



Something
for
Everyone

A Volume of Eclectic
Poetry and Limericks
by

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Foreword

This short collection of poems and limericks is eclectic in nature and not to be taken too seriously. If you are familiar with Abbot and Costello, you will see where some of my inspiration came from for my limericks. If you are not familiar with the comic duo, you should avail yourself of some of their more humorous monster movies. They're great family fun. As for the poetry, inspiration was a wild wind that blew me hither and yon. I've written about love, cats, parents, pirates, magic and much, much more (often with tongue in cheek).

Some of this comes from when I was quite young and a teenager. As I write my novels for the teens of this world, I thought I'd share my poor efforts in the hope of entertainment and inspiration. After all, if I can do this, just think what you can do.

And I challenge you to challenge each other to limerick writing contests! More fun is not to be had.

Something for Everyone

Staring at a blank page
I wait for inspiration to hit.
I don't expect a bomb explosion,
But perhaps a small candle could be lit.

By this glowing light
Words will maybe rise,
And for recognition fight.
It doesn't matter in what guise.

You could let a soft sigh escape.
You might be able to laugh or cry or both.
By some remote chance your heart might stop.
But for you to just sit there, I would loathe.

A poem or lyric I would create;
Something for everyone to enjoy.
But it might not be my fate
For people to notice the great.

The Rumor

It starts in all innocence
But quickly blows out of proportion.
Now friends are no longer there
And it seems distinctly unfair.

It has to do with a feeling of betrayal.
I told him we forever worried
About something his friend had said.
Now his friend, he would see buried.

We should always remember, not forget,
About that old tangled web we weave
And the misunderstandings that can happen.
So your friends you should never leave.

They say there's a grain of truth
At the center of any legend.
So if we could sift through the hate,
A great friendship might not end.

Disappearing Magic

No longer do our children relish an old fable.
Myth and legend no longer surround truth.
No longer can the witch curse sooth.
The oppressed no longer have a hero who is able.
Robin and Zorro have long been gone.
How can we stand to face the dawn?

The child believes in the tooth fairy till he's six.
He believes there are monsters until he's eight.
Why have people become such cynics?
Is there no magic we can create?
There are no more dragons and no more knights.
Now maids can be men and men can be maids – such
sights!

Magic and the romantic have nearly died.
All the superstitions of yore we must hide.
Most tend to forget, except for the dabblers,
The ancient folklore and tales of old;
Those legends that were carried by travelers.
The myths that are as valuable as gold.

But I still believe in the bad erlking.
I believe in Arthur's old sorcerer Merlin.
I think you need to search for the lost treasure,
Then you'll never know the boundaries of pleasure.
I know for I am almost the last romantic,
And I believe in all types of magic.

Poetic Magic

Perhaps it is the sorcerer's services one needs to seek.
It's not of the witch with her spiders and bats that I speak.
But of the maker of magic in his purple robes,
He who can enchant and ensorcel one's very hopes.

The wizard examines his spells on a list
While candle smoke controls the dragon's mist.
The spirit searches throughout the stars;
He'd never use those mundane cars.

To the world old childhood tales
He will bring without fail.
Beware the full moon
Should it mean doom.

Never fear!
Merlin's
Here!

Pirates

We are the old salts;
The rogues of the sea.
We don't wish to know how to waltz,
We don't want to hear of a lea.

We live from the use of the sword and dagger
Courageously wielded as we loot and plunder.
We strike terror from head to feet
In the romantic souls we meet,
And the dreams are crushed of the swashbuckler.

We are cutthroats with nasty dispositions.
We fight many cowards as well as the oceans.
We who sail under the skull and crossbones
Survive only by the grace of Davy Jones.

Shy and Unsure

I have many so-called friends.
But out of all I know, you are the best.
I think I'll trust you to the end.
Never hurt me intentionally, please,
A break in my confidence would not mend.
Many people think me amusing.
They don't realize it's a cover up
That behind I am always musing.
The real me they never know.
Perhaps they're the ones losing.
I am hidden deep inside.
I creep out only when alone.
Only in you do I confide.
Should you tell anyone else,
I'll know I was wrong; you lied.

The Young Heart

You'll never catch me pining
For where the grass is greener.
I can see that silver lining
For I am the young dreamer.

Many friends say my heart
Has control over my head.
But you see, little cupid's dart
Gives my feet wings instead of lead.

With my type of nature
I do rash and impulsive things.
And end up getting a lecture.
All the same, my heart simply sings.

My feet I must keep on the ground,
My head down out of the clouds.
It's awfully hard I've found
To be like all the ordinary dowds.

I love all types of life.
I want to be where love is rife.
You can trust me with your soul
For I'd never leave you broken; only whole.

After Dark

As night leisurely descends
Eyelids start to close.
Little girls see pretty dolls.
Little boys see soldiers' pose.

The stars wink into being.
A light mist shadows their brightness.
They seem to be just a fuzzy glow
That touches you with infinite lightness.

And the moon rises slowly into the starlit heaven.
He softly caresses his reflection
Out upon the silvery waves of ocean
And thinks there could be no other of such perfection.

Dreamer

The fairytale folk now
Exist in our imagination.
They've passed from the real world
Into a fictitious dream nation.

We go to the land of fantasy,
And in this vision of make believe
Myth and legend have become as one
Though have no intention to deceive.

If you are one of the so called lucky ones
You'll receive some of the magic we should all find.
So sleep well after the bedtime story
For there is no escape from your mind.

Crescent Moon

Green September gone to October brown,
Fair November led to December's frozen ground.
The seasons stumble round,
Our drifting lives are bound
To a falling crescent moon.

Fair the clouds cry the veil of tears to earth,
Morning gray time, no one sees a bird's quiet mirth.
Dressed in a brand new day,
The sun is on its way
To a falling crescent moon.

Somewhere in a fairytale forest lies
One answer that is waiting to be heard.
It speaks to us of love
Flying in on the wings of a dove
To a falling crescent moon.

You and I were born like the breaking day.
All our seasons, all our green September's burn away.
Slowly we'll fade on our cue
Into the sea of midnight blue
And a falling crescent moon.

Master

Down through the ages time has past.
Looking into the future time will be.
The legends we look to at last,
And see we must struggle free.

But to the present, time is loyal.
Life has an ever changing cast.
To slip along the road causes a coil,
For we race down it far to fast.

Rules and judgments, attempt to foil,
The time has come, you see,
No matter if our hands we soil,
To pick up the threads of destiny.

Out of Touch

Man dreams of what he will never attain.
He is bound within the fence;
He is grounded by the chain.
Reality is his only defense;
But he never tries to fight
Since I shine so very bright.

Man grasps for that which he cannot reach.
So come man and long for me.
He searches diligently for that ripe peach;
The fruit that will set man free.
He yearns from afar
For I am a star.

PG: Parental Guidance

Who is to say that the parent is discreet?
Certainly not the child when their ideas do not meet.
Parents say they deny the child his way,
Only out of love, so will not sway.

I know I've been spoiled almost totally rotten,
And everything I've wanted, I've nearly always gotten.
My parents have and will forever trust in me.
It's the other guy that eye to eye they don't see.

But my friends, sometime soon they must let us go!
We can be strangled and smothered by them saying no.
I realize that they care and always worry about me,
But when you've been caged too long, you only want
to be free.

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