

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

Life 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 lumber 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 lumber.

"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