THE PROMISE OF DAWN

There are many things that happen every day
that confound us while some show us the way.
At times, things can get to be too much to bear,
and we lose perspective and pull our hair!

But somehow, we pick ourselves up and walk
forward to loved ones with whom we can talk.
Today's society has so little time; that's hard to do
leaving us feeling all alone and kind of blue.

When all seems lost and cannot be found,
take a moment to just turn around.
Look and listen, and then you will see
you're right where you really should be.

There's a new tomorrow soon approaching,
so do no more self-reproaching!
Putting things back together in your heart
will give you a brand-new start.

OLD OAK TREE

For Ellen

The old oak was stalwart, strong and tall
through storms, summer, winter and fall.
A part of the family it's been all along....
now that spring's come--something's wrong.
The tree that once stood so bold and strong
has caved to the winds and is now gone.
The old oak has now been laid to rest—
life's hurling it could no longer protest.
Just like the oak, he stood tall in your eyes
ever kind, gentle, thoughtful, most wise.
It's so hard, how we will know
to fill the emptiness that seems to grow.
The want to hold, reach out and touch
to say once more, "I love you so much!"
Memories that no one can take away
will stay in the heart day after long day.
There's but one thing that can help sustain
through sunny days and days of rain;
we must remember and forever happily
that we're all part of God's family.

A BIT OF WISDOM

When I've ceased to break my wings
against the faultiness of things
and learned compromises wait
behind each hardly opened gate.
When I can look life in the eyes,
grown calm and very coldly wise,
life will have given me the truth
and taken, in exchange, ----my youth.

GREENWICH REGRET

When you laugh with me,
I know how happy life can be.
When we walk side by side,
there is an even stride.

Gazing at the clear blue sky,
we idly watch the world go by
as into each other's eyes we gaze,
the wonder of love never ceasing to amaze.

While the street lights become brighter,
we continue to hold each other tighter.
you gently help me up from the grass,
then we marvel at how time did pass.

We face the fact that we must go back
to our lives in a New York City flat.
The state of love does not dwindle a bit,
until we see how dimly streets are lit.

Looking at our Greenwich flat so dark,
only then does the feeling of regret start.