

## A Good Man, A Good Husband

When Married Once, I'd never marry again,  
And then I met a man, Maurice.  
It was not just a marriage we chose,  
But a friendship, and a sharing.

Some women of today are true to one man,  
If the man is a bargain with a charge-a-plate,  
And pays the rent on time, and still makes marriage a date.  
It sounds so ideal, did I make a mistake, is that why  
my rough life is not a day at the beach?

He's the man a man would want to be,  
And yet so gentle and fulfilling of hope for me.  
When I'm near the bridge to jump off,  
He tries cheerfulness, then kindly reminds me  
that life at times is hopelessly rough.

Maurice does not do chores that are mine,  
Just because I get behind.  
And then when I come home, does not throw stones  
When they are not done, but loves me for who I am.

He has a dolphin's smile, one that curves at the corners  
When I sing out of tune, and am happy anyhow.  
When I fall asleep staying awake for him to come home,  
I recall the only hurt he hits me with is if he sleeps when  
Love comes around.

Any husband that has to buy his wife,  
Put her on a pedestal to trap her life,  
May be a reward from the cruel world's reality,  
But give me a man who wants a woman totally,  
And there is My Man who gives me Soul, Life, and  
Liberty.

--sdjones



## Ashes

Fasting from fun,  
Sacrificing days and nights  
I give homework my all,  
And give nothing to delights.

Cherishing these moments  
To write a poem or rhyme  
Seems like hookey  
That teacher's deny.

The bookwork and tests  
Begin to all be the same  
and it never ends  
with the brain painfully an algia.

Maybe I should study to  
be a poet someday.  
I'll sell my verses  
to a magazine....who needs medicine anyway?

Warm up the coffee,  
Light another cigarette,  
Start studying Pathophys.  
These poems you'll soon regret.

--sdjones



To Eric Who Holds the Rose:

Whatever

Whatever I say  
or do,  
The Rose does on  
its own.  
The Gardener of its  
beauty  
Knows its Color  
and Size,  
And selects the bush  
it grows.  
It becomes special  
with grace  
While thorns lay at  
her feet.  
She has no reason  
or need  
But to be glorious to  
your eyes.  
Her perfume is all  
around  
To tease the bees, the  
butterflies.  
Goodby dear flower.  
Remember....  
You gave me a moment  
to realize...  
All is All...  
for a second.

--sdjones

The Light of Love and Friends  
Be With you Always Eric

Love,  
Sue



## HE'S GONE

### He's Gone

Not from Earth  
But not around  
Surrounding his love.  
Much like the leaves hide  
underneath the snow,  
awaiting another time  
to appear like magic on  
trees, bushes, flower stems.  
Only to drop in many colors  
And have a misty Autumn fragrance  
That can be played with  
Knowing they will not be back again.  
He's Gone.

There are many others  
To be a friend.  
He was special,  
In spite of his spite in leaving....  
A good brother.  
Let not the snow keep him cold,  
but insulate him and give warmth.

And let your friendship  
Be the new leaf,  
The freshness of another  
season of growth.  
May it always be a company  
That will have the same  
memories of sharing and goodness.

Not a good poem, just a  
poem from the heart.  
That is where a poem begins,  
and where love starts.

---sdjones



## Story My Dad Told

There was an old man who carried lumbar up a hill and when he came down he forgot the saw. He went back up again and found someone built a cabin out of the lumbar.

"But I was going to sell that wood," argued the old man.

"You cannot sell the home in my heart, but you can sell this cabin"

"I think I would, it is wise. But where would you live?"

"I will build a shelter with the animals."

"I cannot have you do that."

"I must have some sort of family. Let them be it. The family of man I had needs the logs of shelter for money. The deer and birds of the forest share their home."



## Rick's Poem

Excrutiating odors  
of city streets  
Lead me to the villages.  
I smell and sniff  
my way  
To a job and to the  
ball park,  
And collide upon  
another traffic jam  
In the center of  
downtown...  
The heart of money,  
The pulse of  
bowels,  
Until I lead out  
to the quiet  
Of the river  
And find the  
Fish are dead  
from mercury.

---sdjones