

VERSES

Or

You Must Be Crazy!

This Can't Be Poetry!

By

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Preface

In the world of painting art there have been huge changes such as the contrast of Rembrandt and Picasso. And there are artists such as Don Zolan, Doug Landis and Justin Beaver. Each artist appeals to various audiences. In the world of music there is great variability ranging from the classics like Beethoven to Jazz, and many other genres. In the field of poetry (or verse as I prefer), there is similar variability. The classical poets such as Milton, Byron and Keats still are loved by many audiences but there is a host of new verses which ignore the usual parameters of poetry and simply entertain us with thought provoking concepts of love, hate, humor and a variety of other emotions. Many of these new “poems” are found in the words of songs.

The verses I enclose in this work will hopefully strike a chord with some of you as you reflect on their messages.

CONTENTS

VERSES.....	1
You Must Be Crazy!.....	1
This Can't Be Poetry!.....	1
Preface.....	2
CONTENTS.....	3
LOVE POEMS.....	4
Our Journey.....	4
Words.....	4
Passing Years.....	5
BOOK POEMS.....	5
From my book Metamorphosis.....	5
From my book Intelliphobia.....	10
PETS.....	11
Annie.....	11
PHILOSOPHY.....	14
Timely Myths.....	14
Depression.....	15
The Night I Died.....	15
Choosing to Give.....	17
Age.....	17
Ambiguity.....	18
Fool?.....	19
End of Life.....	19
Old Song – New Verses.....	20
PARENTING.....	22
Bad.....	22
Anger.....	22
MISCELLANEOUS.....	23
The Stink Bug.....	23
Say.....	23

LOVE POEMS

Our Journey

Where did it all start? How will it all end?
This lifelong journey of love and devotion
Where companion, love, admiration blend.
Why did your face and personality create?
An instant attraction, love and lifelong trend
That beguiles, intrigues and cannot saturate
Respect, admiration and love that you send.
And more than that there is still even more
You are my best and forever life-long friend!

Words

Words are waters that flow, flow, flow.
Streams and rivers of woe, woe, woe.
Words and thoughts that run so deep,
Expressions by which the heart does weep.

Streams that over their banks do swell,
In torrents of rage they smash and fell.
Words are rain that spatter one's cheek,
In love and affection we all do seek.

Only in words can one's heart outpour,

The pain of open flesh and sore.
But God, my God I seek but one word,
That the love of my heart, to her, may be heard.

Passing Years

How could the years pass so fast,
with my true love still with me.
And the present is still the past
that continues to fill me with glee.
She laughs, teases and shares my tears
as my lover, companion and best friend.
And can calmly remove all my fears
to some oblivious place she can send.
Intelligence, humor, sensitivity abounds
in this beautiful woman I call wife.
No man could compete with my surrounds,
that completely fulfills my life.

BOOK POEMS

From my book Metamorphosis

Am I an eagle or am I a man,
No doubt, I'm confused of what I can be,
For there is no other in this land,
As shortly you will see.

A couple in love is such a wonder to see
Their friends share their happiness with glee
And join with anticipation their joining together
Embracing and loving each other forever.

A day of calm with sun warms the soul
And beckons us to take a leisurely stroll
Across a beautiful flower strewn meadow
And feel God's earth that is incredible
Not fearing a thing that could appear
Or from our destiny away to steer

For every beginning there is an end
This is a fact and not just a trend
And in between can be some trouble
That bursts upon us just like a bubble
Ah, if we could only know what is coming?
Would our heart want to stop its strumming?

My eyes are bright and see quite well
Changes in things that for others are still
I hear the faintest rustle of wind and air
While others cannot these senses share
And understand a puzzle to others is hard

To see a solution that could not be marred

Life is full of challenges and gifts

Yet we often know not at any time

Which way our life drifts

And our life will be sublime

We are glad and happy to be alive

Happiness inspires us to beat drums

And praise our good fortune to survive

A chilling wind blew through my soul

And from my being took its toll

While passing a mirror I did see

What a monster that I could be

Was I really a bird or deformed man

Others from fear would want to ban

I shuddered at that image in the mirror

An image so bad that even I could fear

Why would a God create such a Thing?

A monster of such and not a being!

When young, a personal identity you seek

To be feared, liked or friends with others

And at all cost not be considered a freak

And feel that other young men are brothers

Danger and embarrassment became my life

And a need to protect self and others from strife

It was clear that I needed to be safely away

Yet be there when needed and not simply stray

Am I arrogant to think I can protect others?

Perhaps it would be better to simply fly away

And maybe enjoy life and all that it covers

In a place safe where I can savor each day

Estranged from family and friends

And living a life few dare to believe

I struggle my human and eagle to blend

And my mind and myself to not deceive

There are some instances in one's life

The horror of which cannot be hidden

And tears the heart with sudden strife

With anger that cannot be forbidden.

It is a common occurrence in many places

To convert an area for personal peace

We know a mountain can have many faces

That provides scenery for many to treasure.

Do all living creatures experience pain?

Or live a life dreading things to come?

And pray that they will not be lame?

But live a life pleasantly, as do some?

Oh my, oh my, can bonds be broken

That leads us surely to death's door

Or can there be some secret token

My mind is shattered this I know

My brain no longer acts as one

And when I gaze the abyss below

I don't know from whence I come

That change is inevitable is certainly true

And we can't be certain of what is to come

Or can we appreciate where the time flew

And to understand where we came from

What, oh what will my future be?

Can I manage a life anew to me?

Is it even possible to predict or see?

And live a new life useful and free.

Can one really be totally reborn?

Like those who accept a new faith?

And exist in a completely new form?

Replacing the former without a trace?

Can one really live a life over again?

Does one need to loose one's prior life?

And if so, where does one begin?

To enjoy a brand new life free of strife?

One does not easily give up a dream,

That is burned into ones soul from birth.

It is a blueprint for life, even a theme

Like the swimmers thirst to one-day surf.

From my book Intelliphobia

The end of a life in this infinite time is but a blink of an eye,

Like a blade of grass bending in the wind when mowed down.

Or does the world note the passing and the earth give a sigh,

As it realizes a passing of a part of itself with a frown.

Will the earth be changed and a memory etched of a passing life

That others will recall and give thanks for the one now gone?

Or will the atoms that once had substance become but another

Object to exist for a short moment and cling to life's throng?

For time only exists by a measured event, without which time

Does not exist. Yet the lives which struggle to be and exist,
Gives rise to a measure of one's existence and creates a line
That marks the events in some invisible way for us to persist.

All life wants to believe that the time mark that was made
Will add to the future of others yet to be and yield a measure
Of meaning to something that hopefully will never have to fade,
And give hope and endurance to someone or something to treasure.

Life is a candle that when new burns so bright,
Casting shadows that dance like they are alive,
Yet the light starts to dim and gives little light,
And the shadows grow larger and press to survive.
As the candlewick now struggles to show a site,
The shadows are everywhere and life cannot thrive.

PETS

Annie

If there is a God, does mankind understand the greatest gift He has given?
Yes, there is life, love of others, beauty in our world and other gifts.
But my dreams are often filled with a long departed friend that
Possessed such wonderful characteristics I am sure I will never find
In another creature as precious as this one.

Annie came into my life soon after another wonderful dog

By the name of Tuffy who also possessed similar profound
Characteristics as Annie. Annie was Tuffy's first love and
He cared for her as much as I did. When Annie was
Adopted, it was clear she had been abused by a previous owner.

How can a pet owner of any sensitivity not recognize the beauty
And magnificent soul that a dog possesses. These are characteristics
We all should possess. To enumerate a few, let me start with love.
Annie's love was unrestricted, patient, forgiving, and enduring.

Did you know she possessed the ability to heal wounds?
If you had a rash on any part of your body, a few licks from
Her magic tongue would make it disappear in days. No medicine
Exists that can cure a cut or skin problem as easily as one lick.

Many of us have heard of "psychic" connections with another.
Annie would sleep next to me with her head on my head.
We would share visual dreams of running, playing, and petting.
I am sure she was sharing the same dreams and when we both
Awoke, she would kiss my brow to let me know she had shared.

My wife can verify our psychic connection. If I were traveling
Hundreds of miles away, when I turned to come home, Annie
Would go to a window to wait patiently for my return. This
Would sometimes take several hours of travel in my auto. When
I arrived, I was greeted with gestures which clearly expressed
Happiness, love and thanks for returning to her.

A dog can express every desirable feature we wish others could
Show. Love, patience, guilt, shame, forgiving and humor.
We have all lost loved ones like parents, siblings, spouses and
Even children. But we feel a singular pain when, at last we must
Put our beloved pet to eternal rest. Annie will never be forgotten!

PHILOSOPHY

Timely Myths

How silly we are to think we know time,
When all we perceive is based on some crazy
Conception of a constant straight line
Based on faulty relationships that best are hazy

We exist a mere second in this infinite world
Until a Quasar creates or obliterates all
And puzzle over age that black holes have hurled
As if we can understand life on this ball

Is the universe shrinking or expanding too fast
To grasp the enormity of we that exist
And we create myths in the hope that at last
When we no longer are we continue to persist

Big bang theory and God some have proposed
As answers to a puzzle we strive to solve
Yet it seems obvious both cannot be supposed
Until in irrationality we start to dissolve

We spout myths of love and forgiveness
While planning the destruction of other life
And pretend that survival is simply a business
Where the strong survive and others feel strife

Do these millions of galaxies and planets

Host a life form far superior to ours
Understanding all that exists and creating Hamlets
That spell out the mysteries of our precious hours.

Depression

My shadow grows thinner as days pass by
Hearing and thinking seem to be on the fly
Memories that haunt me are days gone by
Music still moves me and can make me cry
Even day to day struggles to live give a sigh
But my wife supports and helps me to try
The insects, dirt and noise bothers is no lie
Seems like all we do is have to buy and buy
For a house that needs skills I cannot ply
And I continue to wonder just how and why
To survive these feelings of a pig in a sty
Maybe a crack to the head and slap my thigh
Will bring me around and lift me to the sky
Or perhaps I should just curl up and die.
Maybe nothing else will eventually go aery,
and the sun will come out to sit in and fry,
with wife and music a new mood may apply.

The Night I Died

I retired to bed early having felt tired all day
And soon fell to sleep as soon as I could.

Then dreams of past memories begin to stay
Though probably dismiss them I surely would

Memories of many loves I have shared
Dreams from early teen years to this old age.

And guilt springs up that I had not cared
Enough to share my thoughts on a page.

Then numerous images of my favorite pets
Both feline and canine I loved most

To these beautiful animals I owe debts
They shared care and love that I can boast.

Now Izzie and Sadie fill the gap left
By those now departed to live no more

In fact, I now feel Sadie on my breast,
Her tongue licks my face until it is sore

The pressure on my chest grows even more,
And I find myself cold and hard to move.

My eyelids seem frozen as never before,
Yet strangely feel peaceful in a new groove.

I finally realize I am free and worry no more.

Choosing to Give

The flowers fragrance is
Enjoyed by those who smell it
Yet the flower selects not
The ones to enjoy its gift

The sun warms all who may be warmed by it
Still, the sun selects not those to be warmed

The bird on flight is enchanting to those
Who perceive its grace, yet the bird
Chooses not its viewer

How much greater then is
The pleasure when fragrance,
Warmth and grace is given
Through choice from the
Love of giving, and
The joy of the receiver is
Magnified by the knowledge of
the uniqueness of the gift.

Age

Age is like rust on iron. Properly used it may
hide flaws and give emphatic relief to good form.

Be concerned therefore not with retarding the rust

but in shaping the form of your metal.

Ambiguity

Oh! the chain of words I weld,
Can set me free within a prison,
For without the burden that is held,
We'd not from fear and doubt have risen.

Seeing, feeling, sensing, hearing,
Shapes world and self into being,
Yet without my prison chains of words,
That world would I be all but fleeing.

Escape from words so sullied?
And be in a world not really knowing?
Would God and man be any nearer?

No, God is only my words showing.
Would that I could build my language,
And see in it all things so clear,

That by the syntax, words and structure,
Of things unknown we'd have no fear.
Yet this same language of mine,

With concepts in words all clearly shown,

Would lock me in a world of knowing,

Make love of finding a thing unknown.

Rather shall I drift and blunder,

In a maze of seeing and being unspoken,

To taste the magic fruit of finding,

Words to fit these fields unbroken.

Fool?

Fool to believe that the world could be,

Just an accident by atoms and stars?

That caused the beauty of flower and tree,

Or wonderful skies that no man can make?

Man, are you just a conglomeration of atoms?

A senseless, useless, blob of protoplasm?

Of no more purpose here on earth than diatoms of many fathoms?

End of Life

The end of a life in this infinite time is but a blink of an eye,

Like a blade of grass bending in the wind when mowed down.

Or does the world note the passing and the earth give a sigh,

As it realizes a passing of a part of itself with a frown.

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Will add to the future of others yet to be and yield a measure

Of meaning to something that hopefully will never have to fade,

And give hope and endurance to someone or something to treasure.

Old Song – New Verses

Where have all the Statesmen gone?

Long time passing.

Where have all the Statesmen gone?

Long time ago

Where have all the Statesmen gone,

Gone for politicians every one.

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the politicians gone?

Long time passing.

Where have all the politicians gone?

Long time ago.

Where have all the politicians gone,

Gone for billionaires every one.

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the billionaires gone?

Long time passing.

Where have all the billionaires gone?

Long time ago.

Where have all the billionaires gone,

Killed by rebellions every one.

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the rebels gone?

Long time passing.

Where have all the rebels gone?

Long time ago.

Where have all the rebels gone,

Gone for Statesmen every one.

When will they ever learn?

When will they ever learn?

PARENTING

Bad

Maybe I should take out an add,
for those that think I'm really bad,
or are convinced I am a cad,
and was not a very good dad,
but maybe this would be a fad,
for the children that I had.

I think when each was but a lad,
they were probably very mad,
when I sent them to their pad,
but even I felt somewhat sad,
and even cried just a tad.

Anger

Though you have felt the sting of my anger, judge
me not by it alone. Anger is born out of concern and
anxiety. Had I not loved so hard where would be
my anger? Does one show anger toward inanimate
objects? Rather consider the love which bore the anger -

it was the concern for making the good even better.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Stink Bug

There is a bug they call the Stink It's sure to drive you to the brink.
I suspect to diseases it has a link And you will see them on the sink
Be careful when you take a drink They are bound to be there in a blink
They can climb up on you in a wink And if you swat them make you pink

Say

One day I went out to the bay,
to dig up what I thought was clay,
and it was such a glorious day,
so I was feeling rather gay,
without a care I didn't give a hey,
sat watching a pretty blue jay,
which perched close to where I lay,
on this beautiful day in May.

Disturb me at all, oh neigh,
and I probably would have to pay,
that suspicious beach boy Ray,
in order for me to stay,
but he brought a scale for my clay to weigh,
so I just shouted out a yeah!