



Love

Within the soul of every human lives a need for love.

One manifestation of that desire is touch.

Touch evokes many emotions.

Tender, gentle touch of one person to another.

Passionate touch.

Erotic touch.

Tickling touch.

Touch of a child reaching up to its parent.

A parent lovingly embracing a child.

Gentle, tender touches demonstrate deep, abiding love.

Other types of touch send messages of pain.

Abuse. Hitting. Slapping. Punching. Kicking. Pain.

O for gentle, tender, loving touch.

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Lessons

To learn anything, you must teach yourself. Any subject of interest is possible to master. Do not give up.

To learn anything, you must teach yourself. Repetition is key. Learning takes time and hard work. First watch...then do, over and over again.

To learn anything, you must teach yourself. A teacher can point in a direction, but the learner must travel. Experience is the best teacher.

To learn anything, you must teach yourself. Mistakes are essential for learning. Try to avoid it next time—like ripping out an improperly sewed seam.

To learn anything, you must teach yourself.

Listen

Are you listening to me, or are the words I say merely the monotonous beating of a drum?

Are my sentences being processed in your mind or are they essentially the distraction of incessant television chatter?

Do you really pay attention to what I say, or are the utterances coming from my mouth only the echoing off a cliff?

Mechanical Monster

I refuse to even consider them. They are terrifying. Don't think about being coerced onto one. Don't think about the anticipation. Don't think about the waiting in line. Don't think about the dread. Don't think about the nausea. Don't think about the pit of my stomach churning as my heart races. Don't think about going downhill at lightning speed and back up again. Don't even consider mounting the demonic machine. I close my eyes tight as bloodcurdling screams emit from my throat. Think about it being over. Think about relief. Think about not having to do it ever again.

White

Consider the cleanliness of a hospital corridor or a nurse's uniform. How easily it is stained by someone's sloppiness with spaghetti sauce or the spatter of blood upon the stark white tile.

Consider the silence and stillness of the midnight hour when the lunar presence paints the landscape in soft ivory.

Consider the permeating aroma of the silky gardenia as it perfumes the still evening air.

Consider the pillows of snowy clouds invoking tranquil thoughts. How quickly they can turn into a roiling, villainous cauldron of wind and rain.

Consider the purity of a wedding dress representing the sacredness of God's ordained vows, the sweetness of the cake exemplifying the occasion.

White is a blank canvas, an empty page, the colorless walls of an educational institution, awaiting someone's vivid imagination and the vibrant stroke of a pen.

Think of Good Things

Think of good things....

Don't dwell on my damp shirt clinging to my back or the sting of sunscreen-tinged sweat dripping into my eyes.

Don't ponder the painful numbness of my right foot as it drags heavily along the ground.

Consider, instead, the multi-faceted trill of the mockingbird; the fluttering black and yellow butterflies, and the sweet smell of the fresh cut grass followed by the reward of the cool, refreshing pool of glistening water.

Camouflage

Camouflage.

Hiding.

Safety.

The world is a scary place.

Little lizard lying on a limb. "If I blend in the cat won't see me."

Tiny mouse scurrying under leaves, seeking safety from predators.

Anxious children fearing new experiences, not wanting to face the big world.

Come out little ones, the world is an exciting place.

It's not as bad as you fear.

Weeds

Weeds!

Shameless invaders of paradise, the bane of my existence.

Subterranean vines creep for miles below the surface, extending in all directions.

I derive sadistic pleasure from snuffing out their vile lifeforms from my little slice of heaven, leaving them to shrivel in the scorching sun.

Droopy

Droopy—the small stuffed animal summed up in one word. The little donkey is gray on top and white underneath with fur the texture of soft carpet. He has a few frayed edges here and there around seams. His oval shaped ears hang down on either side of his head with a soft pink velvet underneath. The black fur mane and tip of his gray tail is matted and flat. When lying down he collapses on all four paws. The stumpy grey tail leans to his left with a satin ribbon tied around its base, knotted, following many failed attempts to tie pretty bows. The tag is fraying and completely white. The little donkey is showing his age, but he holds a lifetime of memories in his paws—those of a young couple growing into a family, their frequent moves, but especially of the one magical Christmas Eve that he wore a gorgeous triple diamond and golden engagement ring on his left paw.

Me

My body, a smoldering volcano.

A frolicking flame barely suppressed beneath the surface.

The alimentary canal is a simmering, churning lake of lava.

Joint pain spews forth daily.

My mind is a cloud of billowing smoke.

Uncontrollable coughing and sneezing erupt like clockwork.

My body, a seething mountain of ash and flame, temperamental and subject to rage at any moment.

Dawn

The warmth of the water floods over me as I immerse myself and glide effortlessly across the pool, forgetting my cares—if only for a moment.

Peace and tranquility fill my soul, as the rose and purple hues of dawn crawl across the sky illuminating the dimness of the night.

Nature's symphony invades the silence.

Owls hoot their mournful songs as twittering birds and croaking frogs cheerfully welcome daybreak.

Shimmering jewels mesmerize as the early sun reflects off the fluttering black and golden butterflies.

Soft, warm fur brushes my skin as woman's best friend demands undivided attention.

A warm, lightly sweetened, yet bitter brew warms my body from the inside out, slowly coaxing its readiness for the upcoming day.

Golden Orb

The majestic reds, golds, pinks, and purples reflect its regality. Its radiant heat cannot be contained or controlled by a thermostat. Gloom and fear found in darkness is driven far away by its lustrous glow. Our very existence depends upon the resplendent orb in the sky.

Beauteous Backyard

The plumeria, sparsely freckled with white, delicate blooms as soft as velvet stand a silent sentry guarding the garden gate.

Crepe Myrtle branches reach out, lightly tapping my shoulder with pink fingers as I tread along the path.

The stately palms sway gently as a sun-colored butterfly dances around a nearby firecracker bush.

Delicate loquat fragrance tantalizes my tongue with its promise of sweet, ripe fruit.

The St. Augustine seedheads tickle my calves as I traipse through the wet, overgrown turf.

A vociferous hawk complains loudly from the top of his gnarled, lifeless pine tree at my approach.

Three majestic sable colored does pause by the lake to stare at me, their morning repast interrupted.

A joyful mockingbird belts out a cheerful medley of tunes.

The garnet topped woodpecker knocks incessantly on a wooden oak door, asking "Is anybody home?"

Worm Sandwich

That “kids will be kids” has always been true
But a worm sandwich—that is something new!

It all began when the kids were little
But to be nice those kids were not able.

First, they were nasty to their Aunt Olive
To whom a worm sandwich they tried to give.

When the first plan failed, they tried another
This time a hungry unknowing father.

When starting to bite down a worm crawled out.
Changing his mind, this snack he did without.

Having been caught, the kids had to scatter
And their moms wondered what was the matter.

Early

Sleepy one morning my grandfather was,
When up he arose although it was dusk.

He hastened to wake his brother and dad
For chores were waiting that had to be had.

Up arose Bert and to school he did fly--
With the furnace to light he could not lie.

Herbert, his dad, jumped up to go hunting
While Grandpa decided he'd do nothing.

He realized that it was early indeed
And back into bed he sprang with great speed.

Up was his dad and his younger brother
From reg'lar time two hours earlier.

His dad and his brother happy were not
A mistake had been made is what all thought.

Frightening Noises

Grandma and Mom, sitting at the table,
To hear many strange sounds, they were able.

They began to start a conversation,
When something else began an ovation.

The two were alone, nobody else near,
And from upstairs whisp'ring sounds reached their ears.

Suddenly quiet the women became
Because the other speakers felt no shame.

Only when the ladies started to speak,
Did the sly trespassers commence to squeak.

The foreign noise made them nervous indeed.
Their warnings the intruders did not heed.

To begin the stairs my grandma prepared,
My mom, however, warned that she beware.

Gradually the duo ascended,
And the back bedroom was where they ended.

What surprise they felt when they discovered
That two giant horseflies were the hummers.

My mom and my grandma felt great relief
And laughed heartily at their disbelief.