

Poetry Series

Robert Founder
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Robert Founder()

Aruba Joran And The Kalpo Brothers

Joran Vandersloot, and the Kalpo Brothers
Were set to do wrong if they had their druthers
They went out that night to have some fun
On the isle of Aruba in the Caribbean sun

Joran was the young shot of a local big shot
On the sunny Dutch Isle of Aruba.
He and the Kalpos, the Kalpos and he
Went out that night to see what they could see.

Right there was Natalie plain as could be
Dancing atop the tables you see.
She drank and drank with all her might
Until all caution was far out of sight.

They took her out for a little screw
And she died some way that's all they knew.
Her mother took flight and landed next day
Shouting, "Where's my daughter?"; or hell's to pay.

The police were called and wrung their hands
No evidence found they on the beach's sands
The press jumped in for a news cycle jolly
Quoting all far and wide saying, "Oh Golly!";

The lawyers and pundits feasted their fill,
The mystery deepened, evidence was nil.
The mother of Natalie became a news star
As her divorced husband chimed in from afar.

Poor little Natalie was fed to the sharks
By sick society bent on its larks.
The way she was raised, she never had a chance,
As the curtain came down on her last little dance.

Now Greta crooned, and everyone swooned
O'er the corpse of the teen that was doomed.
As for Joran Vandersloot and the Kalpo brothers
Look out for your daughters, you American mothers.

Robert Founder

Chaucer First English Poet

Geoffrey Chaucer invented the English language,
Though he was trained in French, Italian and Latin.
He died in fourteen hundred, at fifty five
With his great work "Canterbury Tales" unfinished.

Educated by the Church, he started life as a Page
And advanced to be Minister, in service to the King.
Fought in France, was captured and ransomed,
Traveled, knew Dante, and wrote his whole life through.

'Whan that Aprill, with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour; '

When that April with her sweet showers
Has pierced the drought of March down to the root,
And stimulated all the plants with sap,
Which produce the flowers we love to see and smell.

Robert Founder

Death Where Is Thy Sting

To all those dead and gone,
How does it feel?
From one with one foot in the grave,
And the other on a banana peel.

How was the ride, what did it cost?
Was there a ferry `cross the Styx?
Were angels there to wave you in,
Or were you there amongst the lost?

Could you see heaven's gate,
Did they make you wait?
How many went with you,
Of those that drank the devil's brew?

Each happy day that I'm alive
I wonder how it feels to die
And wonder how the dead abide
And wonder if they sing or cry.

I know my Bible says it's thus and so
And to trust its godly words on reap and sow
It says that we must love the Father dear
And love like ourselves, our brother near.

Robert Founder

Flag Of Our Fathers

When our Star Spangled Banner sees,
My eyes salute her Red, and White and Blue,
Then I know the secret she keeps,
She stands guard while our nation, sleeps.

The simple Red, White, and Blue,
Are taken from our history true.
They're from Britain's flag anew,
Laid out in stars and bars brand new.

Could there ever be a better flag,
Or ever be a better cause
Than Republican America
Forever more, without pause.

Robert Founder

Grant: General And President I

Grant was the fulfillment of all the hopes we had.
He was a Lincoln kind of man of defeats,
But knowing defeats he could learn to compete
Being merely an ordinary man and lad.

Yet there was a certain something in him
Perhaps it was his great mistakes
He failed greatly, but always played for higher stakes
That won laurels no defeat could dim.

Great men fail greatly, is a common theme
And so their rise is oft misunderstood.
No one's prepared to have a drunk be good
We easy find the mote, but not the beam.

Grant, its true, drank and smoked a lot.
He tended to extreme in lots of things.
The very kind of man that from the prairies spring
To cauterize the Eastern rot.

Look at his opponents all his life
Mediocrity, and Minuets,
Massas, Medias and Martinets
A peaceful man forced to a life of drums and fifes.

He came from out the prairie fastness
Where from came Lincoln; Ronald Reagan too
Only a son of the prairie sod would do
To bust the old regime's smugness.

Robert Founder

Grant: General And President Ii

He was all that Lee was not
A shorter and record tarnished soldier
Lee the perfect cadet at West Point
Poor Grant barely makes it through.

The way he wooed his wife as though a war.
The way he built his own farm house from scratch.
The way he resigned his Captain's Commission
The way he worked for his father and brother.

The way he volunteered in the Mexican War,
To ride a horse for help through enemy lines.
The way he pushed his army to the breaking point.
The way he wore down the most steadfast enemy.

The way he waged peace, and waged war.
His kind heart, yet cold-hearted warring.
His daring Inchon-like invasion of Vicksburg.
His relentless pursuit of the Army of NOVA

His presidency was attacked relentlessly,
Yet he was America at its best,
Always moving fast on a swift horse,
Toward some achievable goal.

With muddy boots he gave Lee generous terms;
Spotless General Lee with his jeweled sword:
And ordered celebrations of victory stopped,
Yet Gen. Lee and the South never accepted defeat.

Lincoln was shot to death and the peace plans died,
The nation had fallen the son of a Tanner from Galena,
A failed shopkeeper, and an unsuccessful farmer,
A hardscrabble victor in a difficult war to win.

Robert Founder

Jfk Jr's Hate America Poem

Imagine yourself at age 15,
And you the son of a President
Of the United States of America.

Would you have written this hymn of hate,
About the country your father served in war,
And the country he died for in Dallas?

Does this say what a Democrat is?
No wonder God took his life
Before he could further ruin this country

This poem of his was written
To be sung to the tune of
"America the Beautiful"

"Oh lovely land of racial lies,
Of crooked ways to fame,
From Kent State to Sharon Tate
We're proud to bear thy name.

America, America, God spared his grace on thee.
From atom bombs to nuclear arms be proud of U.S.A.
And though you're bad, we love you mad
You taught us right and wrong

Just look at Vietnam and the trouble that we cause
America, America God looks at us from high
To guide us by our forefathers cry,
Just like Jerry Ford."

Robert Founder

Mother Daughter Day

No question about it, Mothers win hands down,
In the battle of the sexes.
They give life, while others stand in awe.
It makes one cry to read or write, "Dear Ma."

They are little bitsy girls one day,
And before we have a chance to pray
They grow up in a very marvelous way.
Babies having babies, they say.

It is a miracle, an act of God
Before which men are humbled and made proud.
Every birth's a miracle a mother made
A gift upon the bridal bower laid.

Regardless if it's little he or she
We'll love it just the same.
Dressed up in rugged blue, or dainty pink
We'll teach it how to feel and think.

So, bless all mothers far and wide,
We real men are at your side.

Robert Founder