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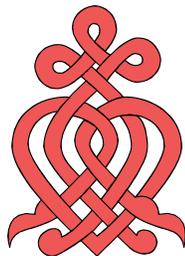
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PART III: PHILOSOPHICAL TRIP

Honesty and Sincerity
are the keys
to your own respect..
the answer to the love
that is given.

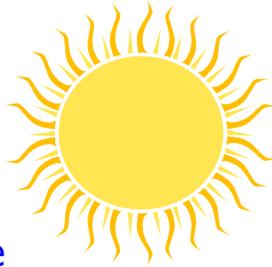


You
are your own love
through
the EYES of others
REFLECTING your love.



Grow and see
by learning and doing
what you feel is right...
and everyday you will be
more of what you
hope to be...

s
o
m
e
d
a
y



"positive

thoughts"



Wisdom grows from the roots
of a tree, and blossoms as it
stretches out and touches the
sky...

We can learn so much from
those who have experienced
(so to speak) the "rags and
riches" of life.

The most simple things are the
most appreciated, and an older
person with a wise heart will tell
those much who will listen.



“Love Is”



Love is strange
Love remains
Passes on from age to age
Holds its spell, it will never change
Love is strange, Love is strange

Love finds you
Love finds two
Holds its beauty as the sky is blue
Gathers tears as the morning dew
Love finds you, Love finds you

Love is kindness
Love is mine no less
Love is timeless
Love is, Love is



Love is one
Togetherness spun
As the weaver who weaves & never is done
As four seasons make a year—evolved by the sun
Love is one, Love is one



I love you
I will tomorrow
I love you
Do you tomorrow?
Tomorrow never comes,
Today should be another day
Love Is
When It Is



a circumference....
a circle...
a diameter...
a radius...
of WARMTH.

"Hello Laughter"

Hello laughter
Wrap me in your knapsack
and take me away with you

Watch all the yellows
Hear the high and lows
Making happy notes
In a golden coat

Hello smile
Paint a picture on my face
and wash yesterday away

You can make me
And break the day
From long, lost nights
With a little smile

I'll plant the garden
And watch the sun
And see through one whole year
All the good I've done

With the rain
And the growth
I will grow to know
HOW TO LAUGH

Hello good times
Now is the time for new days
to shade away the darks

Step into my heart
Stay there and play
Songs to find their way
With a better day



"I Love To Be"



I LOVE TO BE to feel so free. I feel like the world's a bird and I'm a part of its wing. And my enthusiasm in the air showers the earth with love.

And whatever I want to be I can be a part of. The positive thoughts make me a part of everything good, which is gathered together into one love we should surrender our lives to.

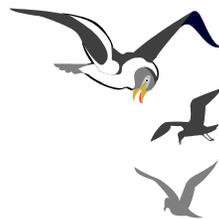
And some we think we love more than others...These are only closer to the souls of who we are. We can touch upon their frequency of feeling, and continue to grow upon the air of our thoughts. And when communicated upon by another free soul, we take in love like a hungry sponge; for the soul only absorbs BEAUTY.

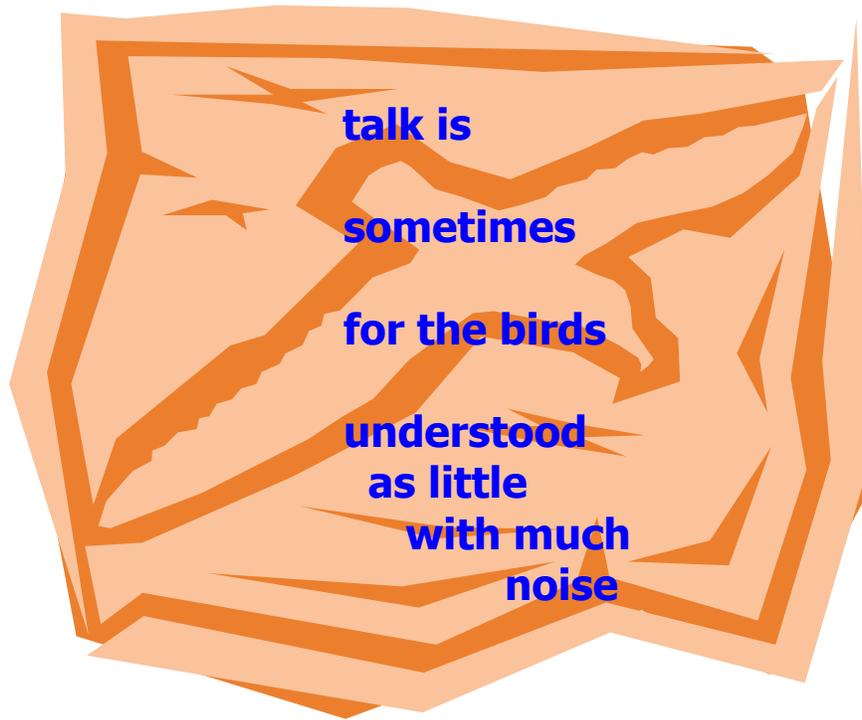
I am beautiful when I am simple to myself, that which is my soul, which should control my mind. We need not be blind...Our eyes can carry the message of our true feelings.

Let's be free enough to discover how we feel and give what we feel.

I know, I have given my soul to my destiny and I will always work for the devotion of how I feel.

...The messages ring on and on and I can hear them. The thin curtain that hangs must unveil itself. The sensitivity of love will strengthen the clear waters. (And age and life run together into one thin thread of a dream.)





talk is

sometimes

for the birds

understood

as little

with much

noise



The wise owl



said "hi"
and watched.

"The Bird" (Didn't Die)

The bird died last night
And I knew it in my dream
Oh, you tell me and I know
The bird died, and it was so cold

He went home to rest
In its nest of the sky
And I'll tell you I can cry
But the bird really didn't die

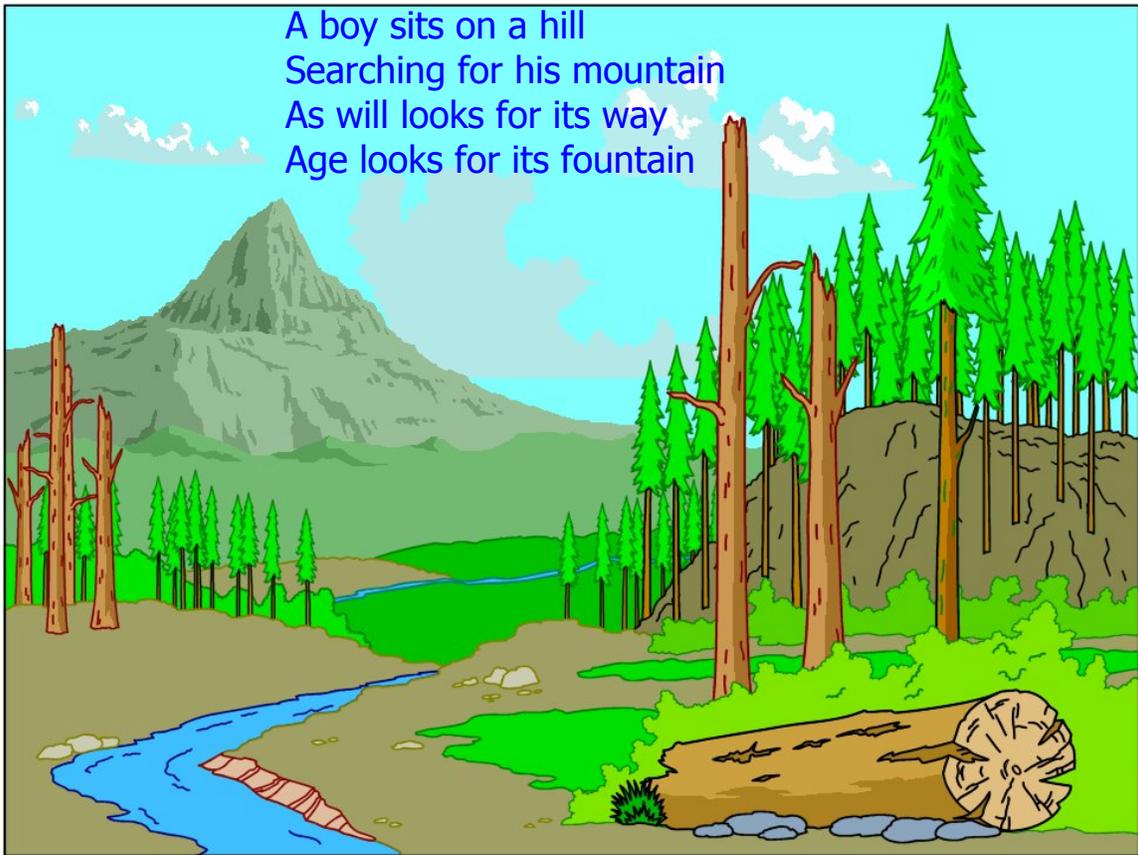
After the snow fell
The ice melted
And the spring came
And flowers grew from the rain

He went home singing
Carrying news of the war
And now he can come back bringing
Peace and the Evermore



You see, the bird didn't die
His eyes are within all of us
Ringin' freedom we want, but still are crying
Now the bird knows reality

*(This is also a song of mine on
"Sometimes Happy Times" CD)*



A boy sits on a hill
 Searching for his mountain
 As will looks for its way
 Age looks for its fountain

**A man
 Boys become
 Stretching their
 legs, their minds,
 Kinds—
 each separate
 But tall in heart...
 Movements—
 Driven on & on
 & on...
 to have its
 Worth,
 Meaning
 to become
 what they want to,
 to be themselves
 exerting their souls
 Upon the land,
 upon to set their feet
 to stand—
 Your feet to stand.**



Life is like a war,
It never stops

Love's littleness
Winds up where it started.

a ripple, a brook
babbling every nook
with ruffled tunes,
beating against the rocks
trying to mock one another

...and Truth steps in
and the pot boils

a lock to
 an opening
a society skirt
 sewing our hem
a recipe life
a finished pattern
a stunted product
 (#1...boil the water
 #2...put the salt in
 No! Oh well, somehow
 make it work out.)

the royalty
 goes all
 the way
 back
to the poor.

“Goodness Isn’t Always Good”



Don't be too kind
You should be rough if you could
People don't always appreciate it
Goodness isn't always good

Too many favors
Will set you up in line
So goodness grabbers take advantage
And sadness strikes your mind

This will stop you for a while
A frown will replace a smile
You will walk an angry mile
Until your goodness starts to compile

Maybe you should take a hint
And give to those who also give
The goodness, you'll reach—not grab
Few aren't bad—some really live

Don't be too kind
You should be rough if you could
People don't always appreciate it
Goodness isn't always good

*“Monkeys See—So
Monkeys are Many”*



As a monkey climbs up a tree
“Monkeys do what monkeys see”...
Until they’re all up in that tree
Where they hive together as a bee

As they formed one big nest—
From their beginning, I’ll tell you the rest...
One action led to another
Until they all acted like the same brother

All their manners became one
As each eye saw the same sun
And their clothes became one style
As if you laid the same tile

One action’s seen
Leading to the same action...
Until they all saw green
Making up our “chain society fraction”

So monkeys see
And monkeys are many
And as you can see in that tree
One face is plenty

“The Man Who Counts His Coins”



Little man, why count your coins each day
When I go past your place?
Ringing out clear, as they fall from your hand
One by one, at a steady pace

What prove you to count them all so much?
Have you not more to do?
Starting as soon as the sun does appear
Till evening you take off your shoes

I never have seen you greet the world
Your coins just keep you inside
Closing you into your dark little world
You only from happiness hide

Don't you know that you can't buy happiness?
Money does not buy it—
Only giving you life that does not live—
In life, many coins are only a bit

“Be Independent of Dependence”

If you want to get things done
It is smart to be independent of one
So, be independent of dependence
And accomplishments will then commence

Others will sometimes help you out
But people don't always pull through
When you trust them and go about
Then you'll only receive more disappointment
From those forgetting to fulfill their promising
appointments

People who say they'll do a favor
Many times, get to it not sooner but later
For we all can occupy much of our time—
While forgetting many things we say “in kind”

So, it's better to play it safe
Rather than get important things done late
So, depend on yourself as the final one
And your “letdowns” will be fewer, or none

"On Easy St."



**Where the bread's real cheap
and the newspapers are free,
On Easy St.**

**Gather around all you people
And I'll tell you where I used to live;
The clocks spoke the time
And the sky rained down dimes
--On Easy St.**

**We never had it hard for material things
We wished and could have what we saw
Clothes, toys, and cars were ours at a glance
Until one day I cried when love had no chance**

**You see, our street was easy but didn't please
The people that weren't happy with greed—
Watching low class people working in their joy
Carrying smiles that made happiness no toy**

**...So, I left and found out what it was all about
And found myself staring at the clouds,
And the trees and the flowers and the birds
that were singing,
And felt nature's love, and my heart started ringing**

**I was learning to find myself through God
And build a foundation and grow
And to enjoy things received but always be giving
A chain of joy I could feel and find to be living**

**So, take it easy—one in a while
But don't rest and drown your seeking heart
And make YOUR love a part of your street
So more of YOURSELF you will meet...**

Where the bread's real cheap and the newspapers are free, On Easy St.



Funny looks, how funny
Your funny looks

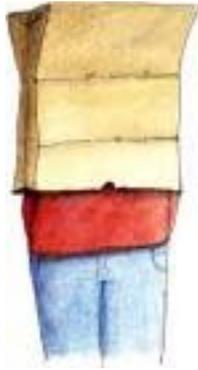
Are you happy or sad?
Delighted or blue?
Cheery or weary?
Your face gives me a clue

I try to understand you
Your face is like a clown's
For when I think I know you
Your smiles change to frowns

I ask you, what's the reason
You change your face each day
You say to know and love you
Will in the long run pay

Funny looks are moods
You say I have them too
I guess, we're all a mirror
Of what people say and do

"Bag It"



When you have a worry or care,
Just bag it
When your days says "Do you dare?",
Just bag it

And save it for a rainy day
And let the water wash the bag away
But don't get caught up in your own sad sack
For the water may never run you back

For the water may turn your bag to tears
And burst and fall to the ground for years
And settle on someone's dark door
Opening up your sorrows to more

“Play a Game of Fantasy with Me”

Come play a game of fantasy with me
Just close your eyes & count to three
We’re in a land of frills & fibs
With painted people who love adlibs

I’ll dance every dance
And love each romance
And eat all the sweets
And know no defeat

For reality can sometimes hurt your mind
With many tensions that wind & wind
So I’ll play games with the “happy ones”
Enjoying the moment—playing in the sun

I’ll see all their rainbows
And gather their gold
Saying, “all’s happy, not sad”
And finding all good, not the bad

But I’ll have to come back to reality
To remember my name--
I can’t escape for too long
As I have to find my way

...And now that my “vacation land” is past
I still remember my reflections in play glass
Perhaps, a figure distorted in the light
But just a fun fantasy for one game’s night

I love
I give
I live
to love
to give.

A mistake
should prevent
A future lesson

The pain
can grow
from the hurt,
Is the lesson
gained?

Bubbling, joyful
Eyes happy,
Full of love
Spontaneous
Laughter
Carrying on
Heart warm,
Throbbing.

Beats of shimmering,
Light, airy thoughts,
Bouncing off
minute's carefree.

...Coming back
to soak it up.



Photography by Daniel Catherine

"You're Only Human"

You have to forgive yourself
When you've done something wrong
Learn from what you've done
So you can move along

You can say "I'm sorry"
If that's what you must do
To repair your mind and heart
So you can start anew

BRIDGE:

Every day's the first day
of the rest of your life
Remember, we're not perfect
All we can do is try

You're only human
We're all in the same boat
Life should be a give and take
To balance our heavy load

We've got human nature
Yes, that's what we're born with
So when life gets too serious
You've got to have some wit

Can't stop human nature
It's here with us to stay
Emotions running high and low
Sometimes get in the way

Repeat Bridge

(I also created a melody for this poem)

“A Better Outlook”

A starfish

An angel

A violet

A bird abreast the wind

The sun

The happy winds

A rainbow

A happy clown

A robin with her first younglings

A new leaf on a tree

A yellow thought

A glowing face

A peaceful inner self

A real person

A step up,

A good day,

A lending hand,

A better way,

...So we must seek

and pray



So, you find people
show you how to love
and be loved—
Don't we all then
seem to be meant
for each other?



I love you
I love you
We seek and love,
and above all,
We need to understand
why we need
the love
we are giving



Consideration takes a little time
To give to those who care,
An extra moment spent
To prevent, perhaps, a tear.

We all want to be thought of
In the pattern of our day,
To know we're special to someone...
So, take a minute out to let me know
'If everything's OK'.



The hand of a clock
Approaches another minute,
And an hour goes by.

As time changes onto another day,
We watch and change with time.