

A Collection Of Poems

By

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

The poems within this book were written because of
The inspiration of the surroundings
And the mood of the day

© Wayne Anthony Sturgeon 2005

All rights reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced,
By any method without the permission of the publisher.

First printing

Published by
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon
wsturgeon@ripnet.com

Printed in the United States of America
By Lulu

**This book would not happen
If it were not for the following people**

I dedicate this book to
My wife Marjory
My children
Michael, Sandra, Barbara, David
And all their children
With thanks to Pierre Legare for giving me
The courage and help to write these words.

A COMMON MAN

I'm just a common man
Following rich mans heels
Never much did I succeed
For winning was not for me
I worked away my life it seems
Chasing after dreams
I gave of all I had
And helped out many men
I turned them into pictures
Of very great success
In doing so it seems to me
I've made my life a mess
My riches are not the same
As wealthy people have
Because I'm just a common man
That follows rich man's heels
The riches though, I'm not without
My home is filled with love
The aches and pains I now endure
Bring memories from the past
Something for me to enjoy
I'm retired now at last
Riches that were found by me
By following rich mans heels
Are priceless treasures for me
The common man has riches
That the wealthy man has not
For treasures for the wealthy
Are cold and guarded well
The common man has riches
They talk to him as well
They hold his hand and tell him
Thanks for what you've done
Wayne Anthony

A HOT DAY

Another hot day that's come this way
And the haze is thick as pea soup
Humidity's high in the sunny sky
Not much breeze to move the trees
The boys walk around without shirts
Dogs and cats just sleep in the shade
All the children are playing in dirt
But I don't care as I sit and stare
All the girls are wearing short skirts
Sweat on my face and shoes yet to lace
All this and its not even noon
I don't really care as I sit on my chair
Cause I know what coming too soon
It won't be long and this heat is gone
Jack Frost will paint on the pane
The car won't start the heat up high
Long johns the style of the day
The snow piled high no sun in the sky
We'll wish for another hot day

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

A LOT LIKE HELL

I would have moved to Texas
Or an island in the sea
Any other place for me to dwell
Cause the weather here
Is a lot like hell

I'm having trouble breathing
Not doing very much sleeping
I must have been a culprit
Cause the weather here
Is a lot like hell

I must have sold my soul
To the devil for a price
I'm sure it was rejected
Cause the weather here
Is a lot like hell

Now Moses went to the mountain
Cause the mountain wouldn't come to him
Someone told me to go to hell
But it feels like it's coming to me
Cause the weather here is a lot like hell

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

AGE OF REASON

A bar code on the baby's head
Was very strange to me
I asked the doctor, what it was?
This is what he said to me

The baby's born before today
Had a seven year warranty
This is the start of a new series
That comes with a lifetime guarantee

The baby's born on days gone by
Were happy kids before our eyes
At seven they reached the age of reason
It was themselves they started pleasing

This brand new series that starts today
Is more advanced in every way
So much easier for us to raise
And be with us to bless our days

We will reason for these kids
And make for them decisions
Therefore they will never reach
That dreaded age of reason

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

ALL IS WELL

That all is well is hard to see
Can grace my mind and give to me
The secret of security
Troubled smiles for me to greet
From anxious people on the street
But yet I know that all is well
And proof be there in time will tell
The fallen leaf has met the earth
But the new bud arrived there first
As knowledge seems to quench my thirst
And gives to me the surety
That all is right for me to see
I gather all my troubled thoughts
And place them on a special shelf
As they are just like the fallen leaf
To end its time but first made sure
The new thought came to comfort me
Just like the bud upon the tree
So I remain here for another day
To watch the marvels on display
And see the leaves there on the shelf
Tells me I know that all is well
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

AMBITION

It was here the other day
But must have went away
For all my projects now
Must remain on hold

I wonder where I left it
In the toolbox, by the door?
Or near my bedroom slippers
That lay there on the floor

Must be for the young
A tool that moves them on
To carries out their dreams
Away from where they are

It brought them to a place
Where the learned had tread
And opened up horizons
To show the way ahead

So ambition took a rest
And contentment settled in
Serenity now visits lots
And ambition slumbers yet.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

APPEARANCE

When all appears in order
And everything looks just great
Brace yourself for all the worst
As the truth may be at stake
If they seem to have the answer
And everything seems okay
Watch for hidden meanings
The ones that made you sway
And find all the fine print
To set their plan away
Then ask a lot of questions
And analyze all the facts
See if there is help
If you go off the track
Brace your self accordingly
And be prepared for loss
As things with nice appearance
Should never have been bought.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

AROUND THE CORNER

Treading on the walk of life
With daily chores and sores
But worry cannot dig in deep
There is help around the corner

No matter what we start today
Whether project big or small
We know that finished it will be
There is help around the corner

To hesitate to do you're best
As problems may be perusing
Cancel out those backward thoughts
There is help around the corner

No matter where you find yourself
In a pickle jam or stew
You can always see the light ahead
There is help around the corner

Every word with persons verse
Is the way that will help out
Listen first to those that know
There is help around the corner.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

AWAY

As a thought grows wings
My only hope in this day of intent
To fly over those pits of belief
That has chained me to the depths.
That I may in an ever-increasing manner
Soar above and from deceit in ways and words
To the lofty plateau residing in lands of truth
Finding comfort that will be shared
With words that not yet have been said
To greet those along the road
And give them wings to fly away
With many friends of a feather
That are seeking to give comfort
And rest with written words of truth
Embraced in word and deed.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

BARE FEET

A little boy running
On his tiny feet
That nice pitter-patter
As he runs down the street

A new way he found
That is better than walking
That cute sound he makes
With his feet with no stockings

A smile on his face
That grins ear to ear
And his feet hit the sidewalk
With that message so dear

I see these words forming
Inside of his head
Hey look mom I'm running
A new way to tread

I'll get places quicker
Before time for bed
The sounds that his feet made
Are still in my head

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

©

BERGIN LAKE

Early summer morning
Wispy mists moved slowly
Across the mirrored lake
The old row boat floating
Beside the wooden dock
A spider hung a thread
To let me know she was gone
Wetness covered everything
Like a rash of mist it was
I wiped a place to sit down
I rowed out on the lake
I didn't bring a fishing pole
I let the fishes sleep
Swirls like miniature whirlpools
At the end of each oar a drip or two
Splashing oars broke the stillness
The oarlocks squeaked out a tune
Like two birds repeating
Shrill I love you words
Repeated with each stroke
An adventure of traveling
With the past sliding away
Cont...

Knowing I soon must turn around
To take another bearing
The sun now vacuuming
Away the misty wisps
A trail of strange tapestry
Rolled out evenly behind the boat
Stillness and solitude
As secondary to the seagulls
The oars rest as I watch
Drops dripping in the lake
Leaving interwoven rings
With symmetry as I glide
The wind's unseen hand
Pulls the bow back
To the dock my course is set
Stroke after wonderful stroke
Reality is met
Wayne Anthony

BLENDER

When looking at my monitor
A place to spend some time
A window opened up for me
And yes I was in time
The last days of a special
To buy my favorite tool
And also lots of chemicals
To put into my pool
So many goods on special
It was hard to be believed
And surely not a shady place
For me to be deceived
I ordered all those specials
These things I just must have
To ease these little burdens for my wife
And a tool to clean my garage
A new window did appear
And the message it was clear
Your cards are now above
The limit you have here.
The blender though
Looked good to me
And well within my reach
I ordered it and a day or two
On my doorstep it did set
I opened up the package
And placed it near the plug
Then all those plastic credit cards
Made the mechanism chug
I kept on putting in
All those credit cards
I switched the switch
From crunch and grind
And moved it to puree
A good decision had been made
And filled my heart with glee
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

BLIND MAN

The blind man shook my hand
And introduced himself
Told me of his ventures
And how his life proceeds

He asked for my opinion
That, I thought was nice
And told me of his own way
Of being one with God

We were on the same path
And just touched base here
He didn't even judge me
It was made very clear

He couldn't even see my face
Or colour of my skin
All he asked is for me to be
Just close friends with him

We walked through many places
And helped out where we could
He made me feel so welcome
To be in his neighbourhood

He told me that he could see
By listening to what is said
We talked about the Angels
And the new land of the dead

Where all our selves will gather
Where doubt is left without
To see the things the blind man saw
With the light that guided him

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

BLUE

A Sunday morning in August

I took a little stroll
Out into the pasture
A lonely little soul

The morning dew
Had wet my shoe
But the sky above
Gave promise true

Then all along the pathway
This came into view
The flowers of the chicory plant
With heavenly shades of blue

With blues in skies and oceans
And even on birds wings
But the Creators brush this weed it touched
The most beautiful hew of blue

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

BROTHERS GRIM

Searching for some answers
To why mankind is sick
Why there is such poverty
And so many that are ill

Hunger, poverty and despair
All seem to be close nit sisters
Like cousins close to one another
What is the answer to this mess?

Many people see this condition
And it produces crime
For us now to get rid of it
We should go to the top of the line

Another family causes this
The brothers of wealth and greed
These two stick together
And produce this terrible seed

If we want to solve the problem
Of what's at the end of the line
Get rid of these two brothers
At the other end of the line

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

BUT FIRST

Before lies a simple task
My wife asked me to do
To hang a picture on the wall
And make it straight and true
But first I need my hammer
For this job to do
Before I find my hammer
The toolbox I must locate
I used it just the other day
To fix the garden gate
Now with my hammer in my hand
Straight forward I will go
To hang this little picture
On the wall for all to see
But first I must find a hanger
So to junk drawer I do Go
It only took a moment
And much to my surprise
The golden picture hanger
Was there before my eyes
At last, this job
Can now be done
And straight forward
It will be
But first is this the spot
Where this picture it should be?

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

BUTTERFLY

On painted wings like tapestry
A message to me was brought
The caterpillar on the tree
And the freedom that it sought

It lives upon the tree for life
And elsewhere does not go
The message that was brought to me
On to you now I bestow
That worm was born upon this tree
The caterpillar, well it will die
And in time we all will see
The earth was there for you and me
It became our community

When the end of my journey comes
And have no more need for the tree
A newborn spirit then arrives
And this releases me
And then I will travel
Up to other worlds
On wings of tapestry

Wayne Anthony

CHEW THE FAT

My body is getting chunky
And my belly is stretching out
I'm a sorry site without a doubt
I hopped on to the bathroom scales
Cause I gave my weight a thought
The pointer went around three times
And then it just flew off
This road I've been down before
And a diet is overdue
I wish there was an easy way
To make this dream come true
I got thirty books on diet
How to streamline my physique
But the only thing that's thinning
Is the hair on my head
At last I finally found it
A group for me to join on Tuesday night
No rules or regulations a friendly group it is
Cause we just sit around and chew the fat
That's what the secret is.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

ROUND TRIP

A round trip ticket
To nowhere
Is what the ticket said
I boarded at the station
But just me and am I dead?
Sitting in the last seat
No passenger by my side
The train was full of empty seats
All alone and I cried
The conductor then
Came down the aisle
My ticket was then punched
You'll arrive at your hot spot
Just shortly after lunch
I loosened up my collar
The heat was getting me
A drop of sweat
Rolled down my cheek
And hit me on my knee
With a little trace of worry
And a quiver on my chin
This train to hell
Was on its way
And me locked up within
Then I walked up through
Those empty cars
The engineer I must see
A husky smile and a hearty laugh
The devil greeted me
Why are you so worried?
You don't have enough sin
After lunch I will take you back
You'll be home by half past ten
And I will send another
Round trip ticket
So you can come again
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

CROSSING

Though it sits still gracefully
Displaying such grandeur
Gives the secret to minds
Inquiring to select a peace
The sky above is patterned
With floating thoughts of love
Gently moving to their home
Carrying with them answers
Wrapped in clouds mystique
Below in state but not empty
With knowledge flows the stream
Carrying deep within its swirls
The answers of peace and wisdom
Set here for all to read.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

CRYING TIME

We both have grown together
This world in which I live
You took me by the hand
As I stepped foot on your soil

The years have passed with fondness
To each others ways
I learned so much from your book
That guides me on my way

You were with me when I hurt
My tears touched your soil
You also felt that happy laugh
When things had turned out well

We have been like partners
But only a small part I knew
Because of your great vastness
I learned a lot from you

Now I am growing old with you
And feel us parting soon
You also will have your time
To shed a tear or two

Man has struck you fiercely
And ruined so much of you
Because he always took so much
But never gave it back

Now we both will cry together
And face our sure unwilling fate
As all things must always go
Thanks for being my world today.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

CUPIDS ARROW

I was shot by Cupid's arrow
Forty years ago
It really stuck me good
And gave me quite a blow
There was a potion in it
That made me fall in love
And we clung on to each other
My turtledove and me
It kept us glued together
In sickness and in health
And many times
Our chips were down
With very little wealth
It was not just a marriage
For me and my new wife
It was a whole adventure
That lasted all our life
This potion is still working
Cause I see it every day
We can never leave each other
And here is proof today

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

DARKNESS AND PAIN

Riverboats will no longer float
Withy safety in the channel
Their bottoms drag on bottom
Because of lack of water
Again it comes from overseas
Some new kind of disease
To rid our forests and countryside
Of half the lovely trees
Our leaders hearts of ice will melt
As this condition they too felt
This time too much for all to bare
Of misery now you'll get your share
Many a man with vacant stare
Will gaze with much dismay
Pleading why it went this way
This is the darkness and the pain
That mankind seems to need
Before he drops his guns of war
And goes to higher planes

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

DAYLIGHT

February comes along
And tells me very soon
Winter winds and snow
Will be soon on their way

The days are getting longer
And nighttime shortened too
Now awakens up a part of me
That winter covered up

It gets my mind uncovered
And fattens up my thoughts
With planting seeds and watering
Those summer flowerpots

It comes upon the landscape
A waking up of spring
Like pulling winter covers
Soon summer birds will sing

The time for making shadows
That stays more each day
And finds me thinking better
With daylight more today

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

DEPRESSION

In just a few more minutes
The clock will read at nine
The time will soon be over
For this depression of mine

If it is something, I must have
Then I'll treat it with respect
And treat it like a friend of mine
And say Oh what the heck

Come into my being
But on my terms it will be
You only have a certain time
And this is what you'll see

I've set the timer on my stove
To give you sixty minutes
And entertain you for this time
With everything that's in it

You can't come hear till eight o'clock
Cause that would be too early
So we both will worry the time away
But you must leave at nine today

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

DESPAIR

I ain't got no money
My life is in despair
All I have is happiness
And lots of real fresh air
Empty days just float right by
But there is a lot for me to do
It is this life time of despair
That glues my bottom to this chair
But I ain't got no money
My life is in despair
All I have are children that love me
And a wife that really cares
I really have no sickness
I just like feeling blue
My life got into despair
There is nothing for me to do
I could end my blue and thinning hair
If I got my bottom off this chair
I will do that too when time permits
As soon as I'm finished doing it
I will get my bottom off this chair.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

DIRECTING

Oh that I could direct Angels
To help me on my way
And move away the obstacles
That clutters my path today

Send them on a mission
To solve all my affairs
And bring to me the things I need
To wipe away the dark

Have them open up a window
And send a beam of light
To show me and to guide me
On this dreadful night

Tell them bring a rainbow
To light my pot of gold
And bring about some fellows
To get this story told

Take away my worries
I told them one more time
For worry is just another way
To waste a lot of time

Fill my mind with kindness
So it overflows
And leaves no room for worry
Let guilt and fear disperse today
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

DOLLAR DOOR

And well worthwhile it is
Every time I leave the house
The dollar stays within

A dollar bill is on my door
No matter how bad things are
And the shape that I am in
And even if I fail the test
The dollar stays within

Now I can go just anywhere
And many places I've been
But nice to know behind my door
A dollar stays within

I can go through ice and snow
And travel far from home
But when I get back its nice to know
The dollar stayed within

Now I could miss the hangman's noose
And get out in forty days
Then when I finally arrive at home
There is a dollar on my door

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

DOWN DEEP

Not a ripple today on the lake
It is just like a sheet of glass
The sun etching its warmth
On my legs and arms and back
The little row boat drifting
Slowly through the water
Carrying my face looking deep
Into the land of river waters
Floating over the weeds
That tower from the bottom
To a fishes eye I know I look
Like a space ship up above
Not wanting to move
Like I am on a special journey
I keep still and look down deep
A different view my eyes to meet
Assorted different fishes
And minnows by themselves
A clam on edge on the bottom
And partly buried in
Seaweeds just like timbers
With several shades of green
Like living arms that wave to me
Because of the unseen breeze
A sunfish paces the bottom
Letting all others know
That unborn fish kids resting there
Just waiting to be born
Then suddenly on my back
A little breeze checks in
And tells me that it is time to go
And leave the deep therein
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

EBBING

It goes out slowly
But will it come back
The sea of my youth
Or is it out to stay?
Will the ebbing lessen?
Or is the sea of youth gone
The determination so strong
That I harbored for years
It too ebbs but for how long
The enthusiasms once cherished
Now at ebb save for the sea
Of my dwindling youth
That now resides in my thoughts
But is there a way to reverse the tide
Or to divide the sea
Will the answer come on the beach?
In a stopped up bottle
With a note written within
Exclaiming the whereabouts
Of a lost adventurer
Or will it be written in the sand
As a love letter partly washed away
The answer will come
Sure as the sea ripples
The sand at the shore.
Wayne Anthony

EMERGENCY

A big sign said please be seated
And wait your turn
As only the very serious is our first concern
Have your health care number
And a doctor's name or two
Take a seat in the waiting room
Then we will call on you
Another sign said user fees
Have come now in effect
If it's just for consultation
That you have come in here
An extra bill will come to you
That payment you must bare
Fingers now all turning blue
With blood still dripping on my shoes
I now pray that they will rush me through
Four more hours have passed away
A nurse appeared now on the way
She asked if I was in any pain
And kindly sir what is your name
I answered her my name is Wayne
And yes I still have lots of pain
My pressure checked and pulse she took
Then looked me in the eye
You should have got here sooner sir,
Cause I think you just might die.
I looked at her in puzzlement
Some questions crossed my mind
If I had got here any sooner
I would still be in my prime
A doctor came and stitched my hand
And said we're running late
A thought then flitted through my mind
For him to kiss my numb behind.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

ENGAGE

Daily I grow closer to the abyss
From creeping baby steps
To the slowly stride of an old man
Each day I engage slightly renewed
Ideas reworked to fit my thoughts
The void of the emptiness of death
Ever-creeping closer robbing time
A believer of many erring scriptures
That never quenched my needs
This day finds me with doubts
Tomorrow I may flee this life
Knowing nothing of the wares
Of the abyss of many voids
But happy that if there
Was one great event to end
That will be that I was true
To myself
Wayne Anthony

EVENING

I saw her smile so gracefully
It lightened up my heart
My one and only lover
I know we'll never part
The years have tried our love
The days have made us mellow
The transition from our youth
Brought love, it doesn't smolder
Salt and pepper paint our hair
And lines adorn our face
Embers fanned from early love
Her beauty dressed in evening lace
Once more her form I will embrace
©Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

EXPRESS LANE

Heading for the checkout
The basket with my goods
Was looking kind of empty
So the fast lane then I took

A wise decision I had made
A smart choice that's for sure
The other checkouts had shorter lines
But the baskets were filled to top

Although my line was longer
I should move through quite quick
But then I heard the cashier say
Price check over here

The line was growing longer
And still quite far from door
I heard those words as once before
Price check here on wax for floor

The minutes turned to hours
My patience running thin
At last the line was moving
And I would be up next

A smile did come upon my face
That put my mind at rest
The cashier smiled and told me this
This lane sir has to close at four
So please do not at me be sore

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

EYE SPARKLE

There are many pretty earrings
There are many pretty things
Strings of pearls and emeralds
Some gold and diamonds on a ring
Are beautiful to behold

But the brightest light of them all
Is not the diamond on the ring
The emerald pearl or the gold
But the sparkle in the eye of a child
When the birthday cake comes in

With lights and brights and fireworks
Of all the fourth's of July
Will not compare even close
To the sparkle in the eye of a child
When the birthday cake comes in

The sparkling skies with stars at night
Beautiful to see and stare
But this comes very close
To the sparkle in the eye of a child
When the birthday cake comes in

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

FAMILY

When I find those friends of old
Those were pals and heroes then
 With outstretched hands
 We each other will greet.
 This family not hard to find
 As deeds and actions do attract
 All those of likened mind
Soon visiting and watching life's replay
 Gathering together for final say
 And reasons without dismay
 The path all outstretched before
 As entering to the proper door
 Where life musters truth of actions
And all deeds replay before our eyes
So that many acts are now justified
 And truth beholds our acts
 Now before my face I see
 The heroes that have led my life
 So that I may be needed here
All acts now justified as well done
 They walk to the place
 Where acts are judged
Moved only by the love of Family
 Where now I have truly found
 The motion and power of love
 Now moves me forth
To accept the most glorious reward
 The crown of the Family of love.
Wayne

FATHERS DAY

**The mans hand outstretched
To the daughters of his days
The sons of dad were handled too
To bring the needed closeness their way
The father stood by their side
And helped them with every stride
To get them all grown up
And be with them so very much
That honor they will bring to him
Just knowing dad's hand is always there
The guardian angel with dads shape
To greet them and guide their fate
Instruct them on their first date
And walk them down the aisles
That brings to being happy smiles
And set their children on his knee
To tell them all as fathers dad
About the things he never had
And blessed the children with a name
So they can do to theirs the same
For Dad's outstretched hand
Is always there
Dad**

FLIPPIE

**I was swimming quite contented
Along the seaside shore
When all at once above me
Was a mighty awful roar
I didn't know what hit me
As all light seem to go
And all was in blackness
Save the flipper on my toe
I knew I must be flying
The blood rushed from my head
The future seemed too much for me
My life in darkness dread
I was victim of a fire
Encased in watery swirls
And dumped out on the burning pines
My carcass draped on burning trees
The price I paid to swim the seas
My spirit now has reckoned
The tragic death I died
The coroner never stopped laughing
As my flipper he untied
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon**

FOREVER ANGER

**As a soldier it waits, a faithful slave
To come to the rescue of thought and deed
Pushing love aside it takes command
Up front and center it takes a stand
All thought censored, imposed
Without sensing plaintive cries
It takes hold of the master
Bringing ideals not understood
Save for the master's mind
The day of the soldier
Its time in decline
Will give way to reason
With love riding foremost
On strong legs of caution
Understanding in line.
Anger has come
To the end of its time
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon**

FOREVER DARKNESS

To promote and solidify
Darkness with each verse
The master forever
The controller of light
The intervener within
Promoted by verse side by side
So always the shadow writhes
To prominence over light
The white rose
More beautiful
With shadows of love
Blend now the reality
To one of shades of love
So every shadow
Is bound to the light.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

FORTUNE TELLER

They find their way to my house
Their path in life is led
To ask from me if I can see
Their future in the leaves I've read

Yes I can see their future
And also see their past
But how I tell this story
Now becomes my task

They also see their lives to be
But I look a little further
To bring them through the rough spots
And a better future for them

To help them make decisions
Cause I can see ahead
And get them past these problems
With the tea leaves that I've read

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

FRIDGID AIR

The man said on the radio
Here is something you don't know
The fridge there in your kitchen
Doesn't make the butter cold

A scientific fact it's called
It just removes the heat
So all my years of thinking
Go down now in defeat

My thoughts now turn to reason
It's very plain to see
That my old fridge
For all these years
Has been untrue to me

But reason crossed my mind again
A new thought came to me
It matters not about the heat
For mine it gets the butter cold
Even though this fridge is old

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

GLANCE

Slightly tilting her head
Golden locks spread
Like a theatre curtain
Around her head
Aqua eyes set in shadows
Drawn by her artistic hands
From her seashell colored face
Emits the glance for my taste
Brings to life old thoughts
That once was but casual
Everyday happenings
Now my aged face
Draws to it a smile
And I wonder with it
Through out the day.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

©

GLIDING

Ever so softly
The crimson leaves
Spiraled to the green lawn
Like a colorful carnival of tents
They place themselves together
In celebration of the fall event
A gentle breeze shuffles them quickly
Making room for the yellow of the birch
An array of gold orange yellow and red
The rainbow of the lawn's patterned colors
The trees partially barren
The white fluffy clouds
Are now visible through
The undressed branches
Silvered lining of pewter clouds
Move across the cold sky
Instructing the glorious array
Of lawn tents to find
Safety within the ground.
Wayne Sturgeon

©

GOLDEN BUTTONS

Golden buttons on my lawn
For everyone to see
A healing ointment for my eyes
Placed there just for me

Some people use these buttons
To make up some fine wine
But I just like to grow them
Those good old dandelions

Now problems brewing on my street
The weed man comes along
He told me that they were ugly weeds
And should be dead and gone

He said he had some poison
That he would gladly spray
Upon my lovely grass
A magic mixture so weeds would stay away

I told him not to worry
They won't go over night
But when they are ripe and ready
Then they will all take flight

Wayne Anthony

GRANDPA CAN I

The many things she said to day
Like can I go into the pool?
Can I make some cheese and tacos?
And some fruit juice to drool

Can I grandpa go to my girlfriends house
I don't have to cross the street
And when I get home from there
I will clean the kitchen neat

Can I grandpa call my friend
Cause I have nothing to do
Yes I said I think you can
It is just all up to you

Can I grandpa play a game
Of guess the numbers and the colors
Can I grandpa bring a friend
So I will have something to do

Grandma would have said OK
She told me this today
What can I draw grandpa?
A star I said

She said grandpa
What kind of a star
Can I go home with you grandpa?
Grandpa can I can I

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

GREEN LEAF

The loneliness of oncoming winter
Assured by the rain on the green leaf
Makes me see that all paths end
The summer is over as the rain falls
Brings to mind the numerous paths
That end a lifetime with rainy times
The leaf will soon turn a glorious gold
And return to the earth as it is told
But will rise again into a new leaf
To bring forth another lifetime
Still time for making long shadows
Sunlight warming the face of the leaf
A few more times before frost
That will etch out the message
Winter is here and summer is gone.

Wayne Anthony

©

HANDS

Topical map of territory
Displayed across hands
Calloused and bent fingers
Give way to the story they tell
Ruggedness now fading
Leaving softened wrinkles
Marking highlights of hard labor
The once grip of kind love
Assuring a child its Dad's hand
During evenings after work
Strong grip to hold high
The laughing child swinging
In and upward sway
Returning gracefully to the grip
Of dad's hands
Evening sun setting
Casting long shadows
Over territory now displayed
On dads aging hands.
Wayne Anthony

HEARTS AGLOW

Most people at this time of year
Have their hearts aglow
Traditions take the spotlight
This time of winter snow
Church bells ringing out
The message of sure doubt
About peace and goodwill on earth
Our soldiers on faraway shores
The season is for giving
It is what we are told
Yet the newspapers write up stories
Of those who died in cold
Families dine together
At this time of year
With hearts aglow like Christmas lights
And evenings full of cheer
I hate to break the spell
Of all the hearts aglow
Sharing all the good things
Some families never know
Sharing just a cup of soup
Each other to keep warm
Half the hearts aglow
Or seeing poverty with blind eyes
Is this the way we share our wealth
With misery in disguise
Reach out to bedless heads
Where richness never goes.

Wayne

HENRY STREET

This is a real street
Sidewalks both sides
Bordered by houses
On each side so neat

Flowerpots on porches
Baskets hanging with blossoms
Bloom lined walkways
Just short of awesome

Dogs chattering all day
Bursts of meowing at night
Giggling children out yelling each other
Proud people to walk on this street today

Traffic patiently waiting
For the children to move away
They pull their nets
Off to the side

Someone is cooking
The aroma so pleasing
Adds to my life's treat
Where I live on this street

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

HEROS

Tender care and love abound
In mothers all around
To tuck kids in and kiss away
The sores and tears of this day
They never can be sick
Because mothers don't know how
They have to be in charge
Of the family they have now
They give their children courage
To sort out all life's problems
Mothers find the best way
And problems just get solved
They have the gift of healing
With hands that stomachs held
To take away those awful cramps
And sooth away their hurts
Sleepless nights made cradles rock
And worry didn't count
Cause mom was made to take away
The fear of all the night
Dads gone to work and children to school
And mom is worn out
But beds are made and lunches got
Now mom sure needs a rest
Children home from school
To find a snack for them
And listen to their tales of school
And what the teacher said
Then dad comes up the lane
And greeted with a kiss
How was your day dear?
And you I sure did miss
So let us praise our hero's
And give them their just due
Never ever we forget
Those moms are heroes too
Wayne

HEY MOM

I felt it tugging on my line
The floater then went under
The fight was on a battle started
Hey Mom! I caught a fish

I was young and the fish was small
So convinced I let it go
It swam away and to this day
It keeps on getting bigger

Many times I wondered
How big this fish would grow
If I hooked the same fish up today
The boat I'm sure the fish would tow

Every time I tell this story
It seems to never fail
This fish keeps getting longer
From the head down to the tail

I wonder just how big it is
With sixty years to grow
I am happy now that when a child
I let this little fish go

This story gives me a great feeling
And happiness for me makes
To know for sure that I am the man
That caught the biggest fish in the lake

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

HIGHWAY TWO

Many times I took it
It got me there on time
A lot more scenery to be seen
Instead of highway lines

The traffic moves at a slower pace
Through main streets of little towns
And people give a wave
And the driver has a face

It runs beside the river
A few sea ships to view
But frozen in the winter
Brings me a little shiver

Beside pastures of green
And rolling hills of trees
Pass a wagon full of hay
Where wildlife can be seen

A different place it seems to be
Where living can be seen
And friendly people come in view
Along this highway number two.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

ILL WIND

For several days it blew around
The fallen snow upon the ground
It blocked the lanes of many homes
And caused the shovel man to moan

The drift at last was plowed away
But found it back another day
Heavy walking on ladies legs
Like snowy hills for men to gaze

A chilling treat on puppy's feet
The deserts look upon our street
The school bus waits for snow to go
A tow truck makes a stuck car go

The wind brings cold and ridges
The outdoors are like fridges
Happy smiles are far away
The plowman works another day

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon©

IMAGINATION

About a new invention
It's only in your head
Your vivid imagination
Is what the people said
Imagination is a warp of time
The other side of the clock
Like a line of time
That precedes the hands
On my grandfathers clock
Imagination is another plane
Like the shadow of the present
Very hard to measure
And presents an invisible plan
Our imagination
Is like another world
Where all our plans and inventions
Before the world unfurl
It is like a secret clubhouse
Where all great minds gather
When their bodies go to sleep
And make the plans come true
Everything that we have today
And can touch it with our hands
Once was an imaginary thought
A sketch in someone's mind
Don't be afraid to use it
And push it to the limit
That is what will nourish it
And everything that's in it
When you drive home in your car
And turn on the kitchen light
You'll see the things that once were thoughts
In man's imagination
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

IN MY MIND

The bolts were tightened snugly
The gaskets put in place
Soon up and running
But only in my head

The tree fell in its place
A planned out spot to fall
To make it easy to be cut
But only in my head

The ingredients all on the counter
The plan to bake some bread
The oven up to temperature
But only in my head

The room is freshly painted
The brushes all cleaned up
A wonderful choice of colors
But only in my head

With all those chores now done
If only in my head
I've become so tired
I must be partly dead.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

IN THE BEGINNING

It was like some kind of soup they say
Was man at his beginning
With no hands to hold his head
And not a leg to stand upon

So there he was a pitiful site
And couldn't speak a word
The angels now it was their task
To raise up lowly man

A million years or two it took
For them this job to do
So now we must evaluate
This job done unto man

A beautiful creature mans become
No question in my mind
But when I see the acts he does
And horrors to behold
Why oh why is man so bold
And never did what he was told

The Angels now I question
Some answers to unfold
Please try to do a better job
Or lets replace the mould

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

INCASED

Wretched limbs of concrete thought
Incased with me to walk and talk
Encased again another day
I wonder why I get this way?
To break away the heavy clutter
Sunshine soon will make me utter
Happy words soon I will mutter
Brightness will remove the clay
To set me forth to face the day
To see more of the other side
The concrete tomb where I reside
Wears thin to free my limbs of thought
A better life for me to wrought
The moment I decide see
The side where sunshine sets me free
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

INFANTS SHAPE

As we get old with many years
A little hunched and slower walks
Now walk around some fewer blocks
Then watch the shape we take

The hardened arteries on empty bones
We go about with many groans
When we get up our bones do creek
Then watch the shape we take

Our diets now for us have changed
No more harsh food but only strained
Now please my son hand me my cane
Then watch the shape we take

My teeth are gone but do not ache
A little blessing I will take
And no more beer and a little cake
Then watch the shape we take

Sleep now awaits us all the time
Our bodies on a flat recline
When morning comes its fetal shape
Then watch the shape we take

Our time has come
To leave these mortal shells
And lie at Heavens Gate
And then we hear from behind those doors
Listen, what is that we hear?
Why, new souls are born today

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

INNOCENCE

Is there an age of innocence?
For each and everyone?
Can this continue all our lives?
From birth till death were done

Yes it can continue
It's entirely up to us
Before we start to judge someone
It's through their eyes we must

That young one walking on the street
Just innocence on two feet
But a few years pass and ventures found
And innocence there remains

The same feet, same sidewalk
But is guilt just some others thought?
Let us not be hasty, but think a little first
Guilt is but a word but used just like a curse

That person walking on that walk
Is merely walking home
In time will be with the Father
The maker of innocence

Wayne

INVENTIONS

One day I will invent an electric eraser
A wind up shaver and a clock that runs on air

I would also like to see
A radio that runs as well as walks
And a steam iron for doing socks
A roll up tie for my shirt
And a new wristwatch that talks

Another good invention
Was brought to my attention
To have electric crutches for the lame
A teeter tooter that runs on oil
A wooden windowpane
And a swing that only goes one way

But before I die, the apple of my eye
A glass toilet bowl with a chrome seat
It will get a lot of attention
Not to even mention
The tendency to always keep it flushed

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

IT STANDS NOT STILL

The world's a living portrait
And it does not stand still
It just keeps on growing
Around the valley and hill
Not at all like a painting
But very much alive
Billowing energy bursting forth
And in exhaustible supply
Every place you see it
It's very much alive
From the lowest forest floor
To the very highest skies
It is moving in the apple
That soon will be a tree
And soon the leaves of green
A golden blanket will be
In time the mountains
Change their places
Because they are
Always moving
In some new valley
We are told
Another place
For growing
As I write these very lines
The grass grows around my toes
Another motion but oh so slow
Are toes with nails that grow
I wish I could paint a portrait
Living like my creator
The part that I accomplish best
Is the part of growing older
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

JUDGEMENT

Sitting at my computer
Looking at the screen
Fingers on the keyboard
Feet all tucked in neat
I dawn my robes of judgment
The world now at my feet
And play the part of some great God
Upon the judgment seat

I watch the posted words
Come up upon my screen
And when I look at some of them
I feel that I should scream
They took my words of wisdom
And with a little twist
They typed in their opinions
As if mine didn't even exist

So now they all face judgment
And very low they go
I analyzed their little thoughts
And found grades from one to six
My words of wisdom I did reread
And a fair grade I did fix
The way I saw it from this seat
Was at least grade ninety-six

All other posts have faced defeat
And with my mouse
I click delete
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING

I've seen an organ grinder
And a rare coin finder
But I never saw a cat
That wagged its tail
I've seen a red winged black bird
And a paten leather shoe
A sea horse
And a jumbo shrimp
I've seen a purple martin
That just looked white and blue
And a red tailed hawk
That flew just like a kite
I saw a poodle walk on her fore paws
And a bear that rode a bike
As well as other strange things
At the zoo
I've seen a glowworm in the night
And mosquitoes with their lanterns
A shooting star
And the northern lights
An eclipse of the sun
Or the moon or the two
And a spider
With hair on her legs
I've seen twisters
With egg size hail
But I never saw a cat
That wagged its tail

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

JUST BEFORE DARK

At the edge of the lake
I settled for a while
A ribbon of crimson
Cushioned by pillow clouds of gray
Edging their way into the horizon
The scene locked and registered
Gave way to a hoot of an owl
Sitting on a dead tree looking at me
It's kind I can't say its true name
As it looked towards my way
The foreground of cattails
And rippling water
I pondered the thought
That the owl may have had
As he looked back at me at the shore
Were his thoughts much like mine
And queried my kind
As a mortal just sitting on shore
With me in the foreground
Of dwindling light
Both our thoughts much the same
On this beautiful night
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

JUST DO IT

The preaching now is over
And all the words are said
Get up and do it
The words came in my head

Find some light in everyone
Enough to light your way
And go about your business
That's there for you today

The only attention needed
Is to say some thing of good
To find that bright spot in the man
And all that's made from rock and wood

Use patience when you can
And give a helping hand
To every dog and cat or man
Whenever you think you can
Wayne

LET ME

Lead me safely, but don't over protect me
Guide me to freedom
Inspire me to pursue my highest ideals
Teach me to leap over boundaries of the past
Let me see you in others
Let me feel your hand on my head again
Let me hear you call my name
Let me thank you for the Angel
That came in the night
To help me out of despair
Let me thank you for showing me that special plaque
That said you are my son
Let me be happy so I won't deny you
Let me always remember how you told me
To know your voice
Let me act like a God
Then I am in your kingdom
Let me gain wisdom from my elders
But learn more from a child
Let me learn to forgive if I have been hurt
Let me learn to be humble
Then I have purchased wisdom
Wayne

LIFE RUN WELL

Some see me as no good
My ways are not understood
I'm crafting my life
That is much filled with strife
The results will be for the good
The tools that I use don't always fit
But I try to finish the job
If I appear as if in low gear
My engine is running on fear
It is I that I see in the mirror of me
That must to myself be true
As others may see me
To be somewhat misplaced
I manage my life in good taste
Without all the assets I need
My life still has much
With realities touch
I'll finish my life
In first place.
Wayne

LIGHTS OUT

Coming very soon
The world is on the brink
Of some terrible curse
Worse than what we think
What if all the lights go out
Then how do we survive?
Grab a candle and some food
And try to go and hide
The armies now in Heaven
Forming up their plans
A battle as never before
To descend upon the land
The day the lights go out
Means nothing is the same
To think that I will survive
Would surely be a shame?
No more living in buildings
As only a few remain
The oil will go and with it take
Much of what remains
The turning point has now arrived
Most people don't even see
That we have gone a little too far
And only a few will survive
To witness this amazing time
Is knowledge at its best
Soon another World for me
A place for a little rest.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

LILLY OF THE LAKE

When I lived on lake Eloida
A treasure blessed the shore
A world of little creatures
Frogs turtles snakes and more
Rimmed with cat tails
Otters, beavers and ducks
And water life so rich and fair
A wonder to explore and share
These all have their beauty
A blessing for the eye
But most of all the one I liked
Was the Lilly pad by the shore
It seem just like a water flat
With rims up to keep the water back
A blossom sat upon its leaf
And spread its yellow petals
A long root holds this pad in place
But gives it room to move
Like a shade tree for the frog
The minnow and the snail
Bulging from the other side
A bullfrog blinks his eyes
Then gives away his secret
Of hiding in disguise
A mood reflected to my eyes
When looking at this lake
Beauty there along its side
With the Lilly pad of the lake

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

LOVE

A word we use so many times
In all our daily affairs
It can't be measured by the pound
It comes as words and friendly stares

To and from all living things
It goes forth without a chart
To where it needs to go
And find a spot in someone's heart

It is a real substance
To be often observed
The dog that licks its brother
And the morsel from the momma bird

An actor it appears to be.
And sometimes-in disguise
Can bring a tear to someone's eyes
And turn around our thoughts

But love cannot be measured
By pound or ounce or gram
And it is very easy to detect
If it is not around

Wayne

LUCK SPRAY

With a little luck
Santa will come tonight
And give me a little magic
Enough to change my life

It will come in a spray can
That never empties out
Like a bottomless cup
That comes without a spout

I will spray it on my shoes
To get me quicker walking
And spray it on my hair
To get it even slicker

I will spray it on the mirror
And cut my age in half
And spray it on my wallet
To make my money last

I will spray it on my bills
So they will never be over due
Now I've sprayed it on my self
For luck that's sure past due

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

MAPLE TREE

With gracious limbs outstretched
Standing stately by the fence
Terraced branches filled with buds
Awaiting more heat and sun
Reborn again another spring
To stand and carry birds that sing
Preparing to place the green umbrella
One more summer of shade
Soon cow and calf will come
A cover from the noonday sun
On duty for another season
Like a guard and protector
Of special children
Made for man.
Wayne Anthony

MEANDERING MAN

To many places went my feet
On various sidewalks trod
In cities more than I can count
Were placed my feet and seat
Cross the nation so many times
The different sod was felt
The satisfaction of being there
Now underneath my belt
But the place I feel the very best
God knows I don't know why
Is Henry Street in Prescott town
Where I stay here by and by
If I'm doomed to meet my maker
And soon enough for all
I hope it is on Henry Street
In the spring or in the fall
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

MEETING

I walked into the meeting room
It was almost eight o'clock
A man came over and shook my hand
And a coffee he had brought
My hands were a little sweaty
And I was a bit unstable
As I pulled up my chair
And sat around the table
A moment of silence started the meeting
Followed by the serenity prayer
Then one by one each person said
The reason they were there
I passed when it was my turn
As I was too new to share
But the man across the table
Well at me he did stare
He told to us his story
Of his life and his despair
And the reason that he came to night
And sit upon this chair
As this story was told to me
It was my life to unfold
This man was just like me
Like it was my story that he told
At last I found my home
With friends I now relax
And share our lifetime stories
Of how we got back on track
This meeting room is always there
In city town or glen
And the door is always open
For me to come on in
Now I do welcome new ones
And shake their moist and shaky hands
Then tell them of my story
When I had sweaty hands
Wayne

METRIC

Canada has now gone metric
A modern place it is
The miles have gone like two by fours
Just items from the past
And were not meant to last

Our government says it is so great
And so much better to calculate
The old ways are no good to us
They'll just have to go like this

They took our old yardstick
And stretched it out a bit
To make it now a meter
And measure without a hitch

The government now has tabled
Another document
That time should go to metric
To have it better spent

The weeks will now have ten days
And numbered one to ten
But now just don't be confused
The reason there lies herein

The added days will counter react
With days that have hours of ten
We will not lose on hours
As this we calculate
The use of sixty minutes
Has now gone out of date
Cont...

As minutes now consist
Of ten seconds or more
And no more moments now to waste
The year will now have just ten months
And the months now just ten days
But to make us even more efficient
A day will have a hundred hours
But of fifty minutes each
This is what we now must teach
I went down to the lumber store
To buy a stick of wood
With mirth in my heart
Before the clerk I stood
I said kind sir I would like
To buy a piece of wood
Five point zero eight centimeters
By ten point one six wide
By two point four three meters long
Would be just right for me
He looked like I should sing a song
His eyes did glaze
His vacant stare
His mouth it made no sound
He stuttered out, I'm sorry sir
But precious wood here is not found
I looked at him, a smile upon my face
A two by four by eight foot long
Will do the job as well
I thanked him then by saying
You have done just swell

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

MIGHTY EAGLE

A great and mighty eagle
Or just a bird of prey
Ruler of the skies
But not on this dreadful day

Eagles soar from way up high
All land is theirs beneath the sky
Wings of comfort for their young
A viper slips inside the nest

Now, where to fly becomes the test.
First though it must clean the nest
That the young may live peacefully
That nurtures here our own home first

Rebuild that towered nest again
Plug each hole ere death comes in
Tend our young with softened wings
Rest a while observe all things

All the land is still below
And we will rule the skies
But fix the nest safe from foes
From evil in disguise.

Make sure that other evils
Do not leave this nest
To travel to other lands
That we wish to possess

Clean our own nest first
And rid those deadly sprouts
Before they grow unruly
And hard to dig them out.

Wayne Sturgeon

MOODS

As my eyes look out
And see the people
All different and sized to go
Engages the mood
For the moment
The style of the mood
Reflects the image
Of walkers on the go
Old moods of old people
Quick moods of the child
Swift and fleeting
And changing with
Each flap of a wing
Wayne Anthony

MOONLIGHT DANCE

With scarlet robe, wand and cords
The magician entered the circle
The sacred ritual to begin
The cavalcade of beings
Somewhat likened unto man
Gave up their elusive hideaway
And entered the outer ring
The magician's stance revealed the fey
And gave to all some entranced words
For pointed ears on curly heads
One by one they entered the ritual's place
And planted a seed in the circle's earth
Then hand in hand they danced around
And a symbol of infinity etched the ground
The Magician's wand cut the pentagram
The silvery symbol faded away
He then gracefully bowed
Then they all dissolved away
Wayne Anthony

©

Mother Rocked the Baby

**As mother rocked the baby
And daddy fed the cat
Michael set the table
He wasn't used to that
Sandra talked to Scotty
And Barbara sang a song
Then daddy sat for supper
And all the meat was gone
Mother gave the baby
Into my roughened hands
And made the rest of supper
With her dishpan hands
Michael played the radio
And Sandra's shoe got lost
The stew lacked some flavor
Another carrot tossed
The meal was almost over
And Barbara spilled her milk
But we all just smiled at her
So she would have no guilt
Then Dave the little baby
Burped by daddy's hand
And spit the supper on his dad
But mother cleaned it up
Time to do the dishes
And rest for the old dad
While Michael played the part
Of batman dressed in Plaid
The sun had set early
Another day was done
And thanks for all the love
That mum dished out again
Another day we had
And blessed by mom at ten
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon**

MUSHROOM

A lonely little mushroom
Upon the forest floor
And soon it will wither
And give out many spores

Its life is almost now over
No traveling it has done
It spent all day on the forest floor
With very little sun

The mushroom looked at me and said
Don't worry there old man
Cause everything will be okay
It's meant for us to both decay

Next year I came again
To that very spot
And I brought my little grandchild
A lovely little tot

This year the mushroom
Had a little friend
A little tot like me
Holding by the hand

The mushroom smiled
And looked at me
And said "The secret of the universe
It's here for you and me"

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

MY SPIRIT HAS A PROBLEM

My spirit had a problem
That caused myself to drink
To get my mind all tilted
And not to good to think
My spirit had some friends
That liked to stroll around
And seek out spots of pleasure
In and about this town
My spirit need not question
Those stunts of drinking games
But just allowed my body
To not take any blame
My spirit drove the car at night
And took me to the bars
It led me through some anxious times
And it even wrecked my car
It justified my drinking
To my wife and kids
It caused some fearful tears to come
Into there loving eyes
My spirit started to scare me
It made me have the shakes
It caused me lots of sickness
And my job it did take
My spirit had a sponsor
That came to me one night
And told me time to fix this mess
With a meeting Monday night
My spirit took me to a meeting
A place of unknown friends
True friends greeted us now
And shook my shaking hand
Now I am not alone
We both have many friends
Our lives are now rewarded
With sobriety to the end
Wayne

NO MORE

No Mr. Nice guy any more
Just don't put your foot inside my door
If a cop pulls up behind me
He ain't ever going to find me
Cause I'll push that little pedal
To the floor
When I am in an elevator
And have to break some wind
I will do it very loud
Even with a grin
The more there is to smell it
The happier do I get
Cause I ain't Mr. Nice guy any more
When I go a shopping
Revolving doors do tempt me
And with a little old lady I get in
I will not push it with her
Just step out there before her
Then give the door a great big spin
Then I stand and watch her with a grin
Cause I ain't Mr. Nice guy any more
No more ladies first
And no more courtesy
I'm not that same old sucker any more
I refuse to wear my seat belt
I wipe my nose on my sleeve
And tell the preacher
To go and fly a kite
Cause I ain't Mr. Nice Guy any more
Now if you think I'm grinning
And getting into sinning
What I'm really doing
Is laughing in your face
If you see me coming
And won't get off the floor
You 'll be on your knees
And walking on all fours
Cause I ain't Mr. Nice Guy any more
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

OUTAGE

It found its way through empty lines
Of a once crowded subway system
Where previous passengers
Were but a memory of warmth
The hustle and bustle of electrons
Speeding their way to predestined places
By the flick of a switch
They traveled on their way
In silence the path was made
Weaving over the countryside
Like a large spider web
That lay limp across the plains
Like an entity of some strange kind
It entered along the power line
Like a worm in distress
Crawling through an uncharted hole
Only rearing its head as the spark died
The ice-coated forerunner's voice
Still unheeded that etched layers upon
Yet more layers of warning
The unwanted visitor with bag in tow
To exchange our comfort with chills
Our light to darkness
Like the fear of an unknown substance
The power outage came to town
Wayne Anthony

OUR COMMUNITY

Our Community was always here
But scattered here and there
It is sometimes hard to see
But in need of some repair

Time for us to see it
And to give it of our best
Then it will make it's self be seen
And it will do the rest

Likened to a big machine
That now has gathered dust
And many very important parts
Have been seized up with rust

Now it will go when wiped with cloth
Its softness will bestow
With words that from our lips
Do very gently flow

It is with the oil of kindness
That frees up this big machine
And gently give with outstretched hands
A turn or two for free

Now soon it will be running
And at its proper speed
Because of built in governing
Its speed will not exceed

And built in safety it does have
Look first for others needs
And if we face with inner doubt
The oil of kindness will help out.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

PILLOW

It gripped my head and held me
The pillow on my bed
Not a crisp clean snowy white
But slightly creamy for my head

Muscles and tendons now slacking off
Lowering this heavy head slowly
Descending with heavy thought
Into the pillow's deepest trough

Stirring around this kettle of thought
And bring some old ones to the top
Like two new worries I have found
And I let other worries settle down

A few more minutes the tension lessens
And lowers the head down into caresses
The warmth and softness of my pillow
A soothing place for me at home.

Like a soothers blanket or dog bone
This pillow for me is part of home
Where mind can run untethered
And life of mine can rest a lot
Wayne

PLACE ME

A call to all my brothers
And all my sisters too
To find a place that suits me
A place to do my best

Let me be a service
Wherever I may fit
Whether just in meditations
Or healing of the sick

You have much experience
To find my resting place
With your acts of wisdom
A proper place, I'll grace

To just be a small part
Of this very special group
Is like a strengthening to my heart
To move me in directions that care

Cleanse all judgement from my eyes
By your own unjudging love
Let me be an example
That came from within this group

Let your light shine from me
Because of guidance that is gentle
Hoping that my light will show
And grace the spot you've placed me

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

PRESCOTT

Gather the stories from smiling faces
Stories disguised by looks
Walking about the town
Like stories without a book
Evening whistle softened by the train
Gliding it seems slower at night
Impressing its presence
By the noise of the rails
Walkways winding the edge of the river
With parks to soften the soul
A playground for minds of the people
Ones that have reached half of their goal
Downtown shopping free from meters
A sign of strength at it's best
A welcome spot for everyone
The citizens and those that are guests
Markets and stores from past hometowns
Are maneuvering into the stranger's hearts
Summers farm fresh produce
Under the aroma of a grill
Children marching in rows
With anxious teachers
Willing their good behavior
Soon now down at the dock
Collections of untold stories
From towns across the land
A magnet that draws us together
This town on the edge of it all
Organized with causal rules
And spotted with great parades
A welcome rest for many
In this town of Prescott it's great.
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

RAINY DAY SAVINGS

Save it for a rainy day
My mother used to say
If you have a little extra
Then tuck it all away

This advice was very sound
And still works well today
Two have a little nest egg
Saved for a rainy day

She must have been a prophet
I think that's what she was
She also made it very plain
There will be many days of rain

My mother must have seen me here
On this rainy day
Waiting for a little sun
And for my bills to go away

Wayne

REACH

Today is what we really have
And is for us to keep
With it comes some happiness
For some it's time to weep

Lets us not from this day stray
And for tomorrow do not reach
Do not take time to borrow
From tomorrows sorrows

If we must reach out from today
Then yesterday is the place to go
But take from it just those things
That makes your heart to glow

Tomorrow now will be to day
As time moves on its way
A building block of your life
Will be here to stay

The outstretched hands of time
Beckon us to reach each way
But this advice I give to you
Just live life in this day

Wayne

RED

There must be fifty shades of red
To color ladies lips
And put a red alert
That seems to show the face

A lure to draw attention
A focal point of the face
Something to look at and hope to see
White teeth through the red

Such a lining for those words
That travel through those lips
Hope the words are nice enough
And add something to the face

The tunes that have whistled
Through those lips of red
The caring words that come through them
While tucking children into bed.

The words that said I love you
And also said I do
Are just a few good reasons
To pass through lips of red

Wayne Anthony©

ROCKING CHAIR

As I sat out on my rocker
And watch the children play
With roller blades and skate boards
On such a sunny day

How they all can do it
And have energy to spare
My strength is used up quickly
To move this rocking chair

Their legs are just like rubber
And they seem to have no cares
With screams of joy and happiness
And all with happy stares

They run and play and dance and skip
A pleasure for my eyes
But just to have my youth again
Is in my thoughts and sighs

So I think, that this is just not fair
I will build an electric rocking chair
Then these little kids will turn
And they at me will stare

Wayne Anthony

RUBBER BOOTS

A shower in July
Has darkened the sky
Two kids running on the street
With rubber boots on their feet

In search of puddles
Not too deep
But just enough
To wet their feet

Here they come again
Feet splashing in the rain
Closer to that big puddle this time
A temptation it is for them they find

Down the street they come again
With little smirks and devilish grins
And with one big planned out leap
They hit the puddle with two feet

Temptation has won
The shower is done
The two little kids
Are now on the run

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

WANDERER

As a placement dropped
From somewhere
Trying to fill a need
To fill a quest
Of mom and Dad
To be their living seed
Into life I wandered
With piercing eye and mind
To set ablaze the path I took
On roads that twist and wind
Adventures unfilled
Misfortune filled the path
The life I led along the way
Was moist with tears
And rich with flaws
Laughter very rare
The quest fulfilled
The walk is done
I smiled again today.
Wayne Anthony

YELLOW BIRCH

Sitting firmly on a rock
A yellow Birch exclaims
To all the world that life
Is where your roots are
Imbedded in a rock
Without the need for soil
Life flows through out its limbs
The rock becomes the store
It supplies whatever needs
The gracious tree will want
And answer all the questions
For travelers on a jaunt
Contented where its roots lie
No need for it to wander
Satisfied with its only view
On the shady side of the mountain
Curious people see it there
And answers come to them
About how it gets its food?
It takes it all from them
Wayne Anthony

Yes

The garden does need weeding
And the door it needs some fixing
The toaster, yes a plug it needs
Bare spots on the lawn need seed

I must be very cautious
And consider what I do
Before I get out hammer
Screwdriver or the glue

I surmise the situation
And without hesitation
Proceed out to the yard
To see what I could do

But then I must consider
Which Job I should do first.
This brain of mine
Will show the way
The most important job to do

I will consult the Sages wisdom
That has in times past
See what their solution is
To undergo this task

I then locked up my toolbox
And my toga I put on
Now I practice yoga
And sit here on my lawn
Wayne

WORM HOLE

To rule the world
I did today
From within
Where words
Creep through decay
The point I made
Thought be it true
I'm sure that others
Will miss construe
Power dwells
Within the trunk
Where worm holes
Again will ooze
A bit more truth
To miss construe
Wrap with power
When hid from view
The wary eye
Will give its due
And never more
To miss construe
The truth from
Worm holes
Ever true
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

©

WORDS

The word was heard so clearly
That was intended just for me
The early morning dew
On the grass around my tree
What it was, was just my name
Spoken clear and very plain
My quiet times when days permit
Beside my tree I there do sit.
Was it just the breeze in the trees?
Or my imagination running wild?
Or could it be that voice within
That told me I'm your child.
Now words seem to come
From another place
Just into my head
Yes some place that's deep in space
From Me, these words He said
I feel my Creator close to me
And words come in my head
Each time I sit beside my tree
My path in life is led
Many answers to my prayers
And without tongues were said
From my youth, to this very day
Have come into my head
With roots and trunk and branches fair
This massive tree does grip the air
Like words from it to me they come
But yet this tree, it has no tongue.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

WOOD

It comes in many shapes
With different colored shades
Hiding many features
A carver will unfold
Be it weathered face
Or smooth and round
Within each piece
Some shapes are found
It releases many fragrances
As shavings hit the floor
It stores the carver's history
In the way chisel went
It leaves a part of the sculptor
Within the grain and heart
It may become a centerpiece
When the carver must depart
Wayne Anthony

WONDERFUL WOMAN

That she may be well and happy
With fewer problems to solve
To bless my days
As an everlasting companion
Hand in hand is my wish
A woman with understanding
And tolerance of my ways
To ride with me and share the days
Her smooth touches erased pain
The way she held her life
Keeping us from the misery
Of life's many hurts
A caring nature never surpassed
That we may have felt her love
Amidst trying times and as children
Be part of her, my wife
Wayne

WOMENOPAUSE

Could I please just touch your leg?
The ones just so freshly shaved
Would that be all right for me to do?
Or would it be so rude

Those silken bodies on the street
Just beckoning to be felt
I wonder what would happen if?
I think my face she'd belt

Those perfect lips matchless in color
The soft path for words beckon to be kissed
Reality in disguise of a myth
Will I kiss her or would that be rude?

Her neck back and shoulders
So smooth and so bare
They're calling me to rub them
But I'm too old to dare

Could I do it just one more last time
Just hug all these young ladies
Well oh never mind forget it old fool
Your life is in decline

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

©

WINTER COAT

A man came to my door one night
From winter winds and snow to fight
Well wipe your feet and please come in
And wipe that snow there from your chin
You must be cold I said to him
Wearing just a jacket thin
A cup of coffee will you have?
To help you warm your skin?
An extra coat I have for you
Yes one of black and one of blue
To shabby for me and just won't do
So one of them I'll give to you
Then I saw behind the door
My warm new coat that touched the floor
Decisions quick I had to make
For something from within at stake
He drank his coffee and was to leave
My newest coat I gave to him
To stop this poor man shivering
He smiled at me and shook my hand
Thank you sir I think he said
Even Angels can and do get chilled
Then out the door and up the hill
He walked out into the night.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

WINGS

Like letters written in Chinese
Scribbled across the hazy sky
By some seagull on an unmapped sky
Changing with each wave of a wing

The message not to be in plain view
But unwrapping a few secrets
By how a bird flew
A message not for me or you

The background of sky
Shows off the moving letters
Of a walking word
Etched in the sky by the wings of a bird

What to understand and why?
Who determines how a bird will fly?
The Chinese like words
Lettered in the sky

Mysteriously are erased by
Several dark crows like birds
Deliberately rewriting the mysterious
In another strange language

The message plain for all
To see but not for you
Or not for me
The messenger, many letters written
Wayne

WINGS OF THE UNTETHERED

Drifting across the shadow of humanity
That resides wherever the castles of men
 Have played the game
The game of getting ahead at any cost
 To soar above the crowds
 So all may see the ego on wings
Remaining within the hardened cast
That protects them from the product
 Of their own creation
 They fly as though freedom
 Was their own creation
 Yet the invisible cords hold them
 To the castles they built
While beside them fly the untethered
Those that have given of their sweat
And supported their lofty wings
 Their path unrestricted
 By the ego that blinds
Their patience becomes their map
 For yet undiscovered mansions
Within the shadow of castles glory
 That is growing continually
Being on the pathway of love and giving
 From Divine and from within
The unseen hand builds for all humanity
As all are from the Divine that resides within
 And egos will become translucent
 And the cast will soften
 And their product shall
 Lead mankind into the shadows
Where the mansions are now being built
To live as the plan of the Divine from within
Guides both the tethered and the free.
 Wayne Anthony

WINDOW

The view to the lane
Sees people walking by
While watching them walk
Past my critical eye
As if my credentials
Were to analyze their life
I set in my mind
What would be best?
For their strife
The spaces without people
Are filled with the auto
With drivers and passengers
That needs my advice
Hoping that soon
The traffic will lessen
And blank spots appear
To ease my obsession
Then let them all go
To all about town
So I'll rest my poor mind
In my night gown
And hope that no people
Or cars come around
Wayne

WIND CHIMES

The woman held in her hands
A wind chime for all to see
Then she took it gracefully
And hung it in a tree

The notes it seemed
Went out from it
Like spokes
Of some big wheel

The breeze then aroused the chime
It started tinkling
Like shining crystals dancing about
The notes came gracefully

The music seemed to sing this song
Here come and listen to me
Activity now around this tree
Has been on the increase

Some strange new birds and honeybees
And butterflies flit about
It makes my heart appreciate
And that's without a doubt

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

WHITHERING STROKES OF LIFE

What happened to day?
That I feel this way
This question before me sits
The chores for me today
Are done in little bits

The grass it does need mowing
And the garden it needs sowing
But the lawn chair now sits
Between me and it
And much temptation gives

The chore that now awaits me
Well patience it will take
Because I now sit on lawn chair
This job to contemplate

If I start the mower running
Will I wake up my sweet wife?
Then she will come and look at me
And to my life add strife

I really thought this over
For an hour one or two
Then I her sweet voice call
Breakfast now for two

How is the mowing coming?
It should be done by now
Well I told her really dear
It's best to wait for skies to clear
For this chore to be done

Wayne

WEATHER WOMAN

It was early Monday morning
The sky was truly rude
I sat before the TV set
To satisfy my mood
The weather woman came into view
And this is what she said
Here is what we have for you
Its warm way down in Dallas
Her calf brushed on Arkansas
A cold front from the Arctic
Will soon be here today
Her Bosoms rested neatly
In the middle of Hudson Bay
Her hair was under Whitehorse
Fort Churchill at her back,
She said to us so cunningly
“Looks like winter is here to stay”
Turning round and facing West
She glanced to me again
With Saskatoon on her finger tip
And Winnipeg on her hip
She smiled and told me one more time
The temperature would dip
She twirled again so gracefully
And faced the East once more
Her lovely waist in the Maritimes
With her rear in Quebec’s door
No matter what the weather
The cold or snow or pour
Her smile was worth the wait
Then she walked across the floor.
Looking through the window
Her forecast now at stake
A little snowflake tumbled down
Beside the garden gate
She winked at me and told us all
That she would return again at eight
I think I’ll sit and watch TV
And wait for her return
The smile she has and a wink or two
Are certainly worth the wait
Wayne Anthony

WHEN I VISIT DAD AGAIN

Let it be near the river
That flows by his front door
With a gentle breeze
To ruffle up the shore
Let it be at the real house
That he has built
In the heavens
Where nothing is without
Where all the boards fit perfectly
The grand design of dads
That only lacked harmful thought
But filled with love about
Let him greet me and say
This is what I tried to tell you
When you were on my knee
That everything works out okay
Let him tell me about
My brothers and sisters
And how their homes
Are growing.
And walk together hand in hand
To my house
Where we can sit
Out on the swing
Let it be where the sunset
Is a mural of grandeur
Befitting a prominent place
Behind dad's home

Wayne

WALKING GEMSTONES

The direction of my thoughts
End where diamonds are mounted
Precious as ornaments they are to me
Like Christmas ornaments on the tree

The different forms of beauty
Come before my eyes
A grandchild resting on the couch
Or playing under outdoor skies

The collection growing greater
As I seek out where they stay
They come in sizes fit for all
And hold hands walking in the mall

They didn't always walk like this
They crawled about the floor
And brought their value and appearance
To be cherished by me more

The riches that I have
Are equipped with seeking feet
And inquiring minds for me to fill
Like priceless gems they do me greet

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

UP HILL

Moving along again in life
The road seems to change
From paths of roses and irises
To gravel chunks and weeds
And push I do with chubby legs
To move me up the hill
The clover path becomes the way
Wondering just how long the stay
I'm not upon the clover long
When a corduroy road
Comes into view
In unsightly rhythm
But surefooted shoe
The problems with corduroy
Was overcome too
The path now is straight
With smooth grass is laced
Soft strides over clover
Give speed to this rover
Bringing the top into view
With blue lips I pursue
Over ice clad mountains
I soon see the downside
And glide home to rest
And telling this story
I did it my best
Wayne Anthony

TRUTH

Truth is just for today
With satisfaction and comfort to stay
So let us enjoy it
But only employ it
As good for only today

If we stretch it into tomorrow
Then it may with it bring sorrow
As old truths are not meant for today

The greatest truths of years ago
Was how to measure time
With many dials and gadgets
And clocks without a chime

Then came a new invention
That put all minds at rest
An hourglass that's full of sand
It did the job the best

If a new truth comes before us
And it's presence into view
The little job that we must do
Is to put its expiry date into view
But darkness set upon me
And getting hard to write
Now I must turn the hourglass
And re invent the light

Wayne

TREASURES

Every day I see them
Past her loving eyes
Memories of the times we had
And many things we tried

We always were together
At least for most of things
And traveled many walks of life
And experienced many things

She worked so hard for happiness
To share it equally
And spread it around the children
And she gave a lot to me

Every time I see her
And look into her eyes
The many things she has done for me
Those blessings in disguise

And now I am a rich man
With treasures yet untold
As I look into her eyes
These treasures now unfold
Wayne

TRAILS

The parking lot was paved
It had a few worm trails
All along the sandy side
And all along the rails

They must have needed to crawl
In the evening by the mall
Perhaps a little outing
Before the robins call

If worms can see I do not know
And how they find their home
It must present a problem
The asphalt over loam

The sun approaching mid day
The asphalt hot and dry
A withered little creature
Just had to crawl and die

And all around was asphalt
And concrete walks and steps
I shook my head and wondered
Is progress worth it's death

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

TOO NICE

The car needs some cleaning
The trunk needs tidying too
But all these chores will have to wait
To be done on the first nice day

The back yard needs some raking
The grass needs cutting too
But the weather here has been so hot
We'll do it on the first nice day

The windows need some cleaning
The porch needs painting too
But too much rain has come this way
So we'll do it on the first nice day

I woke up Saturday morning
The sky was crystal clear
Dotted with some fluffy clouds
Some far and some were near

Such a nice and beautiful day
A perfect time of the year
Like a splash of Heaven at my door
Too nice to do those chores today

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

TOO MANY

There are too many mansions
On well groomed estates
And too many mud homes
In far away places

There are too many sick children
In families with problems
With symptoms of sickness
Like poverty squalor

There's too many well-fed faces
In many rich places
And too many people
With less on their plates

There is too much division
Between Children of Heaven
Close that gap soon
So everyone has plenty

Too many tears
On hungry child faces
And too much food
To be often wasted

Just point the way
And show them what's wrong
Together we can work
To bring a new song

Wayne

TONY

Tony was a speedboat
And it was built by me
My first and greatest effort
To be master of the sea

It took me all one summer
I made it piece by piece
And painted red and white
It was a graceful ship

It took me over waters
In such a graceful style
My friends there on the shore
Would stare and at me smile

And one by one they rode with me
I took them through the waves
A pleasure to my life it gave
On all those summer days

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

TOMORROWS BREEZE

A breeze from tomorrow
Came to me today
It brushed my face
And caressed my hair
Then sat across from me
It crossed its legs
And sat right back
And said, I have a message
For you today
I was drifting quietly
Doing things I do
And all at once I heard your voice
And this is what it said
It said, I wish tomorrow
Goes better than today
And helps me out a lot
My life is getting meaningless
Without some happy thought
Quite blunt and plain he said to me
Live your life to the fullest
One day at a time
For that is all we have
Yesterdays are just memories
Tomorrow never comes
All you have to work with
Is only just today
Live it to the fullest
Now I'll be on my way
Wayne Anthony

TO BE YOUNG

Hello young man
Come and sit with me
And I'll tell you
A thing or two
Scooters we built
And we made our own stilts
Soapbox derbies
Were the things for the day
We played hide and seek
And we swam in the creek
With a box of nails
We would play
We played truth or dare
And kick the can too
Cops and robbers
Were the hit of the day
A big button on a string
Would whirl a day away
We made our own kites
With sticks and a string
And soar to the sky
They would fly
When evening drew nigh
We all with a sigh
Sit by a radio close
And hear the story
Of Boston Blackie
The Green Hornet
The Shadow and more
So I hope some day Son
That you'll do like me
And tell a child
On your knee just like me.

Wayne Anthony

©

THIS DAY

If it were possible
For me to have my way
There is but one wish
That I want today

To have my thoughts
Encased with love
And filled with kindness
To reach out far

Attaching themselves
To the hardened hearts
On many shores
That led men into war

As an ointment softens
Like a healing balm
And peels away
The layers of greed

My thoughts go out
Hand in hand with yours
To the hardened hearts
On many shores.
Wayne

THE RINK

Skates hung over my shoulder and walking to the rink
Snow squeaking under foot time that makes me think
 Clubhouse in site my toes are cold
 The stove is warm a place to sit
 Tie up those skate laces as quick as I can
 Some warmth is now coming walk out to the rink
 Faces of people with steam from their mouths
 Like exhaust from a tailpipe surrounds their heads
 The people are skating some hand in hand
 Some big boys glide back wards some girls on one leg
 This great circle of people just going around
With smiles on their faces and the skates scraping sound
 Wool coats with long scarves well lit by those lights
 Like multi colored clothing waltzing in time
 The rink starts to close and the scrapers come out
 With a plan to remove all that snow from the ice
 Hoses come out with steam from the spout
 Like hot water it flows to level the ice
Walking home my feet sting with the cold so intense
 Ears now hurting pull my scarf over them
 I pick up some speed my house is in sight
A wonderful vision on this oh so cold night.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

THE TOE

My doctors were just wonderful
Those aches and pains were cured
They fixed my heart so very well
It still works great today
So many times they fixed my lungs
From pneumonia they would say
Get this fluid from your lungs
And get you on your way
A few years back I got a shot
To ward off this deadly germ
So far this shot worked great
The pneumonia is on its way
A shot for flu they gave me too
Which stopped those aches and pains
Cholesterol now is held at bay
My headaches now are gone away
The only problem left it seems
Is down within my sock
It is a fungus toenail
With me till death or till I rot
They took stones away from me
So my bladder it would heal
They did it through that little tube
You should have heard me squeal
I'm feeling fit and not too shaky
My health is on the mend
As days go by my health gets better
Yes, soon I'll be fit to die
And they'll lay me on that table
To find the cause of death
Not too hard for them to find
That toenail caused his death.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

THE SCULPTOR

Etching your way through
This solid rock of marble
Like a sculptor digging
To find beauty within

Paving green walkways
Beside your ancient footprints
For many of us to also tread
Trusting by you we'll be led

Carefully forming those days of glory
Now fit for the new age of Man
Ever finding your presence
In the holding of someone's hand

Grinding away the dark marble
With sickness and greed in a pile
To be swept away by the sculptor
We will learn from everyone's smile

Gradually the image of someone
Is drawn from within this rock
A shape of beauty to be seen
Only through new age eyes

Let us all be sculptors
To hurry with the work
So that all will see
The wisdom of your way's
Wayne

THE PRISON

The clank of a door sound
Pressed inside my head
Initiating thought self-made
A creation of dread
More sadness to ring
From self made walls
Footsteps now like a guard
That brings news from the warden
States stay of executions not granted
Twelve days to go eating bitter words
Bread moistened with self-made tears
Rancid waters of selfish thought
Moisten tarnished lips cracked
By vile words uttered without thought
Darkness now my only wish
Not wanting light anymore
Seeking solitude
In everlasting darkness
Pleading for deafness to footsteps
Bringing my own sought misery
Salty tears tingle-cracked lips
Shuddering body in darkness
My own prison
Wayne Anthony

THE URN

It was a dark day
Where shadows were my only friends
The gaping void of my life
Peering at me with a sneer
I, but a bundle of failure
Pulled my wretched frame upright
Walking through deep snow
To my shop behind the house
Unlocking the door of shadows of time
My shop with a partially turned piece
Of wormwood clamped to my lathe
A smile came across my face
Knowing that soon my new home
With a few more turns
From the dying craftsman
Would at last be born
Filled with my being
And lighting within
From forgotten successes
To remove the shadows
From my life forever
From within
Wayne Anthony
©January 2005

THE GARDEN

The garden kept on growing
In spite of all the strife
It blossomed in the winter
And in the dark of night

There was no stopping it
Once those seeds are planted
It took roots firmly all about
Some within and some without

Who knows where they are planted?
Or whether weeds or blooms?
The gardener did the sowing
The one that makes our homes

And for a mighty purpose
These seeds are carefully sown
The blossom doesn't know it
That each is part of home

So they all grew together
Over and under fences
There was just no stopping it
This garden of our home

We are the flowers
The blossom of the weed
And very special that we are
From our Creator's seed
Wayne

TARNISHED

It is in a condition of tarnish
The person that writes this verse
But soon will find the polish
To set me being bright
I will start out here
Within this verse
With words of brilliant worth
To add a layer to this old man
That sets him up as first
The words replace the tarnish
The layer within his mind
That a bit of spit and polish
Will bring him into line
To see the next verse
That from the depths within
Will tantalize the reader
To see else what else comes in
So be he slightly tarnished
Will not remain the same
With polished words
From layers within
He'll glister once again
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

©

TAR

As the earth is in decay
And soon to need a rest
Another place prepared for us
A planet called Tar
It started from the time
That the earth was born
It knew that man would need a place
In which to become reborn
A place for spirit to live
The bright and shining part of man
The positive side of our thoughts
Where unrestricted thinking dwells
The journey from the earth to Tar
Is just a thought away
This place of light is made from thoughts
Without the evil tones
Like a spray of powder
Coating moist and fertile soil
Brings forth a green and lavender
Blanket of life, like robes for Tar
Soon will be covered
With a new sound of colour
With outstretched hills
And beckoning valleys
Our spirits there will
Feast and rest
The other side of the world
The other side of our thoughts
A place without darkness
To comfort our spirit
As was intended to,
Man mature and full
A new bed for a spirits head
The kingdom Called Tar
Wayne

SYMPATHY

The deep and winning pull of loneliness
Encroaching unwanted into my one place
Placed before me an ever deepening void
That I cautiously and unwillingly
Place my foot without thought or control
The pulling winning even against
The strength of yet fully unfolded tears
The ever so slight quiver of an old mans chin
But deepens the uninvited void
What power is there that is more?
When sympathy encroaches in
Living within the valley of unanswered prayers
Brings the reality of empty to full brim
Knowing that all is but part
Of the tug of light over dark
But now in reverse
Treading the valley of children of the dead
Sent to a place not worthy for mortals
And unfit for the dead
Under the spell of a Creed
That roots in hell
Yet I walk with purpose
Holding many clinging hands
Telling the bodiless souls
I have come to lead them away
So they need not trod in places
Where even shadows
Make darker shadows
And then there was light.
Wayne Anthony

©

SWIMMING POOL

School was out late in June
Summertime was here
Early Wednesday morning
To the pool I go was clear
Chilly but sunny
Two requirements met
A dash of running mixed with walking
The pool soon in sight
All fenced in like a tennis court
With sunlight's specular message
Calling me to soon get wet
The line up at the door
That brass number with a safety pin
My security to claim my clothes
The changing done and clothes netted in store
The foot bath then the door
The screams and shouts
Like cold water trout's
With splashing in for the day
Wade in at two feet and hope for six
Learning to swim has begun
Eased by the mass of slippery bodies
Under water is in for today
The only way to travel
The chill has now taken over
And shaking myself to recovery
With a line of faces that have blue lips
I head out to the sun
A spot I see on a sidewalk of bodies
Along the asphalt pathway
A sharp stone soon will bring the initials
That my body lie here in the sun
The hot spot now all comfy and wet
The image of my body all painted with wet
Sun heating up now and time to cool off
Lets run back to the pool like pigs in a trough
Lunch time is coming my stomach has said
With new girls bodies to take over this pool
Find that brass number and soon get dressed
This day at the pool, was one of my best
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

SUNRISE

School starts a nine here out my way
And the factory starts at seven every day
The freight goes through at eight and comes back very late
But the sun gets up at sunrise every day

Breakfast starts at six here every day
And by eight o clock the kids are gone away
The mail man goes at nine and always is on time
But the sun gets up at sunrise every day

At four pm the cows get milked each day
And after that they get a little hay
By six pm the hens are in and up to roost for the day
But the sun gets up at sunrise every day

All lawyers closed at four o clock today
And later on they meet at Swiss Chalet
To day the sun sets early cause winters in a hurry
But the sun gets up at sunrise every day

At five am the robin starts its day
At four pm the children hop scotch play
Six o clock TV news eleven o clock wind the clock
But the sun gets up at sunrise every day

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

SUMMER TIME

It's eleven o'clock
And it's going to be hot
You can tell
By the haze in the sky

I'm looking for shelter
So I head for the tree
And wait for
A breeze to go by

Down the street
The kids all go
By one's and two's
And three's

With inner tubes and towels
And beach balls with gals
They cover the beach
Like blankets of skin

Heads bobbing in the froth of the sea
They come up on the sand
And lay on the beach
Like patches of skin from the sea.

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

STYLE

The way my life unfolded
Presented a certain style
From teachers words and mothers knee
Became the way I chose for me
My dad gave me direction
For many of my days
The boss, his words
I well observed
So I could claim my pay
Like clothing that gets worn out
And styles for yesterdays
From time to time my image changed
To keep in touch with trends today
My favorite sayings
Too have changed
And maybe for the best
As the old wool suit
That I have had
Has seen births of babies
And old folks leave
How many weddings left?
A funeral now and then
Of family and my friends
Bring styles in change within
The calloused hands that
Made my children safe
Are white and smooth again
Intensive thought about my life
Brings me in style again.
Wayne Anthony

STRUGGLE

From long awkward legs
The gracious form came
With company of swelling chest
Sitting upon now curvy hips
No more added length
And joints so large
But newly formed limbs
From a torso so grand
The young ladies form
Will now take its stand
The struggle now over
With awkward in past
A glorious new body
Becomes this young lass
Wayne

STRENGTH

Our strength is but a weakness
In the eyes of many
A sure way of ignorance
That we sometimes show

Our strength is invisible
To many peoples eyes
You talk of things that can't be seen
That's wisdom in disguise

Our strength will keep us happy
With all that we know
About the works of Heaven
The place that we will go

Our strength will keep on growing
As we give it all away
And help out where we can
And bless someone's day

To each and every child
Strength is like a father
Security that binds them both
With the power of a smile

Wayne

STREET COMPLETE

A summer night on Henry Street
After a pleasant day
All the kids are now about
And the games they start to play

They range in age from toddlers
To about a teen or two
With roller blades and skate boards
They flow across my view

A plywood ramp is set in place
That bigger boy he sets the pace
They follow through in graceful style
A homemade speed bump brings a smile

Under the streetlight they gather
To discuss the day's events
With giggling and sweet laughter
It helps to rid my tense

The bugs fly around the light
And a firefly sends its light
Like a miniature meteorite
To brighten this summers night

The evening now has to close
A few scraped elbows knees and nose
The cares of the day are put away
Yes this Street is sure complete

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

STILLNESS

Sometimes the stillness
Has a hold on me
Like I am frozen within
An unsculptured block

Yet life seems to be just
Movement only in my eyes
Unable to etch my way
From the block unfinished

Words and actions
Only in my mind
Strength left just enough
To blink an eye

Stillness the tool of the artist
That chips away all
Which isn't me
Leaving in part my plan

Unfinished but reviewed
By the artist each day
Trusting that when complete
The artist will be renowned
Wayne Anthony

SOUNDS AT THE BOTTOM

Many notes of music
And the tinkling of the glass
The pop sound of the beer can
The crushed ice in the glass

Laughter from the bar room
And yelling on the street
Noisy clamor and wishing well
When drinking buddies meet

But pleasant sounds of happiness
Can sometimes start to change
And bring a note of sadness
To tug us on our reins

The sound of some doors closing
The cell door's clinking sound
The sound of empty promise
To never drink again

Amidst the sounds at the bottom
You may hear these words
Oh God I need some help to day
The sound the door makes at A A

Wayne

SIDEWALK

Concrete patches end to end
Displaying weed filled cracks of green
I see it as coming but also as going
This sidewalk that ends at my lane

Many people on this sidewalk
Like a telephone wire
That goes around the block
With people the words going and coming

Like books of words
Or stories with feet
This sidewalk carries walking stories
All around the street

Some days it's busy
With all local calls
Mixed with some strange
Walking stories from afar

Like a concrete telephone line
Hundreds of stories for less than a dime
On this pathway of stories
On this sidewalk of mine

Wayne

SIDE LINES

Seeing children playing
With all those toys from Santa
Being just a grandpa
From the sidelines to-day
It used to be my place
To assemble all those toys
At the table in the kitchen
Late on Christmas Eve
Stuffing all the stockings
With first to have gifts
Of candy canes and yo-yos
And other unwrapped gifts
Hoping that we soon
Be up and into bed
For the children as you know
Awake at the hour we most dread
Now grandma and I
On the sidelines sit
Watching wrappers
Be torn and split
Bringing smiles
To faces of the kids
With the infant crawling
Around on the floor
Playing with those wrappers
That came from the store
And Grandma and Grandpa
On the sidelines for sure

Wayne

SATURDAY MORNING

It's Saturday morning
I'm going to my sons
A gate for his pool
We will build

He has the wood
And a plan in his mind
But would like to add
Some of dad's design

We'll cut out the pieces
Of wood so they will fit
And assemble the pieces
Then, together we'll sit

We'll admire this gate
And the work we have done
Nice to be together
Just me and my son

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

DEAR ROSE

Oh how I love you
As I feel you with my hand
We've been companions long
Across this rugged land
I venture not without you
You're with me where I go
I feel your healing radiance
That tells me all is well
As I fondle your varied form
I feel my fingers warm
Our love now bound together
From rugged shore to shore
Your safety now my concerns
Through timeless pleasure
And scaring wars
I keep you safely tucked
In the pocket of my drawers
Oh! How I love you
My Rose quartz
Wayne

REFLECTIONS

Before the mirror the young lad stood
Peering into new manhood
Gradually from his childhood goes
Leaves in past the little woes
Blemishes mixed with scanty beard
And shrillness now is seldom heard
The deepened voice and stronger neck
Becomes the lad on his new found trek
The sandbox toys are seldom seen
And dad's truck looks real mean
The friendship found with little girls
Change now to sideways glance
To kiss her once I'll take a chance
And finds himself in deep romance
Before the mirror in manhood stance.
Wayne Sturgeon

THE TRAIN

A rainy Monday Morning
While contemplating life
The train's whistle blew
With a message so true
It gave me directions for life
The sound came and said
Stay on track old man
Till the end of the rail
Relax between crossings
Enjoy life's ride
Walk through life
With a gentle stride
Let people know
With no whistle to blow
That you are on track
And know where to go
Your life will run well
And arrive there on time
You'll be just fine
At the end of the line
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon
©July 17, 2005

FISHING

Cruising high and mighty
Above the lowly fish
Thoughts have come over me
Something more to see
I swim around this pointless sea
A delightful site this is
Will I meet her face to face?
And satisfy my life
Or flip around a while
Which seems to be my style
Pondering just another thought
Brought my fins to a dead stop
The beauty down below me
Could it really be?
My Mother! dear me.
Wayne

THIS MORNING

It began with few feelings
To start my day
Most thought not awake
To the tune that I play
Which way will I go?
Where will I start?
So much left unattended
So much needs attention
But the world turns
And I will move
If only slowly
To where my ability
Will waken my body
Something will surely happen
And move me to work
With tidying up loose ends
Of a partial life
Wayne

©

REVIEW

Like knots on a silken cord
The past comes into view
Each facet, phase and chapter
To correct them I must do
Like a knotted rag
Stuffed in my mouth
Not able to breathe
The past now rears its head
And sets before my view
My head held in hands
With overworked bones
Whilst illusions surround
Those whose mansions
Assembled by sweat blood
And aches of an aging man
It is for me to see
And witness each day
Till the knots untie
Till the rough places
Become smooth.
Wayne Anthony

A MESSAGE

That peace will grow
So our minds will rest
And gather thoughts
Of what is best
In turmoil's world
New ways are found
To bring about
Love profound
Let reason come
Ahead of haste
Lives of people
Are not to waste
Let war rest
With slumbers past
Greet each person
As though they were
What's needed
For a lonely time
The reason for
That person's life
To bring happiness
To that life of mine
Wayne

ROLLING

Lets get this life a rolling
And face it with a grin
Take all the up's and down's
And pack them all within

Live it for the good times
And when a bad time comes
Use it as a sign for you
That better times lie ahead

But keep your life a rolling
Through all the thick and thin
Just dwell within the happy times
Of this life you're living in

Point it in the direction
You wish that it would go
Sometimes it needs a little push
To follow your selection

But always keep it rolling
And do your very best
But if you hit a slow spot
Just use it for a rest

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

SETTING SUN

The sun was setting
Down for the day
It looked as if it wanted to stay
But knew we both must rest

As if another page closed
It seemed now the pages turn quickly
But this setting sun cheerier than some
Brought the warmth to bones and heart

A good friend, the sun with me each day
Invisible some days yet always there
With strings attached to pull the moon
So I can greet the evening sky

The lights of my life have told me much
Everyone has their own
To complete a day in fullness
A page that thickens the book

I glanced again to the western sky
Quietly then I said good bye
The sun replied with golden rays
A blessing now to bless my days

Wayne Anthony

SKIES

Crisp blue sky this day in July
Silver edged clouds of pewter
Cross the too early fall sky
Like a premonition of winter

It saturates with melancholy
And brings colder thoughts too soon
Like a condition that comes
With an answered prayer

That hot sticky air
We all had to share
Replaced now with coolness
That draws up a chair

Much easier to breathe now
But too soon to sneeze
Which way do I want it?
I'm not easy to please

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

SLIGHTLY UNSUNNY

The urgency was unrelenting
The need to peek through the window
Became the criteria of the moment
A black squirrel with bushy tail
Scurried under the car like a plan
It cast no shadow but quickly trod
Across the grass and over sod
The wedding of many birds flew
From tree to tree gathering as if but one
Purple asters and golden rod
Gave up their luster with this fog
A yellow leaf slid to its place
Beside some red and gold
Two girls jogging with covered legs
Hiding skin of tender shaved
Puffs of steam from their mouth
A quickened pace slid by the house
Beaded drops of water
Across the windshield spread
The sun may not come out today
Tells me is it a day ahead
Slightly short of winter
Wayne Anthony Sturgeon
© Sept 28, 2004

SLUMBERING SUN

Sitting slightly above
The rim of the earth
Knowing that I await
It's rising to levels high
It teases me each day
To get me going about
In circles like the sturdy vulture
That lives only because it rose
That I too may soar
With young limbs
And shaky legs no more
I plead again
To the sun and tease me
No more, but rise above
Your slumber
Wayne Anthony

THE DECREE

Watching out my window
A strange encounter seen
The dew worm and the robin
A wrestling team that's mean
The writhing coils
Of the mighty worm
Brought Robin to her knees
With tugs of mighty fury
The Robin seemed to loose
Within a speedy minute
The head was down and gone
Another minute the rest of her
Was brought below the ground
Her little yellow feet
Along with feathered tail
Are gone from my sight
Never a stranger tale
What does all this mean?
The result of the decree
That all in life now and at long last
There'll be fairness for all to see.

Wayne Anthony

© May 10, 2004

THE LAW

There is a law of gravity
As Newton once us told
That every apple on a tree
Will soon be found on ground
And yet to my amazement
I saw this happen too

When thinking of this great law
That pulls things down to ground
But this great fact that the earth attracts
A loophole I have found

There must be now another law
That pulls things up from ground
A heavy tree with pounds of fruit
Was pulled up to the sky
Now this becomes a fact
That is right before my eye

That the first law is unsound
As I gaze upon the tree
That this apple is now found
And put up there for me.

Wayne Anthony

THE WANTING

Sitting at the window
Waiting for the snow
Hoping that my wish
Will be answered for me today
That winter snow should soon be here
To make this winter more sincere
But when it comes I hope and pray
That it doesn't want to overstay
Cause sitting at my window
With snow banks towering high
Will send through me the shivers
On the fourth day of July
Wanting perfect weather
Is just a wishful thought?
It's best to take what comes today
As the best that we have got
But sitting at my window
With that heat wave waving at me
Wishing just for that cool time
To be here for just today
But here comes the answer
To my much said little prayer
The snowplough just rolled a bank
Of snow up to my eyes
Now get the shovels working
Dig the car out fast
Get the snowmobile running
For this may be the last
Wayne

THE WINNER

If I could only be a winner
Every now and then
Just a lucky guess
To make it run again

To buy a lucky ticket
And win a hundred bucks
Then sit beside the river
And feed the quacking ducks

The motor started
With just one pull
My gas gauge shows
At least half full

To go out to my toolbox
And get the right size wrench
Then find the missing ladder
Right beside my fence

It could be wishful thinking
And never prove as true
And if it cannot come to me
Then I wish it on to you

Wayne Anthony Sturgeon

WINGS

Like letters written in Chinese
Scribbled across the hazy sky
By some seagull on an unmapped sky
Changing with each wave of a wing

The message not to be in plain view
But unwrapping a few secrets
By how a bird flew
A message not for me or for you

The background of sky
Shows off the moving letters
Of a walking word
Etched in the sky by the wings of a bird

What to understand and why?
Who determines how a bird will fly?
The Chinese like words
Lettered in the sky

Mysteriously are erased by
Several dark crows like birds
Deliberately rewriting the mysterious
In another strange language

The message plain for all
To see but not for you
Or not for me
The messenger, many letters written
Wayne

TRUTH

Truth is just for today
With satisfaction and comfort to stay
So let us enjoy it
But only employ it
As good for only today

If we stretch it into tomorrow
Then it may with it bring sorrow
As old truths are not meant for today

The greatest truths of years ago
Was how to measure time
With many dials and gadgets
And clocks without a chime

Then came a new invention
That put all minds at rest
An hourglass that's full of sand
It did the job the best

If a new truth comes before us
And it's presence into view
The little job that we must do
Is to put its expiry date into view
But darkness set upon me
And getting hard to write
Now I must turn the hourglass
And re invent the light

Wayne