

Poetry Series

Mary Nagy
- poems -

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Mary Nagy(11-08-1970)

I write what I feel..... I hope you feel what I write.

:) Thanks so much for reading them.

(00) The Place I Search For

To look
at your life
and not feel
you need.

To feel
complete.
Whole.
Content.

To have
reached
a place
where life
is enough.

To just
breathe
and be
thankful for the air.

That
is the place
I'm searching for.

Mary Nagy

~~losing Me~~

The darkness of the pit
is swallowing you in.
I see you looking at me
with that evil, twisted grin.

You know just what you're doing.
You've done it all before.
It kills me when you look at me
while bleeding on the floor.

I've offered you my hand
time and time again.
I've tried to help you change your life.
I've tried to be your friend.

I'll watch you from a distance
but I'll never get too near.
You'd love to take me with you
but my strength you've learned to fear.

If I could help you truly
just to see what you could be.
I'd try ten thousand times again
but I won't risk losing me.

Mary Nagy

~attention: I've Just Received An S.O.S.

I've just received an S.O.S:

That read:

"Please Save Our Souls"

"This life has been so horrid
and it's taken brutal tolls.

We need your words of wisdom.

We need your expertise.

We need some reassurance.

Oh, could you help us please?

We don't know how to flourish
or how to simply shine.

We only want some happiness
so we can say 'It's mine'".

This state of such emergency
can not be washed away.
It must be cleansed through kindness.
Please help us heal today!

The years have left us battered.
They've left our young hearts torn.
Sometimes we have to wonder
why we ever had been born."

I may not be there with you
But in spirit I shall be.
I hear your painful cries for help
I hear your mournful pleas.

So to the hurting masses
with the dying hearts with holes
let me reassure you
that if I could I'd save your souls.

Of course I'd be there with you
and offer you my hand.

I'd give to you my shoulder
to lean on as you stand.

But, the strength is deep within you
don't be afraid to see
the answers are before you
for this you don't need me.

You have the only power
to illuminate your life.
Just focus on forgiveness
for yourself...just drop your knife.

You do deserve your happiness
just let yourself be free.
Unlock your lonely prison
you hold the only key.

Mary Nagy

3-Will Work For Food

I told my kids we'd see it, this movie, they couldn't wait.
We finally saved the money so we started on our "date".

They were so very happy to be on there way to see
this show that they'd been saving for even more than me.

Standing by the corner, he came into our view.
He looked so very helpless that I knew what we should do.

I tried to just look past him, to keep my spirits bright.
But, then I looked in the rearview mirror and knew what would be right.

The kids were looking also, they got quiet and so still.
My son's eyes looked so heavy as they simply began to fill.

He said "Who needs a movie? There's good stuff on t.v."
That's when I knew my kids would feel the pain of other's just like me.

As we gave this man the money, he looked me in the eye.
He blessed us all and watched us leave without saying goodbye.

His blessing was well worth it, I felt it in my soul.
I saw my kids' compassion shine and I've never felt so whole.

Mary Nagy

6-The Hunting Trip

Daddy went hunting.
Mamma went too.
Daddy got a deer,
but Mamma got two.

Mamma told her story
while Daddy stood by
looking like at any time
he was gonna cry.

We all thought "He's jealous
he only got one."
But, Daddy had a reason
he didn't shoot his gun.

The buck was at his blind.
He seen him at close range.
The path was clear and all at once
Daddy felt something strange.

He knew that she was waiting
over in her stand.
He had bagged so many deer.
Her fate was in his hands.

He tossed a stick to scare the deer.
He sat and watched it run.
He prayed she wouldn't miss her shot
(OR HER HUNTING DAYS WERE DONE!)

He sat patiently waiting
for the gunshot near her stand.
When he heard her yell "I GOT ONE! "
he finally unclenched his hands.

The deer was his gift to her
although she never knew,
why Daddy only got one deer
and she got two.

Mary Nagy

A Collision Of Souls

When she first saw him walking like a God down to the lake
she knew it was the last free breath that she would ever take.

Right then and there she knew it, her world forever changed.
Her life took on new meaning as if all was prearranged.

She knew she had to meet him, this guy moved in next door.
So she slipped on her bikini and went strolling by the shore.

She paid him no attention, just made sure that he would see
the woman he would surely love from then till eternity.

When he first saw her walking down the beach without a care
he didn't have the nerve to speak, just gave an open stare.

He knew right then he loved her though he didn't know her name.
From that day on he knew his life would never be the same.

He tried to get attention yet you'd think she didn't see
the feelings that he couldn't hide had nearly made him flee.

He knew he had to meet her, this young girl in the sun.
He made his move and from then on their worlds had become one.

When their eyes met they melted almost beyond control.
The world began to tremble with this collision of the souls.

Many watched the fireworks that day out by the lake.
The water was the backdropp for the love they'd surely make.

Their love was overpowering, yet ever gently so.
It made each think that they must never let the other go.

Mary Nagy

A Family Divided

Once more we talk about it.
How sad it's all become.
No matter how we look at it
this family is not one.

They say it shouldn't matter.
Who needs them after all?
But, please explain the pain I feel
even though I've got it all.

I see my pain and emptiness
like a hollowed out old tree...
It may seem to be standing tall
but, it's empty just like me.

There's such a contradiction
to my entire life.
I'm happy and fulfilled
being a mother and a wife.

What about 'a sister'
and 'a daughter'...how about that?
These are roles I was born to play.
Why can't I? Tell me that.

A family divided
that's what we've grown to be.
I've got mine and you've got yours
but we have no family tree.

Mary Nagy

A Gift Fit For A Pig

It was my 22nd birthday.
I had just given birth to our 2nd daughter
1 month earlier.

He went shopping for my birthday present.
I had visions of jewels and lacy things.....
I couldn't wait to see what he would buy me!
Afterall, I just gave him another daughter.

When he came home with the gift he seemed so proud.
He said he knew I was going to be happy!
With nervous fingers I opened the present....
greedily clawing the wrapping paper off
to reveal the symbol of his love for me.

The breath caught in my throat as I choked back my tears.
Inside the bag I found the symbol of our love....
5 boxes of snack cakes and a hot-pink sweat-suit!
I tried to pretend I wasn't offended
but he knew me too well.

For years I used this birthday as leverage against him.
I viewed it as an insult that he would think so little of me
as to buy me a "gift fit for a pig".

Last night, something hit me like a ton of bricks...
he bought me the cakes because he knew I liked them
and the sweat-suit because he wanted me to be comfortable.
(and it was pink because that's my favorite color)
He did think about the gift.

He was also showing me that he wasn't concerned
what size I was
or what size I would become.
He was telling me that he loved me...unconditionally.
I didn't see what that gift really was
and I didn't appreciate it until last night.

I thanked him for the cakes and the sweat-suit this morning...

13 years late.
He understood.

Mary Nagy

A Husband's Love (Written By Todd Nagy)

Once upon a time
when we were young
you caught my eye
like a ball to a glove.
I didn't know how we'd turn out
but, I knew I had your love.

When we're together I think of how much I love you.
I love you more than life.
A world we created together
my beautiful wife.

So, when you ask me
how much I love you.....
I've always loved you.
So now you know.

Here's your poem.
Now leave me alone.

By: Todd Nagy
11-1-05

Mary Nagy

A Lesson From The Birds

Lying in my hammock, I'm looking at the sky.
No matter what goes on down here, the birds go sailing by.
They don't pay me attention, for I am no concern.
I feel if I watch long enough, there's so much I could learn.

What is it that they're showing me that I have yet to see?
They fly and soar without a care, just happy to be free.
I guess I'm very lucky to be living as I do.
I have nothing that I yearn for and my bills aren't overdue.

I'll just lie here in my hammock on my front porch in the shade.
I'll thank the birds for showing me that I've really got it made! !

Mary Nagy

A Little Birdie Told Me...

I know you're hurt and hungry.
I know you cry all night.
Just try to hold your head up.
You're gonna win this fight.

Let's say a little birdie told me
that you're so very strong.
He said that you are suffering.
You have been for so long.

Your prayers are being answered
please listen as I speak.
I promise you'll survive this.
That's a promise I shall keep.

Your tears won't go unnoticed.
Those scars will disappear.
Remember what I've told you
when I cannot be here.

You hold the key to happiness
within your battered heart.
I'll be with you in spirit...
for we shall never part.

Mary Nagy

A Message To My Sister

When we talked yesterday
your pain was so apparent
even though
you wouldn't say.

I could feel you
through my computer.
I could feel your pain
and your desire
for happiness.

I have faith in you
and if I could send my strength
acrossed the many miles
to help guide you
through the roads
that are bound to get rough
I would.

Prove everyone wrong
show them
that you have suffered
long enough
and that now
you will accept nothing
less than happiness.

We were born into pain
loneliness
and abuse.
Don't stay there.
You are so young still
and what a survivors story
you will have
when you overcome
all your obstacles
and create the life
you've never dared to dream!

Mary Nagy

A Mother's Dream?

Each year you get school pictures for everyone to see.
I always plead my case for you to just dress properly.

I make you wear your hair down or maybe with some curls
but then the pictures get here and I say "Who are these girls? "

Why do I make them do this, clean up and look their best?
Why can't I say "Just go as you are." and let them get their rest?

If a picture speaks a thousand words, your pictures surely scream.
You're sitting there pretending to be your mother's dream.

I'll learn to just ignore it, the t-shirts and the jeans.
I'll learn to keep a handle on what your picture really means.

I'd rather be reminded of the way you really are.
Like how you yank your ponytail out as you reach my car.

You have your taste in clothes now, although I don't agree
I love the smile that's on your face each time you look at me.

Mary Nagy

A Mother's Love?

How can a mother not hurt
when her child cries out in pain?
How can she turn and look away
when there's so much to be gained?

If only her heart would open
and let God show the way,
to happiness and love everlasting.
For this, I'll always pray.

Is it possible to just feel nothing
towards the child you gave away?
Please say there is at least a hope
that you will love me again some day.

When I look at my child I feel love.
I could never turn my back.
But you never felt that way towards me.
Is it something that I lack?

Mary Nagy

A Natural Lady

I like hamburgs and hotdogs.
I even like a brat.
At cookouts it don't matter...
Just cook up what you've got.

I don't mind getting dirty.
My shoes won't stay on long.
Don't let me see you cover your ears
while I sing my favorite song.

I like to fish with live bait.
I just prefer the worms.
You'll never hear me hollar
when it wriggles and it squirms.

I'm just a natural lady.
I live with mother earth.
My family says I'm normal...
for what their opinion's worth!

Mary Nagy

A Tender Moment At The Supermarket

Sitting there watching them
they had no idea
they were such an inspiration
so comfortable with eachother.

He, at least 85
she, about the same.
From my car I could see
the way he worried about her
as he pulled his car up to the door
so she wouldn't get wet.
He tenderly watched
while she tucked her hair
under her clear rain bonnet.

The rain was barely a trickle
but it was a cold rain
and he wouldn't have her
catching a chill.
She waited
just inside the door
while he parked the car
a sky blue 1976 Bonneville.
They probably bought it
brand new.

His steps were slow
and purposeful.
I could tell he hurt
but was trying to still
be the "protector"
of his beautiful bride.

They walked into the store
arm in arm
while I sat for a few more minutes
alone in my car
listening to the whish-whish
of my wipers.

Mary Nagy

A Thankless Job

The laundry piles in mountains.
It covers the whole floor.
Just when I think I've done it all...
OOPS! Here comes some more!

"I'm sorry Mom, I forgot this."
and "Hey, if you don't mind...
I need this washed before tomorrow...
That is, if you have time."

"Oh sure" I say "No problem,
I'll do it just for you."
After all...I'm sure you know...
I have nothing else to do!

If I could just have one wish
to help with a daily chore,
It'd have to be that laundry
wouldn't be needed anymore!

I might have time for reading
(or watching a trashy show!)
I hear there's great stuff on T.V...
I fear I'll never know!

Mary Nagy

All Mothers Love Their Children.....Yeah, Right!

People always say
"Every mother loves her child...
in her own way."

That's BULL!

How can you say ALL?
Do they love them when
they are beating them
until they no longer cry?
Well, maybe that's just
"her way".

Do they love them when
they let them go hungry
because they've spent
their last dollar on booze?
Sure...that's just
"her way".

Do they love them when
they send them out to buy drugs
for their "proud parents"?
How can this be
their way to show
love?

I won't listen to it anymore.

If you love a child
you show it.

You LOVE them.

You care for them.

You do what helps them.

You don't hurt them
in the name of love.

Do they love them
as they walk away
and leave them?

I suppose that's just
"their way" too
right?

Mary Nagy

All That You Are

You're that extra little something
that can make me feel so good.
You're that voice that often answers
when "I wonder if I should...."

You're the sprinkling of sugar
that's atop the apple pie.
You're just that little whisper
like a baby's contented sigh.

You're that one last piece of cheesecake
when the meal has found it's end.
You're the softness of a homemade quilt
that's given from a friend.

You're the extra little cushion
on the soles of aching feet.
You're the answer to my prayers
and I thank God he let us meet.

Mary Nagy

Am I Supposed To Help?

I hear about your troubles.
You tell me everyday.
You say you're going under.
I'm not sure what to say.

I'd like to help you out of this.
I'd offer you my hand.
I just feel like I'm adding to
your weight while in quicksand.

You're old enough to realize
you have to really work.
You have to learn the hard way.
I sound like such a jerk.

Why do you keep getting here?
When will you ever learn?
You have to stay on top of things
and then get what you earn.

It's hard, oh yeah, I know it.
Believe me when I say
'I struggle to keep life on track
each and every day.'

I know that you can do it.
You've gotten through much worse.
I just don't think it helps you
when I reach into my purse.

You'll end up so much stronger.
I promise this is true.
I'm here if you should need me.
I just don't know what to do.

Mary Nagy

As We Watch The New Year Start

To start the New Year off this way
surrounded by our friends.....
is just what we had hoped for!
Let's hope this feeling never ends.

We've found ourselves a home here
a worldwide family.
A place for all lost souls to meet
and share their poetry.

If last year was a clue for us
how this year's gonna be....
We're in for such a special year!
Let's see what it can be.

We've got people from the U.S.,
Australia and U.K..
China and then Canada....
too many more to say!

The differences are few
when we look within each heart.
Let's try to love each other
as we watch the New Year start.

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Mary Nagy

Be A "Good Kid" And Roll Me A Joint

When you are nine years old
and sifting the seeds out
of your parents pot for them,
you can't really preach
about the dangers of cigarettes
and second-hand smoke...
even though you know them.

You know better than to miss a seed
and let it "pop" while they are smoking it.
"What are you lazy or just too stupid? "
"Is it really that hard to make sure
all the seeds are out? "

Once you've proven yourself with the sifting job,
maybe they'll think enough of you
to actually let you roll one.
If you're lucky.
Then you're a real "big helper".
Then they really like having you around.
Because they love you.

But, if you're stupid enough
to roll a joint that isn't tight
or comes apart while they're smoking it...
you'll be sorry.
Because then they'll tell all their friends
just how stupid their worthless kid is.
"Stupid kid.
Can't even roll a good joint.
What good are you"?

Just wait...you're almost ten.
Then they'll have you smoke one yourself.
"It'll make you much cooler.
Because you're such a dork.
You really need help".

Mary Nagy

Beauty Queen Or Garden Gnome?

You say that you can picture me sitting in my chair.
What is it that you picture when you look from over there?
Do you envision beauty or an ugly, wrinkled hag?
Does my skin give off a glow or do my wrinkles sag?

It's strange to think you picture someone you've never seen.
I could be short and squatty or maybe tall and lean.
What is the face that's given to represent this poem?
Is it of a beauty queen or just a garden gnome?

Mary Nagy

Before We Loved

I hadn't known
what was missing
yet I felt the emptiness.

I hadn't dared
to dream
yet I felt the yearning.

I hadn't asked
for comfort
yet my pain was obvious.

I hadn't known
what love was
until you walked in.

I hadn't really
lived...
before we loved.

Mary Nagy

Being ~different~

The past, it may be over
but is it really changed?
I wish I could forget it
but my life's still rearranged.

I'm always told I'm 'different'.
There are things I just won't do.
These things that make me strange to them
I owe them all to you.

Because of how you were then
I swore I'd never be.
Somehow I lost myself in this
although I'm finally free.

I won't even look at alcohol.
Oh gosh, no way...no how!
My kids will never see me drunk.
Not later and not now!

You'll never hear a curse word
be uttered from my lips.
Although I may be thinking them
while my hands are on my hips!

I seem like such a nut case
to all who don't know why.
I don't waste time explaining...
I couldn't even try.

Mary Nagy

Breaking The Silence

This house
once filled by
a family of seven
has become a tomb
for one.

If they return
things will be different.
If he finds them
he will be the husband
and father
they need.

Taking another chug
from the bottle of whiskey
his world becomes
a little darker,
a little warmer.
He knows
what he needs to do...
but how to do it?

He takes another bulb
from it's snowman covered box
and gives it a good toss
straight up
suspending it in mid-air
for as long as possible
before it hits
the cold cement floor
with a hypnotizing "POP".

Watching the tiny fragments
scatter across the floor
he sees himself
alone again
and thanks God
that they left the Christmas decorations...
his only way to

break the silence.

Dedicated to my dad.

Mary Nagy

Buried By Haiku

I'm here
amongst the huge pile of haiku.
Can you see me?
I hope you do.

I've been buried here
and I don't know what to do.
Each time I post a poem..
it gets buried by haiku! !

Mary Nagy

Can A Mom Just Say It's Over?

My throat won't stop constricting, I just can't look away.
I really need to talk to you yet I don't know what to say.

I will not let the tears fall. I'm stronger than I look.
You've never given credit for the strength survival took.

I know for you it's over. A mother you'll never be.
Disgust exudes from every pore... each time you look at me.

It's too much to consider, there's too much in our past.
You feel it's not worth trying cause you think it wouldn't last.

It knocks the breath right from my chest when I think of what won't be.
How does it feel to know you've caused me so much misery?

I wake myself up crying for the mom I'll never know.
You know how much I loved you, but still you let me go.

Will you ever try to love me... maybe try to be my friend?
Did you think we had forever... are you glad this is the end?

Mary Nagy

Can We Revisit The Raft?

Remember that old raft
in the middle of the lake?
We'd swim out there together
and see how long we'd take.

I loved to hide underneath it
as the chain held us in place.
We knew they wouldn't find us
in our secret little space.

I remember how I felt then.
I would tremble in your hands.
I had found my piece of heaven
below the raft, above the sand.

I need just a reminder
of the passion from the past.
Why can't you understand this?
Don't you want our love to last?

We rarely have five minutes
to appreciate each other.
It seems all that I am to you
is a friend and your kid's mother.

That's not enough to make it.
I need for you to see.
I'm not trying to be difficult
and I don't want to be free.

I just want to know you need me
for more than just clean clothes.
I'm tired of feeling lonely.
Is that just how it goes?

Let's visit that old raft again
or we'll find a brand new spot.
I just need to feel the passion
of the love I know we've got.

Mary Nagy

Can You Really Get "High" On Life?

I'm tired of them asking "What is it that you're on? "
Why can't I just be happy with this life I've stumbled on?

My brother says that with each day he sees me it is worse.
He says he thinks my happiness is sorta like a curse.

He says he fears I'm losing touch with harsh reality.
I don't see what the problem is to live your life carefree.

So what if I start laughing when I hear a funny word?
Who cares if I can sit for hours to see a hummingbird?

He says "Life isn't like that, it's ugly and it hurts."
Yet, when this trouble looks at me, my soul's eye just averts.

I see the pain and heartache, I hear the hollow moan.
No one feels it more than me and sure, I've felt alone.

I just don't choose to dwell there, in sadness and in fear.
I have to see the good in things so I can persevere.

Mary Nagy

Charity

You are my little angel
and I hope you'll always know,
I love you more than life itself.
I've loved watching you grow.
If only I could show you
the way you've changed my world,
You'd see how much you've given me
by being my little girl.
There's nothing you can't tell me.
I'll always understand.
I'll always try to guide you.
I'll always hold your hand.
When you need to reach out for me,
you won't have to reach far.
Cause I will live inside your heart.
I'll be wherever you are.
Remember, my precious Charity,
You are special because you're you.
I wouldn't trade a single day
I spent together with you!

Mary Nagy

Charity Turns 13 Today!

Today is your big birthday. You're finally a "teen".
You'll always be my baby, I can't help how you're seen.

You've grown into such a sweetie with a crazy, loony smile.
I love that you don't give a rip about high fashion style.

You'll always be the world to me because of who you are.
I have no doubts about your life...I know you're going far.

Success is right there for you to grab and not let go.
I'll help you all a mother can, you're a big girl now....I know.

I love you precious Charity, more each and every day.
Today's a special one for you.....so have a HAPPY BIRTHDAY! !

LOVE FOREVER, MOM

Mary Nagy

Chase

I never knew a little boy
could be as sweet as you.
I always wondered how a son
could be anything but "Blue".

You've shown me how to love
something different than a girl.
You've shown me just what joy can be.
You've really changed my world.

I say "The sky is blue."
You say "I wonder why? "
I say "Maybe someday you'll find out."
You say "I'm sure I'll try! "

I know you're bound for greatness.
I read it on your face.
I hope you know how special you are
just because you're Chase.

Mary Nagy

Chirty

There once was a girl we called Chirty.
She was happy just when she was dirty.
She would sleep with the dogs
and play with the hogs
and stay up catching bugs till 2: 30.

She just loved anything that could crawl.
When she'd show me, you know I would bawl.
I can't stand the bugs
but I'll still give her hugs.
(even when she hangs them on her wall) .

One day she was catching a snake
I was praying it only was fake.
It was not only real
but a really BIG deal
when it joined in our swim at the lake.

She's an animal lover, no doubt
and she never stays in.....only out.
When she's old she may change...
that would seem oh so strange
cause this is just what she's about!

Mary Nagy

Christmas Together

I hung the decorations
and I trimmed the christmas tree.
What really means the most of all
is that you're here with me.

You make the season special
without spending lots of dough.
Your neverending friendship
means more than you could know.

I can't say what it means to me
to share this special time.
I thank God for another year
that He's let you be mine.

Let's deck the halls and celebrate
with family and friends.
But, lets take time for you and me
before the season ends.

Mary Nagy

Could Anything Blossom If It Believed It Could?

I wonder why certain plants
never blossom into flowers.
Have they been told that
they can't?
Have they been told that
it's impossible?

If somebody took the time
to tell a fern that
it could do it...
that one day it could bloom
with beautiful flowers...
do you think it could happen?

Do we not give certain plants
enough credit?
Do we convince them that
there is no use in trying
to be anything other than
a plain ol' plant?

I think we should
give all living creatures
the hope
of one day blooming
and then see
what may come of it.

We just may be suprised

Mary Nagy

Cover Your Crack If You Want Me To Take You Seriously!

Today it seems it's trendy
to wear your pants real low.
You know you're hot if you can walk
and let your butt-crack show!

Maybe I'm just old-fashioned
or maybe I'm a prude...
but I can't help but thinking
that your butt-crack is just rude!

It started with the plumber,
by accident... I'm sure!
But now, my teacher turns around
Oh no! Don't tell me.....Her?

She even wears the pants real low
so when she turns away...
her butt-crack smiles back at you
and you don't know what to say!

Do you pretend it's not there?
Do you say "Hey, nice crack? "
Pray to the fashion Gods and hope
suspenders will come back!

Mary Nagy

Cowpies Of Life

Written by: Mary Nagy and Ray Andrews

Sometimes our instincts cry for help
and help them we surely try.
But often we grasp at certain wrong rings
and find ourselves go awry.

Do you race to the bar after work
and down a few pounders of beer?
On returning home do you drink a few more
extending the evening's cheer?

A pickled liver and jaundice too-
a couple of things that can happen to you;
a watered down brain-thrown down the drain,
it's happened to more than a few.

Are you collecting riches
to fulfill your aching need?
Does the happiness of 'getting'
seem to satisfy your greed?

Will you be wearing diamonds
when you're riding in the hearse?
When you get to heaven
will your shoes still match your purse?

Do you fill your trophy case
with pictures and letters too?
Of all your fallen lovers
whose love just wouldn't do?

Is finding that new lover
going to help to heal your soul?
Perhaps you need to look within
before life takes it's toll.

Your life is what you make it

just choose your destiny.
The road's not paved with excess
but love and empathy.

Mary Nagy

Cruel Joke

Was it just a cruel joke
or did you feel the same?
How could you kill a grown man's soul?
Why did you play this game?

He says he'd still forgive you.
I pray he NEVER will.
No matter how much pain you've felt,
I HOPE YOU FEEL MORE STILL! !

I hope you carry the torture
with you for all your days.
I hope your life is MISERABLE
just like you wanted Ray's.

They say that God will punish
and make you feel the shame.
For what you've done was heartless
and there's ONLY YOU TO BLAME!

Mary Nagy

Dad

I'm sure you think I'm crying.
You think it hurts so bad.
The only thing that truly hurt,
was when I lost my dad.

He really wanted me to know
the way life was meant to be.
He always tried to help me out.
He truly cared for me.

I pray one day I'll see him
laughing once again.
He was so much more than people knew.
He was part of a bigger plan.

Now he's gone to heaven
and I hope he's looking down.
I need him still to guide me
when I laugh and when I frown.

Mary Nagy

Death Of A Childhood

I thought I was prepared.
People asked
"Are you excited? "
I always answered
"Heck yes I am! "
My "baby-girl"
heading off to college
to become a police officer
filled me with more pride than I ever imagined.

But-
also never imagined...
the emptiness left
in her absence.
Felt immediately.
After the truckload of
"college essentials"
were carried to her tiny dorm room
we said our goodbyes
and it hit me...
her childhood is over!

There is no more time
to schedule those
"One day we'll take the kids there..."trips.
No more
"When we get the money we'll do this...".
Broken promises
flooded my ears.
All I heard was my own voice
reassuring her that "One day we'll....".
The tears have dried over the past 3 weeks.
But the lesson learned
will stay forever.
I will not mourn
the death of a childhood,
I will celebrate the life
of a beautiful young woman.

Mary Nagy

Despair

I search the world for answers
to the questions in my mind.
Although, it seems those answers
are the ones I'll never find.

In dark despair I call out.
I scream for help and light.
The source of deep depression
is something I must fight.

I try to "keep my chin up"
and "focus on the ball",
but everytime I take a step
I also take a fall.

For those of us who fight them,
the demons in our head,
we have to force ourselves to sleep
each time we go to bed.

Without my faith in Jesus
and my love of family,
I don't know where I would end up
but I know I wouldn't be free.

Mary Nagy

Did God Create You Just For Me?

In a self-centered way
I have to think God was thinking of me
when he created you.

Today's the day you were born
(three days after me) .
I think of us
newborn babies in the hospital
at the same time.
Same small town
just different hospitals...
neighbors right from birth.

Right from the beginning
our lives were aligning.
We were parallel
yet we never looked to the side
to see the other...
until we were teenagers.

Then, just like the day we were born,
we were neighbors again.
Our lives were once again aligning.
I'm glad we looked to the side
and found eachother.

Today I celebrate you being born
and also
us finding eachother.
Happy Birthday Todd.
I look forward to sharing many more
"birthday weeks" with you,
as we have since the week we were born.

11-11-05

Mary Nagy

Did We Meet?

When you met me today
all you saw were
empty pockets.
You didn't care to notice
that my heart was overflowing.

You saw my dirty shoes
but didn't see that it's
the clean livin' that
gets them that way.

You heard I don't
go out much
but you didn't even ask
if I know how to
have fun.

I don't think we really
"met" today.
You surely didn't
"see me".
You didn't stop to
"hear me".
When you find
what you think
you were looking for
I hope it doesn't leave you
wondering.

Mary Nagy

Dingleberry

I cry when you are hurting.
I laugh when you have fun.
You're not a "nut" as some would say,
You're just a "special" one.

You'd rather sleep with animals
than brush or comb your hair.
If I say "your clothes are mismatched."
you say "I just don't care."

You don't try to be proper.
You pass gas at free will.
I say "one day you'll act grown up."
You say "I never will! "

You refuse to wear a bra still.
You moon your enemies.
You hold the cat and with a smile,
say "I don't mind fleas! "

You truly are a DingleBerry! !
I love you!

Mary Nagy

Do You Remember When...?

They sat hidden in the shadows
and talked amongst themselves.
I doubt they would've noticed
if their servers had been elves.

He was entangled in her beauty
and the things that she would say.
There were moments interrupted
but he never looked away.

The waiter took their orders
and he served them both their meals.
I couldn't help but envy them...
"I remember how that feels..."

To feel the world is spinning
just for the both of you.
Everything's exciting
and there's nothing you won't do.

If only we could bottle
all the passion of those years
to use when it is needed most
to help wash off the tears.

Sometimes it seems impossible
to feel as we did then.
Perhaps we can go back there.
Do you "Remember when...?"

Mary Nagy

Does Your Soul Need Cleansing?

When you think of all the things
that you have done, both good and bad.
Do you wonder which ones made you
live the life that you have had?

If you were standing naked
showing everyone your soul,
Do you think the things you've done
will have taken such a toll?

Will your soul look very lovely
or will it have some stains?
Have your choices smudged it?
Maybe the dirt is what remains?

Is there a way to wash your soul?
To cleanse off all the dirt?
To wipe away the painful things you've done...
erase the hurt?

Perhaps we should just think of this
with each thing that we do.
I wouldn't want my soul exposed with stains...
How about you?

Mary Nagy

Don'T Count Me Out Of Life Yet!

Don't count me out of life yet.
There's so much I must do.
I have to tell our babies how
I fell in love with you!

I have to let them know just how
you turned my world around.
They need to know the Heaven
you made sure that we had found.

Don't count me out of life yet.
There's so much I must see.
I want to visit the ocean floor
and I want you there with me!

So many lovely places
that we have never been.
One day we have to travel...
to gaze in wonder at Big Ben.

Don't count me out of life yet.
There's so much I must feel.
Our grandchilds tiny fingertips
as they grasp for what is real.

I'll be that sweet ol' Gramma
that I dreamt of all my life.
I'll feel sweet separation
as our youngest takes a wife.

Don't count me out of life yet.
There's so much I must say.
I love you just is not enough
to express my thoughts today.

Mary Nagy

Don'T Doubt Me

Don't tell me that I'm doomed to failure
just because I have lived through this pain.
Don't think that my scars are a hindrance
I'll show you how I will sustain.

Don't make me feel that I am a loser
because I have been led to lose.
Don't say that statistically I'm a lost cause.
That's a choice that I have yet to choose.

Don't say that you know I won't make it
because of my parents mistakes.
I've seen what they've done and I've learned.
Now I know what success really takes.

Don't feel for me just out of pity
or your need to have something to say.
My tears have been leading me so far
I am trusting I'll find my own way.

Who cares if you're born to a pauper
or you have the disease in your veins.
Have no doubt that it's you who can make it
In the end it is you that remains.

Never listen to those who will doubt you
they can't see the fire burn in your soul.
I believe you are more than a number
let yourself become spiritually whole.

Mary Nagy

"Easy Does It"

We walk up to the building
but don't know what to say.
It seems warm and familiar...
the sign just reads "AA".

Dad came here to get sober.
He's trying to get clean.
I know I'm only 7
but I know what they mean.

He's been here for awhile now.
I've missed him very much.
He couldn't even call us.
"Not Allowed" to keep in touch.

"Thirty days is nothing! "
she says into her drink.
"He needs some time away from you! "
"Some time so he can think."

When he comes home it's her turn.
He says "I know she can."
I'm scared to meet this stranger...
my dad is... not this man.

Now he wants our room clean.
He wants to cook a meal.
I'm not sure what to think of this.
I'm not sure what to feel.

In thirty days she then comes home
to a brand new clean up crew.
We're nervous how she'll treat us...
we don't know what she'll do.

Given a months sobriety
they're at eachothers throats.
There's no more happy dinners.
No more inspiring notes.

They fall off that old wagon
like they've both done before.
Get ready for survival
cause we are bound for war.

The cycle never ended.
They never kept it clean.
They mimicked "Easy Does It".
Yet "easy" was never seen.

Mary Nagy

Envisioning Forever

Envisioning forever makes the struggles seem worthwhile.
It helps me keep on running even through the roughest mile.

Sometimes it seems like giving up is all that I can do...
and then I envision forever and I'm always there...with you.

The worries of our basic needs and struggles of each day
may sometimes cloud my judgement but those clouds I brush away.

It's hard to not lose focus when I'm down and need to cry
but envisioning forever gives me reason to still try.

I want to be together, in a cabin in the woods.
I want to have to drive for miles to stock up on our goods.

Envisioning forever there is always me and you.
That's what keeps me going and helps to pull me through.

Mary Nagy

Eyes Of Fire And Heart Of Stone

I see pain in their eyes.
I hear sorrow in their cries.
Inside I break and cry alone,
with my eyes of fire and heart of stone.

No matter how much pain I feel
I am sure that I will always deal
the way I know..alone
with my eyes of fire and heart of stone.

Others may not know the fear.
They know just what they see or hear.
I come off cruel and cold.
Inside I'm not...I'm just not bold.

I have to thank my mother
for the love she's never shown
The one thing that she did give me...
her eyes of fire and heart of stone.

Mary Nagy

Family Picture?

What is a family picture?
Is it all for real?
Are the people that you see
pretending they don't feel?

Can you see their anger?
Can you smell their fear?
Do you sense unhappiness
in the picture that's so clear?

We're trying to be perfect,
to look a certain way.
A family picture says so much
when there's nothing nice to say.

You plaster on the fake smile.
You put your arms 'just so'.
You show the world your family
without letting your family show.

Mary Nagy

Father And Son

You're standing in the doorway.
Your workday is all done.
He waits to see you everyday,
this boy that is your son.

He hopes you will go fishing.
He hopes you'll shoot the gun.
He just wants to be with you,
this boy that is your son.

He is your spitting image.
To him you are "The One".
He hopes to be just like you,
this boy that is your son.

You show him what a man is.
You teach as you have fun.
You are admired as well as loved
by this boy that is your son.

You've got a friend forever.
Until the world is done.
Then, still you will be holding
this man that is your son.

Mary Nagy

Feel Free To Share My Hobby

I've never had a hobby...
one that I would share.
I never got excited
cause I really didn't care.

Now I feel the passion
of sharing what I write.
Although I may not have the skill
I surely have the fight.

I use to write in shadows.
My thoughts were just my own.
I never thought they'd find themselves
outside my comfort zone.

But as I'm getting older
I crave the written word
and now it gives me comfort
when I know that I am heard.

I now will claim my hobby.
I say "I love to write".
I'll welcome you to read it.
Share my pleasures and my plight.

Mary Nagy

Finding Uriah's Angel

I wish I knew an angel with a warm and tender soul.
One to send Uriah so his heart could then feel whole.

He's such a sweet romantic and he knows just what to say.
I can't believe that "Mrs. Right" has never come his way.

It hurts to feel his loneliness and truly feel his need.
To find a woman for this man would be so great indeed.

His tenderness could soften the heart of any beast.
Let's get a thousand women to prepare a lovely feast.

He is the guest of honor and I hope you'll all attend.
Let's find this man an angel to be with him til the end.

Mary Nagy

Fishing Fun

Our fishing trips aren't fruitful,
but they're always lots of fun.
We always have a story
about losing 'the big one'.

Most of the time we're casting
while dad says 'Watch your pole!
To be a real good fisherman
you have to play the role! '

'You can't keep reeling in your bait.
Patience is the key.
If you just stare right at the tip...
You'll get one...you will see.'

'Stop making noise! ', 'Stop fidgeting! '
'Who drank up all my pop? ? ? '
'Don't hit her! ' and 'Don't look at him! '
'This fighting's got to stop! ! '

Just when we reach the fishing hole
of course you need to pee! !
Next week we'll try it all again!
It'll be fun... REALLY... You'll see!

Mary Nagy

Five Young Children

Five young children.
Lost and alone.
No one to care for them.
No one home.

Where are their parents?
Sitting in the bar.
Once the drinks have all been poured,
The fights will go too far.

Remember those poor children
waiting there at home.
They're too young to change their lives
or live them on their own.

Are there other children?
Lost and alone?
No one to care for them?
No one home?

Mary Nagy

"Foo-Foo" Words

If it takes fancy language
to make your eyes delight
you may not want to read this
or hey, maybe you might! ?

I don't use words like "Fabulous! "
or "That's simply divine! "
I might say "Hey, I like that! "
or "Wow, now that is FINE! "

You'll never see a "Thou" here
and you'll never spot a "Thee"
I can't pronounce the big words.
They're not my cup of tea!

I may say "What the heck was that? "
or "Woohoo! I feel good! "
I see no sense in "foo-foo" words
if they're not understood.

Mary Nagy

For You, My Friend

I get the silent phone calls.
I know she's on the line.
Why don't you be a man for once
and choose her home or mine?

You say I must be crazy
because I do accuse...
You must have forgotten
how much I have to lose.

I've given you the better part
of my unhappy life.
Why can't you just be satisfied
with me being your wife?

Have I made you be unfaithful?
Do I not fulfill your needs?
Or is it just your selfishness
that makes you do such dirty deeds?

I'll get the strength to leave you,
and believe me...when I do,
You'll Pay for all the pain you've caused
when she does the same to you!

Mary Nagy

For Your Viewing Pleasure

For your viewing pleasure I'd like to bare my soul.
I feel compelled to tell you all just why I don't feel whole.

Life's like a twisted game where nobody can win.
The rules are all forgotten and nothing is a sin.

For your viewing pleasure I'd like to sit and cry.
You'll see the pain I'm feeling but you'll never ask me why.

You're watching my destruction from your comfy front row seat.
You'll never have to help me... because we'll never meet.

For your viewing pleasure I must expose my fears.
I'll tell you what still torments me even after all the years.

I hope it entertains you while I trudge through all my sorrow.
Stay tuned.....there's bound to be more pain lined up for me tomorrow.

Mary Nagy

Forgiven

Will I ever be forgiven
for simply being born?
Will I ever forgive myself
or will I always feel this torn?

It's easy forgiving others.
I feel they need my love.
Then why do I only feel I deserve
the angry push and shove?

To see what should be done.
It's all so clear to me.
But telling my heart to feel that way...
It simply just can't be.

I'll keep on pushing forward
throughout this awkward strife.
One day we'll all be happy
and laugh at this crazy life.

Mary Nagy

Garbage.....

It's time to take the garbage out
to pile beside the street.
It symbolizes what we've done
for people we won't meet.

They see the pile of garbage
and wonder "What the heck! "
"How do they get so much darn trash? "
"It might just cause a wreck! "

But that won't stop their looking
and driving by r e a l s l o w...
We might be tossing something good
out this week ya never know!

Mary Nagy

God Gives What You Give

If you give just a little
of yourself from time to time,
You're bound to see the benefits
of being true and kind.

God finds ways to thank us
that we may never see..
like driving in a winter storm
and getting home safely.

So many of the little things
go unnoticed everyday.
I make a point to thank the lord
for the luck that comes my way.

Sometimes I fail to notice
how he helps me when I'm down.
Like how my children make me smile
without making a sound.

If you can take the time to ask
'How are you doing today? '
to someone that is feeling low,
I'm sure you'll be repaid.

Mary Nagy

God Will Help Me

God will give me patience
to deal with evil things.
He will block it out for me....
I hear the angels sing.

My mind's become polluted
with mean and cruel remarks.
This poem will be my cleansing
from the big dog's lonely barks.

I've fallen far from virtue.
I took that poisoned bite.
At least I regained composure
before the title fight.

No longer will I worry.
I won't reach out my hand.
You made your bed, now lie in it.
I'm sure you understand.

Mary Nagy

Goodbye

I pray one day for happiness.
I pray one day for peace.
I pray one day I'm left alone
and this pain will finally cease.

Don't hate me because I'm different.
Don't hate me for having love.
Don't hate the fact that I know GOD
is guiding me from above.

I wish you knew my pleasures.
I wish you knew my pain.
I wish you knew how hard I try
to let the love remain.

Maybe we will never
see things eye to eye.
But hate will only cause more pain.
So let's just say GOODBYE.

Mary Nagy

Happy Birthday Denis! You Are Wonderful!

To: Denis Joe.....

How did I miss your birthday?
You should have let me know!
Cause then I would have thanked you
for the kindness that you show.

You always have a nice note
to leave below a poem.
Your name is always welcomed
in my heart and in my home.

I love the way you give advice
with such a touch of class.
I wish I would have known before
your birthday came to pass.

Your topics of discussion
have become a simple treasure.
Your wisdom and your intellect
is something we can't measure.

I hope you enjoyed your birthday
and I wish you many more.
Get ready for a wonderful year!
You never know what's in store!

Mary Nagy

Happy Birthday Jerry!

When I heard about his birthday
from the "birdie" Adrienne
I thought I better write a poem
to celebrate this man.

His heart is young as ever.
His soul has touched us all.
He always seems to be there
when a troubled one may call.

If I had lots of money
I'd buy something you could use....
but since I'm just a "po' folk"
I'll say Happy Birthday Mr. Hughes!

Mary Nagy

Happy Father's Day Todd! !

It feels like I have known you
for my entire life.
I truly started living
when I became your wife.

You've taught me what true love is
by opening your heart.
My love for you is immeasurable.
It's been growing from the start.

I watch you with our children.
The love shown on your face.
You show them all such tenderness
as you guide them into place.

If I could choose the perfect man,
you'd be the only one.
You're dependable, and reliable,
but you're also tons of fun! !

You help to teach our kids what's right
and guide them through this life.
I have to tell you once again...
I love being your wife!

Mary Nagy

Have You Ever Wondered?

Have you ever wondered...
how it feels to be alone,
to wonder if you'll eat today
or where you'll have to roam?

Have you ever wondered...
how it feels to be afraid,
to know you can't cry out for help
because you can't be saved?

Have you ever wondered...
how it feels to cry at night,
to wonder if there is a God
and if He'll ever make things right?

Have you ever wondered...
how it feels to ache inside,
to know you can't find happiness
and there's nowhere left to hide?

Mary Nagy

He Broke His Wedding Ring

It finally snapped!
It had become tighter
over the years.
He pretended he didn't notice
that his finger was growing
around the ring.
He assured me it didn't hurt,
claimed his finger was always
that shade of purple,
but yesterday it was stretched
beyond it's limits
and it just snapped.

He was pushing a shopping cart
(of all things!)
buying the needed supplies
to cook me a special dinner.
He stood there
like a deer caught in the headlights
not sure what to do.
Does this say something
about our marriage?

Did he really think our love
was dependant on a ring?
I grabbed his hand and looked
where the ring had been.
That finger looked so painful
the ring had actually left
a permanent imprint
as if his finger was made
of play dough.

I couldn't help but wonder
if that is how our marriage has felt to him.
Confining, painful and restrictive.....
I will buy him a new ring,
One that allows his finger room

To breathe and move freely
just as I want him to feel
in this marriage.

Mary Nagy

He Said He Thought I Saved Him

The celebration ended
as we dragged ourselves to bed.
My heart is brimming over
with the words that he just said.

We were sleepily talking
as we so often do.
To no surprise he leaned over
and said "I really love you".

Of course this is the routine.
We always say "Goodnight
I love you and sleep well"
but he didn't stop there tonight.

He said he thought I saved him
from what he would have been.
He said he was so thankful
that I found him way back when.

I felt my heart would burst
from hearing such sweet love.
I've often felt that I'm the one
who owed my life above.

Of course I didn't save him.
His soul is way too pure.
The truth is I'm the lucky one
of this I know I'm sure

Mary Nagy

He Was Questioning Her Gender

He had questions of her gender
even though she dressed in splendor.
He tried hard not to offend her
but she was anything but slender...
and the proof.....she wouldn't render.

One day she went on quite a bender...
got so drunk she smashed the fender
on the truck he holds so tender.
(For that you really can't defend her.)
So a note he chose to send her
to inquire about her gender...
(with a bill sent from his lender
for the fixing of his fender.)

Mary Nagy

Her New (Old) Truck

Her one friend got a Hummer.
The other a new Jeep.
I hate to tell you darling...
but, we are way too cheap!

What happened to the oldies?
A good ol' Chevy truck...
That's what you get so don't complain
or else you're out of luck.

We picked it up at auction.
It's deep purple and so cool.
I hope you don't mind driving
an '85 Chevy truck to school.

So, let them have their Hummers
their Hemi's and their cars.
Cause when we leave the mudhole
you can tow them home with ours.

Mary Nagy

Hiding In The Closet

I use to sit there
in the very back of your closet.
I knew nobody would look for me.
I'd just sit there
and smell your new clothes
and cry.

It didn't seem fair
why I had one pair of pants
and three shirts
(that rarely saw a washing machine) .

I know you said you "needed" them.
You had to look good
at the bar.
After all, why would I need new clothes?
I never went anywhere...
except school.

And they wondered why
I wouldn't talk to people.
Even the "retarded" girl
told me I was weird.

I still don't like shopping
for myself.

I never want them to feel
the way I did
while I was hiding in that closet.

Mary Nagy

His Trip To The Moon

There once was a boy we called chase-face
he dreamed of reaching outer space.
With this dream in his heart
our family will part
and this boy we never could replace.

We all dreaded that day late in June
when we knew he would fly to the moon.
So a party we had
even though we were sad
as the countdown was scheduled for noon.

Chase couldn't get rid of the grin
or the drool that was right on his chin.
He was laughing so loud
while we stood watching proud.
His journey would finally begin.

The trip was a total success.
Of course, we expected no less.
We've done all we can.
He now is a man
and all that he sees he will bless.

Mary Nagy

Holiday Madness

It's Christmas!
What's the reason
for the season?
Is it pleasin'
everyone?

Once the presents
are all open
we'll be hopin'
and just copin'
through the fun.

It's the stress
of all the wonder.
No more worries of each blunder
while our head goes further under.
Are we done?

Happy holidays to you!
With those simple little smiles
you can reach across the miles
all decked out in velvet styles...
Merry Christmas everyone!

Mary Nagy

How Boomer Ruined Our Hunting Trips

For years we have gone hunting.
I've loved sitting next to him in his deer blind
or sitting quietly in my own.

Now that Boomer came into our lives
I see all living animals as having feelings
and I can't stand the thought of hunting.

Boomer is our basset hound.
He thinks he is human.
I sometimes think so too.

The way he has shown me
that he feels things like we do
has changed me forever.

Now, all I can think of is that
if a dog can feel emotions like we do...
can a deer?

Are they afraid?
Do they know why we are sitting there?
Do they hate me?

I have to explain this to my husband
and pray he understands why
our hunting days together are over.

Mary Nagy

How Do I Continue?

My every muscle hurts.
I fight my eyes for sight.
It seems my day just starts...I blink
and once again it's night.

Just let me please lie down my head.
I must just be too weak.
How can I accomplish all I must
when a nap is all I seek?

I burn the proverbial candle
of course both ends are lit.
Sometimes I feel I can hardly stand...
it's all I can do to sit!

It never seems to ease up
this pace of life full-tilt.
There's rarely time to smell the rose
before it starts to wilt.

God, help me through these rough times.
I promise to really try.
I promise that I won't give up.
I can't promise not to cry.

My tears so often cleanse me.
My soul just seems to ache.
I need your strength to hold me up.
Have pity for heavens sake!

Mary Nagy

How Do I Thank You?

I was driving by the park yesterday and saw that girl.
She was holding a beer while leaning back on some scroungy guy.
I remember when she was in your class in 5th grade...she's only 16.
Does her mother know this is what she does
mid-day on a Tuesday?

I heard another kid in your class dropped out.
Since when is a 9th grade education enough?
That makes how many that just dropped out...
because they 'don't like it'?

The girl in your 5th hour wasn't there all last week.
She was busy... giving birth.
She's old... considering she's in the 11th grade.
(Compared to the 7th grader that just had a baby 3 months ago.)

I want to scream WAKE UP everytime I see them in town.
The ones wearing the booty-shorts and tiny tank tops.
Who do I thank for my wonderful daughters?
Do I just thank God that I was blessed with you?
How can I thank you for being the young women that you've become?
When I see all that is going on around you...
I'm amazed by your strength.

Mary Nagy

How "Mary Nagy" Became "Maggie"

I don't know how it happened.
I'll never understand.
When I got married and changed my name
I was in wonderland!

My maiden name was "Gasiewicz".
Say that one ten times fast!
So when I became "Nagy"
I thought...some peace at last!

It seems an easy name...
I'm simply "Mary Nagy".
But somehow through the years...
they've turned me into "Maggie".

I have to laugh about it.
It happens all the time.
I guess it is just natural
when two names seem to rhyme.

I get it in my daily life...
"Hello, How are you Maggie? "
I just chuckle to myself
and say "I'm Mary Nagy".

I didn't think I'd get that
mistake here on the net.
But, yep, It's happening again...
"Hi, I'm Maggie. Have we met? "

Mary Nagy

I Adore You

I adore you....
For the pleasure
and the treasure
that can't be measured.

That's what you are.

I adore you....
For your kiss.
You never miss
these days like this.

It's who you are.

I adore you....
For the years
you've wiped my tears
and stopped my fears.

That's how you are.

I adore you....
My only love
sent from above,
fits like a glove.
What a man you are!

Mary Nagy

I Beg You

When I heard you were in the hospital
it all became so clear.
I better take advantage of the time□
while you are here.

We need to see each other
and find a common ground.
It's taken over twenty years
for you to come around.

We've wasted our whole lifetime
There's so much we don't know.
I doubt you know my favorite song
or favorite t.v. show.

You say you've quit the smoking.
I fear it will not last.
If you don't take this seriously
You'll just repeat the past.

I'm begging you sincerely.
You say you'll be my mother.
To do this may take all you have.
Unlike you, I have no other.

You have two other daughters
To step into my place.
You are my only mother
and you cannot be replaced.

Mary Nagy

"I Call The Credit Card! "

The mailman walks so slowly.
They see him near our box.
The kids all run to check the mail
(normally without socks!)

"I call the credit card! "
They say because they know.
We've now grown to expect it
like cold weather brings the snow.

It's one of the usual pieces
that they've come to just expect...
each day we're offered credit cards
(that they think we can't reject) .

Another line of credit!
Hey, here's \$50,000 more!
I've never owned a credit card
and I'll never owe a store.

Although we've never had one
we're offered every day.
The kids use them for bookmarks.....
It's much cheaper that way!

Mary Nagy

I Don'T Want To See The Angels

The countdown has begun.
1 week and 4 days.
Anesthesia scares me.
Will I awaken?

I'm finding myself
getting things in order.
For what?
I'm not sure.
I seem compelled
to write notes to my kids
and husband.
To assure they know
I love them.

People say,
"Don't worry, you'll be fine."
Do they know?
Can they guarantee this?
(I'd like to get that in writing) .

The thought of this being my
last 11 days
really puts life into perspective.
I am stepping outside of myself
and seeing what it would be
for them
without me.

You say I'm being dramatic?
DRAMATIC?
Perhaps.
But, who knows what is planned?

The only angels I want to see
when I wake up from surgery
are the ones that are driving me
to the hospital.

Mary Nagy

I Found Another Website!

I found another website
cause the fights had brought me down.
I searched the web for days...
another site in 'Cyber-town'.

I logged into the home-page
and checked the place all out.
Then someone from the forum
gave a big ol' growly shout!

I heard it through my speaker.
My mouse gave out a squeak!
I looked up at the heading that read
'Topic Of The Week'

'What makes a poem a good one? '
and 'Do You Think Rhyme's Dead? '
I think I said a cuss-word....
(but, it was only in my head!)

I thought that I had stumbled
into another new dimension
cause in their so-called 'lobby'
they all fought for the attention.

There were the angry voices
and I had to plug my ears.
The men were all puffed up with pride
(wise....even beyond their years)

There was a dark-haired woman
with a tongue as sharp as razor.
She joined the hunt to catch a bear...
(they shot him with a taser) .

I realized I missed my home
and couldn't run away.
I see this is the place I love
and this is where I'll stay.

Mary Nagy

I Found Your Card Today

Searching through the attic
I was completely caught off guard
when the sudden flood of memories
were found inside a card.

The card was sent to you.
It had an air of 'young and sweet'.
You were still in my belly
and I feared we'd never meet.

The doctors warned of danger
so I prayed like none before.
I prayed you would be healthy
for me to just adore.

They put me up on bedrest
and said to "Just stay put! "
I couldn't leave the bedroom...
not even just a foot.

The months dragged by so slowly
but it was worth the wait.
They worried you wouldn't weigh 5 lbs
but you weighed nearly 8!

My one and only son.
No more babies for me.
I read the card I found today
and cried so joyously.

My visit to the attic
has renewed my faith in Him.
I felt my heart still glowing
as the attic lights went dim.

Mary Nagy

I Had A Visit From My Dad Last Night

I know it was a dream but still it felt so real.
My dad was right here next to me, his arms I can still feel.

He asked me how I'm coping and if I felt alright.
I cried and tried to tell him "Dad, I'm just so sad tonight."

I told him of my loneliness and of my crazy fears.
I told him all the things he's missed with me throughout the years.

He said that he had been here, he knew just how I felt.
He said that he was proud of me and by my bed he knelt.

He prayed for my forgiveness for all the pain I had.
All I could do was hold him and say "I'll always love you Dad."

He sat in the recliner that was always left for him.
He watched until I fell asleep but left the lights on dim.

He whispered in my ear "I'll always be around".
I woke up disappointed...an empty chair was all I found.

The air was thick with his cologne. I heard him call my name.
Since last night I know for sure I'll never be the same.

Mary Nagy

I Hope You Never Need A Stranger

If you only care about the ones
within your small arms reach
there's so much you will never know
and I could never teach.

Life will be your teacher
you'll see things we have known.
If closely you will listen
you'll never be alone.

But, if you choose to focus
on you and only yours
so much joy will be kept from you
through simple unlocked doors.

I hope you never need a stranger
someone you've never met
cause you have to remember...
what you give is what you get.

Mary Nagy

I Know She'll Be Alright (For Chelsey's 17th Birthday)

She's turning seventeen
still sweet
(and pure)
with a fire in her
that nobody will ever
be able to extinguish.

So much of her daily routine
use to revolve around me.
From her tiny little hands
waiting patiently
while I pour her
a bowl of Apple Jacks
to her tiny little toes
trying to wriggle free as I
work her black patent leather
dress shoe over her ruffley pink footies.

Now, she's a young woman
who really only needs me
if she chooses to.
I think she tries to need me
(for my sake) .
From her hands
now the same size as my own
frying us both an omelette
yet asking me for help
flipping it over
(as if she can't do it)
to her feet that
have passed my own size
yet still wait to be tucked in
each night by me.

I watch her
as she leaves for school today
with her long, blonde hair
ironed pin-straight to reach
well past the middle of her back.

She tosses on her favorite jeans
with the low-rise waist
(that always insist on needing
a tug every few minutes to stay up
where they belong)
and her way-too-favorite t-shirt
that cheers for the boy's football team on the front
and has her name on the back
in large, proud letters:
CHELSEY

She won't leave
without her kiss/hug goodbye.
(I love that about her) .
As cool as she is...
she's not embarrassed
to call me from school and say
"I love you Mom"
each time before she hangs up
while I hear the guys in the background
mimicking her "Yeah, I love you too mom! "
She doesn't care
she just punches them hard in the arm
and tells them to buzz off!
I laugh as I hear them groan
from the solid hit.
That's my girl!

Mary Nagy

I Need A Favor

Walk with me through sorrow.
Erase for me my shame.
Teach me of forgiveness.
Tell me I've no blame.

Reach into my darkness
and pull me to the light.
Read to me from your book.
Help me learn tonight.

Give to me your comfort
when that is all I ask.
Be there just to hold me...
a very simple task.

I'll return the favor.
One day you'll need me too.
I'll wash away your pain.
I will see you through.

Mary Nagy

I Never Even Told Him Thank You

My dad had been sober for almost 2 years.
(that was his longest sobriety of my life)
My brother was gone to a friends house for the night
and my dad knew I was bored.
He said to get dressed in my nicest dress
because he was taking me to dinner.
I thought this was sorta corny....
He tried to make a big deal about it
like it was a "Father/Daughter Night".
I had never had a fancy dinner
with just my dad and I.

When we pulled up to Mountain Jacks
(one of the nicer restaurants in the Lansing area at the time)
I'm ashamed to admit, I was embarrassed.
It was around prom time
and I hadn't planned on "being seen"
with my dad at a fancy restaurant.

While the hostess seated us
I grew more embarrassed
as we passed the teenage couples
sitting close together in their booths.
I couldn't believe I let him talk me into this!

All I could think was
"Thank God she put us at an out-of-the-way table! "
Instead of enjoying myself I worried how it must look
to be seen having dinner with my dad
while other people my age were at their prom.
Afterall, 16 was way too old to think dinner with daddy was fun!

I love shrimp but I had never tasted lobster tail
so my dad let me order the lobster tail
(and he ordered an appetizer platter
with the most delicious variety of shrimps I've ever tasted)
He never looked at the cost.
He ordered himself the filet mignon.
(he always gushed over how the "rich people" ate filet mignon) .

Well, being the brat I was, I didn't like the lobster tail.
My dad didn't either.
But, he traded me dinners and pretended he didn't mind.
I sat there and ate the filet mignon.
I never even told him thank you.

Mary Nagy

I Refuse To Cry

It seems to make no difference
to either you or I.
Sometimes it seems the pain's so deep
But I refuse to cry.

I'm stubborn...that's a given.
You knew this from the start.
I fear I have an icy hole
where I should have a heart.

I feel the pain...you know it.
I just don't let it show.
I see it as such weakness.
I don't want you to know.

Sometimes my soul is screaming
for the pain to be let out.
But I just don't know if I can...
instead, I sulk and pout.

Mary Nagy

I Remembered My 7th Grade Locker Partner

I talked to my sister today.
It's been over eight years.
The first word that she wrote
began the flood of tears.

I said to her simply "Hey"
she answered simply "Hey".
The saddest part through all of this
was we didn't know what to say.

I told her I was crying
and I just couldn't stop.
She said I shouldn't waste my tears...
they continued still to drop.

I saw my sister clearly
as she was when we were teens.
With only one year between us
she doesn't know what this means.

Nobody thought we were sisters.
They knew we were best friends.
We even shared a locker...
who'd know that's where it ends?

She fought to leave the horror
of what our lives became.
She thought she wanted freedom....
She never was the same.

Her life became so twisted
between foster homes and pain.
I wish I could've helped her
but, I was hurting just the same.

I told her I was crying
and I just couldn't stop.
She said I shouldn't waste my tears...
they continue still to drop.

Mary Nagy

I Saw You In The Rain

Sitting for what seems hours
listening to the rain
I find myself hypnotized
by the puddle
forming at the bottom
of the downspout.

The air is cold
yet I don't notice until
goosebumps cover
my arms.
Funny thing is,
I still feel warm.

I was noticing how
the rain poured out
of the spout so fast
yet as soon as it was free
it rested
in that puddle
content just to be free.

Is that how you feel?
Like that rain?
Struggling with such force
for your freedom?

Once you've reached
your "puddle"
will you relax
and stop struggling?
Is that all you're looking for?
A little space away
from that confining spout?

The puddle looks so calm
just shining with the days reflections
mirroring my thoughts.
If I look away will that puddle

still be there tomorrow?
I don't like taking risks...
so I keep staring
hypnotized by the cool
air and the tiny bubbles
fighting their way to the surface.

Mary Nagy

I Saw You Speak To The Trees

The sun still hadn't come up.
The grass was still covered
in its cool blanket of moisture
as you crossed the clearing
with an ease
I had never seen before.
It seemed as if you knew exactly
where you were going
and that you'd be welcomed
once you got there.

The closer you came to the woods
the more I watched in amazement.
The trees...all of them
began to move.
No,
they began to bow.
It was at that moment
that I wondered
if I was awake
or still sleeping beside you
in our bed.

With a combination of fear
and excitement
I rubbed my eyes
to remind myself
that it was early still
and my mind may be playing tricks
but...I saw it.
I saw the weeping willows
as well as the mighty oaks
gently bow-down
while you entered your woods.
You held your head high
and appeared to give them a nod
as if you were saying
"Good morning old friends"
and then they straightened again

as if all was right with the world.

I never told you I saw this
but from that day on
I knew
you were no ordinary man
and I was an extraordinarily lucky woman.

Mary Nagy

I Seek Out Others

Sometimes we're in such darkness
we try but can not see.
It's then that I seek others
to shine the light for me.

The stress of life can blind us.
It's hard to see through pain...
if you welcome love from others
your vision will remain.

When we're too close to see IT
because IT's all that we know
we have to seek out others
to let the pathway show.

At times I think "I've got it! "
"I know what's right for me! "
Then, through the eyes of others
the truth is what I see.

Mary Nagy

I Simply Have To Peek!

I like to take drives
late at night
and pass all those old houses
with the lights on
and the drapes carelessly forgotten.

I can't help myself.
I have to peek.
I wonder
what their house is like,
what they're saying,
why they're laughing,
why they're crying.

I wonder if they would
invite me in
if they knew I was
thinking of them.

This is just how I feel
when I read your poetry.
I feel like I'm driving by your home
and stealing a peek
through your windows.

Thanks for inviting me in.

Mary Nagy

I Still Hear Her

Will I ever lose the feeling
of that lonely little girl?
Am I trying to forget her
or just cope within this world?

It's so easy to ignore her
as I go about my day.
I never have to mention
all the things I hear her say.

Like, "You know you're just not good enough"
or "You shouldn't even try".
I could pretend I never hear
her when she starts to cry.

It's hard to move towards happiness
and leave her in the past.
She needs to see she's made it
and this time it's going to last.

I'm going to make her happy
and show her she can win.
I owe it to that little girl
that's screaming from within.

Mary Nagy

I Still See That Girl

I see the girl of innocence
that you at one time were.
You have to take your life back.
You owe that much to her.

She needs you to unclutter
the hurt you've filed away.
The memories of tragedy
and the things you never say.

If your heart is filled with sadness
where's the room for happiness?
That girl deserves attention
and she'll stand for nothing less!

Your soul is not a graveyard
for you to bury all your pain.
You can't hold in the feelings
that are driving you insane.

Purge your hate and anger.
Pour your darkness out.
Let your pain be recognized.
Hollar, scream, and shout!

No matter what it takes
just let her feel she's loved.
Don't allow her to be beaten,
abused....pushed and shoved.

That girl I know is hurting.
That girl deserves the best.
Make "you" a priority
and you will pass His test.

**For my sister Danielle. I still see that innocent girl from our childhood. I hope

you see her too. Love, Mary

Mary Nagy

I Think God Stole My Flashlight

As I stumbled through the darkness
groping at anything to get my bearings
I tried to feel for something that was familiar
yet I recognized nothing.
No electricity
so the silence was deafening.
I'm so use to the electrical hum
that seems to fill the house without being noticed
that my ears felt like they were being deceived.
This was my house but it was dark
and it was quiet
too quiet.

I finally found my way to the kitchen
by walking along holding the wall
that held familiar coat hooks covered by
the childrens coats, my purse,
and the many rings of keys...
Ah, yes! It's all coming back to me!
In the kitchen I find the drawer
that SHOULD hold a flashlight
that we keep there
for just such an emergency.
None!
There are abandoned cell phones,
half-used rolls of tape,
pencils, pens, business cards
(of people we've never done business with)
paper clips, spark plugs,
there's even a hood ornament off a Cadillac
(We've never even owned a Cadillac!)
but, no flashlight.

Where is everyone?
Why aren't they helping me?
I'm calling their names but get no reply
nothing is moving in this house.
How could that be?
Just when I start to panic

a beam of light from a flashlight shines a path for me.
I can't see who's holding the flashlight
but, instinctually I know not to ask.
A sense of calm washes over me...
NO, I mean THROUGH me.
I can feel the calm begin in my chest
with a warmth, almost hot feeling
that slowly works it's way down
to my fingertips and toes.
I know I'll be ok as long as he keeps shining that light.

I wake up
still feeling that warm tingle all over my body
and jump out of bed to see if the power had gone out.
No. Everything is as it was when we went to bed last night.
It's been 3 days since this dream, and I still feel that warmth.
I hope it never leaves.

Mary Nagy

I Want Too Much

I can't help wondering
if my life is one big joke.
Why must I feel so different?
Is it amusing to see me squirm in my own skin?
I just want to feel normal...
(whatever that is) .
I want to feel happiness.....without the guilt.
I want to feel passion..... without the shame.
I want to feel sadness.....without the hopelessness.
I want to feel love.....without feeling undeserving.
I just want to feel!

I know...

I want too much.

Mary Nagy

I Was Afraid Of Doctors...Till I Met Dr. Seuss

I was afraid of doctors.
They made me turn all red.
They made me itch and get a rash
I scratched until I bled.

One day I found an old book
just lying in my yard.
I knew that I could read it...
I was six and it wasn't hard!

The book was filled with magic
and wondrous, crazy things.
It told about another world
where dogs could be the kings!

I looked at the front cover
to see who wrote this book
to my suprise.....it couldn't be!
I need a second look!

A doctor wrote this story! ?
I guess they're not all bad!
If he could think such silly things
then, surely I'll be glad.

I'll go to see the doctor...
I give you no excuse.
I only hope my doctor is
as fun as Dr. Seuss!

Mary Nagy

I Was That Girl...

I was that girl...in the shadows
of an ever-dying love.

I was that girl...searching for God
just begging for help from above.

I was that girl...in the darkness
trying to find my way.

I was that girl...raised in violence
and then selfishly thrown away.

I was that girl...full of anger
for the past and all of the pain.

I was that girl....but now I'm not
and I'll never be her again.

Mary Nagy

I Wish Life Was A Musical

Life seems so much easier
in the musicals.
Pain just seems so much more
pleasant
and bearable.

I'm not saying Dorothy
didn't feel loneliness and pain
while she sang
'Over the rainbow.....'
but, she did it beautifully.
She did it with a romance
and beauty
that you don't see
in real life.

I'd like to sing through my pain.
I'd like to look to the skies
and belt out a song
with the beauty and grace
of healing...
and have it heal.

Mary Nagy

I Woke Myself Up Laughing

I woke myself up laughing
I couldn't hold it in.
It started with a chuckle..
and it ended with a grin.

Have you ever woke up laughing?
I mean right out loud and clear?
I love when my day starts like this
but it's my family's greatest fear.

They know if I wake up laughing
they're bound to hear the joke.
No matter how un-funny...
I'll laugh until I choke!

Yesterday I woke up laughing
about a funny dream.
I'd tell you all about it
but to you it may not seem....

Ok, I'll tell the story...
but just prepare yourself to roar.
I dreamt I took the last dry towel...
and there weren't anymore!

This is it! That's the dream!
I still can't tell it through.
I'm laughing myself out of my chair
as I write the words to you!

Mary Nagy

I Wonder If You Love Me

Why is it that you stay here?
Do you wish that you were free?
I wonder...
if I offered you your freedom
would you walk away from me?

Do you stay because you want to
or do you feel you should?
I wonder...
if we didn't have the kids
would we get along so good?

How can I know you love me
when I can't see how you feel?
I wonder...
if I could read your mind
would you try to cut some deals?

I hope this is forever.
I've bet on it with my life.
I wonder...
if you could choose again
would I still be your wife?

Mary Nagy

I Wouldn'T Trade Those Mornings

I love to wake up early but stay in bed awhile.
I just lie still and listen to the sounds that make me smile.

I hear their muffled voices as they think I'm still asleep.
They try to be so quiet...through the house they slowly creep.

I hear the clang of dishes and I know they have a plan.
They'll make the wildest breakfast ever known to man.

I smell the bacon cooking and I know it won't be long.
They find my favorite station as they turn the music on.

I listen as they're coming nearer to my door.
They have to think I'm sleeping so I fake a gentle snore.

They wake me up with kisses...you know I have to grin.
With kids like this I know that life's a game I'm going to win!

Mary Nagy

I Write These Words For You

If you could heal a thousand souls
with the words you write today
would you put your pen to test?
Would you know just what to say?

Would it give you motivation
to fulfill your need to write
just to know your words were helping
to give the blind the gift of sight?

If you knew your words were reaching
out to millions everyday
would you open up your heart?
Have your pain put on display?

If words can heal a wounded soul
I write these words for you.
I'll write them with my blood as ink
for what I write is true.

Mary Nagy

If

If you see me stumbling
and you're watching me to see
if I'll fall or make it...
reach out your hand to me.

If you hear me crying
and you sense my misery,
offer me a helping hand
but please...don't cry for me.

If you know my weakness
and you fear my strength is low...
Stay with me untill I'm strong.
If you love me, let me know.

If you ever need me
just look and I'll be there.
You'll never have to wonder
just how much I care.

Mary Nagy

If I Only Knew

If I only knew.....
how all of this would end.
Would it change my thoughts of you?
Would you become my friend?

If I only knew.....
how much time that we've got.
Could I let my guard down?
Could I take that shot?

If I only knew.....
You wanted to know me.
That would make the difference.
It's what I just can't see.

The only thing I really know
is that you are too late.
I've tried to beg, to cry and scream.
This life may just be fate.

Mary Nagy

If Loving You Were Easy

If loving you were easy
I'd love you like I should.
I've opened up my heart to you
and tried as best I could.
I don't expect reassurance.
I know some think I'm cold.
I needed your love when I was young.
But now I'm just too old.
I've lived without your guidance.
I've lived without your hugs.
I'm sure you don't remember
a time without your drugs.
You chose the life you're living.
I wished you all the best.
Now it's time to say goodbye
and lay this thing to rest.
If loving you were easy,
I'd love you like I should.
I've opened up my heart to you
and tried as best I could.

Mary Nagy

If You Gave Your Soul A Voice

If you gave your soul a voice
would you listen to it speak?
Would it tell of rights and wrongs
or treasures you should seek?

Do you think your soul would cry
and beg you to be kind?
Would it point out all of those
that you have left behind?

Although your soul may show you
how you have made some feel,
I doubt it would ever mention
that your diamond isn't real.

You know those things don't matter,
only that you show you care.
Let your soul help guide you
and make you more aware.

Do yourself a favor
and remember what I say.
It's time that you took notice...
cause your soul has much to say.

Mary Nagy

"If You'Re Rich, I'M Single! "

Spending the day shopping
for school clothes with my daughters yesterday
was a real eye-opener.

We were looking at the t-shirts (of course)
since they are pretty much
t-shirts and jeans kinda girls.

The favorite thing is to have your shirt
say a little something about you.
Tell the world "who" you are!

WHAT ARE WE TEACHING THESE KIDS?

The shirts we found had sayings like,
"If You're RICH, I'm SINGLE! ",
"Your Boyfriend Likes ME! ",
"Where's My Sugar Daddy? ",
"I Hope You Make More Than I Can Spend! ",
"Buy Me Something And I'll Be Nice".

So, frustrated, we go look in the boys department
in the hopes of finding some "normal" t-shirts.

Here is what we find there:

"Pimp",
"Playa",
"Girls Like A Big Foot",
"I Love Hot Moms".

Since when is it funny
to teach our daughters to be money-hungry skanks
and our sons to be sex-craved pigs?
If this is their idea of telling the world who they are,
it's no wonder our world is so screwed up!

Mary Nagy

Ignore

They're back
from all night partying
Left relatively happy
return in a frenzied rage

She's in first locks the door
We hear him
He's outside our window
banging....begging
"Please let me in...it's cold out here."
we ignore him.

"If you touch that window I'll break your arm! "
She says as she stands backlit in our doorway
almost resembling an angel
we pretend we're sleeping
"He'll kill us all if he gets in here! "
We muffle our cries with our wet pillow
that never has the chance to dry out
from the previous nights.
The musty smell fills our nostrils
drowning out the sounds filling our ears
"PLEASE let me in! I promise I'll go right to bed! "
Ignore him.

He begs, pleads, even cries.....to get in.
We love him...but, she's said he'll kill us
he said he won't
but, she probably will if we let him in.
Whimpering outside the window...
we ignore him.

It's 3: 45 a.m.
School comes too early...
although it's a welcomed escape.
Once home from school
it's never mentioned.
I walk by my parents...
ignore them.

Mary Nagy

I'M Afraid To Go To Church

I'm afraid to go to church
for fear of what they'll say.
What if I don't know the words
to join in as they pray?

I'm afraid to go to church
because I fear they'll know.
I worry that my ignorance
is all that's going to show.

I'm afraid to go to church
although I'm not sure why.
I think about it every week
but yet I never try.

I want to go to church.
I'm just so dang afraid.
I crave to enter the house of God
and share the life we've made.

Mary Nagy

I'M An Open Book?

I've been told that I'm an "open book".
I leave nothing to guess.
If you asked me if it's true
I'd simply answer "yes".

But do you really know me?
Do you know what makes me cry?
Do you know what makes me giddy?
What it takes to make me sigh?

There may be many pages
to this simple little book
that perhaps may even shock you...
if I gave you time to look.

You'll never crack the binding.
You couldn't take the pain.
You'd worry of my sorrow
and the heartache would remain.

Mary Nagy

Inside She's Dying

Listen to her laughter
as she tells another one of her
hilarious anecdotes on life
(where she normally makes herself
the punchline)
We can't help but laugh....
she's so funny!

Watch her eyes shine
with the excitement
of knowing we're actually "buying it".
She really thinks she's fooling us.
See her bite her lip
as she tries
to hold back the tears.
(If they fall...
she'll just laugh through them
and it'll appear she laughed
so hard she cried.)

I see the fear
she hides deep inside
as it casts a shadow
over her eyes
and turns the bright blue
just a shade darker
than they should be.

I hear how her voice cracks
when she makes a joke
about herself.
I feel her pain as she looks
across the room at the door
like a hungry child
spotting a jelly-filled doughnut
sitting on the table...
just out of reach.

Inside she's dying.

Mary Nagy

Introducing Ernestine

We have so much in common
but we are so far apart.
I bumped into her on PH
and now she's in my heart.

Sometimes there's a connection
with someone you never meet.
You can share your soul and trust them
more than people on the street.

She calls herself my "adopted mum".
That warms me through and through.
She'll be my friend for years to come.
This much I hope is true.

She's Ernestine Northover
and in case you've never met...
Let me introduce you,
you will love her, I'll just bet!

Take the time to read her work.
She writes what many feel.
I like her style and honesty
because she seems so real.

Mary Nagy

Is It Rude To Send A Message To Heaven?

There are so many times
when I see somebody that is old
I mean.....very old
and the first thing I think of is.....
"Can I give you a message
to take to my dad? "

I have never had the nerve
to actually ask them.
But I want to.
Then, when they die.....
I'm filled with regret.
I'm kicking myself
for missing the opportunity
to talk to my dad.

I've known many elderly people.
Most of them seem ready
to die and meet their maker.
Some of them even talk about it.
I choke on my words.
I try so hard to spit them out
but I can't.
I don't want to make them sad.
I don't want them to know
that I know they are going
to die soon.

I will send a message to heaven.
One day I will get the nerve
to ask somebody that knows
they will be there soon.
I'll ask them to "look my dad up"
and "Tell him I love him".
Until then, I'll secretly wish
they could read my mind.

Mary Nagy

Is Management Stirring The Embers?

Was this site just too peaceful?
Did we bore you with our love?
Do you think we need excitement?
Management watches from above.

Were the embers almost out now?
Did you fear the flame would die?
You should enjoy the peacefulness
but it seems you just won't try.

Did our poems of love seem simple?
Did we seem to "Thank" too much?
You should appreciate our friendships
that were built without a touch.

Our words have built some bridges.
Some bridges were burnt down.
Don't let this be your battlefield.
We are tough, we'll stand our ground.

Mary Nagy

Is There Really Such Thing As A Bad Gift?

I've said "No gift's a bad gift".
That's what I use to say...
Until I opened up the gift
I found on Christmas day!

I tried to fake "I love it! "
I tried not to let it show...
I wonder if they noticed
when I lost my "Christmas glow".

They had no way of knowing
they had bought my biggest fear...
for what they wrapped up for me
was.....a MAGNIFYING MIRROR!

Mary Nagy

It Scares Me How Well You Know Me

Is it too late to hide from you
or have you met my soul?
I wonder if I've told too much
to play a different role.

Say, if I tried to write about
a wild and crazy night
I spent out partying last week
I'm sure you'd say....."Yeah, right! "

You never would believe it
(and it never would be true)
but I wonder if I tried to say
the F-word....what would you do?

Would you send me scolding messages
and ask me "Why the change"?
Would you even notice
if my writings were more strange?

Have I uncovered so much
that you know as much as I?
Do you think you know just when
I'll laugh and when I'll cry.

It helps to think you know me
but it scares me I'll confess.
There are so few I have let in...
for reasons you can guess.

Mary Nagy

"It's Just Another Bomb Threat Mom"

She's not in class
where she should be at 9: 15 a.m.
She's at the church
acrossed the street from the high school
She assured me she's fine.
"Don't worry Mom"
"It's just another bomb threat
no big deal."

She's so relaxed...
yet my heart races!
Could this be the day
that they aren't joking?
Who says it's just a "threat"?
How am I supposed to stay calm
when the bomb sniffing dogs
are making their way
through the darkest hallways
of your school?

This happens often...
too often.
The recurrent sight of the serpent-like
line of teenagers winding their way
acrossed the street
seeking the safety of the old church.

Where are the parents
fighting for
"separation of church and state"
today?
I bet they're glad to have their child
sheltered by the church's crumbling walls now.

Mary Nagy

It's Not Safe Here Anymore

We close and lock the windows.
We use dead-bolts on doors.
We sleep with one eye open.
It's not safe here anymore.

What kind of world has this become
when you have to live in fear?
You have to keep your curtains shut
and they cannot be too sheer.

You smile at the nice young man
who looks like you or me.
But he's not going to tell you
he's on the sex-offenders registry.

You can't go out alone now.
You must always have your phone.
Don't ever let them sense your fear
or hear it in your tone.

We close and lock the windows.
We use dead-bolts on doors.
We sleep with one eye open.
It's not safe here anymore.

Mary Nagy

It's Time For Me To Get Tough!

That's it!
No more excuses!
I'm laying down some rules!
Just so you don't misunderstand...
I'm tired of you fools!

It's time for me to get tough!
No more "Oh, that's ok."
I've had all I can take from you
And things will change...
TODAY!

I mean it.
I'm not kidding!
You'll be begging for a break!
No matter how much you may beg
That's it...for heavens sake!

What's that?
A tear?
Don't do it.....I said I'm being tough!
Now you want a hug from me?
I guess you've suffered enough!
:)

Mary Nagy

I've Gone Back ~ Part 1

Pulling into the driveway
I fight back the tears as they sting my eyes.
Could I really be back here?
Didn't I hear about this house
burning to the ground years ago?

As I force my feet out of the car
I can feel the heat from the asphalt
or is it an electric pulse as I feel
my old metal rollerskates on my feet
like so long ago?
I grab hold of the car to steady myself
(it's been years since I've rollerskated) .

I enter the garage to find my dad's car
still packed with all his belongings.
The clothes still on hangers
piled across the back seat.
Where does he go when she kicks him out?
Do they realize how much it hurts
to see his life packed into a car...again?

Nearing the door I can hear nothing.
I wonder if they're home.
I'm frozen.
If I knock, they might answer.
I'm not sure I'm ready to face them.
Raising my fist to knock
I see my arm as I fight to stop the shaking.
I must go inside.

Mary Nagy

I've Gone Back ~ Part 2

The door cracks slightly open
at the force of my knocks.
I try to yell out a "Hello! "
but the voice I hear
is barely a whisper.
Against my better judgement
I push the door open and walk in.

The kitchen is just as we left it.
Certainly not used as it should be.
Dirty dishes are everywhere.
(I wonder if the water is turned off again) .
My shoes seem to stick
to the grease-slicked carpet as I
edge my way around the table.

The empty beer bottles seem to
smirk at me past
the overflowing ashtrays.
With a closer look
I can see the roaches
from the marijuana they shared earlier.
(must've been the usual Saturday night)
The way the sun is peeking in
through a crack in the nicotine stained curtains
and hitting the red glass bong pipe
it's giving off an almost hypnotizing glow
that reflects off the dirty oven door.

The smell of old grease
and filth begins to
churn my stomach
so I force myself to
make my way to the hall.
The bedroom doors are closed.
I wonder if they're sleeping.
(or are they passed out?)
Should I yell again
and try to wake them?

Or, should I just turn around
and leave before they awaken?

**Part 2 in a of 6

Mary Nagy

I'Ve Gone Back ~ Part 3

The hallway remains dark.
(that light never did see a new bulb)
Choosing a door has never been
such a tough decision.
But, what may be on the other side
is something I don't care to guess.

The first door on my right is his room.
He was older than I and made it clear
I had no business in this room.
Although my curiosity is urging me
to open the door and see what
has been so "off-limits"
my entire life,
the fear he instilled is still enough
to keep my hand off that door handle.

I walk on to the next door.
On my left is the bathroom.
The place where very little
grooming took place.
I have no memories
of brushing my teeth
or combing my hair.
Of course, bathing was out of the question
since the water was normally disconnected.
The dirty bucket sitting next to the toilet
sat obediently waiting to do it's duty.
(At least the bucket had a purpose.)

The stench of wet clothes on the floor
and pungeant mold became too much.
I closed the door and moved on.

My room was next.
I shared this tiny room with two sisters.
Perhaps they were in there still.
I know better than to walk right in
even if it was my room...

I won't forget my place
I'm the youngest and even though
I keep my things in here
I know enough to knock before entering.

My knock seems futile.
I can hear the silence.
I know the room is empty
and I have no choice.
I have to open the door.

Mary Nagy

I'Ve Gone Back ~ Part 4

The door to my room
showed the scars
that we had long ago hidden.
The hole kicked in at the bottom,
the hole punched in at the height of my head.
I envy the strength in this door,
battered and broken, yet still standing strong.

Inside the room I'm amazed
at the amount of clothes on the floor.
I never had any clothes!
I wore the same 2 outfits for what seemed years!
Where did all the clothes come from?
With a closer look I see why
they were left on the floor.
Dog feces and urine stains
show that the dogs have
claimed the clothes for their own.
(knowing how mom loved those dogs...
I'm not suprised at this!)

The dresser is empty
(except for the tablet of my writings
hidden underneath the broken record player)
They still never found it!
I can't help smile to discover my secret
has still been kept.

The bunkbeds against the wall
seem naked as I look for bedding.
No sheets, no blankets, no pillows.
No comfort.
A chill runs up my spine
as I remember those nights.

The single bed against the other wall
sits alone.
The smell of the urine soaked mattress
burns my nose as I move to leave the room.

What I search for is not here.
The door closes with a whimper
and I look across the hall.
My parent's bedroom.

**Part 4 in a Series of 6

Mary Nagy

I'Ve Gone Back ~ Part 5

My parent's bedroom was
the "forbidden zone".
The rare times we were allowed in
were only to bring in
a glass of ice-water in the morning
to fight the nasty hang-over.
To show we were upset
about the night before
would have been cause for
serious trouble...never speak
of the night before.

Although I know I risk "trouble",
I open the door.
The bed is empty.
Neatly made with a quilted bedspread,
sheets, and pillows.
I can't keep the anger from strangling me.
Where did the bedding come from?

The closet stands neatly organized
with mom's vast wardrobe.
"Special orders" from the catalogs
still hang, never worn.
I would've worn that!
Her dresser is decorated
with bottles of nail polish
in every color you could imagine.
I resist the urge to touch them...
my training still deeply embedded.

I enter their bathroom to find
a similar mess as the main bathroom.
Another dirty bucket sits
awaiting a flush.
The small wastebasket under the sink
is overflowing with wadded up balls
of feminine supplies....most of which
hit the floor nearby the basket

but remain on the floor.
My stomach fights to hold back
the vomit that I feel churning.
Running from their room
I don't stop running until I reach
the door I entered in the kitchen.
Before I can leave I look to my left
and see the stairs that lead to
the basement.

Mary Nagy

I'Ve Gone Back ~ Part 6

Heading down the stairs
I feel the temperature drop
as a thick, musty smell
hits me in the face.

I stop at the bottom of the stairs
as the scar on my right foot
aches... a reminder of the
broken beer bottles that were
normally left after the fights.

The ping-pong table is in the corner
and I can hear the echoing of the ball
being hit back and forth in the championship matches.
The bar seems eerily empty.
Nobody at the barstools.
The lights unlit seem very odd.
There was rarely a day or night
that this basement bar wasn't
full of people
ranging from teenagers to retirees.

I see the glasses still sitting atop the bar.
(the ones that show the many sexual positions)
My cheeks flush as I still feel the shame
of studying that glass as a young girl.

The smell of whiskey fills the air
and I almost wonder
if my head is spinning from the air
or from the memory.
Either way, I know it's time to leave.

As I head back to the stairs
I see into the laundry room.
The mass piles of laundry
that sit at least 4 ft high stare at me
as a grim reminder of the time
mom thought that would be a great hiding place

and burrowed like an animal
under one of the moldy piles
to escape the wrath of dad
(leaving us to take the brunt of his anger) .

The stairs seem almost welcoming now.
I feel as if they are helping me climb them.
The need to get out of this house is overwhelming.
I don't even remember walking out
or through the garage again.
I just remember filling my lungs
with the sweetest air I've ever breathed
once I was on the road
and heading towards my home.

**The final piece in a Series of 6

Mary Nagy

Just A Mushy Love Poem

I know you think it's cheesy, but I'm going to tell you why
I love you and I can't help swoon and almost want to cry.

I love you for the look that sets my soul ablaze.
You don't know what you took from me within that first deep gaze.

I love you for the "everything" that you have grown to be.
You know that I will feel the same from now til eternity.

I'll love you til forever no matter what's in store.
I'll love you if this world ends and then I'll love you more.

Enough of all the mush now, I'm sure you've had your fill.
I won't keep telling you these things...(but, I'm thinking of them still) .

Mary Nagy

Just Like Her

You can't help what you're born with.
You can't help who they were.
You can't help that the way you look...
is just like her.

The way you sit at dinner.
The way you seem unsure.
The way you wear your ponytail.....
just like her.

You have to fight genetics.
You have to clear the blur.
You will not lose your dignity...
just like her.

Sometimes you feel her presence.
You sense the way things were.
You shake it off and remind yourself...
You'll never be like her.

Mary Nagy

Just One Can Make A Difference

They say that I am clueless about reality.
They say "Nobody really cares about morality."

They say "People are evil and hurt you when they can".
They say "You're such a fool to even try to save one man".

They say "You have to face it and accept whatever is".
I say "That may be your plan, but I doubt that it is HIS".

I plan to make a difference for all our kids to see.
I don't need your discouragement, just try to stand by me.

If we don't even try to change this crazy messed up place
how can we bare to look our children squarely in the face?

I won't give in to what you say, I'll walk this lonely path.
I'd rather err this side of love than sit and watch the wrath.

I'd like to think you're with me and that you truly see
just one can make a difference....please try to hear my plea.

Mary Nagy

Keep The Faith

A mother's job is to shelter.
A mother's job is to care.
It's my pleasure to do these things for you,
and enjoy the life we share.

Problems may surround us
and try to keep us down.
But, I will never give up the faith
on the love that we have found.

Our family is precious.
To me, there is no end.
Not only are you my children,
You also are my friends.

I know you will be happy.
I know you'll set your mind
to go after the success in life
only a good person can find.

Don't let them tell you different.
Don't let them break your stride.
Don't let their hatred hurt you.
Remember...you have pride.

Mary Nagy

Keep Trying

Water washes over me
pushing me further down.
I keep trying to stay afloat
afraid one day I'll drown.

Someday life will get easier
for us, I'm sure it will.
Just now it feels like we are pushing
dead weight up dead-man's hill.

I love to know we're in it
together till the end.
No matter how much stress we have
We'll always be best friends.

My partner, lover, but mostly friend.
You are my everything.
When I am tired and can't stand up
that's when you whisper in my ear...
...KEEP TRYING.

Thank you for your strength.

Mary Nagy

Learning To Love

How do I learn to love myself
when love was never shown?
It's hard to look in a mirror
when that face is not my own.

I know the "What you should do" 's
and the "You know what is right" 's
but that won't help me while I try
to win this losing fight.

I always have to force it
to say I'm worth that much.
I have to make myself believe
that I deserve his touch.

It's easy to say "Do it".
It's harder when it's you.
I have to work at it each day
and night the whole way through.

How do I learn to love myself
when love was never shown?
I think I better take the time
or I'll end up alone.

Mary Nagy

Left For Dead

They thought she was a loser
and they laughed at all her pain.
They chose to just ignore her
when she started to complain.

They took her so deep under
that she wondered if she'd live.
Then she heard a voice inside her
say she had so much to give.

They did just what they wanted.
They could hurt her everyday.
They could say she'll never make it
but she knew she'd break away.

They left her how they liked her
as she curled up in a ball.
Of course she couldn't stand up,
she was so very small.

The one thing that they gave her
was her faith she had in prayer.
That's all she ever needed
to begin her life out there.

They didn't know the favor
they had done for her instead.
They made her a survivor
when they left her there for dead.

Mary Nagy

Let's Pay The Parents!

Why can't we pay the parents
to stay home instead of leave?
I think there'd be more children
who would love instead of grieve.

I say let's pay a salary
for each thing that they do.
Make it an actual career
and watch the child shine through!

Make them take it serious
and give weekly reports.
Have them tell of happenings
the good, the bad....all sorts!

Pay them so they're happy
to have chosen this "career".
Let them see the happy face
that says "My mom is here! "

Say certain things are "overtime"
like all the evening games.
The after school activities
where the parent will learn names.

I think more people would choose it
but this world is not set up
to accommodate the "family"
and so they just soon give up.

This plan may seem too crazy,
I admit... it may just be.
But what is this world missing?
It's the value in "family".

Mary Nagy

Let's Remove Your Rotten Heart

I'd like to tie a tourniquet
around your wounded heart
and watch until the blood
stops dripping
then I would cut away the mangled mass
of decaying vessels that hang
below the pulsing mound of life.

Perhaps then you could begin,
begin to feel, begin to love,
begin to live.

Mary Nagy

Lifes Little Introspections

The holidays have been a time of looking at my life.
It makes me wonder how I'm doing as a mother and a wife.

I hope I am successful in this most important task.
I know that I have tried my best..... is this all that I can ask?

It makes me think about the times I could have given more.
I have to also focus on our life beyond the door.

I see room for some improvement in this life I call my own.
It's lifes little introspections that helps to see if I have grown.

With each new year that passes I can say life has improved.
It helps when I make sure that negativity is removed

Mary Nagy

Life's Simple Treasures

Sometimes it's just the little things
that make this ol' heart smile.
Like when you pat your knee to me
and say "Just sit awhile".

The way you smile that cheesy smile
that makes me laugh out loud.
Or when you introduce me.....
like you're just so darn proud.

The muffled little giggles
of the kids behind the door.
I'm sure they're up to something.....
only God knows what's in store.

The way you say you love me
as we're drifting off to sleep.
My list could go forever.
These are treasures that I'll keep.

Mary Nagy

Liquid Gold

The tub was quickly filling just like everyday before.
Today, something was different and it burned within my core.

As I was gently lounging, just letting the tub fill
I realized the irony and what a bitter pill.

This water that I'm watching could easily save a life.
This could make the difference for a man, his kids and wife.

I quickly stopped the water out of reflex more than need.
I felt almost ashamed of myself for nurturing my greed.

How can I lie here lounging, just wasting "liquid gold"
while just a drink would save them, the young as well as old?

Mary Nagy

Losing Dad

My life was changed so harshly.
It feels like yesterday,
when God said you have had enough
and that you couldn't stay.

I miss you more than ever...
Your guidance and your love.
But, I know you're still watching
silently from above.

The love you gave still warms me
the way it always will.
But leaving left an empty space
that time can never fill.

From heaven you're still giving
the love you always had.
I know you hear me talk to you.
I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU DAD! ! !

Mary Nagy

Love Is A Verb

Love is a verb.

Why don't you understand?

It's not just something you can hold
or give from hand to hand.

When I say I love you

you don't know what I mean.

But, when I gently touch your face
the love can then be seen.

You need to see the action

not just hear me say

I love you and I will show you this
with actions every day.

Mary Nagy

Marking My Globe With Your Friendships

I bought myself a globe
that shows me where you are.
I like to see if you are near
or if you're very far.

I've cut out little flags
and on them write your names.
So many are so far away
but I love you just the same.

My globe is getting covered
with these little flags with pins.
I think what you've all taught me
is that friendship always wins.

I hope to have a pin
in every space I see.
It's interesting to think of you
so far yet dear to me.

Mary Nagy

Maybe I'M A Cornball

My friends call me a cornball.
They think I'm such a nut
just because I speak my mind
and say it from my gut.

If I'm happy I will tell them
"Oh man, life sure is great! "
But when I'm sad I make a point
to just communicate.

My heart has been an open book
for as long as I could speak.
I feel the need to "get it out".
Does that make me a geek?

Go ahead, call me a cornball.
That's good enough for me.
I just can't hide my feelings
but, that's what makes me... ME!

Mary Nagy

Melt Me Into The Picture

I always wondered
where my love of books came from
it certainly wasn't from
all the tender moments
on my parents laps
listening to beautiful fairy tales.

I've always been uncontrollably
attracted to books
with pictures of people...
any people... doing anything.
As I was thumbing through
a coffee table book
admiring the beautiful pictures
of people in far-off lands
I remembered...

As a young girl I would
escape through books.
Even before I could read
I would find old, abandoned schoolbooks
in the bottom of our toybox
from the many schools we started to attend
and then moved again
too quickly to turn the books back in.
Those books had
such wonderful pictures
especially the Social Studies books
They would show people and lands
that I dreamed of changing places with.

I still remember a picture of a man
carrying his small child on his shoulders
while the mom walked along beside them.
That little boy looked so happy
like he didn't have a worry in the world.
I guess he probably didn't.
If I would've been able to
climb through the pages and

melt myself into that picture
I would've done it.

I still catch myself looking
at my kid's schoolbooks
and noticing all the wonderful pictures.
My kids just flip through the pages
without even noticing the people in the pictures.
Somehow that comforts me.

Mary Nagy

Michigan Is The Place For Me

This land has a place in my heart.
I've loved it here right from the start.
From the rivers and lakes
to the mounds of snowflakes,
this state and I never will part.

In the Summer the grass is so green.
Take a visit, you'll see what I mean.
It's so hot in the sun.
You will have so much fun
and you've never breathed air that's so clean.

After Summer we creep into Fall.
It's the prettiest season of all.
With the colors of trees
on display with such ease
you could frame it to hang on your wall.

Then comes Winter with mountains of snow.
You must dress warm wherever you go.
Wear your thickest of coats
while you sow your wild oats.
You will love it, just trust me, I know.

When the snow starts to melt into Spring
I'm amazed at the joy it can bring.
You'll see fresh tiny leaves
on the branches of trees
"I'm alive! " you will just want to sing!

If you're looking for somewhere to go
that has sunshine as well as some snow,
it's a place I've adored
and you never get bored.
Michigan is the best place I know.

Mary Nagy

Michigan Snow Day!

Last night they talked about it.
We all prayed so hard it hurt!
I guess it worked cause out my door
there's not a speck of dirt!

The snow has buried everything
that once was in our yard.
Our dog gets lost when he goes out.
(Perhaps we prayed too hard!)

Michigan and snow days.....
the two go hand in hand.
We went to sleep while God was making
his winter wonderland.

We watch the list of closings
with eager little eyes.
Then finally..... they said our school!
Oh you should hear their cries!

The whoops and hollars fill the house
cause now we're all awake.
Let's hop into our snowsuits.
There is so much we can make!

The snow forts and the snowmen
will now occupy our day.
There's really nothing better
than a Michigan Snow Day!

Mary Nagy

Mistaken For A Senior Citizen!

Ok, I normally keep my cool.
I rarely get THAT mad.
I wanted to knock her teeth out!
Oh yes, it was that bad!

I was innocently shopping.
Going about my day.
I was finished with the browsing
so I headed up to pay.

This nasty, mid-aged woman
looked me in the eye
and what she said made my mouth drop
and made me want to cry!

She asked if I "get the discount".
Of course I said "I don't know,
how do you get this discount? "
and then she said..."Oh, no."

"Forget it, I'm sure you don't."
I knew what she meant then...
this woman was asking me
if I was a... SENIOR CITIZEN! !

It takes alot to get me mad
and I never ever swear
but, let's just say I bit my tongue
as I left that day from there!

I told her she just ruined
what had been a decent day.
She gave a smirk and brushed me off
with little more to say.

Perhaps I don't look twenty...
this I will admit.
But, she was at least 60
and looked every day of it.

How rude to ask a woman
when she's only 34
if she's a senior citizen!
I won't shop there anymore! !

Mary Nagy

"Mom, Please Wash Baby Ducky! "

Walking through the house
doing the usual cleaning
I begin to wonder
who are these kids living in my house?
I see the MP3 player on the table.
The cell phone on top of the T.V.,
Kids are so much more
technologically advanced than we were
(and wasn't I just their age? ?)

As I toss their electronic devices
into their room
I feel an emptiness for them
wondering if they'll ever be able
to receive comfort
outside the electronic age.

Before I turn around to leave
I see a hand-written note
done with bright purple magic marker
left by my thirteen year old daughter.
"Mom, Please wash Baby Ducky!
Love, Charity"

"Baby Ducky" is the blanket
she's had since she was a baby.
It is a twin sized comforter
with a picture of a little girl and a duck
(which explains the name...Baby Ducky) .
It was her older sisters until the new baby
(Charity) came along
and she decided to pass it down as a gift.
When Charity's baby brother came along
she tried so hard
to keep up the tradition
and give it to him...
it lasted about 2 days.
She just couldn't bare life without it.
We gave it back to her

and it hasn't left her possession since.

Her note reminds me
that no matter what joy they get
from electronic toys and gadgets...
nothing can replace the pure comfort
you get from an old blanket
given to you with love.

Mary Nagy

Mom's Cold, Dead, Stare

How come she doesn't love me?
How come she will not care?
Why does she only look at me
with that COLD, DEAD, STARE?
I know she says she's sorry
for all the pain I've had.
Then, why won't she break this cycle
and show me life's not so bad?
She thinks it's just too late now.
I know I'm already grown.
But I could use her friendship
while I raise kids of my own.
A mom to tell my thoughts to.
A mom to share my fears.
Just someone to care for me
as I grow throughout the years.
It's over now, I've begged her
to love me and to care.
But all I ever get from her
is that COLD, DEAD, STARE

Mary Nagy

Mother Earth And Father Time Are Angry

Mother Earth and Father Time are walking hand in hand.
They're visiting their children and checking on their land.

They view the worlds destruction everywhere they turn.
They fear their precious children are never going to learn.

"This earth should be their playground with joys beyond belief
yet, all these children seem to know is senseless pain and grief."

"How do we teach our children to care for such a place?
They may not get the message till we slap them in their face."

The children are oblivious to even basic rules.
That's why so many people grow up looking like such fools.

Mary Nagy

My Air Mattress Naps

As a teenager
my favorite thing
was floating.
I could float for hours.
If the sun was out
so was I.

I would toss on a bikini
and grab an air mattress
that looked like it could hold air
and I was gone
for hours.

Floating around the lake
I didn't have parents
or problems.
This was the most relaxing time
of my life,
my escape.

I could just lie back
and let the wind take me
wherever it wanted
while the sun kissed
my young skin with color.
"No Motors Allowed"
assured my safety.

With a quick splash
cool water would refresh
and quench my thirsty skin
just to let the sun drink it up again.

You came to expect this of me
and I came to expect
my air mattress naps to be
interrupted by the sweet sound
of you quietly rowing your boat
out to see me.

Those watery visits led us here
to our life 18 years later.

Mary Nagy

My Battle

People often ask me
how I ever stood my ground,
when trouble just surrounds me
and people push me down.

I say to them (with tongue in cheek)
I'm sure my work's not done.
I may have fought the battle,
But the war is not yet won.

I will always manage
to hold my head up high.
(Even though that enables them
to better see me cry.)

Mary Nagy

My Dream Of Reality

Last night I was awake
while all the others slept.
I left my bed and wandered
through the house we've neatly kept.

I went from room to room
and with each creaking door.
I saw my dreams from childhood.
I wasn't sleeping anymore.

I saw the son I dreamt of
riding bikes and playing ball.
He is so young and handsome.
He's going to have it all.

My daughter's looked so peaceful
just beauty at it's best.
I've done nothing to deserve them.
How could I be so blessed?

As I looked around the house
and wandered back to bed
I knew then how my dreams came true
as my husband sleepily said.....I love you.

Mary Nagy

My Fears

The silence is flooding my ears.
Your absence is feeding my fears.
I've never quite known
if my feelings have shown
as I've loved you throughout the years.

Do you know I still feel as I did?
The same way as when I was a kid.
I still worry you'll leave
while I'm left here to grieve.
Of these feelings how do I get rid?

Will I always feel I'm not enough
even though I pretend I'm so tough?
If you love me, you know
that I don't let things show
and then sometimes I get pretty rough.

Just give me the time that I need.
Don't ask things of me out of greed.
I will do what I can.
You are my only man.
Consider me your daily 'good deed'.

The payoff will be the best part
cause you've stuck with me right from the start.
In the end it will be
just you and me
so be patient, you still have my heart.

Mary Nagy

My Final Goodbye Notes

It's the fear
of an early departure
mixed with knowledge
of things left unsaid.

I sit biting my lip
as I write this.
I don't notice the pain
till I've bled.

Do I say
"Goodbye" or "See ya later"?
Overwhelmed by this
feeling of dread.

They all know that my heart
was made for them
(or made by them
as I've often said) .

I must go with the plan of returning
still I plan so I leave no regrets.
I have written my final goodbye notes
with the hopes they will never be read.

Mary Nagy

My Friend Herbert

You've become somewhat like family, I hold you in my heart.
I'd say that you are dear to me but that is just a start.

You've given me encouragement and this I need so much.
We built this "cyber" friendship without a single touch.

You've inspired so much poetry that I could never say
just what you've come to mean to me...but I'll try anyway.

It means so much to come here and post a lonely poem
and know my friend will be here and that I'm not alone.

I've never really fit in well with any special group.
Here you've made me feel I'm part of a proud poetic loop.

You've shown how wise and caring we all know you can be.
I'm glad I got to know "Herbert" cause he's a friend to me.

Mary Nagy

My Gift From Mother Nature On Mothers Day

She knew
all I was hoping for
was a little time with you all.
She knew
if the day was bright and sunny
he would be out riding his bike
and the girls would be busy soaking up the sun.
You would inevitably have work to do
whether it was changing the spark plugs
on one of our half-dead vehicles
or mending the fence
to keep our squirrel-crazy basset hound from escaping.
She knew
I would probably plant flowers by myself.
I love planting flowers
but, I can do that anyday.
Today I wanted to spend with those
who have made me a mother.
She knew
if she dropped the temperature
down into the 40's
you would all surely
seek the warmth of the house.
She knew
that a light drizzle
of ice-cold rain
would ensure your company
throughout the day.
As I curl up on the couch
with all of you surrounding me
and I listen to the predictable bickering
over the popcorn bowl,
I silently thank her
for giving me the gift I wanted most
for Mothers Day.
My family.
I'm glad she knows me so well.
Thank you Mother Nature.
Happy Mothers Day!

Mary Nagy

My Morning Confession :)

Ok, I guess I'll confess!
My hair is REALLY a mess!
I just drove them to school
and they said "Mom, that's not cool".
But today I could really care less!

"Today is my only day off.
Just let your friends snicker and scoff.
Does it matter to you
if I wear slippers or shoes?
Is your image of me that far off"?

When she looked at my head in the car
her jaw dropped and she said "Oh my stars! "
"What is that on your head?
Is it living or dead? "
I'm so glad we don't have to drive far! "

Well, I may not be looking my best
but, what I saw I would never have guessed!
In the back of my hair
was what made the kids stare.....
cause it looked like a fluffy birds nest!

Oh, "Who cares if my hair looks absurd? "
"It's the new style.....or haven't you heard?
You should feel slightly blessed
that I even got dressed.....
and I made a new home for a bird! "

Mary Nagy

My Name Is Way Too Boring!

My name is way too boring.
It has no ZIP or ZING!
I think I need to change it
to one that really sings.

Since everyone keeps changing
their name on this ol' site
I'm feeling kinda "simple"
and that just don't seem right.

Perhaps I will be "Peaches"
or maybe "Little Mamma"
No....I really can't do that.
I'm not that good with drama.

I guess I'll still be boring.
I'm destined just to be
the same ol' Mary Nagy.
I'll just stay "plain ol' me".

Mary Nagy

My Only Wish For New Years

I'm not wishing for diamonds
or my own money tree.
I'm not a fan of fancy things.
Those things...they just aren't me.

I wish to know my purpose
in this ever changing place.
I want to find my reason
for taking up this space.

To know I've done some soothing
to any aching heart.
To know I've made a difference...
that's how this year should start.

I wonder what I'm here for
and if I'm carrying my load.
What did God intend for me?
Am I on His chosen road?

My only wish on New Years
is to know I'm doing right.
I'll pray for this at bedtime
each and every night.

Mary Nagy

My Poemhunter Family

I've never felt so "welcomed"
or just so "right at home"
It's funny how much we can read
into another's poem.

I've been given such nice offers
of family and of friends.
I hope to keep in touch with them
even if this website ends.

I've gotten an "adopted mum"!
How sweet this is to me!
It's more than I had hoped for
when I googled "poetry".

Now I have been offered
"adopted" siblings too!
How did I get so lucky
to have just bumped into you!

This site is such a pleasure
where the lost souls can be found.
I love you all and thank you
for letting me hang around!

There are so many others that have made me feel at ease.
I couldn't mention each of you so forgive me if you please!

Mary Nagy

My Rock

You are my rock, my savior.
Without you I would die.
I can't imagine life alone.
I couldn't even try.

You make each day worth living
with your jokes and goofy ways.
No matter how messed up life gets,
you're the one who always stays.

I never worry you'll leave me.
I know your not that kind.
I'm sure that I could search the world
but a better man I'd never find.

I thank God for sending you to me.
I hope I am deserving.
I'm letting you read my thoughts of you
and yes, it IS self serving!

Mary Nagy

My Search For Silence

I'll sit here in my bedroom
where the silence is sometimes deafening
(when I have thoughts on my mind
that need to be discussed) .
As I clear my mind to listen
to the silence
I realize there is no silence here.
The ticking of the old wind-up alarm clock
becomes so loud...
I feel compelled to move
my "experiment" to another room.

I find a comfortable spot
in the bathroom.
Sitting on the bench that normally holds
the all-important reading material
I begin to listen for the silence.
It takes very little time
for me to realize this is not the room
for silence.
The sink begins dripping
almost as if to mock me
and say "Silence...yeah right! "
I tighten the faucet only
to be laughed at by the toilet
as it makes it's usual
groan while it levels off the water in the bowl.
This is surely not the room for silence.

I head to the kitchen.
There must be silence here.
I find it still and quiet until I really listen.
The fluorescent light above the stove
is whining as if to say "I'm here! "
I turn it off and begin my quest for silence
once more.
The refridgerator lets out a God-awful noise
that makes me jump.
It only last a few seconds but it's enough

to ruin the mood.

I begin to wonder if silence
can ever truly be found
in a house that is lived in.

I go sit in the living room.

As I plop down on the micro-suede couch
and listen to the music it makes against my flannel pajamas
I laugh.

Who wants silence?

I love the sounds of my life.

This house is full of sounds...

love, laughter, water dripping, lights flickering,
the clocks ticking....

and I'm listening

and loving every sound!

Mary Nagy

My Skin Finally Fits!

The professor looked around
happily commenting on all the extroverts
in our class this semester.

She was looking at me!

ME! ?

Did she just call me

an.....extrovert? ?

No...I'm shy!

Really!

I've been shy all my life!

I'm known for my shyness

my inability to function well in groups!

I don't talk to strangers!

(She must have me confused
with somebody else.)

I started asking my family members...

do you think I'm shy?

They laughed!

Yeah, you're real shy!

"You're one of the shyest people I know! "

They walk away...

shaking their head...still laughing.

Then, it hit me

(like a ton of bricks!)

I'm NOT shy!

HEY! I'M NOT SHY!

I don't get nervous when I enter

a classroom full of people I don't know.

I don't mind speaking in front of people.

I will initiate conversations with strangers.

I talk to people.

I talk ALOT!

When the heck did this happen?

I don't know.....

But, I LIKE IT!

I'm finally comfortable in my own skin.

Mary Nagy

My Window Has Betrayed Me.....Again!

The chilly morning air has me
hiding beneath the familiar fluff
of that ratty old comforter
that I love so much.
My legs instinctively
pin down the edges and hold on
careful not to let any stockpiled body heat
escape through secret doorways.

I turn my back on the window
that has betrayed me once again.
The evidence of it's betrayal
leaving a thick frost on the inside
to greet me each morning.
Oh, the draft can be felt
all the way across the room
here on my bed.
Winter mornings can be brutal!
My feet defy me and refuse
to leave the cozy pocket they've found
just to be shocked awake by the icy floor.

I wish I could stay here all day
soaking up your body heat like a thief
while you sleep like
an innocent bystander.
Can you blame me?
Your body has found a way to
turn ice-cold air into
warm, intoxicating comfort.

The day must begin
so I'll make a mad dash through the house
to the back room
to kick up the thermostat.
It still doesn't compare to the warmth
that bed holds between the ratty old comforter
and you.

Mary Nagy

My Wings Of Freedom

If "The truth shall set you free"
then I have earned my wings.
I finally have faced my past...
even the dark and evil things.

I don't need your forgiveness
or your patronizing smile.
I know that I must do this...
I've known it for awhile.

A part of me was frozen
yet now began the thaw.
I'll show you I will make it...
just stand and watch in awe.

There's nothing I can't conquer
no hill that is too steep.
I'll prove I'm a survivor...
that's a promise I will keep.

If "The truth shall set you free"
then I have earned my wings.
I finally have faced my past...
even the dark and evil things.

Mary Nagy

Never Trust A Woman!

Never trust a woman.
When will I learn this rule?
Each time I let my guard down
I'm left looking like a fool.

They look right at you smiling
pretend to be your friend
secretly recording every word
to repeat like there's no end!

They smell vulnerabilities.
They sense you will confide
your deepest, darkest secrets
and then you'll want to hide...

They sneer with twisted lips
and glowing eyes of hate.
You never saw it coming
this turn your "friends" call fate.

They run in packs like wolves.
They'll eat your weakened soul.
Don't turn your back on one of them
or you'll have to pay the toll.

They'll wait till you are comfortable
then hit you in the knees.
They use your heart against you
and do just what they please.

I won't say that it hurts.
I've been hurt too much before.
It takes more than betrayal
for me to cry and hit the floor.

I need to heed my warning
and remember when I say...
Never trust a woman
cause her claws don't go away!

Mary Nagy

Normal

"Our family isn't normal! ",
you often like to say.
What's wrong with popping wheelies
in a mower race with Ray? ? ?

So what if dad likes mooning
and showing off his rear.
You might see when you're older,
You will face your biggest fear.

Your house will be just like ours!
Your kids will all be nuts!
I hope you're ready for this life...
Do you think you've got the guts?

Will you laugh it off
when your "sweetheart" needs a ride...
(even when she say she hopes
you'll duck your head and hide?)

I hope you will remember
how it felt to be thirteen.
When your family isn't normal,
and your dad's "King of the Bean".

Mary Nagy

Ol' Junk-Yard Joe

As wintertime is starting
I watch the falling snow.
It brings to mind this neighbor man
that everyone seems to know.
He loves collecting everything
from things you drive
to things you grow.
We use to call him crazy
but we just didn't know
just how nice this old man was.
Now we call him Junk-yard Joe.
You may be wondering why I think
of him in falling snow.....
if you would see his yard just once
I'm sure then you would know.

Each year I watch this cluttered mess
grow way beyond control.
But then, as snowfall starts again
God whispers "They'll never know! "
His yard is quietly covered
with the blanket glistening white.
The things that looked so wretched
are now sparkling and so bright.
You can't mistake the beauty
that is covering his yard.
You'd never know the junk he had
unless you looked real hard.

I love to watch ol' Junk-yard Joe
even more so in the spring.
He walks around excited
as he looks at all his things.
It's like his glistening blanket
had been used for things to hide.
Once the snow has melted
you can see his glowing pride.
Next time you drive by his old house
don't 'tsk- 'tsk at ol' Joe

just bite your tongue and wait awhile
and thank God for the snow.

Mary Nagy

Old Age? ?

My age is getting up there.
Middle age is knocking on my door.
They say I shouldn't worry...
I'm only thirty four.

I'm noticing the wrinkles.
I sense that double chin
is creeping right up on me.
Fight gravity? ? I can't win!

I use to feel so youthful.
I thought I'd never age.
Back then I planted flowers.
Today I'm growing sage.

Sometimes I forget my own age.
It's not that I contrive.
Like when I wrote my bio here
I SAID I'M THIRTY FIVE! !

Is that a sign of old-age?

Mary Nagy

Our Bed

As I strip the mattress bare
and watch the pile
of sheets, pillowcases,
blankets and pillows grow
I find myself thinking of you...
and me.

What comes to mind
is sheer happiness.
As I tuck the sheet under the foot of the bed
(just like you like it)
I catch myself laughing
remembering the times we would stay awake
late into the night wrestling...
(I always won)
trying to stay quiet
until our laughter was uncontrollable
and we would hear one of the kids
yell from the next room...
"PUH-LEASE! ! KEEP IT DOWN IN THERE!
WE'RE TRYING TO SLEEP! "

I arrange the pillows
just as I always do...
(your favorite one on top)
and I take an extra moment
holding your favorite pillow...
your scent drifts up to my face
almost as if you are there.
I set it in place and realize
how many years have passed.
We've experienced so much
in this bed.

The laughter is what rings in my ears
as I fold back the comforter
to expose just a touch
of those all too familiar sheets
(you know...the ones with the ducks flying on them) .

As I leave our room
I find a sense of anticipation
in the thought that in a few short hours
we will be here again...together.

Mary Nagy

Our Children

Sometimes I sit and watch them
running through the yard.
I just can't stop from smiling
and saying... "This aint that hard! "
I wouldn't trade a minute
of this work that must get done.
Because throughout the hardest times
so often comes the fun.
How can we call this "working"
when we get to see the joy
that spills out of each smiling face
of our two girls and boy?
I'm tired, sore, and cranky.
This is very true...
I just remind myself each day
the importance of what I do.
The time they're young goes by so fast.
You blink and then they're grown.
But if we do the best we can,
we'll never be alone.

Mary Nagy

Our Differences

Have you ever noticed
how some people look away?
They turn their head and watch the ground
untill you walk away.

What is it they're afraid of?
What is it that they see?
Don't they know we're all alike?
We're all HIS family.

The peace I need is hard to find
in a world so torn by hate.
Why can't we see things eye to eye?
Is it that hard to relate?

The differences we share
make each of us unique.
Then why is it when we look around
the world just seems so bleak?

If ever you should pass me
please hold your head up high.
I may not know just how you feel
but I promise I will try.

Mary Nagy

Our House

Our house was just an empty box.
We filled it with our love.
At first it was just you and I.
Then 3 more (with help from above.)

We fixed the rooms and filled them up
with things we like to share.
Some of our things are "different".
I like to call them "rare".

Like your bull horns and antlers
as well as all my books.
We just care that "We like it! "
We don't care how it looks.

Some people call it "cluttered".
Some call it "shabby chic".
Our house fits us just perfectly,
like us, it's just "unique".

Mary Nagy

Our Special Date Night

It was pretty hard to see the orchestra
from where we were perched...
the fourth balcony~~nosebleed seats.
He said he didn't care that we couldn't see.
"The music sounds just as pretty from up here Mom! "

I watched him as he peered over the railing,
craning his neck to see those big bass drums get beat.
He said that was the best part.
"That's cool, the smallest girl in the whole orchestra
gets to play the biggest instrument! "

He doesn't normally listen to classical music
but tonight he was a Gershwin fan.
He sat there on the edge of his seat
just tapping along like a "classical connoisseur".

He was so proud to be my date tonight.
He wore his best "button-up" shirt
and made sure his hair was in the perfect spikes.
He is every mothers dream
and I will cherish our special date night
for a very long time.

Mary Nagy

Painful Reminder

If reading this disturbs you
you're not the only one.
You are probably being reminded
of something you have done.

I am your painful reminder
that no one will forget.
I will always speak my mind.
I am not finished yet.

The pain you feel is nothing
compared to what you've done.
Don't worry, I know you're reading this
(and you're not the only one.)

Mary Nagy

Peeling Eggs Makes Me Smile

You may wonder
how peeling the shells off eggs
makes me smile.....
but it does!

I've been making egg salad sandwiches
and smiling the whole time!

While I am wrestling with the eggs
trying to get the paper-thin shell
to come off without removing too much egg.....
I'm reminded of my dad.

Whenever my dad would peel eggs
it would kick him off
into an hour long tangent....

"Those stupid farmers! "
"They are so greedy they give the chickens
something to make them lay more eggs
and it's making their shells so thin I can't remove it
without losing half the egg! "

He would go on and on while we rolled our eyes
and gave each other "the look".
"Here he goes again! "
We learned to volunteer to peel the eggs
just to avoid hearing the speech.

Well, he's been gone for 12 yrs now.....
What I wouldn't give to hear that speech again!
I still hear him.
Only now, I smile while I wrestle the shells off the eggs.

Mary Nagy

Penny Candies

Let's search for money!
Couch cushions...
laundry room...
junk drawers...
LOOK EVERYWHERE!

Between the five of us kids
we found about 12 cents.
No food in the house.
Buy dinner with 12 cents?
We have to.

Aha! Penny Candy!
Yeah, we can buy 12
and split them.
GENIUS!

Back then the fruit flavored tootsie rolls
were only a penny (thank God) .
We bundled up, since it was wintertime
in Michigan
and walked to the candy store.
We didn't eat them until we were back home.
That way we could just sit and savor our meal.
That was the most delicious candy
I had ever tasted.

I didn't chew them as they're meant to be eaten.
I just placed it in my mouth
and let it melt
as slowly as possible.
No talking...
I didn't want to waste a second of
this pleasure.
When SHE returns from the bar
she'll wonder (or maybe she won't)
if we ate.
I'm not telling her we ate candy for dinner.

25 years later, I went to visit HER.
Trying to move on
forget the past (it's for the best) .
As soon as I walk into her house...
sitting on the dining room table
is a punchbowl filled
with fruit flavored tootsie rolls.

I didn't mention our "meal"
25 years earlier.
I wondered if she knew
and this was some cruel joke
to have such a huge bowl
filled with just the thing that would trigger
so many emotions.

Mary Nagy

"Physician, Heal Thyself"

He may not understand
why I've taken such a turn.
Was my life for nothing
or is there something I could learn?

I'd like to help their healing
and ease their troubled mind.
I want to be the comfort
that they never yet could find.

It makes it all seem worth it
to know I'll put it all to use
the years of so much suffering
through lonely, cold abuse.

He asked me what I'm looking for
in those books upon my shelf.
I heard Him whisper softly...
"Physician, heal thyself"

Mary Nagy

Picky Pam.....(For Max)

She use to pack her own lunch.
She called hot lunch a waste.
She didn't like the cooks at school.
She had such picky taste.

She was my locker partner...
let's call her "Picky Pam".
She never brought PB & J.
She could only eat the "jam".

She thought it was so clever
how she brought her special lunch.
She had no clue what others thought
when she sat down to munch.

She always had egg salad.
A sandwich with a smell....
that carried halfway through the school
and all the kids would yell.

"Who brought the stinky sandwich? "
"I bet it's Picky Pam! "
"She eats egg salad everyday! "
"I hear she won't eat ham."

There's a moral to the story....
if you bring your lunch to school
PLEASE don't bring egg salad
cause stinking isn't cool!

Mary Nagy

Playing The Game Of Life

It comes with no instructions.
You make up your own rules.
That means you must take all the blame
when acting like such fools.

You always have a choice
in everything you do.
Your decisions are rewarded
by what comes back to you.

They say karma can be scary.
It doesn't have to be.
If all you give is kindness,
that's all you're going to see.

Life is one big challenge.
Just roll with every punch.
I have faith that you can do it...
let's just say "I have a hunch".

Mary Nagy

Playing The Race Card

It angers me to hear this.
I hate to tell you so.
It gets me so frustrated
and I had to let you know.

I didn't donate blood
because I thought that "they" were white.
I gave my blood to help them...
because I knew that it was right.

When you play the race card
it angers many souls.
Where once there was compassion,
there now are empty holes.

I feel it's not accepted
as just a touch from those who care.
It turns into a "race thing"
and that just isn't fair.

Mary Nagy

Please Don'T Beat The Dead Horse

Some people love the drama
they need it like it's air.
What do they get from all the stress
they feel...or don't they care?

They'll dredge up lots of turmoil
to make you turn your head.
But when you look too closely
you'll see that lies are said.

Don't let the spotlight dim
cause then they'll cause a stir.
You'd have to check the sources
to really know for sure.

Once they've been discovered
"It's someone else! "... (of course)
Please spare me from the drama
and stop beating the dead horse.

Mary Nagy

Please Forgive This Truly Rotten Person

How can I be happy
when I know you are so sad?
It's impossible for me to forget
all the troubles you are going through.
Why do I try?

Am I selfish for wishing I didn't care?
Sometimes I get so angry at myself
because I want to be happy.
I don't want to think of you
suffering.

But then I think of you.
You are so sad.
You are so depressed
and alone.
You turn to me as if I can help
but, I can't help.
I don't know how.
All I can do is say I care...
because I do.
I really do!

But, is caring enough?
Is it really enough to make a difference?
I fear it isn't.
So then I'm angry
because I feel like I'm letting you down.
I should be able to do something.
But, I can't.

What type of rotten person
must I be.....
to get upset because I'm sad
for you?

Isn't that the ultimate in selfishness
to feel angry that your happiness
is being disrupted by another's pain?

I'm sorry for being so selfish.
I wish I knew how to help you.

Mary Nagy

Polar Opposites

My husband stopped to ask me
"What do you do for fun? "
I answered very simply...
"I love poems...here, read one."

He looked at me as if I said
"I like to chew on glass! "
And when I passed my book to him
he said "I think I'll pass."

He said "You must be crazy! "
"Please say I just mis-heard."
He just can't see the beauty
within the written word.

I begged him "Please, just read one."
"Just give the poem a try."
He said "I'd rather use a fork
to poke out both my eyes! "

How can we be so different
and yet still get along?
Although we're polar opposites,
he's the music to my song.

Mary Nagy

Pop-Up Paranoia

Is it pop-up paranoia
or can they read my mind?
Each time I simply think something
on my screen I'm sure to find.

I wonder how they know it.
Am I sending out some ~waves~?
Can I try to stop the pop-ups?
It seems nothing really saves.

My mind just starts to wonder
how they always seem to know....
just which "Free Ads" will interest me
and which ones not to show. :)

I am haunted with this thought now
that they see me through my screen.
I have pop-up paranoia.....
(now I'm wondering what they've seen!)

Mary Nagy

Princess Needs A New Car

Princess just wants a new car.
I have told her that hers will go far.
"Oh, it's really not cool
driving this crap to school."
"Do I need that emotional scar? "

"The kids will all laugh at the rust.
When we race, I'll be left in the dust!
I will save up some cash
then we'll make a mad dash
to the car dealer surely you trust".

"He will make us a wonderful deal
and I'm sure you will know how I feel.
I will love you so much,
My siblings... I won't touch.
Just get me behind a new wheel! "

Now she'll be cruisin in style.
She'll be happy for only awhile.
There will always be better
and we'll try hard to get her
a car that will make princess smile.

Mary Nagy

Racing Towards Forever

This silent ache
scares me
I should
feel happiness
to know
we have until
forever
But
forever
scares me
What happens
after forever
Time
is zipping by
so fast
and out of control
I can't
slow it down
Have you
ever stood
next to
a subway car
moving
at top speed
and want
to stop it
with your
bare hands
I don't think
it can be done
But
time
that's more
dangerous than
a moving subway
because
we can't
touch time
we can't

jump in
and slam
on the brakes
I never thought
the day
would come
where forever
just doesn't seem
long enough
But
that day
is here
We
will be
together
forever
I know this
Please ignore
the fat tears
that race
down my cheeks
as you say
we'll be together
forever.

Mary Nagy

Same Old Nightmare

I'm having that same old nightmare.
I'm running through the sand...
I've reached the place where someone is...
They're reaching out their hand.

Just as I try to take it
they yank their hand away.
I try to hollar for some help
but there's nothing I can say.

I have no voice to yell with.
No words can be let out.
The tears are streaming down my face.
I'm fighting just to shout.

I need someone to save me
but that someone will not stay.
I have to force myself to stop...
just turn and walk away.

Mary Nagy

Self Deprecation

Why is it so easy for me
to see the "good" in everyone else
ANYONE else.....
but me?

It was brought to my attention
that I quite frequently
self deprecate.

My first response to this was
"Oh my gosh! I am so...stupid! "
But, then I thought
about my kids.

What am I teaching them
when I put myself down
as I so often do?

Why can't I just accept a compliment?
Instead of saying "Thank you"
I always try to convince the person
why they should reconsider.

I hear myself.
I tell myself to "Just shut up! "
But, I still manage to sound like a fool
listing my many flaws
(just in case they hadn't noticed them) .

I have to stop this.
I need to find a way
to accept praise
and love myself.

Mary Nagy

Shared Loneliness

Two people in one room
yet each feel alone
in their own world.

He's thinking of the increased
heating bill.

She's thinking of the increased
distance between them.

As he flips through the channels
with a half-conscious stare
he wonders what the future holds...
more unpaid bills
more collection notices.

As she scrawls her emotions
into an old tablet of paper
she wonders what the future holds...
more silence
more shared loneliness.

He looks at her and feels guilty
for not providing more.
She looks at him and feels guilty
for not knowing how to bridge
the distance between them.

No words are spoken.
He just flips the channel.
She just writes a poem.

Mary Nagy

She Died Right There Before Me

To me, she could've said anything
I wanted so badly to hear her say,
"I love you and I'm gonna try."
But all she said is "I just can't stay."
She looked away, I stared her down.
I needed to see her eyes.
She looked at me and that's when I knew...
THIS IS THE DAY MY MOTHER DIES.
She died right there before me.
I watched her fade away.
Her eyes were glossing over
as I begged her "PLEASE, JUST STAY! "
She said goodbye and drove away.
I've learned to deal with loss.
But, now she says "I'm coming back! "
She doesn't know the cost.
To me she's dead, she can't come back.
She'll have to remember the day
that she died right there before me
when she said she couldn't stay.

Mary Nagy

She's Counting Down

Each day
she gives the countdown
till she turns 18
and can move out
and be on her own
and finally have her own space
and her own room.

I pretend
I'm excited with her
for her to find herself
through her independence.
I pretend to share her joy
as that day draws nearer
...now only 382 days!

She'll be happy.
She's a strong young woman
head on straight
good grades
no drugs or alcohol
not boy crazy
a beautiful person
inside and out.

She doesn't know
it hurts me
when she counts those days off.
She has no idea
how I feel inside
when she squeals
with delight
at the thought
of moving away.

I'll keep pretending.
I know
I've done my job well
and she will be something.

She will be productive
and successful
and independent
and she will come back.

Mary Nagy

Should I Look For God Or Should He Look For Me?

Should I look for God
or should he look for me?
It seems I need the answers
but it's hard for me to see.

If life is full of troubles
and it's "meant to be" this way
I just I can't help but wonder
if God sometimes looks away.

If my pain is there to help me
and I'll learn from my mistakes
should I even worry
how much time my lesson takes?

If life's about survival
and we learn from all we see
should I try to look for God
or should he look for me?

Mary Nagy

Silenced By Sorrow

(For Denis Joe)

For the first time in my life
I am silenced by sorrow.
Questions go unspoken.
Answers remain unknown.

Fearing the brutality
of the darkness
I hide.
If I refuse to look too closely
will this still be true tomorrow?
Will you still have suffered
as you did?

Could I plunge
my hand of friendship
through the tar-like darkness
of your world
to bring you light?

Can you see the way out
or must I light a thousand candles
to ignite that part of you
that believes life can be wonderful?

With the first strike of the match....
I offer you a glimmer of hope.
I'll start lighting those candles now
and I won't stop until you see it.

~I'm praying for you Denis. Please be well.

Mary Nagy

Some Stupid Thoughts That I Must Purge

I like my chocolate hot
when my pizza's cold.

I like my sheets new
when my quilts are old.

I like the music fast
when my kisses are slow.

You make me feel high
when I'm feeling low.

I enjoy little ditties
and elaborate songs.

I like my poems short
but my stories long.

Mary Nagy

Sometimes It Takes A Tragedy

Sometimes it takes a tragedy
to help us see things clear,
and then we get a glimpse of life
without our loved ones here.

The busy days of real-life
go by with such a flash
and then you're in the hospital...
the whole world seems to crash.

We've dodged another bullet.
We're given one more day.
Let's make a promise to ourselves
to not forget to say...

Your breath comes forth just for me,
your lungs still rise and fall.
I'll always be beside you
with just a simple call.

The heat from you while sleeping
can take away my chills.
The way you keep me laughing
and showing me new thrills.

I know our days are numbered.
It has to end one day.
Please let it be many years from now
when one of us goes away.

Mary Nagy

Somewhere Between A Man And A Little Boy

As I'm putting your laundry away
I stop to look around your room.
The hundreds of Hotwheels
parked, as they should be, in their crate.
I can still see you lying on your belly
on the kitchen floor making the best
sound affects ever created by an amateur.
I can't help chuckling to myself
as I sit on your bed
and look at the things you treasure.
Your dads army jacket
proudly on display on your wall
next to the American flag.
Your many necklaces
(only "cool" ones)
that could never be mistaken
for a girls.
Then I walk over to your display cabinet.
Your most prized possessions.
I peek in careful not to disturb
the almost museum style set-up you have.
I see your baseball trophies
all surrounding your first (but not last)
home-run ball.
Your unopened packages of Hotwheels
(each representing something I am clueless of) .
Your slingshot and bb guns.
Just as a sadness of your lost youth
starts to wash over me
with the thought of how responsibly
you've arranged all this,
I see a picture of Napoleon Dynamite
smiling back at me
as if to say
"Gosh! Get out of my room! Geez! "
Even though you may be somewhere
between a man and a little boy...
I still know where to find you.

Mary Nagy

Still Waiting.....

I'm trying to be patient.
It's taken many years.
I've gotten through the toughest part.
I'm all cried out of tears.

I'm waiting for the mother
that is coming back for me.
I'm sure she will come back real soon...
She'll be here.....you will see.

I've told her how I need her.
She knows how long it's been.
She walked away 24 years ago
when I was only ten.

Some say "Give up, it's over! "
That just could never be.
I will wait for her return
as long as there's breath in me.

I've talked to her, she knows me
She'll be back and then we'll sing
Till then I'll just be patient
I'm here.....Still Waiting.

Mary Nagy

Stinging Words

How often have we felt it,
when hurtful things are said?
When someone says such painful things
you wish that you were dead.

Many times we just don't realize
the pain we tend to cause
when we say things to instigate
the laughing and applause.

The sting of words is painful.
The scars will linger long.
We carry hurt around with us
even when we know it's wrong.

So, choose your wording wisely.
It hurts more than you know.
Sometimes the ones you hurt the worst
are the ones you never know.

Mary Nagy

Stolen Cherries

I prayed they wouldn't see me.
I'd hide between the branches.
They had no way of knowing
those cherries were all I'd have
to eat that day.

I knew they'd yell if they saw me.
They always did.
They'd yell for me to "Get out of there! "
Like I was a stray dog they found
sifting through their garbage.
I would just jump down
and run home...and wait
till I thought they weren't looking.

I couldn't blame them.
Afterall, they took alot of time
pruning and caring for those trees.
(lucky trees)

The girl that lived there
was in my class.
She never acted like she knew
I ate their cherries.
But, I knew she knew.

I tried to pick extra once
to save some for later
when I knew I would be hungry again.
But, the bigger kids would take them
as soon as I got in the house.

That tree was the only "safe place"
I could enjoy a meal
with my little brother.
He was only five
and he couldn't climb so well.
He always needed a boost
to get to a good hiding spot

in the tree.

I hate cherries.

Mary Nagy

Suicide Bomber In Your Soul

Given too freely
this can become ammunition
a weapon used against you
like a suicide bomber
in your soul.

Never given
this can become isolating
as you will only trust yourself
and have nowhere to turn
during the darkest days
which are guaranteed to come.

Once broken
this can very rarely be repaired
to it's original state
of pure and honest sincerity
always having a doubt in the corner
resurfacing it's ugliness
just when you need it the most.

Truly appreciated
this can be the greatest gift
you will ever give
or receive.
Once it's yours cherish it
as you would a treasure
that you may never have again.

Trust is a very delicate creature.

Mary Nagy

Summer Vacation

I've waited all year
to hear that bell ring.
When I finally hear it,
You know I will sing...
HOORAY FOR VACATION
and GET READY FOR FUN! !
I want to do nothing
(but maybe lay in the sun.)
I want to hear crickets
and bees buzzing low.
I'll weed out my garden
and watch my plants grow.
If ever I've needed a summer to rest,
this would be the summer I needed it best.

Mary Nagy

Thank You

You watched when they were gone.
You cared when no one knew.
We never would've made it
if it hadn't been for you.

You grew up way to early.
You gave up all you had.
Your mother never thanked you
and you've never known your dad.

There's no way I can say this
to make you understand.
I realize how much you gave us
when you could barely stand.

You cared for us and sheltered
the ones she gave away.
The thanks you got were never heard...
that is, until today.

A sister through the troubled times
is an understatement at best.
But, I hope you know you're loved,
and you're held above the rest.

Mary Nagy

Thank You Doctor H!

Dear Doctor...you have scared me!
I'm afraid to make a move.
I don't know what is safe or not.
It's nothing I can prove.

I'm scared to take a bath now
(my skin absorbs flouride!)
I'd find somewhere to run to
but there's nowhere left to hide!

It's hard to not just panick.
I don't know what to do.
I'd go outside and meditate
but birds kill with the flu!

I read the toothpaste label
as I brush with poisoned paste.
I splash some water (flouride) on me
I forgot this in my haste!

Please, let me thank you Doctor
I wasn't scared enough.
Now I'm just a bag of nerves!
(and I thought I was tough!)

Thanks alot Herbert! !

Mary Nagy

Thank-You Garden

The garden is producing food
as we go about our day.
Without so much as a thank-you
this garden goes away.

While in full swing, we pick it's fruit
and never look back.
We haul it in as if it's loot
that fills our empty sack.

One day I'd like to thank-you
for the goodness you provide.
I hope I'll have the time to
but time passes like the tide.

No matter what you're thinking
I appreciate your care
Maybe you're just a garden,
but I'm sure glad you're there! !

Mary Nagy

The Bulbs That Blind Them

Maybe it's the way the elf
is grinning...
Maybe it's the way Mrs. Claus
seems to know something I don't.
Christmas always has an aura of mystery
and a tinge of sadness.
It could be the way the bulbs
hang from the tree and effortlessly
reflect a twisted, distorted view of myself
as I search the branches for
the bulbs that may mean something...
anything,
to someone.
No matter how I turn,
I can't get away
from the carnival-mirror-like image
hiding between the strands of garland.
She mocks me
as I look at the homemade bulb
with glitter letters
that says "Mothers Make Memories".
I wonder if every Christmas tree
holds within it
the bulbs that blind them.

Mary Nagy

The Dandelions Were Listening

I never did the
"He loves me not....
He loves me" game
with flowers.
I already knew nobody loved me
so why should I listen
to a stupid flower?

I did make wishes
on dandelions
after the bloom died
and it was tiny spikes of fluff
waiting to blow away
till next year.

I hated wasting my time
but I couldn't resist.
I figured
"If there's even a small hope
that this will work....
I've got to try! "

I would find a spot
where nobody could see me
and I'd whisper
my one wish
the same wish
every time.

Thousands of dandelions
blown away
by my pleading breath.

I never told a soul
my wishes.
Until now.
I wished to be happy
one day...
with a husband

who loves me
and kids who love me.
I wished so hard...

I never thought
those dandelions
were listening.

Mary Nagy

The Dangers Of A Bored Poet

When poets get bored you should worry.
They may try to stir up some "fun".
I think it's the kick of excitement
they get when they see what they've done.

If it seems like it may be too quiet
they'll want to get feathers to fly.
Sometimes it is fun just to watch them
while they "virtually" yell, scream or cry.

They all love the thrill of the drama
and of course need to have the last word.
We all know the one that is right
is whoever can use bigger words!

I get nervous when things start to simmer
and peace is the only real sound.
Things can change in a matter of minutes
if there's more than one poet around.

Mary Nagy

The Day Dad Planned His Funeral

They said you needed surgery.
You said "There's business I must do."
I drove you to the funeral home.
The arrangements were for you.

I had to wait outside that day.
I couldn't go in there.
I don't know how you made those plans.
You showed how much you cared.

You knew you wouldn't make it.
You feared the end was near.
I hate what your life did to you.
I wish you were still here.

How do you plan your funeral?
Were you as scared as I?
What were your thoughts heading to the docs?
Did you know that you would die?

If I could turn back time and say
the things I'd like to say,
I'd say "I love you" and "I'll miss you."
"I wish that you could stay! "

Mary Nagy

The Deadly Flu

They say we'll be affected.
Millions are to die.
Then they say don't worry
as if we'll give a sigh.

I know the world has problems.
We've had our share of pain.
I know so far we're lucky
but it's driving me insane.

What if my child does get it?
Is there nothing I can do?
I could not watch them slowly die.
Is the fear the same for you?

I'd like to keep them home now
at least until it's done.
But that would not be living
and I'd frighten everyone.

It's hard to hear "It's coming."
The news is spreading fast.
I'm praying they are wrong this time.
Let's not repeat the past.

Mary Nagy

The Ebay Auction

He watches the ebay auction
with greed across his face.
I try to get his attention
but he's staring into space.

He just keeps on "refreshing"
the screen with patient care.
It worries me to see him
when he's got that wicked stare.

It's addictive and I know it.
It pulls you in a spell.
You try to get away from it...
but...is it doing well? ?

Will we reach the reserve?
Does it look just right?
No, I can't come to bed right now...
My auction ends tonight! !

Mary Nagy

The High Road

It's up to you so choose it.
You see which way to go.
How good a person are you?
Is it the high road or the low?

You're faced with many options
that only you can choose.
Some will lead to glory.
Some will make you lose.

Your so-called friends may guide you
down a dark and narrow street
but, when it's done and over,
they'll run from all the heat.

You make your own decisions
because you'll pay the price.
I trust that you can hear me.
Please take this free advice.

You have the chance to choose it.
Don't act like you don't know.
Where is it you will travel,
down the high road or the low?

Mary Nagy

The Joyride

We always go out driving... that's what we love to do.
We'll all pile in and go, the kids and me and you.

We look at fancy houses and dream of "One day we'll..."
We like to count the cows seen grazing on the hill.

Rolling down the windows and feeling the cool breeze.
The leaves are turning colors, getting ready for the freeze.

We hear the twigs start cracking underneath our muddy tires.
Looking for the black birds all lined along the wires.

The kids will give a clap and send the birds up in a tizzy,
we just keep on laughing now until we're feeling dizzy.

If we can find a two-track with a sign "road closed ahead"
you know we're turning off the street and going there instead!

Once we're stuck we'll all just push, we don't mind anyway.
For us this is the life....and this is our favorite kind of day! !

Mary Nagy

The Longest Minute Of My Life

He was going around the house
doing his normal routine
until he stood there
so still
grabbing his chest.
What's wrong? ! ?

He tries to say ""It's nothing""
but, the pain takes his voice
along with his breath.
It only lasted about one minute
but in that one short minute
I took an inventory of our life
I saw what was really important
And what wasn't.

I saw our children
not one of them out of high school yet.
I saw our house
those little repairs that never seem to get done.
I saw our marriage
the one that nobody said would last.
I saw him
having the worst pain I've ever seen him have.

He made his way to the bedroom
And sat at the edge of the bed
Still holding his chest
If this is nothing
Where did the tears come from?
He is a big ol' manly-man!
He never cries.
This was more than ""nothing"".

After the longest minute of my life
he stands up and says ""It's gone""
but, for me, it's not gone.
I refuse to be a widow at 35.
We have been through too much

to let unhealthy eating end
the life we've created together.

I just called him at work
to let him know I renewed
our membership to the YMCA.

Mary Nagy

The Man That Buys Tampons

So many men won't do it.
They have to hide their head.
If they must go...please let God know
he'd like to be struck dead.

Of course the store is crowded
It has to be that way...
How could this trip get any worse?
"Hey there! " The neighbors say.

But if you only saw yourself
through other women's eyes,
you'd see a thoughtful, caring man
that fills their heart with sighs.

When a man can go buy tampons
and not care if he's seen,
he must be a true sweetheart....
or else SHE' S REALLY MEAN!

Mary Nagy

The New Neighborhood Co-Written By Rusty Daily And Mary Nagy

What leads us
to those from
opposite sides of the world
and places them
front and center
in our lives?

Point...Click...Enter
a world where friends are chosen
by keyboard characters
designing a persona.
Personalities are on display.
Pick and choose.
It's like having a pretend friend
to fill those spots
of loneliness.

Are Internet friends
taking the place
of those long lost
imaginary friends
we were told to say goodbye to
years ago?

Do we grasp at kind,
caring words
in a virtual world?
What is lacking in ours
that makes us nurture that thread
that binds us together
strengthening it with confessions
and secrets bravely told
behind the Internet veil.
What do we fear we will lose
if that thread breaks?
A friend?
A possible soulmate?

Do we fear the door
to friendship will disappear
and never be opened again?

The technological world
has opened up
and given birth
to make these friends real.
It's the new neighborhood,
free of ethnicity,
class and six square blocks
of territorial safety.

Through lines of high speed connections
you are able to rub elbows,
hearts and souls with people
of all walks of life.
You can have coffee
with your friend in Africa
without leaving your home in America.

And the best part.....
there is no dress code
in fact...clothes are optional!

Mary Nagy

The Numbers On A Clock Don'T Go To The Hands... They Wait For Them.

He hugged his dad goodnight
and passed me by.
I laughed because I knew
I'm never given my hug and kiss goodnight
until he is lying in bed and tucked in.

It's the same with all my kids.
Once they're in bed
they'll yell "I'm ready Mom! "
and I'll go in and give them
their hug and kiss goodnight.

While he passed by me tonight
I almost felt slighted.
I said "Hey, why do I have to get up
and Dad don't? "
"Can't you just give me
my hug and kiss out here? "

His explanation cracked me up!

"Why would I hug you out here Mom?
Do the numbers on a clock go to meet the hands?
No, that just wouldn't be right.
That's the same with us.
You're like the hands and I'm like the numbers."

Mary Nagy

The Pain Of Young People

I hate to see the pain
the young so often feel.
I wish that I could help.
My love for them is real.

They need some understanding.
They just want to be heard.
Where are their parents when they cry?
Don't they read their words?

They say they hate their lives.
They want to end it all.
I wish that I could help them
and save them from the fall.

It hurts to hear their suffering.
To know I can't be there.
At least I want them all to know
how very much I care.

When you need understanding
or even just a friend,
Send a note and say hello.
I'll be here till the end.

Mary Nagy

The Path Of Forgiveness

As I creep down the path of forgiveness
and I search for my own lonely heart,
I yearn for the feel of completion.
I must finish what God made me start.

I can see in the distant horizon
there resembles someone I once knew.
Do I have the strength needed to reach her?
If I don't can I get it from you?

Will you help clear my path as I'm trudging
down that frightfully winding old road?
Can I lean on your arm for my safety
even though you can't carry my load?

This old path is alive in my memory.
It knew I'd return on this day.
I am listening to my own heartbeat
while the unknown is leading the way.

My legs have been turned into jelly.
I see myself walking along.
I wonder if I should be back here.
For some reason this feels very wrong.

Mary Nagy

The Poemhunter Convention Makes Me Nervous!

A convention of Poemhunters
sounds very interesting
to me!
Aren't most poets introverts?
Will we find the silence deafening?
Those who feel comfortable
behind the security
of a computer screen
may find an in-your-face gathering
frightening!
I'm not very outgoing
in crowds.
(shocking!)
Will it be uncomfortable
to meet the people
who have seen my soul
naked?
Not only have they heard about
my demons...
they've been introduced to them.
What if they've made friends
with those demons?
Would I know?

Would I even have the courage
to step out
from behind the screen?
If not, I would miss out on meeting
some of the most precious people
I've ever known.

Am I the only one
that feels "nervous" at the thought
of standing in front of
of those eyes
that have seen more weakness
from me than strength?
I'm afraid I would have to fight back
tears....but, would they be of joy?

of sadness?
of shame?

Mary Nagy

The Ring

How does it feel to wear it?
How can you keep it there?
You must hate being reminded
of how much he use to care.

It doesn't really fit you.
It's just a size too small.
But then, did he never tell you
that it isn't yours at all?

Do you ever wonder
what it is that people see
when you show them all your finger
wearing the ring he bought for me?

Mary Nagy

The Scent Of Lilac

The simple scent of lilac
sends my mind to a far off land.
A place where you and I can go
just walking hand in hand.

Each spring I see the buds peek out
and I know it's coming soon.
This is the time of year we love
just staring at the moon.

I love to sit out on the porch
and listen to you sigh.
This is where I yearn to be...
that ol' lilac bush nearby.

That scent just sends a shiver
right up my whole spine.
It's this that makes me realize....
I can't believe you're mine.

Mary Nagy

The Secret Life Of A Poet

My friends don't even know me.
They really have no clue.
I don't say I write poetry.
Is it the same for you?

Does a poet always tell their friends
about their secret vice?
In passing I may say "I write."
but, I'll never tell them twice.

Do we like the "cloak and dagger"?
Is it "mystery" that we seek?
Oh yes, I do write poetry...
but, it's a secret I shall keep.

Mary Nagy

The Sour Stench Of Childhood

When he asked about my childhood
I knew not where to start.
The scents began to flood my head
while strangling my heart.

My mind has instant recall
on those certain horrid scents.
Like overflowing ashtrays
in a car with blowing vents.

The smell of all night parties
mixed with the scent of a strangers love.
The sour stench of sweat and tears
it's hard to rise above.

The pungent smell of beer breath
in a young girls sleeping face.
The memories of childhood
are not so easily erased.

Some things are burnt in memory
no matter how we fight.
He quietly put a scented candle
on the table in plain sight

Mary Nagy

The Stupid Superbowl

Today they eat the nachos
they sit and "shoot the bull".
There never is a shortage
of a spare finger to pull!

They seem to just go crazy
like they are not all there!
They just don't seem to realize
I REALLY DO NOT CARE!

Maybe it's un-American
to not enjoy the game
but I'm just not impressed at all
by all this football fame!

They sit and count the money
they're surely going to win
but, their team needs a touchdown...
Oh, here we go again!

When I ask him "who is playing? "
He says I have no soul!
Is it my fault I don't go nuts
for the stupid SUPERBOWL! ? !

Mary Nagy

The Tough Questions

You say you wanted to talk
about our past.
You heard I've been dealing
with my own acceptance
of what my childhood actually entailed.

It seemed you loved hearing
how I view him now,
how I see what he did
and just how wrong it all was.
I could almost hear that cheshire cat-like grin
cracking through your stone-face
over the phone.

I hear the jangling of your earrings
as you nod your head in agreement
while I recount the horrors for you.
You say "Yeah, I was horrified by it all."
"He was sick."
"He was twisted."
"That's exactly why I left him! "
I wonder if you'll still be smiling
when I ask you
WHY?

Tell me Mother....
why, when your new boyfriends
house became too crowded
with his 5 kids and then your own five,
did you take me back to my dad
and hand me over like a sacrificial lamb?

My pleading cries were ignored.
My screams to let me stay with you
were ignored.
Why, if you KNEW he was so bad...
did you give your 10 yr old daughter to him?

Don't say you want to talk

if you can't handle the
tough questions.

Mary Nagy

The Train Ride Ended But Love Never Stops

"I've never rode a train Mom."
he said with eyes lit up.
So, we bought two round-trip tickets
to my mother's house.
(She lives a short walk away from the train station.)
Our trip would only be forty minutes
but that would be long enough to say
"We've rode a train! "

The day of our trip
was the day after
his eleventh birthday.
I'm pretty touched
that he would choose
to spend the day with me
instead of his friends.
Our train arrived at seven A.M.
and we didn't leave until nine P.M.
This gave us plenty of time
just him and I.

I thought everything went great.
We played games like "Catchphrase"
for about 5 hours
and laughed and laughed!
No talk of my childhood came up.
(thankfully)
He and I took a couple walks together
spending hours in antique shops
until he found the perfect
antique 'survival knife' to buy
with his birthday money.
We stopped into the ice-cream parlor
and had the biggest ice-cream cones known to man!

When it was time to leave
we walked to the little restaurant
for dinner first.
We shared our meals

and talked about our day.
I saw a young man
sitting across from me,
looking at me through the eyes
of my baby boy.

After our meal
we walked back to the train station.
Our train was late but
we didn't mind
that just meant more time to talk.
When I saw his eyes fill with tears
I had no idea what was wrong.
I was chilled to hear what he said.

"Mom, I just feel so bad for you.
I can see how sad you are
when you talk with your mom.
I just wish you didn't have
the childhood you had.
That's why I took so many trips
to the bathroom today...I just couldn't
look at you sitting there with her.
I knew how you were feeling,
I could see it in your eyes."

It took some convincing
to make him see
that I don't focus on
what my mom and I don't have.
My focus is on
what he and I
do have
and that is priceless!

His compassion is crippling
and I am moved beyond words
at the tenderness in which he feels.
I'm truly blessed
with an angel of my very own.
I wouldn't trade that kid
for anything in this world

and I'll never forget
how he chose to spend
his eleventh birthday.

Mary Nagy

The Ultimate "Blonde Moment"

Chelsey is my oldest
a needle makes her weak.
She begged to get her ears pierced
since she had learned to speak.

Her first attempt was years ago
when she was about 7.
Of course they hurt....we took them out-
next try was at 11.

She cried then too when time to change
those earrings in her ears.
She hates the sight of blood
so now she faced her fears.

When they grew over once again
she begged for one more try.
Of course I will allow it....
I hate to see my baby cry!

At 12 she should be old enough
to handle such a feat
but, no not her...yes, once again
it ended in defeat.

So, for the past few years now
she's almost 17...
she's begged for one more piercing
(the answer's no cause I'm "so mean! ")

Last night she came out of her room
with earrings in her ears.
She laughed and was embarrassed
almost enough for tears.

Her ears had still been pierced
for the past 4 years or so!
She's just such an airhead
SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW!

So now she's wearing earrings
and she's happy as a clam.
It makes me laugh to think
she's just as ditsy as I am!

Mary Nagy

The Walls Are Crumbling

As I tried to grasp some meaning
from within her silent cries,
I felt her soul reach out to me
from deep within her eyes.

I saw the walls were crumbling
and falling to the ground.
Perhaps this is a fresh start
the two of us have found.

We talked for what seemed hours
about our lives and all our dreams.
She wished she could go back there
but of course, she can't it seems.

We're given only one chance
to make our dreams come true.
We may not have forever
but I'm here right now with you.

Let's unpack that old suitcase
and throw the memories out.
If we need to talk about it
lets talk, or scream and shout!

At least it's a beginning.
Can't we be thankful for this?
We have to just move forward
or there's so much we could miss.

The past is done and over.
Today is still brand new.
Why waste another minute
while I'm sitting here with you?

Mary Nagy

The Woman I Once Was

What happened to the woman
that I once use to be?
When did I start being afraid
of jumping from a tree?

I use to climb those branches
right to the very top.
My dad would yell up at me
"OK, You better stop! "

I use to be so fearless.
I never was afraid.
Now I cringe at just the thought
of stepping from the shade!

My courage must have left me
like so many have before.
I have to reach within myself
to get through what's in store.

I know that woman's in there.
She wants to take the plunge.
For now I'll just look off the edge
from a very distant lunge.

Mary Nagy

The Woman In The Mirror

When I pass a mirror
and catch you watching me,
I'm stricken with the strangest chill
that no one else can see.

The resemblance is uncanny.
The face, the hair, the nose.
I'm even just about your height.
I guess that's how it goes.

I'll always be reminded
of when you went away
each time I pass a mirror...
(That's every single day.)

Mary Nagy

The World Is Self Destructing

The world is feeling pain now.
It's not just "over there".
Tragedy is striking and
it's hurting everywhere.

From bomb blasts to tsunamis,
now another hurricane.
Theres so much devastation.
In the end what will remain?

Has the whole world just gone crazy?
Do we see what's taking place?
The world is self-destructing
and we have no hiding place.

Mary Nagy

The World's Become So Cynical

Should kindness be forgotten?
Is it obsolete?
Should we live just for ourselves
and face this harsh defeat?

I can't believe this world
has come to such a state
that things like love and kindness
are going to dissipate.

I won't lose faith in man-kind.
We'll hold on tight and strong.
No matter what the 'people' say
In my heart, I know they're wrong.

I'll hold on till forever
to kindness and to love.
I'll get my help from family...
down here and up above.

Mary Nagy

They Said Goodbye

As they end their search
for fireflies with only three in the jar
I realize summer is nearing its end.
The signs are all around me.
How did I miss them creeping up?

The tiger lilies that proudly
lined the driveway,
greeting each guest with a
brilliant show of color,
are now nothing more than green
swords waving at the kids as they
ride their bikes past.
The once bright orange blooms
are lying on the ground
crisp and brown
waiting for the next good breeze
to take them on their first (and last) journey.

The neighbors tree is starting to
change into it's Autumn wardrobe already.
Its uppermost leaves shimmering in the sun
an almost exotic combination of
reds and oranges.
Its message reads as clear
as if it were a billboard:
"SLOW DOWN- Summer ending soon! "

I see even the kids are showing
signs of Fall's quick approach.
They're losing that spring in their step
and now are moving along at half-pace.
They seem to sense the upcoming school year
and I can see the dread in their eyes
as if they're losing their best friend
and there's nothing they can do about it.

With a look of hopelessness
I watch them open up their jar

to release the three fireflies.
But, unlike their usual releases
where they tip the jar upside-down
and shake the creatures out,
this time they just removed the lid
and set the jar on the picnic table.

They sat there patiently
watching until the last firefly
had found its way out.
It was as if they knew
this would be the last time
they caught them until next year
and they needed time to say goodbye.

Mary Nagy

Those Were The Days

I used to get the shivers
each time you would come near.
It used to be that just your voice
was all that I could hear.

I wish we could go back there.
When love was so brand new.
The only thing that mattered
was simply loving you.

You set my soul afire
with just a simple gaze.
I need to feel the flames again!
Oh God, those were the days!

We were so very young then.
We both just turned sixteen.
At the point of physical perfection.
We were both so young and lean.

So many years behind us.
Three kids, the stress and such.
Our lives are just so busy.
We rarely even touch.

We quickly kiss 'Hello there.'
'See ya later' or 'Goodnite'.
We rarely have the energy
to even have a fight.

We just need to rekindle
the fire that burns within.
I'm hoping you will see this
as a plea for us to win.

Mary Nagy

Time To Clean House ~ For Michael Shepherd

It's been covered
by that christmas tablecloth
for years.
You remember...
the one with the large poinsettia pattern
directly in the middle,
with the cranberry stains decorating
sporadic spots along the border.

I almost forgot it was here.
I always hoped somehow a magic trick
would be performed while I was away
and it would disappear before I returned.

The years have passed for me
yet as I do the unceremonious unveiling
time seems to spiral backwards until
I'm sitting on the floor
drowning in a flood of memories.

Yet,
no more tears come.
Time to clean house.
No more tablecloths to cover the pain.
No more boxes to tuck away
the memories that are better off forgotten.
No more excuses for not visiting this place.
No more.

This space is clean now
and will remain that way.
Clear of the cobwebs and dust
that have been clouding my vision
for too many years.
The heavy velvet curtains give a groan
(or is it a cheer?)
as they're thrown open.
Finally, the sun can shine through
and the warmth can be felt

by a heart that was unsure it deserved
to feel the warmth of the sun.

Thank you Michael, for making me feel worthy of the sun's warmth.

Mary Nagy

Timeline Of Pain

The baby girl was born.
The family was torn.

Three kids already there.
With parents that didn't care.

Do with her what you will...
She'll always love you still.

Abuse the trust she'll give.
She'll never want to live.

Cops are called again.
No ones ever gonna win.

They pray that one will die.
Just no energy to try.

Parents need to split...
she quietly watches it.

No one wants the kid.
No wonder that she hid.

You take her, it's your turn.
What is it that she'll learn?

To never have their love...
so hard to rise above.

Mary Nagy

Today Marks Your Re-Birth

When you entered our building
you shared with us your fears.
You shared your secret terrors.
We saw your silent tears.

For peace you need forgiveness
to heal your wounded soul.
But we have not forgotten
how the pain can take its toll.

We can see past your bruises.
Your strength shines through black eyes.
We know that you can make it.
Just don't give up the tries.

This road will not be easy.
You may want to turn back.
when doubt begins to fill your heart
we'll help pick up the slack.

This world won't make it simple
to fight this fight you're in
but we will be here for you
cause we know you can win.

We may not know your story.
We've not walked in your shoes.
But you now have the power...
this is your life now to choose.

Don't let them make you wonder
about your own self-worth.
We've now seen your spirit...
and today marks your re-birth.

(Dedicated to all the survivors of Domestic Violence)

Mary Nagy

Today She Got Her License! !

Today she got her license.
She now thinks she's all grown.
I can't believe my baby
can drive to town ALONE.

Although I tried to fight it,
the time kept passing by.
Is it wrong to drag my heels?
You know... I had to try! !

She use to be so small.
It seems like yesterday
when I would watch her sing her songs
and giggle while she'd play.

I have to trust her judgement.
Of course she knows what's right.
I pray God keeps her by His side
even when she's not in sight.

Mary Nagy

Today The Braces Come Off!

They strapped them on so long ago
they're now a part of me.
Today they're going to rip them off
and set my poor teeth free!

For oh so long they've hurt me.
They've torn my mouth to bits.
They'll leave me bruised and battered.
It's time to call it quits!

We started this with hopes
to have a normal smile.
Now we end with so much more.
My teeth are "single filed"!

So straight and bright and pearly white!
I never thought they'd be.
My parents money was well spent....
just look and you will see!

Mary Nagy

Too Much Nasty Poetry

I don't like nasty limericks.
I don't like vulgar words.
I'd rather write of better things,
like maybe watching birds.

So many poets feel the need
to write such graphic things.
The art of poetry to me
is making words that sing.

It's easy to be nasty.
It takes no brain at all.
But I can't keep from wondering
where you get the gall.

My poems may not be "genius".
I'm sure they don't compare
to many other writer's work
but mine, I like to share.

No matter if you're ninety
or if you're only nine
you needn't feel ashamed to click
on poetry that's mine.

Mary Nagy

Tragically Mistaken

You say
you want to know
about their pain.
You say
you wish you had
some warning.
You feel bad
that you didn't
have a sign.
Do you?

If they cry for help
before they have done
the destruction...
do you wipe their tears
or do you laugh at them
and say they are just
seeking attention?

Warning signs?
They're all around us.
Do we really
want to see them
or do we just want
to say we wish
we would've seen them.

It's easy
to say we would've
done something.
It's much harder
to actually do something.

Are you
a silent observer
or are you
an active listener?

If you think

it doesn't matter...
you're tragically mistaken.

Mary Nagy

Trespassers Must Pay!

I thought I saw a mouse.
It ran behind the heater.
My daughter jumped and screamed so loud
I thought I'd have to beat her!

I grabbed the kitchen mop.
My son, he grabbed the broom
but all we did was scare the thing
and chase it from the room.

I guess I'm not too helpful
when I'm standing on the chair
but I'm not going near that room
until it's out of there!

I hate the change of seasons
because it never fails.
There's bound to be the visits
from their tiny little tails.

I know it's mean to say this
but I've set a nasty trap.
The one sound that I love to hear
is that vicious little.....
SNAP!

For all you "mousy lovers"
forgive my evil ways
but trespassers are trespassers
and here....trespassers pay!

Mary Nagy

Trust Me

What have I done to lose your trust?
Can you please explain to me...
Why is it that you seem to think
I'm trying to break free?

I don't yearn for my freedom.
I feel free in your arms.
Don't let those thoughts control you.
I'm aware of all lifes harms.

You'll never be forsaken.
I'll always remain true.
It hurts me when you don't believe...
I'm forever loving you.

I feel the pain you're feeling
but, I am not to blame.
It's just jealous emotions.
I love you just the same.

I won't give in to jealousy.
You know me way too well.
My loyalty won't falter
surely you can tell.

You don't need to be worried
of things you cannot see.
You gained a wife forever
the day you married me.

Mary Nagy

Turning 20 Today

It hit me this morning...
she's really turning 20 today.

How can that be when I still see her
riding her brothers dirtbike
over the ramps [and inevitably wiping out]...
all with a proud smile on her face
as the boys watch on with disbelief
that she had the courage to try
again and again
until she made a successful jump.

Now enlisted
in the United States Air Force,
ready to leave in May...
she amazes me.
Her strength to endure whatever life throws at her.
Her ability to laugh in the face of those who say 'You can't.'.
Her courage to take those steps she must take alone
in order to become the woman she aspires to be.

My daughter is turning 20 today.
I hope she knows how proud I am of her:
for the daughter she's been-
for the woman she is-
for the soul she's become-
Happy Birthday Chelsey.
I love you.

Mary Nagy

"United Earth"

How is it that so many of the people around the world
feel the same about the way our troubles have unfurled,
yet, still there is no simple way to bring about world peace.
Why is it just so difficult to make the heartache cease?

We all know that we're hurting each other everyday.
We all see what the conflicts are but yet we never say.
If all the angry people could just let their voices heard
I wonder if all those in charge would hear our united word.

In each place they have problems although they feel the same.
It seems so simple to bring relief to all without a name.
Who cares what country you live in? We all are just alike.
If those in charge can't help us then they ought to take a hike!

I pray one day it's safe for us to travel far and wide
around this wondrous world of ours and feel no need to hide.
We should all feel like family on one "United Earth".
One day we may take notice and make them see just what we're worth.

Mary Nagy

Unknown Angel

You are my oldest angel.
Your name will go untold.
At first you were too young for this.
Now you are too old.

Just so you know I love you.
Your thoughts, your smile, your heart.
You've been with me through darker days,
but you loved me from the start.

It's strange to look you eye to eye
and see how much you've grown.
I wonder where we'll end this journey.
Will it be far that you will roam?

Even though you are much older
than a "baby" or a "child".
Don't go thinkin' you're all grown up.
The world out there is wild.

Mary Nagy

Vacation Is Over

School's back in tomorrow!
We're all so sad today.
Summer went too quickly.
One last day to play.

Today let's cram in everything.
Let's swim and then play ball.
There's 12 more hours of vacation left!
Let's try to do it all!

Let's go deep in the woods.
We have to take a hike.
Then we'll go find dirt hills
and jump them with our bike!

The summer may be over
but we've still got today.
Let's kick back and enjoy it
cause they can't take this away!

Mary Nagy

Walking Away From Your Life

You've seen the huge piles out at the curb.
Have you ever wondered how it got there?
How could somebody just walk away
from everything they own?

Throughout my childhood it happened...
often.
My parents fought.....
split....
one of them would tell us to jump in the car.
We could'nt grab anything
just go.
The other one would lose the house
with all its contents.
So we would have to start over...
again.

I still go back to those houses
in my dreams.
I go back there to reclaim my stuff.
My toys are still thrown around my room.
My clothes (and secret writings) are
still in my drawers.

Next time you see the huge pile out at the curb
think about the family.
What could be so messed up
that they just walk away from everything they own?
It happens...
often.

Mary Nagy

Wash Away My Doubt

Dear Lord, I have some questions for which I need to know
the answers have been weighing on my mind, I'm sure it shows.

Are you truly in Heaven? Is there really such a place?
Are you watching my adventures while I'm finding my own space?

I so often have to wonder, do you hear my silent cries?
Who am I to think you love me? Is it all a pack of lies?

When I'm left to sit and ponder all the thoughts I have on you
I can't help but search for answers...how am I to know what's true?

Do you hear me when I whimper as I lie in bed awake?
Do you see me lose my temper when I've had all I can take?

Is it you that soothes my wounded soul each time I see myself?
Could it be true... what is written in the books upon my shelf?

Just wash away my doubt and cleanse me with your truth.
Dear Lord, you've been so silent as I've left behind my youth.

Though life at times seems hectic and I wonder if you're there
I hold on to the thought that there's at least one soul who'll care.

Forgive me when I doubt you and I try to see things clear.
Please Lord, renew my faith in you....just let me know you're here.

Mary Nagy

Watching Our Young Tree

As the wind begins to bluster
we watch that tattered tree.
It's grown to mean so much to us
we planted it....you and me.

Today the wind seems brutal
as we watch our young tree bend.
Our fear is that it's just too weak.
Don't let this be the end.

In horror we just watch it
while it nearly bends in half.
We hear it creak (or is it cry) .
And through our nerves we laugh.

To our suprise it stands tall.
It's weathered one more day.
It may be slightly curved now
but that curve will go away.

We get to watch our young tree
grow to wondrous heights.
In life this also happens
but do we recognize the sights.

Mary Nagy

Watching You Play Santa

You put on the whole get-up
the suit, the boots and bells.
I watch you with the children...
some have whispers, some have yells.

They tell you their requests
while dreams just fill their eyes.
No matter what they ask for
you assure them you will try.

They always leave you smiling
and they know that you are real.
That you are truly Santa
and you know just how they feel.

The little ones are shy at first.
You put them right at ease.
You let them talk to you awhile
as they sit acrossed your knee.

The older ones are more unsure.
They don't know what to think.
But, you make sure they're watching
when you look at them and wink.

Your heart is so apparent
as you look into their eyes.
You make sure that you call each one
their name...to their suprise.

I've always wanted Santa
to be just my very own.
It's nice that when the suit comes off
I get to take you home.

Mary Nagy

We Care

What is it that you tell them?
What can you even say
to those that have been terrorized
as their lives were washed away?

I wish that I could reach them.
To let them know I care.
Of money I have little
but, what I have I'd share.

I'd gladly give compassion.
That's what they need the most.
I'd let them stay with me tonight.
I'd be a gracious host.

I doubt they'll ever know me
or just how much I care.
My heart so aches for those in pain.
The suffering's everywhere.

How do you help these people
that lose all that they own?
Just try to let them know you care
and that they're not alone.

Mary Nagy

We Proved Them Wrong

They said "You'll never make it".
We said "Just watch and see".
No matter what they thought back then
We've made it and we're free.

So many years have gone by
and together we have stood.
How come they never told us
that our life could be this good?

Who knew we'd be so happy?
It seemed like we were doomed.
They said we would be miserable.
They all had just assumed.

Oh yes, we've had our rough times.
No doubt we'll have more still.
You'll never have to question
if I'll be here...cause I will.

I'm glad we didn't listen
to the people in our life.
I've never once regretted
when I chose to be your wife.

Mary Nagy

We'Re Just "Fancy" Like That

We use our champagne glasses
for our pop, our juice and milk.
We cover our dog's bedding
with "dry clean only" silk.

We fix our favorite dinners
with the best we can afford.
So what if we eat pot-pies
on china plates you've stored.

What good are all the fancy things
if they are never used?
I like to say my stuff's 'broke-in'
(you might call it 'abused') .

My antique gravy boat makes the
perfect pencil case.
Somehow the crystal vases
seem a little out of place.

Paper plates and china...
they both attend our meals.
We like to use our fancy things
to know just how it feels.

Why wait until you make it big?
You might not see tomorrow.
If you run low on crystalware
we've got some you could borrow!

Mary Nagy

What's Happening To Our Children?

Look into their hollowed eyes
and tell me you don't care.
There are so many hurting
and it's more than I can bear.

What happens to our young
that makes them crave the pain?
How could they feel so helpless
that it drives them near insane?

So many young are cutters.
They have a thirst for tears.
Where are all their parents
while they're out facing their fears?

How can we save these children?
It kills me when I know
that underneath they're dying
yet the scars they don't let show.

If I could give them strength
and help them see the way...
I'd trade them my tomorrows
if that gained them one more day.

Dedcated to K

Mary Nagy

What's Your Inspiration?

How are you inspired?

Are you inspired by the sun?

Does it warm your skin from deep within?

Is it your number one?

Is it the pounding rain

that makes you want to write?

When you hear the plop of the first few drops

is it something you can't fight?

Or does it take a heartache?

A pain that runs so deep.

A mournful cry that makes you sigh

for the secrets that you keep?

Are you inspired by sorrow?

The wretched lonely ache

of a lonely soul that has no goal?

Is this what it will take?

Do you look for inspiration

or does it look for you?

Will it be your friend until the end?

Tell me what inspires you.

Mary Nagy

When I Was.....

When I was hiking in the woods
I found a walking stick.
I used it while I walked for miles.
It sure did make me quick!

When I was swimming at the beach
I found a pretty shell.
I hooked it on a necklace.
I think it looks real swell!

When I was at the millpond
I found a little stone.
I took it home and washed it up.
Oh my, how that rock shone!

When I was in the meadow
I saw a butterfly.
I knew I'd never catch it...
but you know me.....I had to try!

Mary Nagy

Why Am I So Selfish?

Why am I so selfish?
I should think more of her.
But instead of seeing what could be
I'm being so immature.

I know she's truly suffering.
That should be my main concern.
Yet all I seem to think about is...
"Will she ever learn? "

Her lungs are black as tar.
She needs help just to breathe.
Hearing that she'll smoke again
makes me simply seethe.

She knows what she is doing.
She's not a little child.
I thought that only young people
did stuff that's dumb and wild.

Don't set aside the oxygen
so you can have a smoke.
You're dying right in front of me.
This pain is not a joke.

Mary Nagy

Why Can'T I Be Happy?

Why can't I be happy
when the world is at my door?
I have all that I'll ever need.
I couldn't ask for more.

Then tell me why I'm empty.
Why do I feel so low?
I wonder what is wrong with me
and if I'll ever know.

My brain say's 'stop debating..
you over-think too much! '
But, my heart just screams and begs for things
like time and things of such.

The little things I'm needing.
Just little, thoughtful things,
not the fancy houses
or the cars and diamond rings.

Maybe I'm just greedy.
I should be satisfied.
So I will do just like I should.
My feelings I will hide.

Perhaps I am too different.
I feel my heart can't show.
I fear I'll always be this way...
deep in sorrow when no one knows.

Mary Nagy

Why Must We Pick The Flowers?

Why is it
when we see a beautiful flower
our first instinct
is to pick it?
We just want to yank it up
and take it with us
with no regard for the flower.
No guilt in the fact
that it will die within a day or so now.

Wouldn't it be nice
if when we see a flower
we just look and admire
the shape of it's curves
the scent of it's body
the sheer ability to survive
in a world like this?

Yet, rarely do we see one
without thinking of plucking it right up
and keeping it for our very own
with little or no thoughts of
how much joy and beauty
this flower could bring to others.

Is this the selfishness of humans
or do we just think that little
of flowers?

Mary Nagy

Why Won'T You Read My Poetry?

I printed all my poems out and put them in a book.
I've placed it on the table in the hopes you'll take a look.

You know you'll find my soul there beneath the cover page.
You'll read about my pleasures, my heartaches and my rage.

I know you don't like poetry and this I understand
but how can you not want to peek into my "wonderland"?

If you would take a minute and peruse a page or two
I think you'd be suprised to read the thoughts I have of you.

I've tried to make it easy and I know you see it there.
I'll wait it out and hope you see these things I need to share.

I suppose I know the answer is in where I place my book.
I'll put it in the bathroom.....then you're sure to take a look!

Mary Nagy

Will I Still Go To Heaven If I Envy?

I watch them from the corner of my eye.
(because I don't want them to think I'm weird)
I wonder how I could get what they have.
I wonder what happened
that made my own mom turn away.

Do they know I watch them?
Can they see the lump in my throat?
Did I blink my tears away quick enough?
Do they know?
I hope not.

I know it's a sin to envy.
I just can't stop myself.
I want to....I know how it seems.
It's embarrassing.
It's crazy to want somebody to love you
if they don't.

But, I still want a mom.
One that would come over and visit
and ask how the kids are doing.
One that offers me a hug
when she hears how I'm hurting.

One that loves me.

Mary Nagy

With These Hands

With these hands
I've held you when you were feeling low.
Hand in hand
I'll walk with you wherever you may go.

Make no demand
I'll always feel the way I do right now.
You help me stand.
With you I feel it all works out somehow.

Not what we planned
or wanted, but yet it feels so right.
With these hands
I'll love you in darkness and in light.

Mary Nagy

Woodland Paradise

Let's walk beneath the oak trees,
lie on the mossy ground.
The woods are where I love to be.
God's secret place that we have found.

It's nice to hear the scurrying
of the creatures' busy day.
If you listen to the woods you'll find
they have oh so much to say.

The crunching of the dead leaves...
The trickling of the stream...
The calling of each animal...
This is the place of all my dreams.

I'd love to build a cabin
in this woodland paradise.
We could enjoy the simple things.
Oh, that would be so nice!

Mary Nagy

Would You? Could You?

Would you know me if you saw me?
Could you recognize my soul?
Would my voice trigger emotions?
Could you sense that was my goal?

If I walked up to your door
would you even know it's me?
How deeply do you know someone
.....just from their poetry?

Would you stare and look right through me?
Could you feel my pain inside?
Would you still enjoy my poetry?
Even if I couldn't hide?

Mary Nagy

You Are On My List!

No trinket and no bauble
would fill this ache inside.
No "frilly little number"
would allow my heart to hide.

All I want for Christmas
is some special time alone.
I've told you through my poetry
and I've told you on the phone.

Don't ask me what I'm hoping for.
I know you've read my list!
You're name's the only thing on it.
I can't believe the hint's you've missed!

Mary Nagy

You Cannot Run From Me

You think I live in shadows
so you stay out in the light.
You fear that I can hear you.
Oh yes, this time you're right.

Your face can't hide the smirking.
Your voice can't hide the fear.
Although you try to hide from me...
you know that I'm still here.

I know each thing you're thinking.
I hear each hateful word.
It's no use to pretend with me.
Your act is just absurd.

I will not be ignored.
I'll never go away.
I will remain your conscience
until your dying day.

Embrace the love I have for you.
Just know I mean no harm.
I'll guide you through your troubles.
You're safe here in my arms.

Mary Nagy

You Only "Think" You'Re Hiding

I know you think you're hiding
and you can go "unseen"
but, let me say I know you're there
and that I know you're mean.

Just focus on your own life
don't concern yourself with mine.
If you are such a "treasure"
you should be doing fine.

Why give me such attention
yet act like you don't care?
Don't think you're really hiding...
HELLO! I KNOW YOU'RE THERE!

Mary Nagy

You Share More Than Your Woods

Back again.
Nothing seems different here
yet so much is changing.

When we first started
visiting these woods
our kids were babies.
You would lead the way
with the youngest
carried like precious cargo
on your back.

I always walked behind
"assuring their safety".
I watched our little girls
as their pigtails bobbed up and down
with their excited trots
trying to "keep up with Dad".
They would stop now and then
to poke at a log or flip over a rock
and I would scoot them along
so we didn't get too far behind you.

With each year they've
changed so much.
They're now young adults
yet they still walk in a line
as you lead them
down this familiar path.
They could find their way
through these woods blindfolded.
But they walk behind you
and listen as you explain
the tracks, the trails,
and the wonders of nature
that you have explained to them
every year of their lives.

They listen as if

they've never heard it before.
I wonder if they're really listening
to the lesson on nature
or are they just enjoying
hearing the sound of your voice
as you share your woods with them
once again.

Mary Nagy

You Were Always There

I wouldn't think you need
to be told how much I care.
You've always known how much it meant
that you were always there.

You were there when I was hungry.
You were there when I was cold.
You were there when I was young,
and I'll be there as we grow old.

In a family full of turmoil.
With a heart so full of pain.
I always could take comfort
from a visit with Aunt Jane.

You've been the hand to guide me
when I looked for someone near.
I miss you since you've moved away.
To me, you are so dear.

I hope I can repay you
for the precious gift of love
you gave to me throughout my life.
For you, I thank God above.

Mary Nagy

Your Memory Surrounds Me

I can almost see you from my window
the way you sauntered up to my door.
How you would always look at the mailbox
like you'd never been here before.

The visions of you surround me.
Your memory is still everywhere.
I wish you could talk with me now.
It's hard to accept you are there.

I see you smoking your cigarettes
"No filters! "... just as you like.
I go to the places you've travelled.
I see you where we loved to hike.

It's strange when I think of "forever"
and know that you'll never return.
I wish things were not left unanswered.
I'm sure there is so much you've learned.

Your journey must have had a purpose.
You suffered like no one I've known.
I look forward to our reuniting.
Will it surprise you to see how I've grown?

Dedicated to my DAD

Mary Nagy

Your Message

I see the way your mind works.
You plot and plan and scheme.
You live your life made up of lies.
You never dare to dream.
If you could let your soul free
and try to see God's Way.
You'd be suprised how easily
life gets better day by day.
Just try it, you might like it,
I've heard so many say.
But this is when you really need
to listen and to pray.
The hate that lives inside you
is way down deep inside.
I know no matter what you say,
it's there, it just won't hide.
Someday I hope you let it out
and fill your heart with love.
I'll pray for you with all my heart...
HEAR YOUR MESSAGE FROM ABOVE.

Mary Nagy

Your Reservoir Of Knowledge

Why are you so kind
to me?
I doubt I'm deserving
of such kindness.

You've allowed me
to tap your reservoir
of knowledge
and drink
until I'm full.

I will not waste
a drop.
I will appreciate
what I'm offered
for the precious gift
that it is.

I can never repay
such pure human kindness
other than to say
"Thank You"
and do my best
to make you proud
of what I will become.

Then, when I am asked
to share my knowledge
I will empty out that reservoir
with all the tenderness
and heartfelt kindness
that was once shown to me
by you.

Mary Nagy

You'Re Heavy On My Mind

It's silent
except for the buzzing
of the flourescent lights
in this deserted classroom.
I should be studying
but my thoughts keep drifting
back to our talk.
Is it possible
to make time for "us"
without taking from "them"?
You're so heavy on my mind
that the Behaviorist Theory
really seems irrelevant.

We both know
we've lost focus.
We admit
that everything else
comes first.
Lifes daily turmoils...
Can't we leave it all
for one day?

How do people do it?
Their lives are packed
full at every minute
yet they still manage
to spend time alone
together.
Does it take a special
kind of person?
Are we just too
unorganized to manage this?

If only for a moment
I want to look
into your eyes
and fall in love
again.

I want to lose myself
in the dark mystery
of those brown eyes
that have watched me
change from a child
to a woman.

The buzzing
of the fluorescent lights
remind me
that I only have 2 days
to study.
You're still heavy on my mind.

Mary Nagy