Nothing

Nothing is a hollow feeling
An empty void
That sends your mind reeling

Nothing is something you cannot touch
An invisible something
That ones heart yearns for so much

It will give you nothing more
Than a backwards glance
At a tightly shut door

It will make you lonely
All the time
Nothing has no reason nor rhyme

A cup of nothing slakes no thirst
A dry dusty drink
That leaves you feeling cursed

Something for nothing
So it seems
There is really no such thing

So give me nothing
Do me no favors
My cup is overflowing
With nothing my heart savors.

Nessecito algo en mi vida con sabor
Nada es nada
esta es mi favor....Jaun

John Shea

Ode To My Debacle

There she was in essence fresh
Surely filling my mind
With women of confluence

I was frozen in time
Thoughts flexure my mind
The flexurous trip so wild

My what a world so grand
With ability to have swain so sure
The chance for heartache and pain

Thus our lives strike out in search
With love searching for mirth

Then comes sorrow and pain

The prowess to live love and die
With the essence of what filled my mind

My woman my wife
God loves her
The singular love of my life.

John Shea

Ok

Hey you with the low sun in the sky
Tell me why my wife gets so high
To shop in the dark
like a frenzied shark
You have black shiny boots
That is true
To slide down my sooty shute
My account is overdraw
And so are your reindeer
My fear is your sting
In the summer fall and the spring
When I have to pay the whole thing
Come Prancer come Dancer
Nothing for me
I turn into a red nosed redneck
At the thought of it all.

John Shea

On My Mind

first poem of the year
did you
falter did you fear

last word from 2012
who, s your daddy
who sings the prose

live like a lover discreet
but with a lover to meet

My life interacts with yours
As sweat pours from my hide
I have nothing to hide

But the first poem of the year
But to endure but a lover to meet
Who sings the prose

With fear I did falter
But with the lover to meet
Who sings the prose

The first poem of the year
Without malice or fear

Is yours my love
Sung by angels above.

Live long in heaven my dear
Ignore the tear I shed

I will make a bed to lay your head
so lovely next to mine
For you are always on my mind
For you are always on my mind'

John Shea

Paths

Where we have traveled
Many pathes we unraveled.

Woe the tangled thorny path
Which leaves tears and heartache
In its aftermath.

Sublime is the straight and narrow way
which keeps us in tow from day to day.

Some biways take us askew
We struggle and seek the sublime way anew.

But 'The Road Not Taken' as Mr Frost has descibed
Is deep in our hearts and about to arrive.

6-25-2001 John Francis Shea

John Shea

Paul And Jeff

They were here with a shot and a beer
To celebrate life
they spoke of the good times
Wasting nary a word
SO Intense was the conversation
All that I heard
No tears and no fears
Just celebration of life,

John Shea

Peace

As I was sucked up the vortex
Of death and destruction
No one saw my worthy life

Lest I let them see my eyes
The lust of man
The lies tears and strife

The perfume of death
Wanton gifts well planned
That end with a sigh

Then in context
Of life and bliss
Rest will eventually arrive

John Shea

Poetry

What a lovely word
Fluid and smooth like a bird on the wing
Seeing an octopus turn red and then green.
Riding the waves with their ebb and the ride
Beach beauty, beach beauty
Please do not hide my duty is nigh to fly
Like the creatures on earth that propagate
poetry.

John Shea

Ponder

So you see motor oil on my sweaty brows
My bloody greasy hands
Boots look like I walked in a field of cows
Bring on the labor
And do me a favor
Do not patronize me again
My expertise
Kills your dogs fleas
Life is but a dream
So think twice....Amen

John Shea

Prerequisites To A Poem

This is hard to reveal..so so much for zeal.
Before writing a poem, I have no clue what it might be.
First I think of a subject, love life or the weather
The colors in forests or the sweet taste of nectar.

Then I think about women and the color of thier hair
Their lips and their curves and the brakes that I lost.
Then suddenly an inspiration. A passing thing many times,
For a beer gave me other thoughts good for the job.

Reality sets in and I know I have to write something,
Good wrong or right. Thinking and thinking, I continue drinking.
Go shea your a poet and most people know it,
What a sad tale might show up.

So I made a promise to give beer a break
And the next verse I write will be straight from my heart
With a hot cup of tea for my readers and a shot just for me.

John Shea

Proud

I lost my virginity in old Mexico
My lover was was nothing more than a lovely soul to me
She was a beauty to me
Love was not free
I think of that time
In nineteen sixty nine.
Then in Japan I walked through the streets
And found love again
It is no sin
It was nineteen seventy
And so heavenly.
Then in seventy four
I wanted more and married
A beautiful puerto rican lover of life
I made her my wife.
My family never came to the wedding
They shunned my bride
But love was alive
And she suffered living
In the town that I called home.
Now I have my son and two grandchildren
Irish and puerto rican proud.
Hey you!
Get off of my cloud!

John Shea

Pursuit Of Title

Catching a fish to eat
Eating to live

living to eat
At joes or the mac

Driving a doe down the hill
Just to live to eat

We fill our lives
With their tenure

They did inherit before
My actions I do abhor.

Made us terrorists and lonely
Lost and sad

Protect my friend
That is our earthly errand.

John Shea

Rainy Night In Jersey

I arrived hot and sweaty
My friend said take a dip in the pool

It looked like a fountain with droplets of silver
So I ran to my car for the umbrella

Wading around with a beer in one hand
In the other my bright green umbrella

My friend said whats up
Your wet down but not up

I replied with a grin
blame it on the damn lite beer

John Shea

Redneck

About to noodle the ole catfish in the creek
With my crooked fingers I did seek

Found a snapper with an ugly temper
Lost one crooked finger forever

Then I wed and partied hardy
Lost my mind at a redneck party

Tripped over a pit bull on the way out
So I thought, it was my spouse.

Now I feel safe these days and nights
Flying in rockets filled with TNT

That's right!

John Shea

Remember

Life was good and thoughts were better
Little rascals and captain kangaroo were my heroes

Now I cough and try to live again
The wild emotions of the past.

My mate was colorful toy
When I was young.

Just another love song
To be sung.

Love and life intervened with thought
Thought left me lonely and sad.

Life made me question the ways
To live in your world
With my flag unfurled.

Never forget the dream of a vet
We will live in your streets and you'll never forget

We love you and will protect you
Stand tall, My freckled friend

We are one, you are me and I am you
Together today
The dragon we did kill.

Who slew the dragon
It was me and it was you!

John Shea

Remember Me

Remember me when life gets tough
With its edges ragged and rough.

Remember me with sweet wine on your lips
With its flavor at my tired fingertips.

Remember me when the songbird sings
A lullaby, so sweet and melodic
In my unhearing ears
It still rings.

Remember me when the sunset awes you in the skies
I still see the beauty in my unseeing eyes.

Remember everything that brings us closer to God
Our prayers and emotions
Feeding a stray dog
Or a bum on the street with no shoes on his feet.

He will remember us for the deeds that we do
Give him a smile and something to eat

He will remember when you both meet
In the after life
Free of strife

Full of beautiful sunsets
And sweet singing winged souls

Remember me
And I will remember you.

John Shea

Remorse

I reflect back on life and my fears
The image is a mess without tears
I do what I think is right
Then falter
My recourse is church and the altar
Living was easy as a young child
Then grew up and went hog wild
Mom is a saint and Dad was the devil
We know whose path I did follow
Now in misery I wallow
I want to abstain
But the years do so wane
Alcohol seems to help for awhile
As I stagger my last dusty miles
Please forgive me for my sins Lord
Loss of your guidance I cannot afford
Install in my heart and brain
The will to follow you
And the wisdom to refrain
Mom is a saint and Dad your forgiven
Life still has meaning and worth
Just once let me cry
Before the day I die
I lash out at life with much fury
But the Lord is my judge
And the angels my jury
Never so forsaken I have felt
Since facing the brunt of the belt
I thought everyone did the same
Forgave you Dad back in nineteen eighty eight
When you met your untimely fate
Because of you I grew up tough
It made the path to heaven mighty rough
Now its up to me
Hope this poem will set you free.
Love John Francis

John Shea

Right But Wrong

I was right at the altar of life
But left in a hurry in flight

I went forward contemplating my choices
Backwards when I heard raucous noises

Good is bad and bad is good
Eat my heart out
That was rude

Crude to me now is cheaper gas
Is this too much to ask?

I now am azimuth and distance
To put behind me
What the future will bring

love might be lust
Trust but a lie

To live this way
Is the next white lie

For instance
If I may

I love you
But not today.

John Shea

Round The Clock

Time is of the essence
A lovely journey
At some expense
I could not wait
At the age of eight
For the mailman and his prize
Remembering the cereal I ate
Troubled child when he was late
Then I grew and notes of love did send
To a cute little blond
Around the bend
Did go crazy around fifteen
loose in the street
With snakes and spiders in my hands
My friends with venom
We had plans
To alienate my life
For they did not understand
Found out as I grew older
They were just a fad for me
Now old and gray notes of love do send
To a cute little blond
Around the bend.

John Shea

Runner

When I was young I ran
As fast as I could in a tram

It was a vehicle of life
Not sanctioned by my wife.

Now I run for fun
Fun in the sun

The sun and the burn
The sanction we must learn.

I run, its insane
With my heart and my cane

Ran for cover
And another lover

Runner and lover
Simply under cover.

John Shea

Sammy

We bond at the tavern
He dodges the traffic
Under the deck he was born
He can touch me for you see he is feral
Not knowing so am I
Love takes strange paths
Like loving a red tabby cat.

John Shea

Sanctuary

A meal a laugh and a drink
A special smile and a wink

Otts on friday night near halloween
Friends and food what a scream

DJ Don rockin the house
The house enjoying the jam

My life revolves around this
Says John I am

My hideaway in the silver years of life
Otts tavern my spot in life

Oh have another quesadilla
Home is where your heart is so they say

My home was at Otts today.

John Shea

Saving A Soldier

I found him in mud colored red by the blood
Breathing but weak not able to speak
Surrounded by eerie lights of battle out of sight
He shook like a leaf I felt his grief
We wandered till dawn to find friendly forces
Our only food insects were the main courses
He never spoke but I shared a smoke
He took a toke and smiled
He knew he was safe with one of his mates
War is truly hell and we both lived to tell.

John Shea

Scare Myself

I am what I don't know
Perhaps of my life with its ebb and its flow

Some days I'm up
And others I'm down

lonely and cold
But other days bold

Should I open my mouth
Or just travel south

Should I endure the cold of winters blast
Or enjoy a blast from the past.

Snowboard a bit with my cane
What a trip

Hang out in the ice
With a chick really nice

How bout a toupee to make me look spiffy
That sounds really nifty

Instead I'll stay here and freeze like an elf
Cause sometimes I just scare myself.

John Shea

Scope Of Life

Scope this out
I have no doubt
I see what's going on

My heart is blessed
With scope I guess
To see what's going on around me

The scope of my thoughts are manic at time
But survivors are greater than those who give up
To the thoughts that make our emotions erupt

We look beyond the bad and good
We live our lives like God says we should

So scope this out
I have no doubt
That heaven is what's going on.

John Shea

Seashell

It was going in and out with the tidal surge
My mind said grab it
I put it to my ear
I heard the oceans roar
Then I heard more
An Aargh ye mateys turn to the west
The islands await us and we cannot rest
Storms they await us
This is no jest
I know this is true
My mollusk knows best
We sailed into the horizen
Captain with my shell glued to his ear
He shouted have no fear
My friend here is forever right
I prayed as mighty waves tossed us
I shouted for god to forgive me
My sins and the lust we planned in our plunder
Of the natives out to the west
That we would outnumber with our sabres
Our cannons and our shell
We arrived with our might
In the mid of the night
They fought as we fell
They gave us hell
Captain said go east
As he threw seashell on the beach
I learned the tale
With the shell
Plugged to my ear on that beach
I heard the oceans gentle tides
Lapping on a beautiful
Hawaiian beach.

John Shea

Seasons

Icy fingers of silver and blue
Make my aged body shiver and shake
I pray for springtime anew

Warm breezes release me from my frozen prison
Sunlight is a welcome radiant friend
Fragrant aromas arise from the earth
And the skies fill with birds who ready for birth

Then the time for oppressive heat does arrive
Feels like hell but I am alive
Sweat pours from my body
Like a hydrant for fire

Soon leaves start to fall
Beauty surrounds me
In colors of red green and gold

But I start to shiver anew
Icy fingers of silver and blue
Are knocking at my door

Please begone Old Jack Frost!
With your cold grasp on my body and mind
Your not wanted in this neck of the woods
So begone!
Don't knock to peddle your basket of goods.

John Shea

Seen

I saw a child today,
She finished her lollipop and smiled
I heard her say gone
and she smiled

I saw a feral cat today
I threw him a scrap and he hissed
He wolfed down his treat
I heard him hiss
And I smiled

I have seen many things grand and great
I have forgotten to really relate
To the humble and those with ill fate

John Shea

Shake Me Before Use

Like a bottle of beer
Overflow will happen
Like my body wracked with arthritis
I hear my heartache
Shaken after the fact
So shake me before the abuse
Give me insight before
I erupt with a lame excuse
For my misbehavior
Lord knows I was wrong
So shake me before use.

John Shea

Silver Thoughts

Lest we forget the forgotten
life is dirty and dark and rotten
For some but not all forsaken
Quivering in the mud
And tasting the blood of death
Giving life fresh new breath
We salivate at the plate of life so fine
Elevate your mind
Only to find or placate the reason
My ancestors are worthy of lust
Like the cancer sores
On a whore we did trust
Blood let through the years bygone fears
Naught the gold to desire or a funeral pyre
Silver thoughts are the fire
Killer of blood letters
The legend of the settlers
Who carved this great nation
Amen.

John Shea

Sing That Song

Sing it you twitching little whiskered bird
Loud and late night song I have heard

The melody at times fine and soothing
On some early morns

A fine way to breed hate and discontent
for
One song you sent left me sleepless

That was the one that might make you peepless.

John Shea

Sky Pilot

I chased every creature that life could deliver
Spiders and ants and snakes
Their lives were a mystery
I longed for the history
Of what made them quiver or shake.

Now as I age I forgive them a cage or terrarium
To study their being
For like you and me
Their being is free
As our being is here on this earth

So with a grin and a smile
I still watch as they travel this land
No matter the geography
Or the topography
They love life, like us,
For awhile.

John Shea

Skylark

She flies through cobalt colored skies
Filtered with sunlit colored rays

When she soars
Hearts also soar

Free spirit on the wing
With a song so sweet to sing

In a forested evening shade
With odors of fall and her song in the glade

Softly the forest children appear
To see skylark not on the wing

But yet with a beautiful song
So sweet to sing.

John Shea

Snow

Just another four letter word
For I slid on the iced road
It is cold as hell
I thought it was warm there
Snow on the roof
Is just dust in my room
Accumulating with life
Another four letter word
Back up to the heat
For the five letter word what a treat
Now my favorite four letter words
Love and heat.
Both warm both neat.

John Shea

So Cold

Mess with the time
stopped on a dime

Roll with the flow
As they go in our soul

In our skin and our sin
A measure akin to life

A tear for my wife
A merit for her life

flowers of her memories
And memories of her scent.

John Shea

So They Say

Left to be right
Powered by flight
Like an eagle hungry for prey
I fly they say
Yesterday and today
My feathered fears
Are followed by tears
So they say
Though a raptor I am
I am a provider and man.
Though a man I am
I am followed by tears
So they say

John Shea

Sorry

Walking down the beach
Forgiveness well out of reach

Why polluting the sky
Breathe the fumes, you will die
Sorry
Throwing your butts on the ground
Your life is so short, theirs is so long
Sorry
Get a bigger freezer
For that cold sorry word.
Shivering
You can make decisions
Forgiveness avoids sorry
Like ice avoids fire.

John Shea

Souls

Remember when you felt the thrill
Of a kiss in the dark.
A walk through the valley to the park,
Then a race up mockingbird hill.

Young then I tendered these feelings,
Looking for support and healing.
Then a race for center stage.

Now I see as the years fly by me
Souls that warm my life,
Like my son grandchildren and wife.

They are in the oceans we swim,
The meadows we wander.
I can see them on a whim,
Etched in my mind,
Easy to find.

The souls of many cloud my vision,
Those that are loved,
And those with a mission.
Etched in my mind,
Easy to find.

John Shea

Southern Comfort

I reflect on the past and the present
An island girl so fine
An island girl so fine to pursue
With a tan of island hue.
She rocked my world to the point of passion
My life was in old mothers few recipes
Of taste and life
Happiness and strife
Mary Margaret is a southern tool
For this misplaced fool in the north
She is there for me when I need her
Sometimes we take for granted
And go forth
without Mary I am always acting the fool.
God bless Annie pooh and Mary Margaret
I continue to go forth
This man was fated
To know such a wonderful
Island girl.
Lonely is not knowing
An island beauty.

John Shea

Spanish Dreams

I thought uno was a card game
Then found out uno y dos fue equal to tres.
I found that spanish was a language muy linda.
That curvas were parts of a road
And also good to look at on the mujeres.
I thought quatro cinco was four people drowning
Yet realize it is nada mas que un chiste.
Then I had to slam on the brakes
Porque, Hay que curvas y yo sin freno!

John Shea

Spread Out

If I was peanut butter and jelly
I might be old
If I was pencil and paper
I might be bold
If I was a bounder and cad
I might be sad
If but a gentleman
Humble and glad
If I had sense
I might be rich
If I flew like an eagle
Turkeys would flinch
If life spread the butter
Shea would too since
Love is my life
Spread throughout the world
For the end of the strife.

John Shea

Spring Cleaning

I can, t Remove the mess of my life
No polish will bring back the shine
Tide just brought sand
With its ebb and its flow
A rake with no tines fails all the time
Rags full of suds just make a smudge
Pressure sprayers make it intense
I believe I lost all my sense
And my cents
I tried glass cleaner and only got leaner
Just a great big fat mess
Push brooms just gave me more room
For the mess that I made
Then I tried glade
It smelled like a skunk
I tried tissues and mops and something called gunk
I gave everything a try
And got nothing but funk
I will try a flood
And probably sink
In the funk
So till next spring
I will just dream
Of draino and orange peel
Gee! I am a heel.

John Shea

Submit A New Poem

This is new and that is old
yesterday was hot and today was cold
Life is now they say
Be it happy or be it gay
Never let your feelings fly
In a cloudless sky
A thunderstorm is the way to go
This id old and that is woe.

John Shea

Submit This

Where was I when life went left
Then took a right and flexed

take it on the chin
Not on your shin

Play awhile with life
Not forever but now

where was I when life was hexed
Taken by a sin

Not forever but right
But took a left on the chin

Not but for life left
But for sin and sex.

John Shea

Submit

well what do I submit to today?
The call of the wild
Or the word of I say.

Who wants to bully me today?
A peer or a punk
Or some broad with some junk in her trunk.

Luggage so heavy
And severe
To make me act perhaps demure.

I scoff at that thought
And really think naught
Even in arrears.

Give me a smile
A country mile wide
To make you my friend.

Life takes good nafarious flings
To ruin my sacred happy things

So magnify my grey matter
With pathos
That really doth matter.

John Shea

Submit A New Poem

The smell of a new car
Or perhaps a puppy just born
Coffee brewing in the early morn

Incense at mass mingled with perfume
Diesel fumes from the bus in the city
Making me dizzy and woozy and giddy

Aromas so feint I had forgotten
What smelled good
And what smelled rotten

But today I submit a new poem
The smell of all new mother's dream
A newborn to make them smile
And make complete thier life for eternity
Just ask my wife, Love John, A lover of life..

John Shea

Submit This

Now we duck for the muck that hurricanes blow
Now we cry again for the dead heroes.

Give me liberty or give me death
A yearning call in my American chest.

Leave us to truth and justice
Make my home and family safe.

Life is great in this country
So please block all illegal entry.

I see the evil and they usually write
Their intentions to destroy and to smite
The country who fights for honor and right.

John Shea

Submitted

low we sink into thought
yet we let it be caught

In a cage full of rage
In the mind op a sage

let me lick my wounds
As I wander and I swoon

Love is a sponge
Plugging up the toilet of my life.

John Shea

Sundry

I have a lot on my mind
Not hap hazzered
But kind

Like the smell of a puppie
Or giving a hand to a friend.

Varied things are tossed our way
Many things that make us say

Will we be thoughtful?
Will we be kind?

These sundry thoughts are a great friend of mine.

John Shea

Sunprincess

I leave this life with a smile and no strife
To think of friends and amens
Lovely days in winter that make me shiver
Can only fly like a lark in the sky
For when I awake in the morn for instance
In the distance the Sunprincess does rise.

John Shea

Sweet Emotion

The taste of raspberry on her lips
Green apple candy
And fruit with strawberry dips

Aroma of lavender after a shower
Basil on pizza
Put there just to tease ya

Licorice sticks with sweet vanilla swirls
A beautiful girl with long golden curls
Cave into the emotion

A brand new puppy with big brown eyes
His aroma is lovely and pungent
I think I'll call him cinnamon

The smell of cloves on a freshly baked ham
And the taste of sweet candied yams

Make me drool like cinnamon
And the fool that I am.

John Shea

Sweeter

The freshest sweet water I ever drank
Came from a gutter where bullfrogs sang their great song

The best meal in Peru was a guinea pig so fat
That was where it was at

I licked the dew off morning leaves
Hoping for an insect or two
For dessert.

In lakes to fish with salmon eggs
Often ate the bait
They often my appetite did sate

Raccoons fed me in the Carolinas
Their furs kept my balding head warm

Texas gave me crappie to eat
Tartar sauce in my tackle box
What a treat

Hawaii was full of pineapple guava and poi
But the sugar cane is such a joy

But only one thing to nourish my life
Was sweeter

My lover my lover my wife.

John Shea

Tears

God bless the children
Born small town
To miss life so great
With horror in life
Give them our memories
Our tears for the joy
They brought with the love then
When the toy
Was but a simple ploy.

John Shea

Tears For Fears

Here we go again
where do the teardrops end
Who gave me the right
to live in the eagles light
My bird is crying for the love of his country
the teardrops do fall in my face
He circles around me
because we share the same space
Never fear the grim reaper here
the fear does give me a chill
Fly to the moon my friend
My love for you will never end.
Just a lover of crying eagles
living in their life so regal
The teardrops they say
Fly like a bird
fly away
Fly like my brood
Love me as you should
Teardrops from eagles
Make me cry too.

John Shea

Tears! ! !

Tears are mother nature's best friend
Shed by persons both happy and sad

When shed by someone who means to offend
Or offered by Max who is mad

Just remember that Mom collects them year round
And does it without even a frown

Because they replentish our earth
With flowers and grass

So cry me a river
The drought doth come hither

John Shea

Tenure

We fret and wander around
Life is a funnel shaped cloud

It sucks all the youth out of you
You strive to do all that is new

The result is a mess
I truley confess

Bald heads and gray hair is in
Going to beaches only when thin

When was the last time that happened
In winter when life was my friend

The view was so lovely and white ocean foams licked at my heels
I guess age has it's benefits for real

John Shea

Terror Alert

Look out
I'M on the loose
Nothing can hold me back
Try to cook that goose.

Life is my corridor to fame
It's all in a sack
I'M not to blame

My mental state
Is all screwed up
That is upon my china plate

So as I sup
It's all screwed up
What to taste
what to trust.

For those who make terror
Don't under estimate
The terror you'll feel
Is naught but your fate.

John Shea

Thanksgiving

Was I giving thanks or thanked at giving
My mother cried and I was living
Pumpkin pie and yams ran scared
From the diet of those who dared
Lest we try a turkey or a hog
Perhaps the legs of a frog
Thank you lord for the food
Sent by your father
MY GOD

John Shea

The Boss

Manage this poem

My boss wears the pants

Her idea of fun

Are many infants

Then she held me hostage and twisted my mind

I just went crazy and could not unwind

So I climbed up a stupid tree

And dropped that fig leaf off.

John Shea

The Garden

I found a garden in the shaded woods,
My nose led me to the aromatic magic it produced.
Every plant struggled for a ray of sun.
Then my work had begun,
I did all by hand.
The rich loam held promise,
That my toil was not in vain.
I climbed high and low.
To allow sunshine, air and rain.
Whos garden I pondered,
Then thought with a sigh.
Mine is not to reason why.
I left some beautiful weeds,
For they deserved some of this good deed.
Regal the roses,
And lowly the weed.
Beauty is but in the eye of the beholder.
Life is short for you and I.
And so for natures downtrodden.
Mother nature never has a blind eye.
So the garden flourished from spring to fall.
With the help of the sun air and rain.
And with the sweat of my brow,
And my backs aged pain.

John Shea

The Kill Of Victory

The power running through my veins
Reminds my physical being to refrain

Running on empty is my mind
Evil thoughts not really mine

Where they come from know not I
I react to them with but a sigh

Mayhem and murder I fear not
I enjoy the feeling quite a lot

I question the deeds with my empty head
Somehow the question ends up dead

Power wells up in my body untrained
Like a Pit Bull on a long bloody chain

The kill of victory is but a crime
It makes me vicious
In its furtive design.

John Shea

The Kill Of Victory And Demise

Now hidden in alleys on the run
Surrounded by rats and scurvy dogs

I suffer the fate for what once was fun
Droplets of blood litter the fog

I hide in the litter with blades of silver
My life for the gods to pilfer

My bloody chain broke
On my deeds left to choke

Pain is my reward as I perish
For good is the victor
As I rot in hell.

Relish the victory and realize
It was high time for my demise.

John Shea

The Kill Of Victory And Hell

Here I sit and rot in hell
Lucifer knows me well

I drag out my bloody chain
My dirty deeds like they are fame

He smiles awhile and grins
My silver blades are for him

Pain is my reward as We perish
For good is the victor
As we burn in hell

Relish the victory
It was high time for his demise

Perhaps an angel sent me
All good can be mighty bad.

John Shea

The Lonely Road

It was masked by massive tall oaks
The lonely road

Rivers of tears flanked its path
By each end a crying bath

The lonely road

The sharp and bumpy gravel
I used to travel

The lonely road

With frigid bones and bare feet
Not a scrap to eat

The lonely road

Reminded me of nothing
Nothing but sorrow

To hell with today
The same with tomorrow

The lonely road

A path to my end
Sorrow to spend

On the lonely road
Of tales untold.

John Shea

Things We Hate

Fate as it takes our life
Our best friend hitting on our wife
Losing the battle with a tattered flag
A story told oh so sad
Like what?
Like you with your eyes so blue
You with your many
Me with the few
Give me your banner of life
Leave me my wife you blunt force fool
I have a tool just for you
At my age an equalizer
Makes you a target you see
For hate is mightier than your fancy
To toy with a spirit so coy
Hate is a ploy
I will enjoy
To cancel the twinkle in your eye
And send you to the spirit in the sky.

John Shea

Thought

Life on the beach
My life out of reach
Going just one step further

Sipping on rum
With a good looking nun
What a dream that was.

Living like a frog
Like a hoppy dog
damn, that was fun.

Giving to the poor
And then giving some more
It made me feel humble.

Seeing the emaciated faces
That substinace soon erases
It made me cry.

Going just one step further
Being your fellow mans server
It made me high.

John Shea

Thoughts At 63

wow just a babe
I thought so and so did you

So you thought thirty was tough
Check out the older and gruff

separate age from nickles and dimes
And divide them by good times and bad

They equal the worth of your life
Your sacrifice for country and life

Live like a poet with the secret on the tip of your lips
To forgive the young
The old and gray
For ever shunning them in any way

Bring on the age that brings us fear
Although we will be remembered for many, many years.

John Shea

Through And Through

A frown just a smile upside down

A smile a country mile wide
That, s you by my side

Living with you throughout the year
Brings a gentle tear

give me a break for every downy flake
Of snow
On a gloomy lake

Sing me a song like a mockingbird
Don't make it short but long

Live like a lover smitten
While we are united in flight

Oh the melody so sweet
A flake of snow
Over a moonlit lake

Life passes by, but why?
Your love your gentle sigh

My God. Is heaven nigh?

I only love you through and through.

John Shea

Title

I remember fire ant bites
Fleeing to Hawaii in fifty eight

Bit by a mouse in Honolulu
Rabies is non existed their

My dad is an icon in my life
Married my mom with no family

She is an orphan that raised the five of us
Dad was the gator from Florida

Mom from Idaho
I don' t know for sure

Pop was born in panama
Mom was born to be his mate

Wow what a great family
Five children and and a country so great

One selected for Annapolis Naval Academy
John to be the chef for sure

My brother is Frank
and speaks five different languages

Mike is elite
Sharon is the generals wife

Therse is the best
for she is blessed in our family

We all love her with the finality
Of our being.

John Shea

To Submit

To submit a new poem
I must create a new poem
Everyone tries to be the best
You are the best
It's a poetry forum
Not in jest
But for the flow

My life is full of your prose
The truth that arose in our life
The friends we made in our life
So it was a chosen poem
To break up the strife
Not in jest
But for the flow.

John Shea

Tough Cookies

I just want to wander again
Like a youngster in my worldly playpen
Playing marbles in a dusty dirt ring
That was my favorite thing
My catseyes were shiny and new
My shooter was marbled with red white and blue
Every marble I sought in that ring
Was a treasure that made me a king
Life was so great
Not a thing on my plate
So with a smile on my face
Sunburned in spring
Browned in early fall
I want to live that life again
So i'll give it my all
Remember we were the best shooters of all
When life greyed us in the late fall.

John Shea

Traveled

The flight was a long one
Bumpy but fun.
At seventeen years of age young.

The Andes lingered near at arrival,
Now started my fight for survival.
At seventeen and a rival.

My cousins were cruel and ill fated,
Because my prowess that they under estimated.
Soon the streets were but my mate.

Taken in by a kindly doctor
Who had kennels that needed upkeep.
I managed to learn and not weep.
I was quite a sad black sheep.

In servitude for a year
But treated real fair.
I lost my Irish cool.
Then I went to the real spanish school.

There were bars and a grate
Into which to urinate.
Wondering what was my fate.

My fate and my families in the house where I hit the street
Were blessed by Americans who cared about our plight
They sent us back to the ground we kissed with tears in our eyes
The fight I fought was just a suprise
To God Bless my family
With another American sunrise

Love John.

John Shea

Traveled By

My poem is about poets so fickle are we
We think ours are the best but thats true dont you see

We think and we fret about how it will sound
But like Frost And Dylan we want to linger

Give me your ear and I'll patronize you
Cause I am a poet flipping the finger

Somuch for humor and wishing for fame
I am tired and dont know which road to take.

John Shea

Trust

A word on my desk with dust
enough to leave some rust

Just a little dust on the table of our life
trust is just another word for little white lies

I remember the bliss of love
But also of lust

Given in faith for trust
Thrown away on a desk full of dust.

on a promissory note so clear
Even evil could not endear

so wrong my dear
you are dancing in heaven
while I am stuck here in hell

angels tell me of your bliss
your trust and mine
I do miss.

John Shea

Twelve Pennies

knocked over the copper.
What a sorry crime to commit.
spent my life with a lovely woman
I am only human.
The copper crumbled with me
For I crumbled more slowly
than the pennies
on my desk.

John Shea

Twilight

I loved a vampire once
She was the queen of pain.

She showed me a road not taken
With nothing to gain.

I was a fool to believe that she was that cool
The only problem was that I was a fool.

To fall in love with this blood sucking bitch
Was my downfall after the seven year itch.

So the moral of this story can be
Give it up for who you love
And do it with a smile
Watch out for the the fangs of women
Who love you for awhile.

John Shea

Unwavering

Maybe I am angry perhaps I should start to forgive.
Many countries and streets I have lived.
My heart is tiring of the negative thoughts,
My mind sends of the battles I've fought.
Perhaps that's why some hearts don't survive.
For the mind must give healthy thoughts to keep it alive.
Please give me the strength, whoever will listen,
To forgive and listen to my heart,
Stand firm and make a new start.

John Shea

Venom

The poison I dodged in my life
Were vipers that could take my life

I hunted with my favorite friend
My collie, my hunter
My friend.

We milked one or two
And skinned three or four.

Then I grew up
And did dine and wine with a serpent
So vile
I had to cry for awhile

Work for a living
Be forthwith and giving

It was my folly
For I do miss my Collie.

John Shea

Visiting Poets

I am inspired and smile
By thoughts and life.

My words and my life are my style
Your style and your words make me smile. Pup

John Shea

Was I Lost?

Never see the end of the road
The overload is the pavement

Fry a toad on the road
To your life of surf behaviourment

Never give up on your silly quest
My worst nights
My just be your best.

John Shea

Well

Here I go again
Looking for a deep subject Oh my
Again looking here and there
Whence was there and the well a deep abyss
Lonely was my last chip
Only crumbs to dip
Love was a woman So fine
To wine and dine
Or owe the pink slips
To give her the silk so fine
Well just a thought in my mind
There I went again.

John Shea

Wet Steps

I looked at my lips this evening
to ask if there was some mistake.
You kissed me off
in the current that made struggle.
I did the dogpaddle
and called for survival.
My wife so religious
called for a revival.
Well I drank my last Bud
and waded in a puddle.
My life is a picture so clear
yet so subtle.

John Shea

What

who you I say
To toy with me for a day
For a week or a month

Like me now for a minite
For an hour

FOR LUST TO DEVOUR
Damn I swallowed the seed
What indeed

Made me write something great
Like a seedless damn yankee

Blowing a redneck away
go for the gusto
That is the way

Hop on the train of truth
possum tastes better than coon

road kill will will tell you the truth
Give me a chance
To romance
Your road kill

to dance to dance to dance.

John Shea

What Is A Poem?

An intricate tale
Or a story that failed

A bird in the sky
Or an addict that got high
An intimate refrain
Emptied from my brain

So go slow my heart
Or feel the dagger
Or the dart
As it sinks into senses
Senses without fences
That just went bust

A child and a flower
A smile in a summer shower

Poetry is you and me
From sea to shining sea

John Shea

Where

Where i confess to you my fine Sis
You are a mentor and at best the best

The other half I feel
Is the real deal

Phil constructs great lives
We listen and we learn

You folks so fine from family are due a lovely gift
Love for the Birthdays lost in our lives
Tears for my thoughtfulness throughout our lives

I love you all like a new mother with babe
Like life saving breath for someone you forgave

I celebrate and live each day and wonder
Please forgive me for the years full of thunder

I am guilty and pray
That you will forgive me my dear sister on a grand Birthday day

John Shea

Where?

Where do we go I am debating
To ponder the fears of love or of hating.

I am so scared the thoughts that I am thinking
They give me excuse for some of my drinking.

Wells are deep and so is hell
Who made me so hard
That I cannot even tell

What is good and what is fair
What is here and what is there

Where is up and where is down
Is a smile a frown upside down

Peace a dream dreamed by killers
Life a story read in thrillers.

Who made me hard
Hard as an oak

Why am I sad
So easy to provoke.

Nothing seems easy today
And nothing tomorrow the same

Flying in dreams does appease me
Releasing my pent up desires.

My body is just but for hire
For those to pad thier own pockets

Where can I go
Just to say no!

If it takes life on the street
I have already felt the heat

My body is ready for cold
Where is my soul? So bold.

Manic thoughts
And dirty pots fill my sink
Where do I cleanse the stink?

Nothing is where I expect it to be
Where am I in this worldly factory?

I will soon be extinct
Pushed to the brink

A dinosaur put out to pasture
Looking for the great rapture.

John Shea

White Rabbits

I hopped around my whole life
Made a white rabbit my lovely wife to be.

Her tail was cottony soft
My tale was a lie so you see,

That hoppy women go on with their life
But men like myself are still free.

.

John Shea

Who Are You?

To give me sorrow on her eve of death
To leave a letter on her dusty desk

Who the hell cares
Well I do

Who are you to flatter lies
While bald eagles and buzzards spatter the skies

leave me a message that makes some sense
Not a trap or a fence

Who the hell cares
Well I do

My life is hollow without her
Yours just might be the same

Fly like the eagle
Even when feeble

Who the hell cares
Well I do

String me up on an old oak tree
And I will sing you a song
For her you and me.

John Shea

Who, S My Daddy

I drank milk with my little mouth
Skid on the hardwood
Hush my mouth
I thought north was south
Hush my little back paddling legs
I will act like cutie
It is my duty
To find a master
Life is the same for pet and man
I will be the best dog I can
Be my friend and I for life
Will make you happy for a short time of life
We cry and so do our lovers and pets
My life was filled with fur and puppies
Kittens too.
That is what life is about
North or south
East or west
Our puppies are all the best.

John Shea

With A Blink

I was thinkin
Whose my mentor
I was just thinkin
Bout Huckleberry wine
Remembering cook outs
Searching for snakes
I sought them out
My Ma and Dad loathed me
To see how they lived and died
I hid them in glass
Cages and appetizers fried
Growing up hungry
On either side of the equator
I would never hide
The sundry critters
That passed my palate
Just like the time
I stopped on the dime
To eat an arachnid salad
which helped me out
As I grew palled
I dreamed in a blink
Why call it bait
If my appetite it does sate.

John Shea

With Pen In Hand.

I have been blessed
Reading of the manic, the happy
And the stressed.

Prodded on by hunting poems web site,
I try to rhyme with all my might.
Who would of guessed?

I am surrounded by peers,
Who write about fears and fantasy,
Birds dogs and gators.

About sin and strife,
The crux of ones life.
In an elevator or in a war.

They speak of love and lust
The one most mighty
Or when they went bust.

Then I am hooked on thier stories of life
How they lost thier dog and then thier wife
Their ego and pride.
They probably ran away with the bride.

I want to write something great
Like perhaps this lonesome heart ache
To honor my peers
where we stand.

With pen and ink in hand,
We will wander through the hunter of poets land.
The pen is truley mightier than the sword.

John Shea

Worldly

When I was eight I started to fly
For what reason, know not I.
At first I was awkward and would crash and burn.
Awakening alive, ready for another turn.

When I was twenty, I improved in my flights.
Perfection was the goal in my sights.

Now in my sixties, I can circumvent the earth.
I fly, I flew, route sixty-six.
Leaving no rubber, nothing to fix.

Saw the Andes mountains with frost on my wings.
Watched every Mockingbird as he sings

Never left this earth.
Next flight will be the first.

John Shea

Writer

like a snake in the grass
we enter into the glass covered path
Will recover or falter
Do I have class..alas
Round stones make me slither aside
Muddy water to rape my pride
Schooled like a scholar
I falter..as I realize at the altar
Lust is just a test
Not lonely...not sex
Just life with much to confess.
Love, the serpent of lore
Intertwines with our body and mind
Then we walk the line
Only to find
There is more.
Love can have fangs
Be elusive and unkind
Enlightening and soothing
Boring then moving
Blessed be the writers of lovers
Poets for real
Or just undercover.

John Shea

You Are My Dream

since yesterday, I love you only
When you move, I move
I am me, You are the flowers
I am are the flowers
You and I always in love
Dream so beautiful my love
Dream full of your colors,
growing in the garden
Of my mind.
Dream..dream come to me
Ready..ready for you
Dream with kisses this night.

John Shea

Zaynub

Let me buy the vodka
Never touch the stuff

My quirky poems you enjoy
Is powerful enough

Never met you but in this forum
Eyes of brown amber or red
Life is living
Poems in my head

Shared with special persons like you
Refreshing like springs mountain dew

You make me feel special in life
With your comments concise

Miles between us we shall never meet
But you are loved with ardor discreet

By a southern gentleman in Jersey
Who is very thirsty

To see and taste and feel
Your sentiment so real.

Thank you my friend
As I travel this highway of life.

John Shea