

Poetry Series

Nadalia Bagratuni
- poems -

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Nadalia Bagratuni(12/25/1975)

Author, Poet, Speaker

B.S. American University of Armenia

Interests Genealogy, Family History, Armenian Holocaust

A Call For A National Oil Plan

The mission was simply,
The conflict is great,

We are facing the devil,

And we can't back down,
On 9/11 they almost destroyed a whole town.

First, there was New York
And then Washington D.C.

What would have happened if their plan
Had worked,

We would have had no
Capital, World Trade Center or Pentagon!

All because of some sad freak-
Who kidnapped a religion,
And turned it against the meek,
The young, and the innocent.

With a promise of heaven,
These people kill,
Are their rewards just, or merely unreal?

Look deep inside of this plea,
For you see we are in a war,
A war is truly right at our door!

Not around the corner, or down the street,
It is at our doorsteps, and we can't be meek!

We are fighting for much more than just the terrorists in Afghanistan!

It is war of worlds,
A conflict of a region,
A conflict of convenience,
And a conflict of religions.

No matter who wins,
There will be a loser,
The problem to be who will be the chooser?

I finally sit in the seat of my SUV,
Pulling up to the gas pump,
And I realize, I'm supporting the wrong guys.

By buying big cars,
And guzzling the gas,

All I have done is give money to these sorry sons of a gun,
All of these terrorists have gotten rich of money,
We have the money,
They have the gas,

They make the profit,
And they get mad!

Something is wrong here,
They have highjacked us.

They blame the United States for their plight,
But they don't want to give up their ill gotten gains,
Give up thie billions or help their poor.

Surely they don't have too,
That is why they have us,

We get kicked around, spit on, and cussed,
But look at us, we have no one to blame.

All we have to do is to turn off their money supply,
Let them eat their own oil,

This poilcy may seem crude,
But they think they have us over a barrel

I tell you not, we have them,
All we have to do is develop a national oil plan

A Coach's Lament

After the day was over with, I wondered
Why did I go to all of this trouble.

I had such high hopes for the team,
We were district champions and that was no dream.

They looked so sharp in their brand new clothes,
They knew their cases and prepared their briefs,
They were ready to win.

As the day dragged on and on,
My opinion changed ever so small.

Winning soon went out of the pictures,
However, what I learned,
Winning wasn't everything.

The need to win took second place,
My students learned what it was to be successful, You see that taught me!

I learned when the student said, ' Oh, coach, don't
Be mad, we tried our best and next year,
We will get them not worry! '

I said, ' What me worry? '

I was Mad, and I acted like Alfred E
Now I can honestly say, my students taught me!

Nadalia Bagratuni

A Democracy And Republic Are Not The Same

ou see we live in democracy,
I thought that was what we were taught,
And wasn't that why we fought
WWI?
To keep the world free for democracy!

The problem is this,
It is a republic that we be.
We were established back
In 1789.

A democracy has truly never existed,
There may be a reason,
The problem is called the policial season.

It would be 24/7 every day,
All we would do is meet to meet,
And then plan to plan.

Nothing would every get done,
And soon everything would be cooked.
Our neck,
Our legs,
Our Heart,
Our hands.

Be careful what we ask for,
It may be what we will get,
Do we really want a democracy,
When a republic is what we have,
Do we really want the job of running
This great land!

24/7 we would meet,
Gridlock adorns every street,
We should consider ourselves
Fortunate,
That the only place we have gridlock now,
Is in the capitol.

Plan to plan,
Meet to meet,
Vote on everything
This would be a real feat.

Now, sit back and watch TV
Go vote,
Take in a ball game,
All the time you will know,
That democracy and republic are not the same!

Nadalia Bagratuni

A Dresser

I searched high,
I searched low,
No matter where I put it,
I lost that message of mine!

Maybe it was in the dresser,
In that little door,
Safely tucked away,
I wouldn't have to worry anymore!

I right there quick and to my surprise,
I didn't find anything,
The drawer was quite clean,
All that was left was a little white note.

So, I grabbed it up and read it.
It was short and sweet, really to the point.

I read it over and over and then I cried,
'Why, oh Why can't I? '
To many this may be strange,
Or rather upsetting,
But to me,
I realized what I had become,
I would put a note in drawer so I wouldn't
Forget to close it.
I was about to lose mind,
But I didn't want to show it!

Nadalia Bagratuni

A Look At The State Of Education In Our Society Today Or The New 3 R's Of Today learning, Education, And School

Learning, Education, and School

Many years ago, education was much simpler, or so it seemed!
You had the Three R's, a red brick school house, and it was clean!
Then we added courses like Latin and Greek- of how awful- hard to speak,
Never fear, let us add courses that will help art, shop and Home Ec- for something to eat.

That's right, food for thought,
After all isn't that is what school is all about.
For forty plus years we followed that rule,
We cooked up a great education until finally in the end we listened to the political correctness fools

We discarded the ingredients that made our school great only to add new programs and policies which promote racism and hate..
What happened to our vocational programs, places where we taught our students trades,
What happened to learning work as part of the dignity of man?
What happened to learning is easy to see, instead of learning correctly,
We are learning to fail because we are failing to read,
Students are porous and need to be reached.

Essays, standard tests, and computer programs are great, but can they replace touch of loving parents?
Listen to me, just a cry in the dark, it's not our schools that are falling apart.
We have lost our direction and maybe our focus.

For you see it not your test score that count one, two, and three
It simply must be the students who learn their A, B, and C's
They apply what they learn, not with paper and pen,
but with hands, hearts, and mind and souls.
So we can all learn to live together happily once and again.

A Mere Reflection

Everyday I look at you,
What I see has changed over the years,
But what I see is you not me.
I haven't changed,
That simply can't be,
I must still be the young person,
Who stood before you,
Oh so long, long ago,
Where or where did all of that time go!

Look, let me turn on the light,
There, you can see me all right?

Come over here, I would like to see,
Maybe it is not me after all.
Surely, I don't live in the past,
Let's just get out of here fast.

Now, I never go by another mirror,
Life is just far too short,
I cannot stand what I see
And I don't want to fail either you or me.

You see life is short,
And we are just a mere reflection,
Not of what we are,
But what we want to be.

Nadalia Bagratuni

A Pained Reflection

I look at him.
I look at him everyday.
Never did he look at me,
Never did he look my way,
He looked over me,
Above me,
Next to me,
Never in my eyes.
All I wondered was what could I do,
What have I done to you.

I was there everyday,
Why,
Oh,
Why won't he look.
It seemed funny to me,
The good old boy looked at many other girls,
Oh, lord, why not me?

I'm nice looking,
At least that is what I thought,
Maybe, it isn't my fault.
I'll try one more time,
I know what will work,
Oh, I would just die,
For just a look!

This morning I figured it would be different,
I will get him to look,
I know what will do the trick,
I will open my eyes when I shave,
Maybe this way,
My reflection will have its way.

Nadalia Bagratuni

A Whale Of A Poem

Recently,
As stories go,
A tale was told,
About an old man,
And a fish,
He really wasn't a real fish!

He was a whale you know!
Anyways,
It seems that fish swallowed the man,
And inside the fish he did live,
Seven days and seven nights.

Oh what a fright,
That man did go through,
He inside of a fish,
Could have easily ended up his dish.

That story although a whopper,
I thought could not have been top,
Except in the second grade,
A student chimed in,
Oh great, now I know where my dad has been!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Another Round Please

Around and around we go,
And where we stop only heaven knows.

The problem with this Is that is quite so,
If we don't know where we are going,
How do we know where we have been?

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Anticipation

Something is in the air all right,
It is in the Spring and it is late at night.

The students have been asleep for hours,
As worries of disaster have been making my stomach sour.

What or what can keep a person so
Don't you know there is nothing more you can do.

People say give it a rest,
Easy for them, but you are trying to do your best!

You see the problems of coaching aren't a simple
A, B, C.
There is not a bubble to circle that will get little Johnny out of trouble.

The solution is simple, the answers are complex,
All I need is a good night's rest.

Easy to say,
Simple to do,
If you were me,
What would you do?

All my life, I have spent looking for clues
Now, in the morning I be singing the blues.

All over students who I have taught
Learned their cases, and thought their thoughts.

You see it is the anticipation that gets to me
And the not the excitement,
To see the their faces light up,
And see the students learn,
Is all the payment I need,
And all of reward of my concern.

Train by day,
Worry by night,

This is the coach's motto
And also their delight.

Easy to say,
Simple to do,
If you were me,
What would you do?

One last prep, one last word,
Will it make a difference,
Will I even be heard?
These are the thoughts that rattle in my head,
As my students sleep in their bed.

After all isn't their anticipation
In us all?

Nadalia Bagratuni

As We Spin- A Political Hack's Best Friend

As we sit on the earth and spin,
Have you ever thought about the wind?

It was created only because of our spin,
Does that mean without a spin there would be no wind,

How is that possible,
How could that be true,
If that was true on the earth,
Would it also hold for the moon?

Frankly speaking most never think it,
But haven't you ever wondered how that made it,
Those moon pictures,
Those rocks,
That flag,
Didn't it look a great deal,
That they weren't made on the moon at all,
Are were made on the earth instead.

If this were true is would a revelation,
How about every twenty hours,
We celebrate a revolution of the earth,
With our spin.

Next when you think of the wind,
Remember this there would be wind
Without the spin!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Being Broke Is No Joke

Being broke
Is No joke,
It much more like find a job,
Without a diploma,
People won't hire you,
They really don't want to.

Now, if this is cruel,
Look at this,
Who trained you for such bliss.

Is it education's fault,
You didn't learn,
You didn't pay attention,
You didn't go to class.

In our society,
It is polite,
To blame somebody for our plight,
Now before you look to whom to blame,
Why not imagine this,
How about all of the others who have been a success,
How did they get ahead of the rest?

Do you think that they may have paid attention,
Instead of worry about how to serve their detention?

Now, as life goes you need to know,
As a rule it is not where you start that counts,
But it is where you finish that does,
Some are finished much sooner than others,
They are finished before the others are done!



Nadalia Bagratuni

Bird Flu

As the flu flies
What foolish things can we do
To stop people from getting the flu?

Stop what we are doing
That would be our death
Imagine not going to work
Play and rest?

The flu is something
That affects so many others
It is not supposed to come here
And if it does,
I have a suggestion,
Why don't we get a hunting for a cure,
And send it to South Texas
With our Vice President
And let him take a shot at the cure!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Bull Moose

Growing up in the great north woods,
It is not uncommon,
To come upon,
One of the greatest animals around,
The Moose.

However, sometimes when there is one,
There are many,
Wait grab the camera,
Please, hold right there for a picture!

Now, I had them in my sight,
What happened to them all right,
I only see one,
Where are the others,
Oh, by the way is the plural of Moose,
Mice?

Nadalia Bagratuni

Can You Still Stand On Principles In Our Great Land

Without equivocation,
I too can address this great nation.

I have reason,
And the Baghdad Boys did commit treason!

In an appeal to authority,
We have elevated singers to politicians,
and taken the voice from the majority.

Now, wait a minute, why would we believe
What two politicians said about Saddam,
When the rest of Congress is putting a resolution
Together for Hussein's final solution.

This is what I mean,
What happened to the days of Gary Cooper
And John Wayne.
Where men ride tall in the saddle,
And not sneak out of town.
When men called a press conference from D.C.
Not from enemy's camp grounds.

Things weren't better back in the movies,
But when you had a fight,
You knew what side Cooper and Wayne
Would be on - always the right.

Now, we have another hero,
He is President Bush.
We may not all agree with him
On every issue,
But we never agreed with Cooper or Wayne.

However, today, our High Noon is not movie screen,
It is on the big screen of life.
We aren't all movie critics,
We are in a fight for our lives.

Let's remember these lines,
And remember them well
183 died at the Alamo,
In a battle against a tyrant.
The battle cry became
'Remember the Alamo! '

We didn't worry, why they fought
In a Mission,
We just knew what we needed to do,
If we wanted to complete the task,
Stay the course,
And win our mission.

I say, let's rally around our great principles,
We live in a free land,
Support the people
Who run our country,
And give them a free hand,
To do what is right,
And do what is just,
To the people who treat us with such disgust.

We can't have it both ways,
You must draw a line in the sand,
Either you are for me or against me,
But you are under my command.

I will lead you,
Our nation is great,
Our goals are noble,
And I won't hesitate.

These are not the demands of mad man,
A politician or pollster,
These are the commands of our commander and chief.

I ask once again in a rhetorical way,
Can you still stand on Principles in
Our Great land.

Charge It

In our society,
We don't need cash to let us buy.

Why pay for it today,
When we can charge for tomorrow.

The difficulty in this arrangement,
Is being able to keep up with all of those payments,
They seem to start out small,
But tack on monthly service fees, over limits charges, and late charges.

You will find what cost you 10 dollars today,
Will require you to pay off a grand.

That is the fault of this system,
It takes only one second to charge,
And thirty seven years to pay,
Of this I 'm for certain!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Does Size Really Matter?

Does size really matter,
This is so true,
Some people like them 6 inches long,
Other's like them 12 inches long,
To me, it is not the size of it that counts,
It is the size of the bun you put it in!

Just think,
They are juicy and succulent,
You gently roll your tongue on the tip,
And all the extras squirt out.

Never bite it,
Treat it with dignity,
After all aren't men all created equal.

Can we help it they all don't look alike.
Some are think,
Others are thick,
Some are so big, fat and round,
Some you can't even get your mouth around them.

Are these the best,
Should you try any others,
If you ever had one,
Would you want another?

What makes us come back,
Time and time again,
Just to wrap our mouths around and grin.

We all know what comes next,
All the fixings fall out over our nice clean blue dress.

Maybe if we are lucky,
We can be served in the White House.
Can you imagine the delight we will give,

Remember, you could put it in your mouth naked,

But the best way to do it stick it deeply inside a bun,
Pile on it the extras and have some fun.

Don't get caught with one in your hands,
You may find a much better place to make a mends!

Does size really matter,
I tell you it does!

When it comes to this,
Soem only wish for what it get!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Don'T Judge A Book By Its Cover Or A Student By Their Dress

There was once in skater
Who sat in the front of row number three,
He never once said much
I wouldn't ever classify him as a student as such,
He appeared much too carefree,

I can't really remember the first time I really saw him
for what he was,
He looked like a skater,

You know the type,
He had grungy grab on
And proudly wore his bad attitude,

The only time he talked was when he talked back at you.
You just didn't seem to reach him to,

You know, You can't tell what you saw in him,
Or what caused you to know,
But this man had a talented soul.

His talent was hidden,
Oh yes this is true,
But his talent was truly there
No matter if his hair was blue,

Over the course of two years,
I saw this young boy
Grow into a great man,

This is truly greatest gift of teaching
Is seeing the students that you are reaching

Get to such a lofty height.

I really can't remember wait I first saw,
The green hair or blue hair,

But now I so glad to report,
I see a young man who will succeed
He will go place I only wish I can!

I credit his success to a challenge I once gave on
A test,
All I asked was, If you looked into a mirror would You like what you have
become,
If the answer is no, then do something about it!

He did and now I wonder how many more
Will sit in that same row?

Nadalia Bagratuni

Down The Aisle For A Tax Cut?

When is it finally over,
When do you know when you are history,
When those sweet little nothings,
Those things you once whispered,
Now fall on deaf ears,
Is it time to pack up,
Get your things,
And just leave!
Well, enough said,
Their beauty is fading,
Their greedy motives are revealed,
Did they like us for ourselves,
Or for our money's appeal?
Is it a matter of greed,
Love or lust,
Who can you really trust.

With all of the people lining up,
It is time to make our intentions know,
It is time to leave the talk behind,
And move in the back of my broke down pick up truck.

It was a shotgun marriage,
And a high caliber divorce,
What other high stake adventures,
Do we have on the horizon.
What do we turn to,
Where do we go,
Life is serious,
Marriage is the same,
Now all I ask is to pass is our tax cut!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Enough Said

Loss of life, loss of money, loss of your wife-maybe a loss of your job can not compare with this!

Over the river,
Through the woods,
That is the only thing that I heard.
The screams were there,
So were the sighs,
Oh, why or why?

Everyone convened on the back porch,
I never realized what it was for,
Surely, It couldn't be,
That they were expecting me.
I thought that I was their friend,
They left the light on,
But wait what is that they have in their hands,
Maybe I shouldn't go,
But there she is,
If I don't go,
Will I regret it!
She will never let me live it down,
Now however,
They have put it up!
Pest,
What is that they call me?
Can't they see that they need me?
Oh, no! What is that sound,
Zap another one hit the ground?

Wake up you beloved friend,
But such is the life of the fly-enough said.

Nadalia Bagratuni

Enter At Your Own Risk

It was my life,
What could be worse,
To have a thing like this,
Happen to you,
Oh how perverse!

Look at him,
He is now slunk down in the corner,
He watches me still,
Those beady little eyes,
Are watching me now,
I will show him.

I will throw my shoe,
And if I hit him,
He may turn around,
After all I do want him out.

Out of my life,
Out of room,
Is this too much to ask,
Or is it too soon?

Being treated like this,
Violated with disgraced,
As you move close to me,
I see you approach,
Now, I can kill you,
You cockroach!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Exit Stage Left

Years ago there was a cat,
Who when they left the stage,
Left stage left.

Now, as I get older,
I have come to understand what he meant,
I always will leave stage left.

Why should we care,
What does it matter?

Isn't all the world a stage,
Maybe that is it,
If that is true,
Maybe we should do something before we are through,
With that then said,
After we are done,
All we have to do,
Is make sure that world is better place,
For the rest of the human race,
And then too,
We can exit stage left,
You see we too are through!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Ford's Backseat Driving Lament

I was a President,
Yes, I too was a White House resident,
However, short my tenure,
I did have a great deal of pleasure,
Leading our nation,
Driving our country,
Putting a Ford in the driver's seat,
After Watergate was quit a relief,
However, when I look back,
I have but one regret,
I would take that pardon back!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Give Your Job To A Busy Person

In case you didn't know it now,
We are living in a recession,
Well for some it maybe just a business slow down.

To others on the street,
It is much worse than that,
It is basically unemployment!

Now, I have a simple solution for you,
If you the economy really needs a fix,
Why not try this little trick,
Give your job to a busy man to do,
Or for that matter give one to a busy woman too!

Nadalia Bagratuni

He Beat Me

He beat me,
Every night he would beat me.
He beat me,
He would kick me,
He would come after me with a belt,
When that didn't work he would go in His kitchen and take out a sharp knife And
chase me around the house,

Every night he would beat me.
I could feel the heel of his size 12 Shoe raked across my back.
I could feel the stench of his Alcoholic breath as he reeled back his Hand to hit
me over and over again.
It didn't make a difference what I did,
I would not look forward to the night.

It was the night when he would attack,
I hated the time when the sun would set,
That is when he would hit my back.

He was a large man,
Over six foot tall,
Black hair,
And smelled of strong alcohol.

He drank beer,
And was all drunk,
He would hit me again and again,
He would do so,
Until I turned red,
I would be sore,
I couldn't move
And then he would go to bed.

What is wrong with this picture,
Shouldn't I have done better?
How are you supposed to treat the
Little people under your feet.

You always knew how much I bugged him,

He used his shoe,
His foot,
His belt,
and maybe even a beer bottle.

I didn't mind the physical torture,
It was the chemical warfare
That really bugged me.
You see,
It is hard to play fair,
It is hard to hold a grudge,
I can't really blame him,
I would do the same,
I would have beat me,
After all, its all in the game.

Oh by the way,
Next time you go over to his house,
Look down at your feet,
You see I am just a mouse!

Nadalia Bagratuni

I Like Mine Flat

I can longer run around the block,
Everytime I think about HR,
I want is to look at the clock.

Please do not time me again,
It is the middle of April and they are looking for my gains,
Capital, gambling, it is all the same.
The Government is out to bust my chops,
Fot every single nickle that I got.

Now, I have got wise about their little game,
I figure, I'd support something that will make them tame.
How about this one,
I like mine flat, and certain.

No, excise, progressive, or luxury,
I want to pay my fair share but another's,
I still want to take care of my family.

While others like their stack,
Ans the ability to deduct,
Their girlfriend's clothes,
And tummy tuck,

I would much rather take my chance
On a working man's plan,
And an honest attack

Stop the presses,
Save the trees,
Do we really needs all of those form, please!

Look at what fun we would have in the unemployment line,
Next to us, there will be Gus,
Until the other day he worked for us.

He worked for the IRS,
This was true,
He had so much power,

He didn't know what to do.

Now, with all of his power gone,
His smerky smile has turned to a frown.

I felt sorry for him and gave him a break.
I let him in the line in front of me,
Now, I know what you are going to say,
But I figured today was a special day.

You see today was April 15,
Tax Inependence day.
I celebrated this fact that day by letting Gus in the line,
I figured that it was symbolic in way.

For all those years he had stood in my way.
There he was getting my check,
Every payday,
I was a wreck.
Now, I could see he was in the line with me!

The deductions were hard and toil was too,
I guess that it was a little pity on my part.
You see, I looked at Gus and I could see the
Way I used to feel.

Of course I like mine flat,
No luxury, excise, or progressive tax,
I think we should all get by if we pay our fair share.

.
Today, is the end of new beginning,
And a call to a great thinking,
Please, oh, please let's make all of our's flat!

Nadalia Bagratuni

I Never Promised You A Rose Garden

Let us look into that,
Yes, I will dear,
You know that our best friend must be near.

They say diamonds are a girls best friend,
If this is true,
Why are they measured in carrots then too.

Diamonds come in different shapes and colors, and styles
I asked her, 'I wouldn't just one do? '

She said, ' If you love, you will buy the best! '
I smiled and that is what I did, you know the rest!

Now, since I have bought my intended the diamond,
We no longer eat steak,
I'm on a diet of green on my plate.

The only thing I have of color,
Are my carrots,
And if I complain,
I quickly learned that all words are the same.

Words come in bunches,
So do carrots,
Now, if I mind my peas and q's
And do upset her,
I will be able to afford another type of dinner.

However, all that I have learn from this is,
Please allow your plate to full of good old carrots.

Nadalia Bagratuni

I Never Saw Myself Getting This Old

I never saw myself getting this old,
When I was young, this was something we weren't ever told.

I look in disgust every time I must,
Look into the mirror,
I wonder,
Do people really see what I see?

Surely they must,
I'm the same person,
Of this I'm probably for certain,
However, everywhere I go,
I just ask one question,
When you go to bed
And when you wake up,
Are you the same person?

Nadalia Bagratuni

I Want My Freedom Back

I want my freedom back,
This can't be right,
I'm a democrat!

I was supportive of human and civil rights,
I always thought that the government would take care of me,
Cradle to grave,
Yes sir re!

Now, as I get older,
I can truly see,
Freedom for some gives us less liberty,
I guess I traded in freedom from decisions,
For government dependency.
As a rule I thought I was getting a deal,
Now they aren't through!

The government controls every phase of my life,
How much get for unemployment,
Food Stamps,
And what I pay in rent.

My solution to this problem
Is as simple as can be,
Do as I did,
But do as I should have done,
Save,
Invest,
Put back into our great land,
Travel, Talk, get out and walk,
Meet your neighbors,
But most of all ask questions,
When it comes to the selection
Of people who represent us,
Don't vote for the promises of an election,
Vote instead for self-development,
Vote to restore or land to the home of the free
Once again.

Free from government,
Free from fear,
Free from big brother's ear,
Because if we don't
It won't be a country anymore,
It would be just one big joke!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Illegal Aliens

For many a year,
It never existed,
It was never built,
And was never visited,
Now since the cover has been blown,
Why won't the government tell us what it has flown.

Out in Nevada,
In the desert,
The aliens landed,
The locals went beserk.

The craft that landed,
The government flew,
Retrofitted the equipment,
And put in a new drive too.

Now, is the government,
Trying to hide,
All of the stuff that is taking place inside.

What is this some kind of government mistake,
All of the stuff that took place at Groom Lake!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Is Education A Business?

Is Education A Business

Is education a business
Or should it even be?

This is a question, which has always bothered me!
What is the purpose of educating students?

Should we pay more to teachers
Or could we do something even more prudent?

If you listen to some administrators the problem is money
When asked they will say, ' There simply is not enough to have any! '

If this were truly the problem the cure could be
Raise our already high taxes to what they really should be.

However, money may not be solely the answer
The question moreover they said coldly may actually be,
' We simply aren't teaching the students enough,
They are not passing the tests! '

To which the brilliant educational bureaucrat sadly laments.' We need more
money to teach to the Test! '

Remember John Dewey, the man who organized the library, he also lend theories
to straighten up our schools.

His applied theories were successful,
His students succeeded,
But was it his message that we heeded?

Dewey taught us that if we taught for learning,
We wouldn't look back,
Instead we would look forward,
And every press on, everyone succeeded all over the town.

You see this is learning, just plain and simple!

Lower the taxes,
Lower the tests,
Raise the bar of learning,
That is truly how our students learn best!

Nadalia Bagratuni

It Is Always On My Mind

Usually I have but one thought,
A thought that you might ought,
Not to have,
But maybe just some of the time.

As you get older,
You will find that your mind begins to wander,
But no matter how far it goes,
Something still wants me to take off my clothes.

You know, I might now get in a little trouble,
Especially if I'm found by the other guy.

Love knows no bounds,
Lust has no disguise,

But if I must make a boast,
This is just a simple toast,

I do it for something I must love most.
Something that grants me pleasure,
Every minute of everyday,
I think about and with all might,
I just pleasure with prue delight.

Now, you may wonder what this is,
What could so wonderous that would cause this among us,

I'm here to tell you, that no single person
Would do this for you,
I'm talking about something that will make your life
so different,
All I ask in return is that you pass this along,
This is not even a person at all,
After all of this fuss,
The single thing I do the best,
Is just get a good night's rest!

It's Do It

Have you ever figured out,
It is not a question that comes about,
When you just want to do it,
You do,
Nothing interferes or stops you!

Then why not let others do it to?
What are we all going to do?

If by chance,
You do not understand,
Let me lead you gently with my hand,
Guide you to the place where it all began.

By this time it may sound funny,
I remember my first and it was with honey.

I poured it on,
And it spread all over,
I just could wait until I could devour it.

I waited until I could stand it no more,
I stood there in the kitchen,
My knees were trembling and eyes were twitching,
As I saw what I was about to eat,
The picture of delight,
I softly watched it in the light.

Oh, how peanut butter and jelly
Is augmented with honey!

Nadalia Bagratuni

July 21,1969- The Eagle Has Landed

Houston we have landed
It is one small step,
To land on the moon in this decade,
Just as JFK promised.

Not because it was easy
But because it was hard,
That is what he said,
And that is what we did!

The only problem was since those words
Were said our country had changed.
Gone are JFK, RFK, and MLK
Gone is LBJ,
Now Nixon is the one,
But objective remained the same
To land on the moon
No matter what the cost

On this summer day in 1969
We all came a little closer together
As we saw
The first man walk on the moon.

Now we may find
That he didn't walk on the moon at all.

A Government that lies about a break in
Could they tell a story about something else?
Now as we look up towards the moon,
Let us remember that special day
When attention was directed to man who walked on the moon.

July 21,1969 the Eagle had landed
Now the question is where did it land?

Nadalia Bagratuni

Just Take A Vacation

Are you tense,
Are you worn out,
Are your nerves on end,
Can you not remember where you began!

If this is your problem,
The answer is take life easy.

No, wait why don't you try:
Medicate,
Get a good health plan,
See a doctor,
Take up an exercise program,
Hire a trainer,
Change your job.

Or maybe, just maybe simple solution is
Just take a vacation!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Just Way Too Much!

Don't you love accounting,
It is not an exact science,
Some people love to count,
Other seem to love to say no,
If you like both accounting you will go!

In the school business,
No one but give you any more of this,
Than the office in charge of business.

This money counting persons,
Will count every last red cent,
Until all of the money is spent.
They will even help you along.

That was so nice,
A hundred there and couple more here,
Oh it is money,
Who will miss it.

The problem you see it ever since Perot,
We have tried to run school the same a business is run.
Can I help it I work for Enron!

Just for example,
Let me explain,
How a field trip the other for several miles,
Cost me thousands of dollars and drove the principal insane.

First, there was the driver,
We paid for eight hours,
She drove for twenty minutes and then
Shopped for seven hours.

Second, we paid was the gas,
At one dollar a mile,
I thought that would cover all of that.

Oh no said the business office people,

We could possible do that,
We have to have our money accounted for better than that.

Didn't you know it more like hundred dollars
An mile, the real expense.

I told them we will walk and would save time,
We got the excercise,
And my students improved their minds.

Now, in the future,
I will wait,
And never agin make that mistake.
In the land of numbers,
I draw a zero,
But to my students I want to be the hero.

From now on,
You will see,
We will do all of our field trips
By walking!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Least We Won'T Forget

Maybe we need not to forget,
Is our life just too easy,
Can our goals be met?

We worry about others,
Isn't that their problem?

Can we simply just set by while they take another?
At first they came for others?

Now, they cry is they are coming after us!

Give them a day, a month or year or two,
They surely will be coming after you!

You can't forget to mention this,
What really happened with such bliss,

To oh so many of those Jews,
Could that really had happen as we stayed in our pews.

We were so intent to see the light,
That we were blinded by the darkness and their might!

Little often, but often given,
A prayer to two as they headed to heaven.

To many in politics, what difference does it make,
One or two soon becomes well over a million!

I'm living proof, that we need not repeat or re-live the Horrors of war,
And we can too give tribute.

We must remember the brave few,
The people who stood to protest the treatment of the Jew.

One by they suffered too,
Put in camps,
And killed,

They suffered so we might live.

Now, today when you study,

Learn what inhumanity does to the human body? Look what hatred does to man

Do this so this problem will never surface again.

Nadalia Bagratuni

Like My Grandmother's Chocolate Cheesecake

When you can not
See the forest through the trees,
And you can not run
Like Gump,
What does a person do,
When then they to,
Get really down in the dumps.

Do they really think that life is like
A box of chocolates?

No, let me suggest,
I'll put this rumor to rest!
I know something that is better than good,
It simply the best!

Speaking about what is good,
And my intention was that I could,
I remember that my mother told me I should.
I should always remember her mother because,

She said that her mother made the best desserts,
They were better than good,
They were grand.

Mother said, ' Granny's cake are not hard to make,
They were just a special slice of heaven,
It was that Chocolate Cheese Cake! '

It didn't look so fattening,
When I was a kid, I eat several pieces,
Now, one piece will do me right in!

Over the years I have learned,
That life is full of twists and turns,
There are good days and bad,
I can be happy or sad,
But until the day I will die,
There will be only one thing that will bring a twinkle to my eye,

It is that famous piece of Granny's cake.

Life is full of many desserts,
However, in its wake,
Of any evidence to the opposite,
I think I would take,
A piece of Granny's Chocolate Cheese cake,
Over all of it!

Even though my grandmother is gone,
A little bit of her lives on,
A little piece of her I feel every time I take,
A bite of of her Chocolate Cheese Cake.

Nadalia Bagratuni

Living Large In Poverty

All things being equal I'd rather be rich,
However, things don't always work out,
So I'm resigned to spend my time in poverty,
Working in the dirt and grime.

Why, or why me Lord, I may ask,
Gently prodding the almighty for just one task,
I wondered if it would be possible,
Just bless me temporarily the ability to pay my bills,
Then I will be a changed fellow.

I then figured then that money was my problem.

What I didn't realize then,
But I do now,
It isn't a matter of money,
It is a matter of know how.

Now matter how you work,
You may never get ahead,
And then there are people who just work themselves dead.

I looked in the mirror and then decided,
Give me the poverty,
And all I need is the serenity,
To be able to live comfortably,
Now, I live with my means,
Not wanting for things,
And I'm very happy.

You may ask, what did I learn?
I will say, ' Living in poverty is not so bad,
Especially if you have a rich dad! '

Maid Mary Ann

What happened if you lived just one step ahead,
Would you be better off alive or dead?

Knowing what you know now,
Would you know how,
Everything was done,
Or would you get bored now,
Maybe, would you have fun?

What is the problem you see when you are running,
And the others around you are out sunning?

Who cares if you see the big picture,
And the people next to you can't get the mixture.

Life is not so simple, or so lame,
It is not something like a baseball game.

Rather,
I remember,
He is on CBS,
And Brokaw,
He is on NBC,
But I'm here to tell you that
I know the news that will happen this and very night!

At first it was spooky,
Then it seemed strange,
Sort of weird,
Sort of cooky,
Will I ever be the same?

Oh to be normal,
Not to see what I see,
Why can't I be everything I want to be!

I'm not better or smarter,
Taller or better looking,
All I can tell you is what is going to be cooking.

Not just for your dinner, not just for your lunch,
I will tell you exactly and it is not just a hunch!

Don't laugh at this ability,
Don't smile when I say,
I'm not a person,
I'm merely your maid!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Maybe Next Time!

Have you ever thought,
Maybe I just ought,
To have sought,
Just some other type of thought.

I knew better than that,
I just wasn't so clever,
Leaving like that way,
Of course, wouldn't you expect me to pay!

I left the job in a mess,
I quit work and told them to forget the rest!
Leave it to my father, he knows best!

This wasn't fair,
But why should I bother,
I was taught,
When life is unfair,
Someone should make it right.

Now, wasn't this the case as I grew up.
I never had any worries,
They simply were all fixed.

If I failed a test, I could take another!
If I missed an assignment I could turn it in late,
Now, what could anyone learn at this rate.

They learned just like me,
I'll get it next time.

However, what I have learned now,
Doesn't really go along.
You see, twenty years latter,
I find, it is not my father's fault,
The dog didn't eat my homework,

Now when I wake up,
All I asked is maybe I can have a next time to make up my past!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Mirror, Mirror On The Wall

Mirror, Mirror on the wall,
I look into every day, but now I see someone I don't know at all!

When I was young,
I remebered,
I would look for hours.
Now, as I grow older,
My face appears as ugly and dry as wilted flowers.

My wrinkles grow longer
And I spend much less
Time in front of you,
When I do,
I'm so blue.

You see, you can really tell I'm not as much of a Man as I once was,
It is hard to say,
But a plain fact,
As our body's fall apart,
We fight back.

We fight back with dyes, creams and powders,
Even some try selective operations to retard age,
Oh how wise is such a sage.

If the desired result it stop the process,
Who among us willing to start.

What is would take is implied consent,
You must give in and lament.
You no longer must linger,
Where you once did,
And if you do,
You can make a bet
That this too will be a great lament.

Nadalia Bagratuni

Money Is The Root Of All Evil

Don't listen to a word they say,
Money can't really be that way,
To say money is evil surely can't be true,
Isn't it something that we all love to use,
To think that money is evil would you have to agree
That the thing that prints it would as evil as can be!

Wouldn't that mean that the Government
Is the root of all this evil merriment,
Simply because they print all of it!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Monkey's Do It!

Much to our dismay,
Divorce rates are higher today,
This could all be cured,
If we just heeded,
These words we so desperately needed,
Quit monkeying around!

Nadalia Bagratuni

My Competition Piece

I was poised,
I was proud,
I had just finished in seven minutes,
Why or why, haven't I heard,
Surely by now, they wouldn't have dared to give it to that nerd.

There were seven in the flight,
This was true,
One had blue hair and read,
While chewing gum -while enough said!

The other people weren't much,
I know I must have finished in the top of the bunch.

The judge was so cute,
I was so glad,
You see I was the first out of the shoot.

Now, the waiting takes forever,
I realize that the judges have those comments that I despise.

However, I simply must make it to round two,
Please, oh, please Lord give me at least a one or a two!

Oh, the ballots are back,
And here comes my coach,
She has a smile on her face,
And she grabs me by the throat.

She asked me,
I have the ballots here,
How did you think you did?

I replied back,
I simply must, I better have gotten in!

I explained to her that six others were mostly bad,
Their pieces were terrible and it was more than sad,
I told her that mine was the very best one,

I know I have done the best in that round.

Her smile turned to a frown and she told me the news,
She explained that I didn't place one or two,
In fact, the girls with the blue hair was number one,
The boy with one tooth was number two.

I had finished dead last,
Number seven,
Oh, lord, I was just about ready for heaven.

I was mad,
I was upset,
I was shaking,
How could they be so mistaken.

I was shaking so hard,
I woke up,
The coach looked at me asked, ' What is a matter? '
I told her what happened,
She just smiled and said, ' Go back to sleep we have another hour before you
read! '

Shortly I was just like I was before,
Under the influence just like before,

However, this time was round two,
I was in a panic, what should I do.

I had made it to the finals,
What should I read to make my name appear in the annuals.

This time you see it was readers choice,
But what I wanted to read would make my voice hoarse.

I began with a teaser,
I knew I would be a crowd pleaser,
I spokely softly,
I grabbed the audience,
I made them listen,
They were without words,
I was the best you could be,

And I read in position three.

The first person to read was an odd little fellow,
He read his piece about a man who lived in a hovel.

The second girl was just a little worse,
She read so fast because she had taken a speed reading course.

Then there was me,
I was perfect in everyway I could be.

My diction was steady,
My poise was the same,
I had the emotion,
I was ready for that game.

I stood in front of the room and said, ' Hello, when you read this I will be dead! '

The room became quiet,
There wasn't a sound,
No one made a peep in my round.

Oh there was a cry or two,
I could see that judge was getting upset,
I tried to make sure I would finish in time,
I skip over a part that didn't particularly rhyme.

Then before it was over,
I was so excited,
I couldn't wait until my ballot to see what I did!

Within an hour,
The die was cast,
The speaker went to the table to announce,
The winners of the Poetry rounds.

They started out with the sixth place,
They the fifth,
Finally the fourth and then I became nervous.

When they called out my name and I had won,
Would I walk up to the stage or would I run?

Would I fall on the floor,
Or would I trip,
This is where I began to flip.

As I waited,
I never hesitated,
I knew in my heart,
I had won,
I had done my best and now I was done.

The problem was when I heard my name,
I got out of my seat and ran down the aisle.

The coach turned around and told me,
Sally please sit back down,
We are almost at the town,
All I wanted to do was to wake you up,
So you too can be wide awake when you compete.

You see that is the story of the girl on seat three and how she got to her first competition.

Now, things are much different,
I'm much more confident,
I learned that it is not how much talent you have without,
It is how much talent you have within
That counts!

Nadalia Bagratuni

My Dog Fred

My dog Fred is the greatest dog ever bred,
He reads the paper and feteches my slippers,
In fact he even fixes my breakfast in bed!

Before you ask,
I know,
This must sound like a bit much,
At first I didn't think it was true,

Then I saw for myself would Fred would do,
He cleaned up the house while I was gone,
He even shopped for me while I was out of town,
This is better than man's best friend,
He is butler,
A maid,
A Cook,
A Companion,
All rolled into one,
He is my dog Fred.

However, one day I must have to tell him,
Fred, you can't do all of those things,
Until that day comes,
Please don't give it away.

I would like to enjoy what this day and not be bored,
Maybe Fred bring back a treat form the store.

Nadalia Bagratuni

My Life As A Stripper

here was a bond between us,
Much stronger than most!

I felt this chemical chain reaction,
As I spend nights with many different men.

I know their fingers,
I feel their touch,
I get walked on,
Spat on and looked down upon.

However, no matter the condition I must do my job,
Yes sir Bob.

People put their trust in me to give them a service,
I can not conform,
I must perform.
I can't just blow them off or give them the heave ho!
I can't take a night off,
Or tell them what I think of them.

You know the size of their ego's
You know men!

There ego's are out of here,
While they talk a good game,
I can do so much better,

See you finally realize,
I'm just mere chemical floor stripper!

Taking things off is my speciality!

Nadalia Bagratuni

My Mother Is An Illegal Alien With A Body From Out Of This World

My mother is an alien.
This is true,
However what does this make me do,
Who am I, What will I be?
That is what I have been wondering?

She was so proud when I was born,
I was barely alive,
When my first cries could be heard,
Now, as I complete this assignment
We call life,
I look back,
And wonder what might have been,
If mother had stayed on her planet!

What would I if I were living there,
Would I be different, would I be covered in hair?

At this point, I'm certain,
I'm better than most,
My mother came a long ways to have,
I knew that she cared.

That is much more than many mothers today,
They all day and stay aloof,
They don't read and write or tuck their children into bed,
Why bother they say,
The government is going to take of them any old way,

I'm here to say that I'm living proof,
I'm product of a marriage made in heaven,
and a father who worked at the 7-11

Nadalia Bagratuni

Newfane, Vermont- The End Of Democracy

The day that change the world
begin like many others had
The morning sun rose over the New England countryside,
People came to their Town Meeting.

And what to my surprise and amazement
Did I hear
It was that Articles of Impeachment
For our President.

What type of tone does it set
To begin to impeach
A sitting President.

Don't start in Congress
Start in the Town Meeting
It is easier
And less costly
To do,
Much safer too!

Don't worry about what has happened
Or what he has done.
In the course of two terms
I'm sure there is enough
to get someone's vote.

Maybe we can't get on TV,
There is ,
Various others,
Hannity and Comes,
and Larry King.

Yes we could get on TV
and finally have our say.

Forget the election,
Free and fair,
He didn't really win,

We all know,
CNN was there!

Fox news won't rattle us
O' Reilly won't show us,
However together with the
Millions of others,
Nothing will stop us
Until we united this land.

In the world of creative reality,
I stand up and say,
The people of Newfane
Should be proud,
Look and see what they have done.

What have they accomplished,
What have done?

Maybe the next time you will note,
They will be trying to throw out your vote.

Be careful of what you practice
Be careful of what you preach,
Everything comes in circles,
Including me!

Nadalia Bagratuni

No Not Another Bubble Test For Me!

Not too long ago in our not so distant past,
There existed something we worshiped,
something that seemed to last,
Everyone seemed to have it,

It wasn't just for the coveted few!
People were ecstatic and teachers got their do!

You see the thing we worshiped then was knowledge,
And we knew it was fleeting!

However, little did we know that this entire process
does today appear to have disappeared or at least sleeping.

Learning is a process, complicated at best. Please!
Oh please, President Bush give those standardized tests a rest!

Learning to test, is not learning at it's best!
Instead 70% of the time is not devoted to the rest!

With this process in place, we can be happy that
Every 12th grade student will have to make it snappy.

You see believe it or not, it appears that the more we test,

All we have done is turned our students into better test takers
and we have robbed them of an education.

Therefore, as you can plainly see, all we have done with
of millions of bucks has turned a few heads and paid for
some rich guy's truck

Education has suffered, students the most
Learning is not centered on learning rather it is centered
on the bubble.

Nadalia Bagratuni

Ode To An Avenger- Tara King

There is simply one thing missing,
Maybe it should be catwoman hissing.

No, Batman or Robin, when I think of TV,
There is only one person it could be,

She was the new girl on the block,
She was left to run, kick, and fight,
She had big shoes to fill,
However, that isn't why I remembered her over The rest,
I simply remember her as the best.

She was Agent 69,
A professional,
Unlike the ones that came before,
She had an allure and youth,
Pleasant to look at and way too cute.

My favorite show was It Was Done With Mirrors,
For her sake I was very glad it wasn't leap year,
She was professional through and through,
And now, If I remember how much I liked
Then, do you think I will like her again?

Nadalia Bagratuni

Ode To Anna Nicole Smith

Oh, Anna Nicole Smith,
Please oh, oh Please
Do not read this!

What has happened to the concept,
That the media has exploited you,
Forget the simple fact that your fans adore you,
Have you bothered to look into a mirror,
And if you did what would you see?

Seldom has a celebrity,
Crashed and burned as you have done.

Normally if that has happened E would run
It on True Hollywood Stories.
Now, unless I lost my TV Guide,
You are on your own comedy.

The tragic problem is that we are laughing at you,
Does this hurt?
Do you feel it inside.
IF you do,
And you must,
Please do us a favor,
Take a vacation,
Learn to drive,
Get a life,
But most all,
Get off TV before the fall.

The new season opened,
And so far is a ratings war,
E wanted a winner and came up with just another big bust!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Ode To Shannon Steele

I'm a professor by day,
A detective by night,
I teach education and listen to what my student's say,
However, try as I might,
I must confess,
I'm not as careful as the rest.

On my way to get married,
I'm almost killed,
Thrown in a closet and left for dead.
That's not way to treat a man about to be wed!

Then on my wedding day,
I find out that my honeymoon takes place,
Before I was born!

How is that possible?
I wondered in my head,
While all the time I'm dodging the Nazi's running around my bed.

Now all of this may sound odd to you,
But you too can learn by buying book two.
The Catered Affair, it's a good read,
It's the type that all of you will need.

Nadalia Bagratuni

Ode To Television Or Why This Isn'T The Greatest Generation!

Somewhere near the year of my birth,
The entire nation yearned for a change,
not in direction, not in respect, more in reflection
and no more of this nonsense.

Gone were those thrilling days of yesteryear,
When a voice would come out of a box and say, "
A fiery horse with a speed of light,
A cloud of dust, and a hearty 'Hi-Yo, Silver! '
The Lone Ranger rides again.

Or maybe a lone voice would say, Quiet please,
Quiet Please!

However to learn what evil really lurked in the hearts of men,
One need not to listen to the radio,
Rather then listen to the television instead.

A new steady diet of pitter patter,
Made American more and more fatter,
With the likes of nonsensical banter:
The milk chocolate melts in your mouth, not in your hand,
Betcha can't eat just one,
Snap! Crackle! Pop!
Where's the beef,
Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions on a sesame
seed bun.
We do chicken right
finger lickin' good

What would people think,
How long could they possibly listen,
If a ten minutes was too long,
Would one minute be better,
If that was too long,
Oh thirty seconds would do,

After all this was the education of our future leaders,
And heroes too!

Are you there,
Can you hear me now
Are you listening.
Grea-a-a-a-a-t!
When buying your next pickup
Remember Chevy Trucks are build like a Rock.

My bologna has a first name,
its O-S-C-A-R
My bologna has a second name,
its M-E-Y-E-R

My dog's bigger than your dog,
My dog's bigger than yours.

Now, I'm Pepper
She's a pepper,
He's a pepper,
Wouldn't you like to be a pepper too!

Reach out and touch someone,
Reach out and just say hi!
Let your fingers do the walking
Because I'm worth it.
Look ma, no cavities

Brylcreem- a little dab will do ya,
Okay if you want something different
Have it your way
It's everywhere you want to be
The quicker picker-upper

Drivers wanted,
Loose lips sink ships,
You're in good hands with Allstate
Where do you want to go today
Don't leave home without it,
'When you got it, flaunt it.'
It's Miller Time

Now if you think this is bad just remember,
Be all you can be in the U.S. Army
Pepsi Cola hits the spot
12 Full Ounces that is allot

M'm good, M'm good,
Campbell's soup is
Double your pleasure,
Double your fun,
See the USA in the Chevrolet,
It's the real thing,

A mind is a terrible thing to waste,
Aren't you glad you use dial?
Don't you wish everyone did!
Does she or doesn't she
In the valley of the jolly,
"Ho, Ho, Ho- Green Giant! "

Ring around the collar,
The best to you each morning,
Want to be more of a man?
Try being more of a woman?

You've come a long way baby
and look at you now.

Tastes great, less filling
The pause that refreshes
When it absolutely, positively
has to be there overnight
Run for the border!

Now you can see,
The more life changed
The more life stayed the same.
Seacrest-out!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Our Day Will Come

Our day will come,
Of this I will report,
If you don't like the election results,
Just take it to court.

Oh, yes, and court will do,
If not one,
Try two.

Maybe a judge will offer a stay,
Overturn the election,
And save the day.

The only thing that we forgot,
What happened to the voter's voice
In all of this?

Hanging Chads,
Punch card machines,
Paper Ballots,
Voting machines,

It's all the same,
Or different,
If we don't get what we want
We just forget it!

Now, what examples we must be,
For all the world to see.

For the next election,
I have a great selection,
Let's place the vote,
In the middle of the People's Court.

If that wouldn't do,
How about Judge Judy.
Doesn't it matter if we the voters do our duty?

Some how we have lost sight in the greatest
Gift of all.

We are a republic,
We are not a democracy,
We run by rules,
And the rules made us free,
If we run elections by the court,
We stand to loose our freedom.
And our ability to vote.

Next time you go into that voting booth,
Think twice on the people that you choose.

It's important in this free land,
To insure that remain,
In the land of the free and not
The home of the insane.

Nadalia Bagratuni

Pen Name

My poet has a first name
It's R-O-N-A-L-D,
My poet has a second name
It's M-A-C-A-R-T-H-U-R,
My poet writes poetry,
And this is no baloney,
The only problem tis,
He is not who he says he is!

Never fear,
I don't care,
It is not the name that matters,
Anyways,
It is the poetry
That I like
And for that matter,
I don't care as long as he spells
the next one
P-O-E-T-R-Y
Because the name of the poet
Does not make verse,
He only can make the verse better.

Nadalia Bagratuni

Should We Have Attacked Iraq?

I'll tell you once,
And I'll tell you again,
We mean business this time,
No matter what has been said.

In 1991 we drew a letter in the sand,
Since then you have thumbed your nose,
At our command.

Now, with the terrorist threats,
You have created,
A great amount of fear,
Has come over us this year.

Some say wait,
I say no,
Some say maybe,
I say no.

We can waiver, fear, or fail,
America the land of the free,
Is in immediate peril.

Look at this as boxing match.
Do wait until we get punched
Before we land the knockout punch.

This rule of law,
May have served us in the past,
But its time has come,
And we must last.

Look into the future,
You too can see,
The best thing for us,
Would be to remain free and brave.

This can be accomplished with a simple task,
Get rid of Saddam at last.

The time for talk is over and out,
Now, is the time for no doubt,
Now, is the time for the leaders to shout.

Over the land,
There is large roar,
In numbers that can no longer be ignored.

Look deeply into the future and you will find,
What has made this country great,
When push came to shove we do not hesitate.

The trouble is now, look who is pushing and who is shoving
Is this what we wanted
Or is this just our new fate?
Please wake up please before it is too late!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Social Security- There Is No Free Lunch

There is no such such thing as a free lunch,
There is no such thing a social security lock box,
Then why do the politician types,
Talk to us and give us all this hype,

They know better than that,
But do we better than them?

This is problem in our society,
We are all looking for something free!

Some look for free lunches,
Other for tax loop holes,
Still other look for us,
They don't have to plot or plan, they think we won't listen,
And these are our politicians!

They go to Washington,
And learn how to get around,
In this process they find out,
What politics is really all about!

it is about robbing Peter to pay Paul,
They explain it wasn't reall a robbery,
It is just like a game.

You see in the world of politics,
There are no rights and wrongs.
You are always right until you get caught,
And when you are caught,
Your defense is without a doubt,
Well they elected me,
Obviously they wanted me,
To serve this nation and provide,
More jobs and a great deal of pride.
I've done both and now I boast,
I did it different then most.
I lied!

Tap, Tap, Tap

Forget the fourth amendment,
Forget it is not right,
Forget about the morality,
We are doing it to make us all safe.

Forget about the who is listening,
It is not all that bad,
Unless you are one of those,
Who need to worry.
Who needs to in the grand land?

You can trust your government,
They wouldn't lie to you,
Teapot Dome,
Pearl Harbor,
Watergate,
The Moon Landing,
JFK,
RFK,
and MLK
All of the truth has been told
And the government was right.

It is up to you now
What do you have to worry about.
So when you are on the phone
Late at night,
Look out the window,
You will see that tap you hear
Is not the Raven,
It is NSA,
Spying on US.

Nadalia Bagratuni

Teachable Moments

We all have them one by one,
The only problem is they come quickly and then they are done.

It is problem, yes in deed it's true,
I had once once and it was true blue.

I tried to get rid of it and it stuck to me,
You see I couldn't touch it,
It selected me!

What a switch,
How could I ever explain this!

It couldn't possibly be,
I have to be dreaming,
If not, surely I would be screaming!

We all has those momments,
Made just a minute or two,
When we really didn't know what to do!

From now on,
I will tell you,
One by one,
Let us rebel,
They can't teach us anything,
Until they capture our minds,
And believe me,
I will not let that happen without a fight.
Who said free education was a right.

I'm proud to be ignorant,
And more important,

I fight for the right to make you the same,
Just watch for me in your society,
Remember it is just a game!

I'm everywhere you look,
I'm hard to see,
But you can read me like a book.

I'm full of words,
A story or two,
But the problem is I may be you!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Teaching Students

Listen boys and girls and you should hear,
The midnight ride of your career.

As you sleep your way through class,
Many students find that learning is a blast.

What many in our nation do not realize,
It is that education is being criticized,

As all this trouble mounts,
What is it in education that really counts,

Are we too strict,
Or do we even teach our student's to think?

Are our test scores too high or too low,
What progress will students make what will they show?

Quickly, quickly, the answer is near,
We can listen and we should hear,

If we want our children to learn,
And our school's to glisten,
Let us begin to come to session.

If we had been at war,
They would have called this treason,

To sat by have allowed our schools to fall apart,
Now we allow our students to depart,
Into their lives without preparation,

Is it any wonder that our students aren't succeeding,
And all our schools are doing is bleeding,

They throw money,
Good after bad,
The problem is that nothing is solved and everyone is sad,

No problems are solved
And in the end all students just loose their resolve.

That is the current status of students in our nation,
I pray that this is quickly solved and we are put
On some rations,

Can you imagine what if learning was reason,
We sent students to school,
Learning became fun and cool,
And finally we win a debate,
School is no longer just second rate.
We now worry about what is in their minds,
And not just trying to fill seats for the football stands.

Nadalia Bagratuni

The Dead End Affair

When we started we knew it was wrong,
We both had spouses and lived in the same town,
Have the more we saw of each other the more we like it,
Pretty soon it became a real habit.

First it was private,
Then it went public,
Soon it became clear that the end would be near.

No sooner that it was all over with,
The only trouble now was finding how to end it.
I couldn't tell the truth or even bend it.

The day I schedule our last meeting,
I became physical,
Now I was not prepared to kill the person I did love,
However, I also not prepared to give her up as well.

I didn't worry about much of anything,
Time has stood pretty soon since then,
Considering that she shot me dead!

Nadalia Bagratuni

The Falcon Escapes

Three years ago you left me on a launch.
We were never married and I never knew the story,
Now you have arrested me,
And I can not see,
What has happened to you and me?

I love you Melody,
You are my life,
Why are you trying to throw me in jail?
And ruin all I have left?

The memories we had,
That is all I now have,
Don't take them from me,
Or I will be mad!

As I have searched for you high and low,
You show up all of sudden as I was told,
You have the right to remain silent,
I don't really mind,
But I would like to shout out to you,
I love just the same,
And I'm only just a man.

Watch for The Falcon Escapes by Nadalia Bagratuni. Her latest novel from Mardi Gras Publishing

Nadalia Bagratuni

The Moon Landing Or After Thirty Years, It May Seem Strange, But I Really I'M Beginning To Wonder! the Moon Landing,

Back in the summer of 1969, I was one of the millions who saw the lunar module land,
To doubt that it landed is simple to refute,
However, to know where it went is much more difficult to dispute.
Shadows in the background, wind on the flag, over thirty things wrong- look at the sand.

Now, after the government cover-ups, killings, and mysterious missions,
Could it be possible that we never landed on the moon at all- such indecisions?
Surely our government wouldn't do that, withhold the truth and perpetuate this story.
For what purpose maybe some sort of greater glory?

Now, let us see what other mysteries they may want us not to discover
In 1968, RFK was shot at 14 times with a eight shot revolver.
We have the magic bullet that killed his brother
It was not shot from the rear but shot by another.

In the 1980's we sold drugs to make money to buy weapons,
We then gave weapons to our friends that now use them against us.
Oh, what have learned in the past fifty years, up is down and down is being rained upon us,
Our enemy is not our enemy, our enemy may simply be us

Nadalia Bagratuni

The Plight Of The Modern Education Or Why Johnny Can'T Read

The plight of modern education,
Is much more complicated than some imagined.

You see at first,
Many people thought money was the problem,
So they robbed some from the rich to
Give to the poor,
Now they wonder what happened to their
Test scores.

With all of this social engineering,
What did they accomplish?
All they did was bring down scores,
Bring down the morale,
And bring down the level of education,
Of our great nation.

Does this make sense,
Is this wrong,
What has happened to our education?

Nadalia Bagratuni

The Second Story Man

Burglar,
Burglar, down the street,
Oh how I was awoken,
By the vase that you had broken,
I thought that I was robbed by a professional,
A man who had taken the time,
To learn his craft,
And to and knew how to avoid jail time.

Now, I see you are just like me,
A scared stiff man,
Who lost his job,
And his wits,
You have only evolved into this.

But how can this be,
Don't we live in the home of the brave and free,
Maybe that was where we were mistaken,
It was my CD player that you had taken.

When I say free,
I never knew I would pay the price,
I also never knew I had it so nice.

My only comment will be,
Except for the grace of God,
It could have been me

Nadalia Bagratuni

The Spray On Tan

Did you sit out by the pool?
Did you lay out in the sand?
Did you get it from a bottle?
Is it also in you hands?

Did you fake bake?
Do you have any lines?
Did you stay too long?
Is it really tan all under those clothes?

What is a matter,
What is wrong,
Why do we go to such lengths,
Just to get bronze!

Now matter what color you might be now,
I can tell you without a doubt,
Tan is better,
And this is true,
It just has to be better because of all the tings I have gone through.

Waiting, baking, basting in the sun,
Rubbing, rubbing, when will it all be done.
Finally, I decided, screw it all,
I would go and buy a tan.

I would be the tannest of them all.
Off I went on my quest,
I went searching and had a ball.
No place is perfect,
They were all the same,
The only thing I learned was how to play the game.

I asked each one for a free trial membership.
Just a day or two.
After all I wanted to see what they could do.
I then changed places everyday,
After a month,
I had a tan,

And it didn't cost me a arm and leg,
Well, that may not be exactly true,
Someday, I may develop skin cancer,
Sun spots, and age spots too,
Maybe I would be better off,
Not looking so hot.
And just cooling off!

Nadalia Bagratuni

The Trade In

If possession is 9 tenths of the law,
How much of a fool can I be,
I have his ring,
But she has his heart.

Twenty years ago,
I was just like her,
Perfect body,
Well Developed mind,
Full of goals,
Exciting with plans.

What has happened over the years,
All of those goals, all of those tears,
What ever happened to the time,
When we could be alone,
And just talk,
Without being interrupted,
No phones,
No TV,
Just him and me.

Those days are gone,
And now I'm alone,
The problem is I'm not the only one this is happening to!

Millions of people are across this land,
Are trading in their older models,
For a new brand,
Less miles,
Less wear and tear,
Prettier bodies,
Less repair.

The only thing I can tell you from my experience,
Don't be fooled,
Don't listen to this,
Talk is cheap,
But eventually we all end up on the junk heap!

Nadalia Bagratuni

This Ain'T No Stinking Lincoln

I am an American,
Through and through,
No new cars for me,
I want to support the economy.

We spend many thousands
To send to Japan, Korea or some other Foreign land.

My money stays right here,
Right at the garage,
Where I park it all day,
I simply can't understand,
Why they don't make the parts
Any longer.

Before the War,
We had it right,
Every brought American,
And that was all right.
Now, I find that parts are being made in Japan.

This problem is simple,
It is easy to solve,
Why doesn't everyone boycott,
Buying new cars.

This will drive down the price,
And will entice the automakers
To bring the process back to the place
Where it ought to be,
Back from Japan, Korea, and Singapore,

Let's do it now,
Before we loose any more classics,
Gone are the Mercurys, Firebirds, and Capri's,

Where are the Lincolns of the past,
Pretty soon they at rest in rust,
The rest of the car companies please heed,

What ever happened to the Nash, the Kaiser and the Dart?

Will we learn a lesson here,
I doubt,
But I have learned a valuable one,

Stick with winner and don't ever sell it,
Transportation is more than movement for me,
It is part of our country!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Those Were The Days- The 1970's

Memories,
Of the way we were,
Faded photographs,
Hostages in Iran,
Interested rates out of the roof,
Mortgage rates galore,
Billy Beer and so much more.

Democrats,
Oh that is the memories I adore,
Interest rates soar,
Almost hitting 24%,
Gas Lines, Gas Shortages,
Crashed helicopters in the desert,
And there is so much more!

Democrats,
Energy crisis is here,
However, never you fear,
Wear a sweater,
Oh, it won't help but
You will feel so much better!

Democrats,
Controlled the House,
Controlled the Senate,
Controlled the White House,
Those are the Memories I remember.

How many of us would trade those good old days
For today?
To quote the raven, ' Nevermore! '

Memories,
If this is what some celebrities forgot to mention,
I believe it does need to draw our attention.
The old liberal democratic policies
Are tired- this true,
However, we should remember this,

They were not good for me and you!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Trapped

Are you trapped,
In a career,
No future,
No end at near!

Do you want to get out,
If you do, would you shout?

The trouble about this revolving door,
Is that it could have been easily solved several times before!

You didn't have to end up here,
You didn't have to all!

The solution is quite simple,
You should have paid attention,
When I did!

Pay attention in school,
Hit the books,
School pays dividends,
And rich rewards,
Some think grades,
Are what you are learning,
I say if you feel trapped,
And change is what you are learning,
Try to prepare for your future today.

Follow this:
Stay in school,
Don't dropp out,
For if you do become,
A dropp oout of school today,
You simply become a prime case
for dropp out of the human race!

Are you trapped in a career,
No future,

No end near,
Don't dropp out,
Be cool and
Most of all stay in school! ! !

Nadalia Bagratuni

War, What Are We Fighting For?

When in the course of human events, we choose to go to war, why do we choose to do what we do.

In the interest of a lasting peace,
We will go into war,
Has anyone ever simply asked what do we do it for?

Can the answer possibly be as simple as this more dead bodies, and a few less grins.

However it is very interesting to note, This time it is different, this is no Vietnam!

We are not bogged down in the jungle,
We are not fighting knee high in rice fields.
This time the war has been brought
To our very own home ground

As the terrorists so insightfully knew,
Americans swore to get even as our great WTC blew.

Now the terrorists awakened a giant and with all of our might,
We entered Afghanistan to put an end this fight,

We started in Afghanistan,
We are now headed to Iraq

Why stop there are we all done?
How about North Korea, Iran, or some place else?
How can you ever know when we are through?
Is it even possible to do what we are trying to do?

Can you ever win,
Or could you even loose,
If you didn't do anything would that even do!

This is the question about me or you,
Do you really want to start a war that will end Sometime in our grand children's lifetime?
Would a short war instead be better?

My motives are pure, we have been under attack,
Sure we should return and fight back.
And storm the very gates of the capital of Iraq!

My question posed here is not actually new,
All I ask is this what can we do?

Can you stop all wars and make people not fight,
Can you always tell people just to do right!

The answers are simple, the problems are complex,
Just how can we get ourselves out of this mess?

What have we learned in Vietnam,
That we possible could do this time around.

Have we learned that maybe we should fight against this pest
Fight against terror, put them to rest!

War. what are fighting for,
We are fighting to live more.

We simply can not go and let things boil over
Watch without action any more.

Our fight is against terror,
Our mission is clear,
This is clearly a war we will win.
War, could it be we are actually fighting it to save me and you!

In a book published by a future President in 1940, entitled *When England Slept*,
John Kennedy wrote that sometimes in history is it duty of democracies to stand
up and fight for freedom.

Could it possibly be, this is the time,
This is the place, this is the war, and this is out fight!

Nadalia Bagratuni

What Wrong With Our Schools Today

Here is an uplifting thought,
Greater than some problems we have now rought!

Let's care more about their minds,
Than their brawn,
Let's uplift their brilliance while they are still in our town.

Never mind,
We can't possibly actually do this!

They say there is no time,
They say there is no class!

We must do this and
We must do that!
All the time,
I lament,
Who looks out for the students in this wreck?

Most teachers who speak out against sports,
Know it wouldn't be prudent,
It wouldn't be right,
Sports are society,
Sports are their right?

However, can we not collectively ask,
'Is it strange to pass school,
And then flunk out of life as a general rule? '

Stop to Think,
What should we prepare the students for,
How about those old test scores!

However, how long can we still fail to uplift their minds,
Before we show them the door?

Nadalia Bagratuni

When We First Deceive!

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When we first deceive.
Oh, I never really knew what these words
Meant,
Until I met you last night.
You were beautiful,
You were lovely,
You looked so great in the moonlight.
I felt faint,
I lost my head,
I just couldn't wait.

I headed straight for you,
I want to be in your arms,
Oh, how you deceive,
Things aren't always what they appear to be,
You weren't such a slick siren,
There for my fancy,
You were waiting for your dinner
partner,
Your invite was intoxicating,
Your looks were great,
Your arms were out stretched,
And just couldn't wait.

Just about then I finally realized,
I couldn't come to you,
You were out of my class,
You were so beautiful,
This was without doubt.
However, if I came I would end up in your spider's mouth.

Nadalia Bagratuni

When Winning Is Not Enough

Maybe everyone should take just a moment to reflect,
That losing something is nothing more than just that.

The world doesn't end,
Your feelings will mend,
What ever was lost,
Can almost always be found again.

However, in our world today. we are in such a hurry,
We can not see through our own personal worry.

You know it sounds much like two spoiled children fighting on the playground.

A person says, 'You can't have that! '
The other says, ' Oh yea, it's my ball because it was round! '
Nevermind that in fact, I didn't have ball at all
Let alone ever did I want it back.

I just didn't want the other people to get a turn.
Afterall, It should have been my ball.

That's all, it's my turn!

Now, the interesting thing is when people grow older,
They get off the ground and they get oh, so much more bolder! .

However, now we find this too to be true,
If we don't like what we have, let's just quit
and make some one else do!

Where would we be if Washington had given up,
If Lincoln was never elected,
Or if the Teddy had felt tired and couldn't make it up over the hill.

You see life is here, not for us to win or loose,
It is for us to choose.

The choice is yours,
and it is is mine too!

I choose to win and you not to loose.

Oh, where is the Torch, the light burning so bright,
To guide our abilities to know what is right.

Should we pull out when it gets tough, or
Should we learn that winning isn't enough

To many people politics is a four letter word, after reading this poem hopefully
you can ascertain why!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Who Gets It In The End

How thin is in,
How thin can you be,
Is simply smaller better,
Or should it taller I be.

Now this is a dilemma,
With every one I date,
I would like to be perfect,
And surgery is not too late.

I could get a tummy tuck,
A little off thighs,
Take off those crows feet,
Pull my face back,
How about a hair transplant.

Never mind the cost,
It will all be worth it when I get a new rear end.

If you think this is stupid,
And millions of you do,
You haven't been to the hospitals
To see what real people do!

The wards are full of cosmetic surgery.
HMO's, PPO's and Stand alones,
All agree,
If you are not perfect now,
You sure can be,
Just a few thousand dollars,
And you can once again look 21
When you are 110.

The only problem with this who will get it in the end!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Why I'M A Conservative

You may ask,
Why am I conservative?
Shouldn't you be a democrat?

That is not a question for many,
Well, not even for a few,
The problem is that it may not be even a question for you!

However, this question is still here,
Therefore, I will explain,
It didn't all happen in a short period of time.

The first myth is,
All conservatives are well off,
This can't be true,
No one has been worse managing money than I do.

The second myth is,
All conservatives are in the religious right.
This can't be true,
No one has worse church attendance than I do.

The third myth is,
If you work for a living you are poor,
If your are poor you are then a democrat.
Now, this is one statement,
I would love to take back.
I have worked all of my life,
Laid off jobs,
Been fired too,
Signed up for Food Stamps,
The whole nine yards,
All the time,
Look at the political answers the democrats had in mind.

When I worked in the steel business,
Their answer was another 13 weeks of unemployment,
When I work in sales,
Their answer was another 13 weeks of unemployment.

After the events of 9/11,
What was their answer?
A resounding democratic cry,
'13 weeks of employment! '

I believe,
I now know what to do,
Let's give the Congress the answer,
Give the democrats what they like
The Unemployment line!

Nadalia Bagratuni

Women Are More Than Mere Objects Of Affection

Have you ever wondered,
What do men look at when we pass by?

Is it the wiggle in our walk or
The twinkle in our eye?

Maybe it is the cottage cheese in our thighs!
No matter what those men want,
I can not figure it out!

The more I talk,
The less I walk.

No more do I walk past a bevy of men,
No, not me,
No not them!

I can't have them stare,
I'm a women of character,
I'm not piece of meat,
I'm not for sale,
I'm not that cheap.

However, if I were for sale,
I couldn't be bought,
Not for any price,
Maybe, on second thought,
I might reconsider,
Here, is something to consider.

As I walk past the next man I see,
I know inside a woman is a wo man.

Nadalia Bagratuni

You Are In Good Hands

The trouble with poverty,
The people are so poor,
They can't really afford to be rich,
Never you mind I just give them a helping hand.

The problem with this,
Is that the helping hand is a quick fix,
What was designed to help,
Has now lasted over 50 years,
There is no way out and end in sight,
What a terrible and horrible sight!

We see, one, two, three and more generations,
Living together on the floor,
They are together in spirit and poverty,
They are looking for us to break the cycle.

This cycle can be broken
Without a doubt,
The problem is do we want,
Not if we will.

It may seem strange for a day or two,
But the trouble with giving a helping hand,
Is not because we do it,
It is because we can.

Americans are great,
We are good,
And we want to bless all of the others,
However, when we give a handout,
We are not giving a helping hand,
Rather instead we do exactly that,
Giving hand out and breeding discontent.

Now, the next time you give to a charity or a gift,
Just remember who told you this,
It is better to give than receive.
And it is better to give a hand up

Than receive a handout!

Nadalia Bagratuni