

Poetry Series

**vern eaker**  
**- poems -**

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## vern eaker(summer of 57)

A novice writer, recently finding the time to write some poems, in hopes that others will enjoy them. My poems cover a range of thought and emotion, Writing about whatever inspires me at that moment. I welcome all comments.

# 1st Haiku

you write haiku  
Five seven five use  
Syllables do

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# A Blacksmith By Trade

A blacksmith by trade, as was my father before.  
13 years young seemed older in the days of yore  
I had made many weapons and pieces of armor  
But to use them is what I truly yearned for

Tired of living under constant tyranny  
Wanting evermore to again live free  
My father had died as he tried to resist  
I unable to shake the site of his closed fist

I felt it my duty to avenge his death as his son  
With each blow of my hammer, fury did run  
I had formed my self a battle sword and mace  
The finest steel I could salvage around the place

A bit heavier than my years could yield  
My fathers name molded into my shield  
Bit by bit links of chain would form my armour  
A stallion bartered from a nearby farmer

My mind was set never to be changed  
Though I continued work my mind deranged  
Like the bellows to the fire torment grew intense  
Avenging my father not mere defense

When the land baron come calling for his taxes  
With his guards each wielding, my own fathers axes  
Unknowing the soldier that killed with such force  
Until he unmasked himself revealing the source

Just before removing the head of the evil  
This is for my father had he to chose to reveal  
Needing to see the look in the baron's eyes  
Astounded that I alone had taken their lives

The town rejoiced fanfare blew  
But I had tasted blood and I knew  
Off with the armor down with sword  
Inside the shop without a word

The shield still hangs upon the wall  
My fathers name displayed to all  
The sword I melted and formed into rings  
Of course I wear one my mother another  
One sits in waiting my unborn sister or brother

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# A Glimpse Inside

A glimpse inside my mind  
As I attempt to write in rhyme  
A fresh and new  
Poem for you

Poised and ready  
Fingers steady  
Ready to hunt and peck  
Spelling out each word I select

My mind racing  
Fingers pacing  
I can't think slow  
As my fingers go

Eager to find  
Within my mind  
A poem suitable to post  
Something pleasing to most

I could write of flowers  
Then that could take hours  
Perhaps of love  
Or angels above

Nature can be prolific  
Although not specific  
I enjoy cars  
And drinking in bars

Great now I'm thinking  
About drinking  
Maybe I will write a poem  
Later when I stumble home

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# A Homeless Man

I see him sit at the bus stop  
Still remains, as the bus leaves  
Hair askew, stubble on face  
Perspiration and soil stain his sleeves  
Shoes don't match no laces in place

Looking very ragged and pale  
Eyes red and weary. Expressionless  
Lights half a cigarette and takes a drag  
Sipping his beer from a paper bag

People giving way as they pass by  
The obviously homeless guy  
Speaking to them all, he gives a holler  
Asking for a single dollar

Few give change hoping to appease  
He stands and bows thanking these  
Hours pass, and night time near  
Smiling, happy set for his next beer

Moving along a limp in his step  
Returning with new bottle in bag  
Lights half a cigarette, takes a drag  
Laying on the bench content he slept

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# A Look

A look

That is all there is to start  
Often a look can pierce your heart  
A look you will never forget  
Assuring you nothing to fret

A look can summon you across a room  
Expressing feelings about to loom  
Looks can softly caress  
They can even undress

A look can reveal so much  
A thought a mood, desired touch  
Devotion there when eyes meet  
Intensely delivered gently sweet

A look can express a lot of information  
Simply interest or an invitation  
Ask anyone in love what it took  
They will answer just one look

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# A Need For Windex

A need for Windex

The world is viewed by each of us through the windows of our mind.

Our views can become tainted, by thin layers of film I find.

Dulling the brightness that truly is there. Feeling the warmth faded as it falls upon us.

Giving false illusion, when we can't see the dust.

Thin as the layer itself maybe, it's joined with other debris.

Soot from fires gone by, tricking our mental eye.

Residue from rains that passed streaked by melting snow that never last.

Winters seemingly depressing feeling can set our minds sadly reeling.

Obscuring what we should be seen, not realizing the window is unclean.

A task best suited to the sunny days of spring, no need to rush to the window and clean.

But keep this thought inside your head,  
Don't trust the window you look through.  
Check the world from outside instead.  
For it shall offer the clearest view.

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# A Question Lies In These Lines

A question lies with in these lines  
One I've pondered many times

Not of why I feel the fool  
Or ever finish hard knocks school.

I believe I am a good man  
Why I'm alone I understand

I do not think like everyone else  
I do not understand my self

I may never know where it is I want to go  
Or what it is I should do, think or know

I am a more complex man than I think  
Perhaps a breed nearly extinct

Saying I don't understand women  
That should explain the life I am livin

The thing that takes me by surprise  
Is why they would rather believe lies

The men who promise way too much  
Seem to have much more luck

Those that are mean and abusive  
Attract women I find so elusive

Maybe the truth about who I am  
Does not fit into their plan

Though I am honest and caring  
Generous, kind always sharing

A romantic that requires a love  
To share the affection I hope of

A simple woman easy to please  
One that desires her sentences start with we's

Who would enjoy just being together  
Not bound by any mental tether

Where are the women which proclaim  
They are after the same thing

Where the women that see true potential  
The ones looking for life existential

Not concerned with the past  
Simply wanting someone that last

Are there still women around  
Seeking only a love that's profound

Uncaring about the material things  
Appreciative of the symbol of rings

Able to see where real value lies  
Hoping seeing that in my eyes

I could never afford to buy love  
I would give my life in the name of

However my life has less than half its value  
My life needs to be half of two

So I ask what is required  
Finding a love so desired

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# A Trip Without A Destination

A trip without a destination,  
Should be the dream of everyone  
It is often my only inclination  
Travel the world merely for fun

No schedule to offer restraints  
To leave behind all distractions  
Enjoying life without complaints  
Seeking out unknown attractions

Able to have such freedom is rare  
Encumbered by things that are taxing  
Family, jobs, and enough money to spare  
Exactly the reason we crave relaxing

Still it would be nice to find a way  
Visiting mountain tops, or tropical beaches  
Ancient ruins or just simply what may  
With the whole world within our reaches

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# Addicted

Addicted

Addiction has various forms  
Dependant on something  
Requiring above the norms

Things like alcohol you'd expect  
Though it can be most anything  
No surprise the cigarette

Are you thinking food or sex?  
Yes they are also on the list  
And it gets even more complex

An urge a need to have more  
The unwavering want  
That is what I tend to explore

The term applies to lots we knew  
Drugs of course and even love  
I know for I'm addicted to you

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# An Attempt To Be Noticed

I have a need for notoriety  
I have poems I crave be seen  
Comment please if you read these  
Even if you choose to be mean  
Knowing everyone is hard to please  
At least I know my work is seen  
That alone allows me ease

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# Are You Ever Asking?

Are you ever asking who you are?  
Do you think you're the person people see?  
I often wonder who I am  
Aside from being just a man

Some see me one way others another  
Different perspectives from siblings and mother  
Acquaintances and friends have their view too  
Who am I according to you?

Can you see past the brave face?  
I'm scared and alone, out of place  
Can you see through the humor and fun?  
I am often the sad unhappy one.

Can others see who you might be?  
Perhaps always hiding your misery  
Displaying who you choose to show  
The you that only yourself knows

I think I have learned from the past  
Why it's important to wear a mask  
For some to see my emotions for real  
I fear I would lose some appeal

Exposing myself to only those close  
My truest friends know me the most  
More so than even my family  
Who believe they alone know the true me

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# As Valentines Day Approaches Near

As Valentines Day approaches so near  
Love, love, love is all I seem hear  
True it's intended to celebrate love  
With those we have adoration of

But what of the others all alone  
Feeling insignificant we condone  
Cast aside no thought given  
As if persecuted for single livin

Rarely ever would you find that by choice  
Simply without anyone with to rejoice  
No flowers, candies, or cards bought  
In misery depressed alone forgot

Valentines Day is such an injustice  
For all the lonely living amongst us  
You know such a person we all do  
I think they deserve an I LOVE YOU

And so what I have been thinking was  
Valentines Day should equal HUGS  
Phone calls are not enough  
To make someone feel love

Valentines Day should represent care  
Please continue to call if you can't be there  
But when encountering others on that day  
HUGS for all is what I say

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# At Days End

A sweltering day in the old wild west  
Rolling a smoke from the pocket of my vest  
Striking the match on the butt of my six gun  
Serene was not often as the west was won

A rock for my pillow as I watch the sun set  
Stretched out on the dirt comfy as I get  
Watching the amber glow as the sun descends  
Quietly time passes as exhaled smoke ascends

Actions of the day gone past, flowing through my mind.  
Lost and curious cattle wandering, I had to find  
The pain ever present in my back as I rode  
The distant drums warn of trespass I am told

And moving 500 head of cattle over a river wide  
Where thankfully there is safety on the other side  
As the pounding drum subsides a relief passes over all  
Even the cattle have a settled feeling, aside from the coyote call

Cook prepared biscuits gravy and fried chicken for chow  
Cattle penned horses cared for it is quiet time for now  
Relaxing moments as the stars appear seemingly one by one  
Aware although tomorrow it begins again, I'll be up before the sun

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# Beloved Hearts

When the time comes for loved ones to pass  
Sorrows run deep, rethinking the past  
What we could have or should have done  
Before this loss of a beloved one

I can not believe they are actually dead  
Things uncompleted things left unsaid  
If only I could have known before  
I wanted to do oh so much more

Now as they lay there forever at rest  
Thoughts in my mind of all their best  
Remembrance of a smile, a final kiss  
Always shocked it ended like this

Memories of the happiest times  
Colliding with the loss in our minds  
Thinking I can't go on I can't survive  
What would they say if still alive?

Would they want me to go on in sorrow?  
Suffering through all my tomorrows  
Wishing for me to live life in grief  
I know better that's not their belief

Nevermore to dwell on this doom  
That I may know joy again soon  
From this earth we all must part  
We still live in your beloved heart

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# Broken Snow

Broken snow

Wonders of winter clearly flow  
Witness am I to the broken snow

Brought forth with the morning light  
As I open my eyes to such a sight

Silently flakes fall to the earth  
Flakes so large with measurable girth

I watch a single flake settle on the ground  
Nearly surprised it made no sound

Quickly joined by many more  
Carpeting swiftly earth's dirt floor

Then it occurred, hit by winter breezes  
The large white flakes broke into pieces

The fragments filling the air  
Nothing but white everywhere

The pieces landing in wind so swift  
Scooting along forming a drift

Fragmented flakes falling increasingly fast  
Each forming a layer over the last

Layer upon layer in winter's breath  
Building slowly higher increasing depth

No longer existing is the large flake  
Bonding with fragments one they all make

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# Bumper Sticker Philosophy

Money makes the world go bad, or so it seems  
A most vital part of the American dream  
Aspirations of the wealthiest position  
Corrupting even government's politician

Checkbooks determining our destination  
Monies evil, reining an infestation  
Requiring more to pursue more  
Lost is the purity we had before

Never enough, the desire has no end  
Believing acquiring the most will win  
Those of us unable to achieve that power  
Forced to abide rules, to which we must cower

Now money decides how much to take from our pay  
Creating classes no longer eligible to play  
Allowing only the biggest money to rule  
Those of us remaining, acting the fool

Though only my opinion you see  
Bumper sticker philosophy  
When the power of love is greater  
Than the love of power  
That will be our finest hour

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# Cartoon World

A cartoon world would be nice to live in  
Obstacles and problems moved with a pen  
A simplistic uncontroversial place  
Hatred and fear we could erase

Every house a happy home  
No one ever need be alone  
If ever I need a friend  
They would be as near as my pen

The entire world my fantasy  
Imagined and created by me  
No sermons for me to hear  
No lectures to dread or fear

Life would be one fun game  
Drawn by me frame by frame  
You and I some friends at times  
Telling stories writing rhymes

Singing songs telling jokes  
Never having to hear  
"THAT'S ALL FOLKS"

A fantasy world I'd never leave  
Possible I like to believe  
If only for my mental ease

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# Children Require

Children seem to require instant gratification.  
It is as if they totally lack use of imagination.  
They need and crave to see an action immediately.  
At the press of a button, keyboard, controller or TV.

I think they require feeling they have the control.  
Pent up aggression always ready to show.  
When their faced with a task which they can't control.  
They have no appreciation for things they don't know.

Most take their life for granted, oblivious to those that care.  
If they want something it must be now, to wait they can't bare.  
Living their life in front of a screen, outside a world unseen.  
They say they know it's there, suggest they go enjoy it, they scream.

Why actually go out and play ball, they may miss a message or phone call.  
Choosing to interact only or by phone, safe and sound behind their wall.  
As if they fear sunshine and fresh air, grass underfoot or personal interaction.  
It would require they exert themselves to engage others in physical action.

Leaving the comfort of their chair, without a monitor at which to stare.  
Afraid to run and jump or ride a bike, discovering their actually unaware.  
Just try to find the child that dares to brave the wild unknown that is outside.  
The children who have walked in a creek climbed a tree or enjoy a bike ride.

These are things that need be absorbed to appreciate, taking hours or days.  
Children would need to learn to explore the outdoors, to learn new ways.  
Finding things without the press of a button or click of a mouse.  
Enjoying life outside of their house.

Reading a book with actual pages under a tree or up in the branches.  
Venture out to a friends house knocking on the door and taking chances.  
Finding someone else as brave as them willing to go play or swim.  
Wouldn't it be a delightful change if we could enjoy childhood with them?

So when was the last you went out to play with your child, spending quality  
time?  
Tossing a ball, shooting hoops, just taking a walk in the woods expanding their  
mind.

Encouraging the children to use their imagination, and to exercise.  
When was the last time you saw wonder in your Childs eyes?

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# Compassion

Does compassion have a limit?  
It sure does seem it  
There are many  
Who won't give any

Those that seem not to care  
As if others are not there  
Too concerned for their self  
Never willing to offer help

I never considered it something willed  
In me it was always instilled  
I truly have compassion  
Others problems I can't pass on

It hurts me to see others hurt  
From my back I'd give my shirt  
It seems like a desire  
I must help with your flat tire

If I should see you cry  
I must discover why  
I will feel a need to help  
This comes from deep inside myself

I give more than I can afford  
And will do so without a word  
We not need to meet  
Before I would offer up my seat

Sad it is though the way we live  
Too many will not give  
Unless perhaps to show off  
Or because it's a tax write off

I know there are a lot  
Willing to share what they've got  
But also I see everywhere

Too many who just do not care

Compassion is by definition

A caring sharing condition

Compassion is a feeling shown

Unfortunately you can't give your own

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# Complacent Love

Complacent love is love still  
Often time wears against our will  
Dulling the way our love may feel  
Without notice gone is the thrill

As if love sleeps never to wake  
Taken for granted errors we make  
Love exists but the actions we forsake  
Neglecting chances we should take

I love you said once often now few  
Compliments said only on cue  
Rare are meaningful kisses of two  
Complacent now your lover and you

Sleeping together is only rest  
Still your cordial even jest  
Passion though headed west  
Comfortable now life is best

Complacent may equal content  
Seemingly happy days are spent  
You might wonder where passion went  
Unnoticing your love became complacent

Gone now are the stolen kisses  
No longer interested in the others wishes  
Gone are the days of holding hands  
No more surprise dinner plans  
Everything becomes routine  
Life running, like a machine  
Love life once insane  
Love life now so mundane

Complacency can be a bore  
Lacking excitement for sure  
Love should be a whole lot more  
You need to crave who you adore

Complacency is very frail  
When it's noticed you can tell  
Simple things get misconstrued  
Sudden change wrongly viewed

When you say I love you  
And are asked 'what did you do'?

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# Dain Bramaged

The world I am feeling, appears to offset healing.  
Damaged nerves, they find  
Inside my ageing mind.  
Unable to be clear, evaluation of what I feel here.  
It's I trapped outside this brain, made to be virtually outsane.  
Insane becomes an improper word, when sanity is observed.  
Thinking outside the box, equals reversed clock.

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# Deer Encounter

.....` Silhouetted against the shimmering lake  
With its waters flowing cold  
Tasting of its coolness  
Motionless alert sensing my aroma  
In the air of the dawn

Cautiously approaching, deftly I move  
My hand upon the silken smooth softness of its hide  
Quivering shaking warm to the touch  
Innocent brown eyes searching my soul  
A smile was shared  
For the briefest moment, which seemed to last an hour

Pressing its head into my arm  
No option as I'm moved aside, taking a step back  
Whispering grunt white tail in the air  
Nothing but tracks in the snow

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# Do You Feel The Same?

Do you feel the the same?  
Elated just hearing your name  
A mere glimpse of your face  
Begins my heart to race

You're my first thought each day  
Continually pushing all others away  
My dreams are of us in bliss  
I'm wondering if you feel like this

I count the moments your away  
Subtracting the I love you's that you say  
All the time hoping yet always knowing  
I love you's will always outweigh

I find myself waiting without choice  
Phone in my hand awaiting your voice  
So certain I can hear you smile  
Listening for that all the while

Wishing I could feel your touch  
Wanting to kiss you very much  
So I am writing again just to kill time  
Watching and waiting to see you

Believing you cherish these little poems so  
I send them with love I want you to know  
Maybe quaint or even silly at times  
Solely for you I write these rhymes

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# Do You Recall

Do you recall in your childhood  
The things that made you feel good  
Riding to school on your bike  
Meeting up with others you like

When the school day ends  
Your social life really begins  
All gathered together to play a game  
Ball, hide-n-seek, tag all the same

Before the dreaded night time falls  
You might have played them all  
Reluctantly having to break, to eat  
Racing back out to see who you beat

Saturday cartoons to start your day  
Torn between watching and going out to play  
Tom and Jerry, Bugs and Roadrunner  
Yet outside was even funner

Off on your bike (transportation of choice)  
Calling your friends at the top of your voice  
Cruising the neighborhood seeing who wants to play  
Or discovering what your doing the rest of the day

I might end up fishing, or playing ball  
Maybe just one friend maybe them all  
Our lawn was littered with things to do  
Horseshoes, Jarts toy trucks and cars all around  
Hula Hoops, Frisbees, Balls and gloves to be found

Though everyday the sun did not shine  
So inside were other games you would find  
Monopoly, mousetrap, sorry and clue  
Hungry hungry hippo, Rock em Sock em robots too

When ever a movie we wanted to see  
Down at the theater we would be  
Rarely would we be in our homes

Even if others were busy and I was alone

I might just go for a ride or climb a tree

You may never know where to find me

No need to worry I was always alright

I would be home at first glow of the streetlight

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# Dreams

Dreaming allows a wonderful escape  
From all the bustle we have awake

Dreams may take different shapes  
Moving us through different states

Many times we are wished sweet dreams  
However the scariest are best for me it seems

I do not like dreaming of wealth and love  
Waking to discover it was only dreamt of

I prefer waking from mares of the night  
Learning everything is alright

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# Eyes Are The Window To The Soul

Eyes are the windows to the soul  
Throughout my life I've been told  
To see into another's heart  
Eyes are the place to start

Be they hazel, green or blue  
Black, brown color changing too  
Matters not what color they be  
They show what one needs to see

Through these windows the truth lies  
Emotionally nothing hides  
Clear for all too recognize  
Displayed to the world in one's eyes

Evident are anger, lust and surprise  
Fear, truth, lust, hope and despise  
Happiness, sorrow, and confusion  
Inside familiar eyes there is no illusion

To gaze deeply is an intense moment  
For the eyes are an intimate component  
Although prominent noticed by all  
Often the feature hardest to recall

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# Fate And Destiny

At birth our path is set  
To alter it chances we get  
Opportunities give us a chance  
To circumvent our circumstance

Some can overcome diverse situations  
Choosing their own path or destination  
Others except things as they come along  
Believing they must, not feeling strong

Many require assistance in life  
Incapable of dealing with strife  
Very few plan, a life on their own  
Deciding it best to go it alone

Life's confrontations seem unfair  
Battling them by trial and error  
Still never knowing if you win  
Or destined through fate the same end

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# February

Amazing how the temperature can vary  
In the month of February  
Sun is shining heat is climbing  
Nearing 53 degrees

Bedroom window allows me the view  
Of ice raining down, as the sun shines through  
The snow covered ground with sparkling shine  
Glistening in contrast with the grey wood line

Carefree squirrels racing tree to tree  
Chasing each other in apparent glee  
Scampering quickly tails in the air  
Oblivious that I see them there

Deer grazing in the foliage abound  
Lead by the meandering creek found  
Twisting and turning through the hills  
Harmonious it looks serene it feels

Enchanted I'm quite relaxed my feet up  
Caressing the warmth of my coffee cup  
Watching the horizontal shadow  
Of vertical trees move slowly across the snow

February calling me to go out and play  
On this lovely warm winter day

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# Fishing

Sitting on a huge gray log  
In the distance a croaking frog  
Sipping my coffee from a metal cup  
Noting how silently the sun comes up

Watching closely my fishing line  
Any bit of movement any sign  
The fire crackles behind me  
As I inhale the aroma of my coffee

Embracing the cup as I take a sip  
Certain I see movement of the rod tip  
Preparing to give it a swift tug  
My eyes glued to it, I sit down my mug

The sun rises from behind to my right  
Water takes on texture as it reflects light  
Waves rippled speckled diamond shape  
Dancing expanding across the lake

Rod bows down then snaps back  
Again it bends and I pull out the slack  
Glorious morning grants my wish  
On my hook a large catfish

The reel does whine before I crank  
Working my bounty toward the bank  
Playing along with the fight  
Then winding faster keeping the line tight

A rewarding feeling when it reaches land  
Weighing about seven pounds in my hand  
Fresh worm on the hook cast the same spot  
Fish in the cooler, coffee from the pot

The day is brighter, the air crisper  
That new day smell, breeze is a whisper  
I move back to the log take my seat  
A day fishing can't be beat

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# Her World

Her smile  
Her hair  
Her eyes  
Her laugh  
Her charm  
Her style  
Her class  
Her love  
Her compassion  
Her warmth  
Her embrace  
Her kiss  
Her Hand  
Her lips  
Her skin  
Her caress  
Her passion  
Her bliss  
Her surprise  
Her jubilation  
Her glow  
Her pain  
Her child  
Her pride  
Her understanding  
Her care  
Her world

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# How Small Am I?

How small am I?  
My feet on earth  
My head in the sky

Some I see taller  
Others not as big  
Am I still smaller

Are there things worse?  
Than feeling insignificant  
In this universe

Perhaps the issue  
Is not size  
But if others miss you

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# I Am Not That Kind Of Guy

I am not that kind of guy  
The kind that has to wear a tie  
I do not like to read the news  
Or care to wear shiny shoes

Could not be a commuter  
I do not work at a computer  
Not required to make decisions  
Do not supply any supervision

I'm not part of a work crew  
Schedules for me won't do  
No need to rant or holler  
I don't live from your tax dollar

Judgment is to quickly passed  
Before the facts are amassed  
No inheritance of large sum  
Expect no checks mailed to come

I am not a crook or criminal  
My aspirations are minimal  
No money from contest I won  
Depend on money from no one

Do you think a loser of me?  
Someway a drain on society  
Or give the benefit of doubt  
Like a riddle to be worked out

The fact is I need no loot  
I get by just being cute  
Now you know just maybe  
I am but an infant a baby.

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# I Appreciate The Friends I Have Met

I appreciate all the friends I have met  
It is a mutual satisfaction that we get  
Many of them I have found  
Scattered around the world to find

Some I accept and never speak to at all  
Just a picture on their friends list is all  
Others exchange messages or we chat  
Many simply are pleased to do that

The ones I really like the most  
Comment on the things I post  
Or they join me to play a game  
Close enough I know their name

My best friends know who they are  
While others only know their avatar  
With me we politely flirt, and chat  
I cherish my friends, they know that

I have made so many, not just a few  
All very special but not like you  
They will think I wrote this for them  
Saying Vern is so special, I really like him

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# I Can Never Stop

Darlin; I can never stop thinking of you  
You're always on my mind whatever I do

I feel so sad when your not available to me  
I am not usually so attached, what have you done to me

I feel the need to talk with you even though I have nothing to say.  
I just require to hear your voice each and everyday

I long for the moment your in my arms warm and secure  
Only then, will I feel that you are mine for sure

You should know that I love you but I can never say it enough  
And not being able to hold you, is oh so hard oh so tough

I am dependent on you to make it through my day  
I simply must correspond with you in some kind of way

Telephone or e-mail or to chat  
Any chance to tell you, I want you to be mine

I love Darlin and my care for you runs deep  
I will never stop my pursuit of you, even once your mine to keep

After I have woken with you, say a few years or so  
Then I might be able to believe that you truly know

My love for you is truly real,  
And I only say that because, that is the way I feel

I love you is easy to say, and sometimes it is not meant  
You should know when you hear it from me it is no accident

It is you that I desire to have beside me in my life each day  
To be able to love and care for you, each and every way

I want to see that lovely smile as you wake each day  
look of contentment in your eyes, when good night we say

A

You see it is not merely a matter of want or desire  
I need you Darlin I need us together, your love I require

I need to watch over you to be sure that you are happy as can be  
I need to watch and know your happy hopefully because of me

I would do whatever you ask  
Any job or any task

To please you is all I care to do  
Because my Darlin I love you

vern eaker

# I Had The Ability

I had the ability  
To walk through walls  
Step over trees

Without a breath  
I could swim  
The oceans depth

Pain I could only see  
Numb, unfeeling  
It was to me

Love I would make  
To everyone  
Saddened now I am awake

vern eaker

# I Have The Desire

I have the desire to write  
No idea what about  
It is the middle of the night  
Unknowing how this will turn out

Topics and ideas fill my head  
So many that I can't think straight  
Thus the reason I'm out of bed  
Need to write simply won't wait

I can't explain this writing desire  
Sitting at the keyboard waiting  
Wishing one thought may inspire  
Suddenly a feeling elating

Without any effort or realization  
I have managed to write in verse  
Now a sense of emancipation  
I have appeased my writing curse

vern eaker

# I Know I'M Not The Perfect Man

I know I am not the perfect man

I never even try as hard as I can

I have lived my life trying to do as I please

I often take wrong to ever higher degrees

I have loved and I have lost even though I tried

I have had my heart broken to the point where I've cried

I caused pain to others I have known

I can understand why I'm often alone

I am a nice person most who know me would say

I just never feel there is any one place for me to stay

I feel I bring trouble and hardship wherever I go

I am not sure others would believe I even know

I am a criminal and I have criminal ways

I know that soon I will be counting my prison days

I believe most would tell you I just don't care

I think I hide that well and their just not aware

I am a man like most that I know

I hide my feeling afraid they will show

I see it as a sign of weakness to let see

I am just confused as to how to accept me

I seem to treat others better trying to give all respect

I can't understand why it is myself I chose to neglect

I don't find it easy to change my ways or attitude

I find it easier to adjust the way I'm understood

I can convince others that I am happy and content

I will convince myself that my life has been well spent

I try to bring smiles wherever I go and to all whom I see

I try even harder though to be the one that pleases me

vern eaker

# I Love You More Than I Should

# I love you more than I should  
# Loving you is supposed to feel good  
# We discussed it heart to heart  
# Only to learn your, happiest apart  
# And because your happiness means most to me  
# I reluctantly agree, this is the way it has to be  
# And we are content to be best friends  
# But sadly enough that's not how it ends  
# My love continues, to deepen and grow  
# Not fair to you, this I do know  
# Because now through no fault of your own  
# I'm constantly reminded, I feel so alone  
# I'm sure that it's you I need by my side  
# Yet to remain in your life, my love I must hide  
# You need time your not sure how much  
# I've agreed it's best to allow you such  
# As my love becomes harder to conceal  
# There's a pain in my heart that is so real  
# I feel like there's a void, the exact size of you  
# And can no longer ignore it whatever I do  
# I need you with me if only you could  
# And promise always to love you more than I should

vern eaker

# I Want To Be A We

I want to be a we

Someone should want to be with me

All it takes is someone to hold

To snuggle with when it gets cold

To have them there as I grow old

I love you, would be nice to be told

I want to be a we

Please take my hand and join me

To have them there when I get home

No more dinners ate alone

wont do, nor telephone

A real person not a photo shown

I want to be a we

Is that a bad thing to want to be

An evening of dancing and drinks for two

Or a night at home, with a movie would do

If i could know it would be with you

So tell me if you get the clue

I want to be a we

Would you like to be with me

vern eaker

# I Want To Believe

I want to believe in heaven there is a place  
More comforting than a mothers heart  
I want to believe there is a secure embrace  
For all, when it becomes our time to part

I want to believe eternal peace, exists there  
How one arrives has no consequence  
I want to believe it's full of love and care  
Passing through a gate with no fence

I want to believe souls are free to roam  
And warm precious smiles abound  
I want believe it's a familiar home  
Everyone with friends and family around

I want to believe no one feels alone  
Always there's music and dance  
I want to believe angels have flown  
And all there will get that chance

I want to believe until my time comes  
A divine power will be watching above  
I want to believe the same for everyone  
Never a soul should be without love  
A beloved friend or family member gone  
I believe always a family's love goes on

vern eaker

# If Allowed To Wander

If allowed to wander  
My mind becomes  
Quite a wonder

Travels far  
Travels fast  
There is no last

It is organized chaos  
Un tethered worlds  
Treasure found and lost

Thoughts skew thoughts  
Now thinking shish-kabobs  
Now thinking Jobs

Leaping visions I see  
Unimportant urgency  
Rushing patiently to me

It occurs for me to see  
This poem has no end  
My mind being penned

vern eaker

# If I Had A Dollar

If I had a dollar for each tear I cried for you  
If I had a dollar for each fragment of my heart  
I would have more money than a fool could spend  
It would take a life time to lay them end to end

The dollars would circle the world not just once but twice  
They would be no use to me no happiness could I buy  
They would continue to add up as I continue to cry  
Worthless dollars that could buy nothing pleasurable or nice

If I had a dollar for tear I cried since you've been gone  
If I had a dollar for each time you crossed my mind since  
I would have no dollars I would have no cents  
I have not allowed myself to think of you in so long

I don't require money to make me smile  
Now that you are longer here to give me pain  
And tears will no longer fall again  
I can again find happiness for awhile

vern eaker

# If I Were A Color

If love were a color what would it be?

Red like the roses vibrant and dark,

Yellow like the suns rays

Warming you, as you jog through the park.

If love were a texture how would it feel?

Silky smooth and cool to the touch,

Maybe furry and warm,

Inviting, as such.

If love were a song how would it be sung?

Operatic or classical perhaps like the blues,

Country or rock

What tempo to chose?

If love were a game, every one playing,

Excepting that some must lose.

If love is an emotion

Used to measure how much we care

Who we allow in our own worlds

Together, our lives to share.

If love were a joke

The punch line would be,

Happily ever after

Is reserved, for you and me.

vern eaker

# If I Were A Shoe

If I were a shoe  
Wonder what I'd do  
Would I go out?  
Or just lay about

If I were a shoe  
I could go with you  
Running or playing  
On a beach laying  
Socks stuffed inside  
Maybe on a bike ride

If I were a shoe  
A life half of two  
Skipping or prancing  
Jogging or dancing  
Go for fast food  
Or dinner for two

If I were a shoe  
So many things to do  
Sneaking and stalking  
Climbing and walking  
Accessorizing your clothes  
Perhaps offending your nose

If I were a shoe  
What I'd do with you  
Travel near or far  
Relax while in the car  
Stroll around the mall  
Or play, kick the ball

If I were a shoe  
I would take care of you  
Protect your feet  
From the street  
And morning dew  
Yes even dog poo

If I were a shoe  
I could comfort you  
Safely covering your feet  
Showing off to friends you meet  
If I'm polished and kept clean  
I emit a marvelous sheen

vern eaker

## In Sincere Appreciation

A more sincere appreciation, never had by a man  
Than that which I hold for you my number one fan  
For you gladly read each word I write sincere or fluff  
I have not the words to truly thank you near enough

All the words I write do not mean a thing if they sit unseen  
Your praise of my poems, really do mean everything  
This gratitude for your daughter too, though I know not her name  
Means no less, I wish you both the very best all the same

I am not sure why our life paths have crossed but honored I feel  
To have such dedicated readers on hand, proves blessings are real  
Knowing his keystrokes are enjoyed would surely please any man  
Even more for me you understand, is that I have angels for my fans

vern eaker

## Insert Name Here

(your name here) you have captured my heart

It has been yours from the very start

(your name here) you are the one that I love

Consuming my thoughts, you're all I think of

(your name here) you're on my mind so often it's deplorable

The truth of the matter is, I find you positively adorable

(your name here) my darling, I need you in my arms

I spend my entire day plying you with my charms

(your name here) I am hoping you find me irresistible

I want to be as close to you as physicaly permissible

(your name here) I do wish together we could have a home

It's with that hope I chose to write you this poem.

(your name here) my love I swear it's all true

I did write this silly poem especially for you

vern eaker

# Its Only A Tree

It is only a tree  
That is all I see  
The texture rough  
To my soft touch  
Some roots are found  
Splayed above ground  
Many its branches are  
Stretching reaching far  
Sprouting out each alone  
In a fork is a nest  
With eggs it rests  
A windless breeze  
Gently sways its leafs  
Causing the shadow  
To dance below  
An army of ants trail  
Single file without fail  
Feeding off its green  
Scurrying to ground unseen  
Squirrels also have a home  
From which they roam  
Scampering limb to limb  
Just upon a whim  
Then a mighty lurch  
A hawk flees its perch  
Watching it take flight  
A swarm of beetles' insight  
So much to see  
When you truly  
Look at a tree

vern eaker

# Just Because Darlin I Love You

I really have nothing to say  
yet felt compelled to write anyway

I suppose how I miss you I could mention  
even sitting here alone you have my complete attention

pictures of you are seared in my mind  
of all my thoughts your the only one I find

when I sleep dreaming of holding you tight  
only waking to discover your nowhere in sight

sad for a moment, I can't even do  
realizing I am still thinking of you

wishing you were in my home  
I decided I'd try to write you this poem

not that have nothing else to do  
Just because Darlin I love you.

vern eaker

# Lipstick On The Bottle

Lipstick on the bottle

Tears falling on the bar

Clearly heartbroken once again

Softly sobbing and cursing men

Jukebox blaring her favorite tune

But she wont be dancing soon

Simply wanting to be alone

Still to sober to go home

Not caring to see the house

She had shared with that cheating spouse

Just needing some time to think

She simply motions for another drink

Lipstick on the bottle

Tears falling on the bar

Clearly heartbroken once again

Softly sobbing and cursing men

Wearing tight jeans and a baggy sweater  
Hard to imagine she could look better  
Her hair hangs down to hide her face  
She dabs at her tears keeping make-up in place

Politely refusing any attempt talk  
Choosing only to sip and sulk  
Wondering where things went wrong  
How did her life become a country song

Lipstick on the bottle  
Tears falling on the bar  
Clearly heartbroken once again  
Softly sobbing and cursing men

When she requests another drink  
It is plain to see what she might think  
Digging some cash from her purse  
Thinking things could really be worse

Pulling the ring from her left hand

Helps her let go of that cheating man

Her heavy heart becomes lighter

The neon lights seem to burn brighter

Lipstick on the bottle

Tears falling on the bar

Clearly heartbroken once again

Softly sobbing and cursing men

Signaling for yet another round

This time with a shot of Crown

Opting for something a bit stronger

Hoping to end the pain she wants no longer

She raised the small glass emptied it quick

Placed it on the bar as she licked her lip

Then a sip from the bottle and a shake of her head

All she had done wrong was pick the wrong man to wed

Lipstick on the bottle

Lipstick on the glass

She was felling better then

Content with drinking and cursing men

With nothing more than the wave of her hand

She orders up again as she begins to stand

At the jukebox she plays a happier beat

Before strolling back to take her seat

Raising the whiskey then down it goes

Shaking her head as she taps her toes

Lifting the bottle to her crimson lips

Holding it there as she sips and sips

Lipstick on the bottle

Lipstick on the glass

She was felling better then

Content with drinking and cursing men

vern eaker

# Love Is

Love is the reason for an unknowing smile  
Love makes a moment seem like a long while  
Love is missing someone from across the room  
Love always feels fresh as a new flowers bloom  
Love is the reason I am so drawn to you  
Love requires I express my love for you

vern eaker

# Mankinds Bible

A view not seen is not wasted  
Wine not drank is not tasted  
The scenery continues to live  
Providing life I'm positive

Our world seems so complex  
It's been written down in text  
Problems begin I must believe  
If one can't see what others see

We are raised told what is right  
Those that disagree start the fight  
It must be this way you understand  
No option for, on the other hand

Even your own religion is belief  
From confrontation comes relief  
Do what you must to battle Satan  
Some it's Nation against Nation

I say we are all living in the past  
Following scripture behind a mask  
Supporting each other is so tribal  
Foolish is numbers of our rival

Everyone so quick to find fault  
To not see our view what an insult  
We need a mankind bible so divine  
Intoxicating souls dry of our wine

A mankind bible applicable to all  
A book of spirit and virtue not law  
To teach compassion before even birth  
That all should praise and care for our earth

Perhaps it's only me or so it seems  
Wouldn't that be everyone's dream?  
Fathers, Mothers, Sisters and Brothers  
We must worship earth we have no others.

vern eaker

# Mcthanks

Although not listed on the menu there  
At the local McDonalds I have found friends that care  
You may have some in your neighborhood  
Those with a smile that makes you feel good  
Real employees truly caring about you  
Remembering your name or the things you do  
But kinder people you could not want  
Than those at the Ft. Myers Beach restraint  
Some only smile others joke and tease  
All seemingly happy and eager to please  
Still there are the ones which inspire this poem  
Going out of their way to make me feel at home  
Displays of true compassion hard elsewhere to find  
All knowing I'm homeless but never judging my kind  
This morning two politely argue who can cover the change I was short  
12 cents was needed 'I got it' 'no I got it' each would retort  
Both desiring to do more than their part  
Both unknowingly, filling my heart  
I always have paid  
Would never ask their aide  
Another time offered much to my surprise  
A quarter pounder and large order of fries  
I know these things would break no banks  
But I still desire to give my McThanks  
I doubt they know  
Their McLove shows  
Much more than service and smiles without ends  
My sincerest Mc Thanks to all my Mc Freinds

vern eaker

# Morning Coffee

A moment alone, can be such a blessing in life  
Not fraught with urgent decisions and strife  
But time to contemplate, or speculate  
Away from all others, yourself alone  
Far from distractions, no ringing phone

Embracing the aroma, that comforting scent  
That fills the air while, in a soothing sense  
The warmth of the cup, seducing your grasp  
Begging your caress, until the very last

vern eaker

# Mountain View

From the fire warmed cabin upon the mountain top  
Sitting there with you, gentle kisses we would swap  
Nestled together cozy in front of the fireplace  
Amber glowing light illuminating your soft face

The moonlight shines bright, icy brilliance it makes  
Reflecting and glistening, across a rippling lake  
Illuminating the majestic trees all covered in snow  
We sit contently gazing at this magnificent glow

Enjoying the solitude, with not another soul near  
Startled you gasp, before recognizing it's a deer  
Starring inside the window, its eyes open wide  
Before it turns and runs, into the woods to hide

We share a gentle hug and smile then a soft kiss  
No words needed, similarly thinking this is true bliss  
You pour more wine; I add a log to the flaming fire  
Returning to each others arms, hearts burn in desire

Passionate lingering kisses, with lightly closed eyes  
Outside a harsh wind blows snow into night skies  
Inside a turbulent passion increases, loving woo  
No matter inside or outside I love the Mountain View

vern eaker

# No Longer Bearing The Smile

No longer bearing the smile I wear so distinctively  
Replaced now by the tears that flow so frequently  
There is a constricting darkness consuming my heart  
A vastly growing void since you decided to part

I have run the gambit of emotion sorrow brings  
Anger, shame, jealousy, are amongst the things  
Clouding my thoughts wondering what I have done  
Confused as to how the love we had, can be lost by one

For so long our kindred spirit held us tight  
Now gone because of a silly drunken night  
As I write those words I see they are not true  
It is not the only time, you let alcohol control you

In fact they become too many, to count or track  
But this is the first time, you did not come back  
You knew I would be angry, that I would be mad  
You failed again to keep, the promise that we had

I know that I must keep my promise to you  
Even though it saddens me, it means we are through  
Too often it has happened over and over again  
Against your need for alcohol I can never win

Hard it is to accept your weakness is stronger  
Than our love we can share no longer  
We can not continue to live to on only prayer  
Overlooking the barrier you have constructed there

I can never pretend for a moment I do not love you  
Though again your not here, you know it is true  
For I know you can feel my heart breaking  
We do share a deep love there is no mistaking

That is why it is so hard to sever those ties  
We can not continue living the lies  
Your drinking continuously hurts both of us  
You're unwilling to control it voiding all trust

At least for me this vicious circle must end  
This is the proof our life we can't mend  
Drinking makes you unhappy, sad makes you drink  
Too little time do you care to even think

You will say you can and will quit  
But you would have to admit  
You do not have the will or desire  
And I can not live with a drunken liar

vern eaker

# Oh To Be A Writer Or Poet

Oh to be a writer or poet  
To write with emotion  
To actually show it

To pen with zest and zeal  
Expressions you can feel  
With each piece you part  
Invoking vivid images  
Straight from your heart

Someday I wish a writer to be  
That others feel my poetry  
Often mere rants and rages  
As my lonely thoughts spew  
Filling up these blank pages  
Imparting my thoughts to you

Wishing everyone to see  
Feelings deep inside of me  
I swear to all the powers that be  
Someday I too, will write poetry

vern eaker

# Online

Online is a world to find  
So much different than mine  
Sitting in my quaint abode  
This is a window to the globe

Allowing me to travel near and far  
Chatting with people whoever they are  
Some are fictitious others are real  
All display just how they feel

Hiding behind pictures and avatars  
Most desiring to be internet stars  
Collecting friends to add to their list  
Others killing time something like this

With your keyboard and mouse  
Surfing the web safe in your house  
There is no limit as to what you can do  
Use your imagination it's all up to you

Purchase those things that you want or need  
Gaze at any image or if you choose read  
With an internet connection and use of broadband  
Watch TV or the millions of videos at hand

It remains open twenty four /seven  
The only place I have not reached was heaven  
You can chat around the world or the same room  
Follow your favorite sport or see world doom

There seems to be no limit as to its use  
You must be aware there is also abuse  
Use caution when talking all the while  
Perhaps you're chatting with a pedophile

There are con-men, international scammers  
Junk mail, bulk mail and spammers  
Sales people and ads at every click  
Not to worry you will learn quick

I would be remiss if I don't mention porn  
It is everywhere it seems I wanted to warn  
And that brings me to the end  
All that remains is to press send

vern eaker

# Peace For Dummies

Peace for dummies

Where is that book, into that issue we should look?

Wars have raged far too long, could we not see that answer is wrong?

Who can defend wars cost, monetarily and with lives lost?

How can one proclaim a win, after all is totaled in the end?

Could we expect compassion, displaying retaliation in such a fashion?

Will we ever represent peace, as our willingness to battle seems never to cease?

Can we continue to claim defense, engaging in battles at any pretense?

Questions I have many, sadly enough answers I don't have any

So why is it in times like these, there is no guide that would appease?

Should be simple easy to understand. LOVE and RESPECT our fellow man

To defy either would be a crime, perhaps requiring counseling very worst time

In schools compassion taught, in hopes never again a war is fought

Funds saved without confrontations, supplying medicine water food for nations

Manpower that could be freed, applied toward a nobler deed

Instead of more destruction, new unarmed forces working toward construction

We need only to agree, to assist in compiling and supporting a world peace philosophy

vern eaker

# Question Of Love

The question that I wish to pose

Is the root of many woe's

Can someone proclaim true emotion

Without the feelings of devotion

Why would one say love is there

Yet have no consideration to share

Could you believe that being excluded

Leads one to think the love is deluded

How could anyone claiming to care

Have nothing in their life their willing to share

Going out of their way to deceive and to lie

Admitting to you they refuse to try

Claiming they fear they might upset you

Refusing to admit the things that they do

One could feel no devotion or consideration

There is no reason for pride or elation

Being avoided by the one that proclaimed to care  
Feeling evermore, they just wish you were not there  
What would cause the fear that is built  
Could it be some form of guilt

You of course would have not a clue  
For you are excluded from the things they do  
You ask that they be more open and giving  
Concerned and caring about the life they are living

But cast aside made to feel insignificant  
Always wondering where, the supposed love went  
Since when does the emotion of love include  
Avoidance, rejection and fear to exude

There is no love, was there ever a devotion  
Feeling unwanted is a horrible emotion  
Cast aside kept far at bay  
Does not represent love is all I can say  
vern eaker

# R Espect

R espect should be both given and received

E veryone needs to feel loved, I believe

S ome kindness must be shown to all

P eople need support so we don't fall

E nemies we should never know

C ivilization to be shared not forced

T ogether peace can be coerced

vern eaker

# She Awakened

She awakened with a start  
Clutching blankets  
Embracing her own heart

Up her spine runs a shiver  
Her eyes open fully  
As her body begins to quiver

Surprised and scared  
Trembling  
Unsure unprepared

Heart racing as it pounds  
Attempting to scream  
There are no sounds

Twisted mind slowly clears  
Was it a dream?  
That brought such fears

Sweat trickles from her brow  
She is alone  
Concern intensifies now

Sudden concern for her child  
Bolting from bed  
As she runs wild

Finding baby safe asleep  
She sighs loud  
She sighs deep

Relief began to cover  
Still afraid  
Worried for her lover

Was it nothing or anything?  
She knew to cry  
When she heard the ring

In tears collapsing on the bed  
There had been a crash  
Her husband is dead

vern eaker

# She Don'T Love Me

I love her but she don't love me  
She thinks she love another man  
And he's no good you understand

I love her but she don't love me  
Running round drinking every night  
He'll never treat my baby right

I love her but she don't love me  
She don't know the things he does  
She don't know the women he loves

I love her but she don't love me  
How long before she quits the chase  
Seeing chasing that man is a total waste

I love her but she don't love me  
He's not the kind to settle down  
Breaking hearts all over town

I love her but she don't love me  
I tell her every chance I get  
She's not ready to accept that yet

I love her but she don't love me  
I'm going to get me that girl  
Show her that she is my world

I love her but she don't love me  
Can't anyone love her as I do  
If you knew her you'd love her to

I love her she don't love me  
I have loved her for many years  
She caused me to shed many tears

I love her she don't love me  
Thinking of her my heart bleeds  
I'm always there anytime she needs

I love her but she don't love me  
I'll live in misery on my own  
If I can't have her I'll die alone

vern eaker

# She Was An Angel Although Not Pure

She was an angel although not pure...

You could tell from the blackness of her wings to be sure...

She tried real hard to hide her beauty from all...

Until an old wizard happened to call...

He seen through the mask she used to hide...

Through her dark eyes deep down inside..

He could see kindness and caring a world of beauty she should be sharing...

Once he manages to get her from behind the mask...

he found his own true love and to this day it last.

vern eaker

# Spring Attack

There is a chill in the air, I'm well aware

Winter has not gone, seemingly its been long

Anticipating the spring, the warmth it will bring

Reminiscing years gone past, sunshine once cast

Anxious for fragrant scents, blooming arrogance

Foliage of brilliant green, wondrous colors seen

The return of birds to trees, frantic buzzes of bees

Desire grows stronger, each day grows longer

There is no going back, time for spring to attack

vern eaker

# Suicide Pleasure

Death by one considered such a pity  
Occurs alone, in a large city

To end some undying pain  
Calming rest can be the gain

All those that claim to care  
Will understand the letter there

How the end of the road far away  
Can now be reached early today

No more required assistance in need  
Unscheduled healthcare or time to feed

I can only leave blessings and thanks  
Oh and money back on oxygen tanks

I think some will gather to show sympathy  
I will be there to share empathy

vern eaker

# Surprise, Surprise

Surprise, surprise!

Surprise is such an ambiguous thing  
Never are we sure what a surprise brings  
Surprises themselves may be large or small  
There are good ones and bad ones for us all

Surprise can be shocking and some we welcome  
Some people don't like them others love them  
It is the unknown the intrigue of the surprises  
Along with the fact that they come in all sizes

Surprise can drain us when sad news it brings  
Sometimes it brings pleasure no bigger than rings  
Surprises need not even be material things  
Surprises can elate us make us feel like kings

Surprise could be news of upcoming new birth  
Or of trinkets and treasures of variable worth  
Contact from an old friend from long ago  
Waking in morning finding ten inches of snow

Surprise may come from finding something lost  
Or sticker shock at what the new car will cost  
Surprises appear to us all in various ways  
In thrilling movies, books and even plays

Surprise can even come trying on clothes  
Hopefully finding you can still fit those  
Maybe when breaking out winter's coat  
Finding in the pocket a ten dollar note

Surprise can happen at any time day or night  
It need not be Halloween that gives you a fright  
Opening a door to discover what's there  
That unsure moment when you trip on a stair

Surprise can be gentle many learn peek-a-boo  
The look of the child when it sees it' you

Some seem to happen even against our will  
Have you hesitated to open up that bill?

Surprises when pleasant of course are best  
Bad ones and sad put pains in my chest  
It should be no surprise my wish for you  
All your surprises be pleasant ones....BOO

vern eaker

# The Bigger A Heart

The bigger a heart, the easier it breaks  
Surprising exactly how little it takes

Begins so easy with the slightest ache  
That soon grows a small crack it makes

Rippling through like an ocean wake  
Slowly rumbling like an earthquake

Exploding erupting, tears it will make  
The heart, you never want to forsake

The bigger a heart the easier it will break

vern eaker

# The Birth Of A Family

The birth of a family where does it start  
Your parents, their parents all play a part

Virtues instilled deep within us all form  
Long before an innocent child is born

Family history does have its role  
Hardships and struggles take their toll

Ignorance and prejudice often passed down  
From generation to generation often it's found

Intolerance, addictions and other afflictions  
Take their own form, in each new addition

Contorting and mixing contaminating innocence  
Frequently unnoticed, unknown the consequence

Labor it's said, is the worst physical pain on earth  
Fortunately, that subsides after the child birth

With each new child a new family is born  
That is when the new life truly takes form

Each family as different as the members within  
Philosophy, psychology and even emotions begin

Evolving and ever changing adapting as needed  
Responding together to the way they are treated

Values and virtues learned were passed down  
Communication and manners from those around

Reactions displayed dealing with joy and strife  
All are absorbed in this, newly formed life

Interaction with others outside the home  
Affects the family not one alone

Assumptions and accusations to be family based  
Besmirch one and all will feel disgraced

As each family matures and expands  
Occasionally a sudden change in plans

Perhaps another child to be born  
Or from the family a member torn

Many times families are split apart  
Divided in pieces severed at the heart

Then before that pain has run its course  
As things settle, and over is the worse

Just as sudden as they split they can also merge  
It is not uncommon for families to converge

Often creating pain, anguish and confusion  
Seemingly surviving seems just an illusion

Family differences can clearly be seen  
Change must be made, like you're a machine

As sure as death in a family brings pain  
Adding members can do the same

Forced to assimilate with someone new  
Maybe required to share a dissimilar view

Finding it so difficult to make a change  
Hurt and sad your feeling must rearrange

Adapting to create a new family bond  
Can't be done with the wave of a wand

Growing wild the roots of the family tree  
Suddenly hundreds more related you see

Steps and halves, cousins' uncles and aunts  
And a whole other pair of grandparents

The family continues to expand and grow  
Marriages and babies were expected you know

But with death, divorce, and merges in the branches  
The family tree grows larger, and what of the chances

Someday all you will see, will be your FAMILY

vern eaker

# The Rustic Cabin

As I came upon the rustic cabin nestled on the hill  
Signs of days gone by ever present still

I felt that time had stopped abruptly at that old shack  
The occupants had walked away never to come back

Widow boxes overgrown with weeds and wilted flowers  
A huge stone chimney rising up, over the cabin it towers

Logs and hand split lumber turned gray and worn from time  
Hand carved hearts in the shudders, spoke of a love rare to find

As I step onto the large porch, I see a weathered slingshot  
It lay upon the well worn and faded motionless porch swing

Across the slated deck a small rocking horse and bench  
Indicating a place where family times were spent

As I lift the latch and the old hinges creek as it swings  
Inside under layers of dust were all necessary things

Hot water kettle on a wood stove next to the fireplace  
Dishes in the china cabinet, safe inside their case

Photographs lined the mantle, under a loaded shotgun  
Where had this family gone husband wife and young son

On one side a small room with a single bed well made  
A wardrobe with its door ajar paint peeling signs of fade

Across the cabin a larger room with its full sized feathered bed  
Along one wall a curtained covered closet its fabric faded red

On the table a wash basin, pocket watch and folded money  
My wonder increased when where why wasn't funny

Through the dirty windows I seen the dock at the lake below  
As I made my way down the hill a flagstone path did show

Reaching the dock rickety withered away, falling apart  
Remnants of towels and a picnic basket that broke my inquisitive heart

vern eaker

# The Truth About Lies

The truth about lies may come as a surprise.

I've been told since youth, people want the truth.

But a bond need be there, before truth can you share.

Honesty with a stranger, poses such a danger

People are quick to judge you, overlooking virtue.

You may tell a friend, they have a big rear-end

But someone you just met won't want to hear that yet.

So it becomes a task, if they happen to ask.

How I answer instead, is partially in my head.

Out loud they will hear, I don't think you have a big rear.

Inside my head I'd complete, that is actually a large seat

vern eaker

# The World Awaits

The world awaits me once again  
Calling me to places I've never been

Searching and seeking things unknown  
I set out to find answers traveling alone

Wandering freely no schedule or destination  
Hoping for clearer thought from contemplation

Or if it there perhaps some divine intervention  
Some soul searching to reveal my life's mission

Removing myself from comfort with a defiance  
Insistent I require myself to be more self reliant

Loose in the world to fend for myself  
Stepping away from all those too eager to help

Once again pushing myself to persevere  
In a distant city far away from here

Like the Phoenix rising from the ashes of its own  
I shall take flight from wherever I roam

Sprouting new wings with which to soar  
Stronger faster higher than ever before

Of course there is a price for leaving this home  
Until further notice this is my last poem

vern eaker

# Today I Did Not Wake

Today I did not awaken  
No today I come too  
Head in pain, hands shaking  
Amplified sounds, visions in two

Face in my hands I begin to weep  
A dense fog clouds my mind  
As I attempt to wake from my sleep  
Steeped in depression again I find

No one should endure such pain  
A moment of clarity begins to seep  
I swear never to do that again  
From here on out no more sleep

vern eaker

# Too Live A Life Of Sin

Too live a life of sin  
Where does it all begin?  
Existing as long as the earth  
Doomed was I, at my birth

Personality of addiction  
No avoiding this affliction  
For destiny designed  
This, my evil mind

Never allowed a choice  
Following an evil voice  
Shouts inside my head  
Ceasing only when I'm dead

vern eaker

# Toys

Toys do more than entertain  
Allow me a moment to explain  
Toys do more than busy the mind  
Shaping our futures you will find

Artist begin with crayons and pencils  
Advancing to chalks, painted life is stenciled  
Some about toy cars they are manic  
Growing to auto mechanics

Perhaps your choice is dolls and clothes  
Preparing you to be the designer everyone knows.  
Professional ball players you can't forget  
Start with a football or basketball or catchers mitt

Lincoln logs and erector sets, starts lives that build  
Stethoscopes and microscopes, could doctors yield  
Board and card games create social skills we need  
So some will grow with a desire to lead

Although while young minds are easily formed  
Playing with guns our children need be warned  
We should never stifle young minds as they grow  
Teaching responsibility and respect should show  
Proper use of firearms, is something we all should know

vern eaker

# Unification

It is said the pen is mightier than the sword  
It should stand to reason all that's needed is word  
Words that tell of love and respect toward all  
Word to inform everyone the world is small  
My keyboard has no button for ending life  
Without-spacing-even-I-could-learn-to-write  
Perhaps-that-is-what-I-shall-do-remove-the-voids  
In-protest-to-wars-that-separates-and-destroys  
To-show-all-unification-can-be-tolerated  
Yet-my-words-remain-emancipated

vern eaker

# Unique Like Me

Unique, like me  
How could that be?  
That is not individuality.

People should be different  
Variety is magnificent  
To be just like anyone else  
You lose your own sense of self

A road is a road, a ditch is a ditch  
Odd, is a popcorn sandwich  
Everyone is not the same  
To pretend to be is just lame

Oddities have their significance  
We should celebrate or difference  
It is great to be one of a kind  
The awesome only one each you'll find

Eiffel tower, Empire state  
Grand Canyon, golden gate  
Pyramids of Egypt, China's wall  
No need to list them all

To be different is not a disgrace  
But a wondrous thing to embrace  
Do not hate a religion color of skin  
Treasure the difference everyone wins.

vern eaker

# Welcomed Heartache

Welcomed heartache you may find confusing  
Who would want to feel the pain?  
Is there anyone seeing that amusing  
Could there be any gain?

Emo's may cut so they can feel  
Sadist simply find it a high  
For some it allows them to feel real  
Leaving all others asking why

Predominately it is pursued  
By our young unbeknownst it seems  
Forming relationships where both are used  
Seeking a love to fulfill dreams

Not really seeing the strife  
Unconcerned about the pain  
Looking to be accepted in life  
Believing pain equals the same

vern eaker

# What Poetry Means To Me

Poetry what does it mean to me?  
Much more than a fancy way to speak  
Allows others to feel things inside of me  
Through thoughtfully chosen word  
Telling of the obscure and the absurd

Painting with words pictures in your mind  
Vivid thoughts that I often rhyme  
Bringing an excitement and appreciation to what I say  
Or filled with emotions forcing you to feel  
So much more that my words are real

People speak without feeling all of the time  
Communicating without feeling leaves nothing said  
We pay no attention we pay no mind  
In written word I can not whisper or shout  
Description brings these actions out inside your head

Poetry does not require that my words rhyme together  
If I can bring forth feeling and emotion using words  
Depicting the images I chose you to see brilliant colors  
The heat of a fiery red, , supple soft warm shades of yellow  
Speckled reflections of a shimmering rippling blue lake

Words used to transform words have mighty power  
Conjuring images of quick color changing leaves on trees  
Moves you through time consuming weeks in a single moment  
Expression decides if that saddens you or brings great joy  
Like children giggling in the falling leaves,  
Blown from the branches, in autumns mighty breeze

I simply adore the power of words, properly used  
Not spewed expletives or intended to abuse  
The poetic gentleness, the smooth versed flow  
Rhyming again as if their on show  
Displayed for the world to see  
To me that's poetry.

vern eaker

# When I Picture An Angel

When I picture an angel this is what I see  
Long and full amber hair flowing free and wild  
Her face is one of blissfulness softly smiling from glances  
Tiny nose and big dark eyes complete with long dark lashes

Glistening moist full pink lips outlining pearly whites  
The corners giving way, to cheeks both high and round  
A slender lengthy neck alabaster, creamy smooth skin  
Spreading into supple shoulders of horizontal eloquence

With lovely outstretched arms inviting my embrace  
Unto a cuddly bosom above a shapely waist  
Flesh of porcelain white contrasting with the silken hair  
Narrow hips become long slender legs ending with feet so fair

She smells of lilacs in the rain, an intoxicating fragrance  
Deftly movements of finesse and grace dancing alluring  
Dancing to the beating of my heart as it beats fast and light  
Wings wide open as she embraces me taking me in flight

Engulfed in each others arms we dance into the heavens  
Twirling swaying and holding her near to feel her in my arms  
Euphoric serenity empowering us as we move on our way  
Dancing with an angel to nirvana where we will stay

vern eaker

# When One Follows

When one follows their heart  
Searching to fulfill a desire  
Not always doing what's smart  
Unsure as to what may transpire

Excitement tainted by fear  
Anxieties enhanced with relief  
Seeking pleasures not found here  
In much farther places your belief

Prospects of euphoric places  
Dreams of ideal destinations  
Filled with happy smiling faces  
Time alone for contemplation

Meeting new friends on the way  
Exploring sights unseen before  
New discoveries made each day  
Embarking on a self seeking tour

vern eaker

# When The Time Comes

When the time comes for loved ones to pass  
Sorrows run deep, rethinking the past  
What we could have or should have done  
Before this loss of a beloved one

I can not believe they are actually dead  
Things uncompleted things left unsaid  
If only I could have known before  
I wanted to do oh so much more

Now as they lay there forever at rest  
Thoughts in my mind of all their best  
Remembrance of a smile, a final kiss  
Always shocked it ended like this

Memories of the happiest times  
Colliding with the loss in our minds  
Thinking I can't go on I can't survive  
What would they say if still alive?

Would they want me to go on in sorrow?  
Suffering through all my tomorrows  
Wishing for me to live life in grief  
I know better that's not their belief

Nevermore to dwell on this doom  
That I may know joy again soon  
From this earth we all must part  
We still live in your beloved heart

vern eaker

# Where Does One Start?

Where does one start  
To do their part  
The planet we need to save  
I am not sure just how to behave

Compact fluorescent I was told  
Efficient energy saving way to go  
However I am at a loss  
What to do with bulbs I toss

About water conservation  
Yet another reservation  
The filter systems which water flows  
What is the carbon footprint of those?

Treated before it reaches my house  
Then again as it comes out  
Some water remains hard  
But I'm not to wash my car or water the yard

Recycling is such a great plan  
Glass, plastic, aluminum cans  
Appliances, metals not tossed in haste  
Composting all of our yard waste

But then collected is all  
In trucks that we don't even call  
Just out cruising the nation  
searching for our recycled donation

So is there really value there  
Is it enough we act to care?  
I'm sure this has been well planed  
But am I to act I understand?

vern eaker

# Word

From sitting to standing is lap at hand?  
the word is the same as water and land.

Mud as a word combines and describes even sand,  
Sand alone is not pronounced as land.

Perhaps water is the word to make things Grand?  
or canyon is the word for erased land.

Word alone is not music or even a band,  
Wait music and the band are words and so is And.

Power is a word and word is power as it's Mand,  
Whatever it takes, I hope to control Word Land.

vern eaker

# Would You Read A Book

WHO would want to read a book?  
To see, to watch, to come and look.

WHAT would the book be about?  
Happy smiles or sad, sad pouts

WHEN would my book be read?  
After your bath, after you're fed

WHERE would my book be read?  
When you're tucked snug in your bed

WHY would I want to write a book?  
Because you like to read and look

HOW did you like my little book?

vern eaker

# Wrong Is Right For Me

I drink bourbon from a large glass

I smoke cigarettes and grass

these are choices I made on my own

your interest in it need not be known

If these things actually offend you

then simply don't do the things I do

so when you see me smoking weed

join me if you feel the need

if you want to tell me I should quit

refrain yourself I don't want to hear it

or if I'm having a cigarette that I enjoy

I wont require your cancer story

I do these things of my own free will

and to hear others whine is no thrill

if my lifestyle does me in

Im prepared to say you win

vern eaker

# You Are One Adorable Girl

You are one adorable girl  
You make me feel on top of the world

Then without warning or meaning to try  
You crush my heart, till I want to cry

You're too good at making me believe  
The world is ours, and then you leave

You say you do not plan or intend  
But here I am alone in the end

I try and try to communicate  
Over and over I reiterate

I try to be here for you everyday  
Wanting to hear every word that you need to say

You say that you are sorry and you understand  
Then something comes up that is never planned

Is this how it would be no matter how I tried?  
Always in the shadows, I would have to hide

Spending time with you is my biggest thirst  
Not easy to know, I will never be first

Separated again neither one of us intends  
As long as I, come after your many friends

How can I not feel so hurt and sad?  
When you know all about the day that I had

With you out of touch through most of the day  
Then again tonight I'm made to feel I'm in the way

If I try even once again to explain  
You will only think that I complain

When all I wish is you could manage your time  
So I could feel confident that for a while your mine

You should know its not easy trying to get my emotions to rhyme  
So the question will be, Am I to be doomed, waiting for our alone time?

Darlin I love you, you must know that is true.  
All I ask is time alone with you.

vern eaker

# You Fill Me With Love

you fill me with love

but you don't feel my pain

love should be pleasant

but it hurts can you explain

why I am not happy

when I should be elated

I express my feelings for you

and find their not reciprocated

your afraid you can't handle love

but you will admit you care

you want me to be your friend

and to always be there

I want to do what pleases you

and have tried from the start

in hope my love will be returned

instead you continue to break my heart

vern eaker

# Your Always There

You are always there when I need a friend  
I have no doubt you will be there in the end

I watch as you emit every known emotion  
Yet you have no feeling or devotion

When I look at you what I desire you project  
Pleasuring my every whim, never to object

At times you are boisterous and loud  
Not often and at that you make me proud

You seem to continually beam with pride  
Willfully soothing me deep down inside

Offering everything from drama to romance  
Or simply sitting quietly by given the chance

Consistently tempting with your radiant glow  
Where would I be without you and your remote control

vern eaker