

Playful Poems

by Anita

Works by Jeanette DuPont Schlesinger
aka Anita Driver Schlesinger

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Light Lyrics

While taking Steve Kowitz's poetry classes at Southwestern College in San Diego County, my husband took a job overseas. The children and I stayed in the states because it was the exactly wrong time for them to be living overseas – based on previous experience with them.

I wrote poetry not only for class assignments but as an emotional release from seeing my husband only once a year for four weeks. This went on for six years. So, a lot of poetry was written. When things got too serious, silliness eased the tension.

A Colorful Life

When we were young, I never knew
a man could be as colorful as you.

I've caressed the smoothness of your scalp
where thick black hair once grew,

felt erratic beatings in your heart
as your face was turning blue,

saw your swollen arthritic joints
a painful, flaming rouge,

dabbed the ointment gently
on your green and purple bruise,

listened to squeals as beige
hearing aids went bad,

and touched your thin white skin
as it cooled the heating pad.

Though you never were a centerfold,
your love has always been pure gold.

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At Church

I have a fear
my big round rear
won't fit the small square space

yet find a place
to sit with grace
through the ungodly heat.

I smile real sweet
at those I meet
until our sides collide

then lift my pride,
spread far and wide,
to turn the other cheek.

The pew feels weak,
lets out a squeak;
and people start to stare.

I say a prayer
the wood will bear
my weight of sin this year.

A priest is near,
says with a sneer,
"The end is always near."

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Kowitz

Howitzer powitzer
Estefan Kowitz
liked to write poetry
without his verbs.

Married to adjectives
psychoneurotically
sued by his publisher
gave up adverbs.

-- by Anita Schlesinger
© 2004 by Steve Kowit

Note

During the Vietnam War Steve Kowit fled to Mexico for several years. Since this howitzer powitzer style of poem was an assignment in his class, the similarity with his surname was too strong to resist. Moreover, his surname had been shortened to Kowit. Because he suggested losing his adjectives, I gave the poem to him with certain conditions.

Looking on Sensitive Subjects

Time has paused on the bathroom wall
in a photograph of Debbie and me,
smiling sisters, short and slim, flaunting our bodies.
As seasons passed, fitness was traded for leisure.
Stretched and strained with each pound I gained,
my figure swelled into an obese but wrinkle-free form.

After staring at my belly,
a man asked, "How far along are you?"
"Forty-eight years."

To learn the weight of my future,
I step up on the digital diviner.
Will I ever be slim?
The scale replies, "Never. More."

Each new inch molds my figure into a museum masterpiece
– not Venus de Milo, but a fertility goddess.
My loss is my gain -- figuratively speaking.

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Note

The second verse actually occurred. He was really embarrassed, but I thought it was funny.

Mr. Anatomy

Mr. Anatomy conforms to the mold of a standard man
(even though his firm physique is clearly
the result of numerous plastic operations).
With more guts than GI Joe, he dares to display his nerve
yet spreads his arms in a display of openness.
As an exhibitionist, he proudly bares
his striated muscles and royal blue blood.
He has every feature Barbie would want -- except
someone forgot the phallus.
This omission is like a baseball team with no balls.
Did the designer decide that no one would notice
the absence of one small hydrostatic organ?
My eight-year-old son did.
Did mothers demand Mr. Anatomy's castration
because he raped their daughter's imaginations
or, could his perpetual hardness
have threatened some men?
Why then did they leave in his heart,
which could be filled with evil,
and his stomach, the object of gluttony,
and allow the breasts on Miss Anatomy?
Maybe the model is a mystery game
to search for the family jewels.
As an object of mortal designers,
Mr. Anatomy is proof that man is not perfect.

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On Time

Life is like a single man, dressing for his date,
who looks to see that time is going to make him late.

Time will move too quickly when you are having fun,
but it moves too slowly when babysitting one.

When you are ahead of time, you wait till time is due.
When you are behind the times, they won't wait for you.

When I think of wasted time and wish that I had more,
I am given far less time than I had before.

I don't seem to understand why time is so unfair
when all I ever ask of time is to just be there.

Although I'm seldom ever exactly right on time,
this is the proper point to end this timely rhyme.

But wait for just a moment and ponder, if you dare,
the minute that is passing was really never there.

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Piles

While bored and
waiting for an intracity train,
I stared at the parking lot
of a Salt Lake Chili's restaurant.

With a small army of men
In orange vests watching,
a CAT machine
groaned while
dumping a black blend
from its rear.

The men,
like farmers fertilizing a field,
pushed and pulled their rakes,
spreading small black balls
smoothly and evenly over the lot
in spite of the strong smell
drifting through the area,
turning up noses.

When the train, a welcome relief, stopped,
I climbed on board,
sat down, and
left a lot behind.

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Miss Illanius

Back Home

Six weeks of rain preceded
our five-day drive to Virginia,
filling ditches and overflowing creeks
in the countryside where I grew up.

Memories flooded my thoughts
like the water that had washed the rocks
on the hill where my knee was skinned
after falling from a brakeless bike.

The ground was soggy from tears
Mom had shed when caught in adultery,
giving birth to three children,
and the lifelong putdowns from her mother.

Ribbons of water slid from maple leaves
to small puddles in the dirt,
reminding me of Halloween nights
when my sister and I screamed,
nearly peeing ourselves,
as Butch and Warren jumped
out of the blackness to scare us;

swimming at the Cove when twelve,
being pulled under by an angel,
then seeing my life flash by,
for a month paying for things I had done wrong;

leaping off the railroad tracks into the shallow creek
while a train blasted its whistle at Butch,
who was too frightened to jump;
(He had to be pushed.)

Relaxing on a large rock in the middle of the creek,
reading *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, for the third time;

then, sitting as a child in the treehouse overlooking the valley
and thinking, "What a perfect place to grow up."

Congressional Health

We're concerned about the health
of our U.S.congressmen.

While the wealth of our congressmen
is above the norm,
their health is below the norm.
Maybe it's because, as a whole,
they lack certain vital organs:
guts, a brain, ears and a heart.

In place of guts is hot air that keeps them rising above
everyone else.

They lose their minds because
they believe all voters have Alzheimer's,
forgetting every rotten thing and lie their congressmen
did and said by election day.

We know they lose their hearing
since they can't hear what their voters want.

Each heart is traded for a dower to share his power.

Like lobby lap dogs they wait, panting and wagging their
tails, eagerly sniffing and licking the hands that feed them.

When the old dogs are kicked out of the Capitol kennel
and have to turn new tricks,
they follow their natures
and leave their scents behind on street corners,
while sniffing to find a special PACk for themselves.
They become PACmen of K Street, a political game where
they gobble up congressmen.

Each congressman gives up his health to gain great wealth
but loses himself – a Capitol norm that needs reform.

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Sacred Sundaes Villanelle

I fear no weight of sin, though God will judge.
My tongue will land in milk and honey when
on sundaes I just add more nuts and fudge.

For ev'ry hundred pounds I gain of pudge,
I always give my Heav'nly Father ten.
I fear no weight of sin, though God will judge.

From sweet divinity I shall not budge.
The trinity is in my triple chin.
On sundaes I just add more nuts and fudge.

On judgment scales my lofty weight does nudge,
exalting in an ice cream bliss. I grin.
I fear no weight of sin, though God will judge.

Banana splits will melt away life's drudge
when topped with whipped cream – three in one ag'in.
On sundaes I just add more nuts and fudge.

Upon life's rocky road one's cross shall trudge.
Let's feast with Him to take the Word within.
I fear no weight of sin, though God will judge.
On sundaes I just add more nuts and fudge.

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Stepping Out of Time

Eleven years ago life was confusing.
It didn't feel right.
I wandered in a dark area,
where nothing led the way out
or identified my location.
When depression bent my knees to pray for help,
a hand appeared out of the blackness
with its open palm pointed toward mine.

After placing my fingers upon the palm,
the hand folded them in its gentle grip
and led me through the darkness.
With each step the hand spread comfort,
replaced worry with trust
and confusion with calm.

Eventually a small light broke before us
like the only star in a night horizon.
The closer we walked toward the light,
the black path became dimly lit.
The hand became part of an arm.
A little further, the light grew large enough
to show the arm connected to a body
with legs walking one step ahead.

Soon the entire sky was filled with light,
revealing that the hand belonged to you.
Your spirit then found a spot hidden in my heart
which your warmth touched,
exploding it into a love that swelled my soul.
Life feels right with you.
As we step into eternity,
we make memories, share precious feelings
and create life –
sealing our souls with an everlasting love.

Now, if I could just feel this love when driving,

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Savannah

Reality is tedious and tiresome. So, while rushing to work,
I imagine trying to outrun a pack of wolves,
trapping me in a canyon of steel and concrete.

At work I stand in the elevator as a brown-haired man runs in
and quickly pushes the button, closing the doors before anyone
else can enter. Then, he turns and leads the victors in a celebration grin.
This elevator isn't going to be crowded, neither is his hairline,
which has retreated, leaving him as a shining example of aggression.
I imagine him as a hyena on the savanna, surveying the landscape
in search of his next opportunity.

A tall thirtyish man, featuring short curly black hair and a five o'clock
shadow stands across from him, staring at the directory with a puzzled
expression. I imagine his lean body standing naked and erect
with innocent, love-me black eyes, looking like a panda in a petting zoo.

A quiet blond woman, wearing a camel-colored suit, blends in
with the carpeted walls. I imagine her cryptic coloration as protection
against predators on the sand dunes.

A gray-haired man with a big nose, large ears and a wide waist
appears confident and immovable. No project would be too much for him
to handle. I imagine him as an elephant, flapping his ears to lower
his temperature by 16 degrees and daring any creature to threaten him.

A slim, leggy woman, wearing a jasmine fragrance with her dark hair
in a bun, has the build of a ballerina. I imagine her as an impala,
leaping eight feet in the air while kicking her ankles to release a scent
for males to track her.

Suddenly, there is an explosion, darkness, smoke, screams,
and a sense of falling. I look down on my lifeless body, lying mangled
among twisted steel. Then I see a tunnel with a being of light standing
at the end and imagine living in Scotland.

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Note: I'm not this way. I had just
visited a wild animal park and took
notes.

Serious Stuff

(it happens)

Betrayed

Though I loved my Uncle Sam,
I never wanted to work for him.
He paid low wages.
Working conditions were plain and impersonal
with only half-hour lunch breaks.
And, he had too many rules.

While he made the CIA
job notice interesting,
he never warned me
that strangers would
bug my home,
monitor my mail, and
repeat my private conversations
for 20 years.

I regret attending that job seminar
because a bug followed me home, and
nothing exterminates Uncle Sam's bugs.

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My Father

I have many fathers:

forefathers, birth father, adoptive father, step-father, father-in-law.
But, I have only one first father – my Heavenly Father,
the father of my spirit, who has always been with me.

I know He lives because the Holy Spirit tells me He lives.
I know He lives because He sends someone to help me when I need it.
I know He lives because I can trust whatever He tells me.
I know He lives because He teaches me things I never knew.
I know He lives because I have felt His pure love.
I know He lives because I have felt His arms around me,
and that's what a father does.

When I was sweating through a test at school,
He was there, reminding me that I should have studied more.
Then He calmed my mind to think clearly,
and that's what a father does.

When I was nervous at the wedding altar, He was there,
telling me to focus on the love I felt for my husband.
Then He blessed us with a strong bond of love and promise,
and that's what a father does.

When I didn't know how to guide my children,
He was there, telling me what to say and do,
and that's what a father does.

When at night I was alone and afraid,
He was there, giving me peace,
and that's what a father does.

When He tells me to do the hard things,
He's always there to remind me
how good it will feel when I reach those goals,
and that's what a father does.

So, on the Sabbath day, my Father's day,
I'll think of Him and talk with Him
and hope my other fathers become Heavenly Fathers, too.

Cultivating Memories

Pain opens my eyes and the window drapes,
letting the morning sun shine too brightly
while the room spins, shifting my stomach with it.
My head aches for more rest,
but a bull keeps thrusting its horns
into the soft sides of my bowels as my sugar drops,
signaling the need to eat in spite of nausea.

My bed is made in a garden of grief,
where minor pains like seeds reach maturity
by breaking their shells of distress
and pushing to the surface.
Their stalks are covered with thorns that,
when pressed, protect the intense feelings and
beautiful blossoms of precious memories.

As presents from the past,
my memories are wrapped in anguish,
hiding feelings that have lain dormant for decades –
dizziness while lying drugged on a car's back seat,
stomachaches from fear of World War III,
headaches while guessing symbols on Zener cards,
pains from the agent's beating his fist into my belly,
helplessness after a convulsion caused by insulin,
feeling abandoned by loved ones
during tortures designed to brainwash me.

Through this collage of memories
I struggle for emotional survival,
not as the old woman I am, but as a young girl,
crawling out of an abusive abyss
into a garden of knowledge and peace.
When the full blooms are dried as keepsakes,
I can rest from seasonal pains
-- until the past springs forth again.

My Tree of Life

Sometimes, my inner strength
feels like a drought of tears
and my heart feels like a Joshua tree,
surviving in the desert on deep roots
while the wind blows
tiny grains of emotional pain
onto my trunk and limbs.

Sharp spines clothe my skin –
my only protection from those
who want to satisfy themselves with me.
They must not see me helpless
in their hunger for control.

Since I don't destroy my own kind,
which will survive longer
— Joshua trees or men?

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Pride

Within our room I sit alone
till you walk in and stone meets stone.

I want to say, "I'm sorry, dear,"
then speak real sweet and draw you near.
But pride rears up, gets in my way;
and so the opposite I say.

My heart like iron sits in my chest
and pumps no warmth to give me rest.
My tongue feels sharp and cuts the air;
my eyes like knives at you they stare.

I look at you to see my twin;
we both will lose if pride does win.
"I'm sorry, hon," our bods first say
then each turns 'round and looks away.
Too many times we play this game,
looking 'round to place the blame.

When twigs of love fall from our nest
replaced with pride and greed at best,
how many twigs fall to the ground
before our nest's no longer sound?
How much pain must our hearts endure
before we find a loving cure?

"I'm sorry" from my mouth does burst;
but I'm just sorry I spoke first.
You look and gloat, say, "You should be,"
then see my pain, humility.
You kneel and say, "I'm sorry, too."
But the words I need are, "I love you."

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Note: At this time my husband and I seldom argued. We would go for years with no arguments. This one surprised both of us.

Secrets

Three men in suits with one pilot
and a young teenage girl,
wearing a headset like large braids,
taking a tablet with a cup of water,
landing on the White House lawn.
“Who’s she?”
“The daughter of an aide” is the official response.
With styled hair, makeup and formal gown
she descends the stairs into the ballroom for dinner.
She studies the guests of honor.
As dinner ends, she gives her report in a small room.
She changes, is drugged and driven home.

Two men in suits enter the high school classroom.
“He wants to see you,” one says.
She walks between them to one of the cars
where a third man sits behind the steering wheel.
She takes the tablet with a cup of water.
is briefed.
In the Oval Office she gives directions then waits,
watching television, swimming, assisting the chefs.
When the operation ends, she is drugged and driven home.

“Get their votes,” the president says.
Three congressmen in a limo.
She’s fourteen years old.
She strips, has sex, they change their votes.
The bill will become law.
She is drugged and driven home.

A man in a suit drives her to a blue unmarked bus.
They board.
They walk underground.
She reads reports, authorizes actions.
She boards the bus,
is drugged and driven home.

(con’d.)

Secrets (con'd.)

She says, "I want out."

"We'll have to erase your memory," he says.

"How do you want to live?"

"I want to be normal."

He grimaces. "Normal is boring."

"Not to me."

She is drugged, hypnotized and convulsed.

She forgets about the baby lab, the UFOs, the straight jackets, the head dunkings, the electric shocks, the needles, the drills -- the secrets her parents never knew.

She thinks she's normal

because her house hides its eyes and ears,
and the men watch from a distance.

A faint memory of riding in limousines fills her with dread --
a dream, she thinks, and life goes on normally.

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Therapy Sloppy Joes

Insight

While a deep sadness shapes your smile
and stiffens your movements,
I look inside your soul
and see the heart of your white spirit
soiled by brown, red and green,
the colors of emotional pain.

I want to say:

Will you let me be the music
that helps you heal and feel
the rhythm of love uplift your life?

Will you fuse your spirit with mine
to feel the greatest joy
in all dimensions of the universe?

It's too odd to ask,
so I just stare
and give you a deep feeling of peace.
Your body loosens
and for a while
you look deep in thought
then rise as our time together ends.

Again, I leave a therapy session
wishing I had given more.

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Life

Je ris à les étoiles clignotants.
Je souris à la lune dans le ciel.
Je suis debout avec le monde à mes pieds.
La beauté du univers remplissent mon âme.
Le plein ciel es mon plafond.
La terre es mon plancher.
Et amour l'entoure tout.

I laugh at the twinkling stars.
I smile at the moon in the sky.
I am standing with the world at my feet.
The beauty of the universe fills my soul.
The whole sky is my ceiling.
The earth is my floor
And love surrounds all.

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Note

This was written when I was about 13 years old. I didn't then and don't now know French. So, it was written with a dictionary. I couldn't even conjugate the verbs other than to guess at the present tense. Most likely, I tackled this because my adoptive father was very proud of his French heritage as well as his American one. This poem is a result of just playing around. I wasn't a Mormon and lacked my current view of the beauty of the universe.

MMPI
(Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory)

What the MMPI is really called by:

Psychologists:	My Messed-up Patients Index
Hollywood:	Movie Monsters of Phenomenal Insanity
Marital Counselors:	Misguided Married Perverted Individuals
Gay Rights:	Merry Men with Peculiarities Indicator
Lesbian Rights:	Magnificent Mammams Performing Intimately
CEOs:	Money Making with Psychotics Instrument
Pollsters:	Modified Measurement of People's Imbecility
Patent Office:	Madhouse Monitor of the Patently Insane
Dept. of Education:	Midwest Mentality Package of Imbeciles
Congressmen:	Magnetic and Mysterious Paramours' Information

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Repast

With candles lit, the table set for two,
A Flashback lures the widow to her past.
He dips his fruit into the sweet fondue
then lets her lick the sauce. She grins at last.

His flickering shadow dances a striptease
that bumps along her body in a grind.
While overcome, she drops upon her knees
to face the painful memories left behind.

Embraced by quiet evening's gentle touch,
Amnesia needs no bidding of farewell.
It tiptoes past the woman's wooden hutch
to sleep upon the heavenly stairwell.

Seduction slipped the widow past her fears
to add some sparkle in her golden years.

© 2004 by Anita Schlesinger

Note

Getting memories back that had been erased was very difficult and usually very scary. Every step of the way felt risky. Most of the time I had to find something to like about the memory in order to work through it and to move on. With my husband gone, this poem combined missing him with the frequent flashbacks of new memories coming out. This also was an assignment to write a sonnet in poetry class.

The Office

As the nervous new patient surveys the therapist's office,
she lays her hand on the arm of the red leather sofa,
accepting the therapist and furniture
to be the only supports some people have.

Curious about the scratches on a painting,
she wonders whether they were left
by a patient's fingernails
as he slid into a world of madness,
while losing his hold on sanity,
when cell phone static broke
his connection with the real world.

She sees a pile of papers
as his offering to a legal system
that collects the crumbs on the carpet –
fragments of a boy's broken heart –
along with other remnants of life
like his display of rocks,
which, formed by pressure and
hardened by hopelessness,
were removed from patient's emotional paths
and placed above his shelf of shells
that were once filled with empty lives.

As she slides her legs closer to the electric heater,
she feels the warmth some people seldom receive.
before glancing over his degrees and certificates,
gathered in his search to recover lost minds.

A blue gym bag, lying on the floor,
seems out of place to the new patient
until she imagines it stuffed with outfits,
as armor for his body, to free those
suffering from the tyranny of fear.

Then, while looking at a corner of the room,
the woman relaxes.

In an office devoted to broken lives
sits an empty trashcan –
because life is too precious to toss away.

-- written by Anita Schlesinger
© 2003 by William L. Higgins, Ph. D.

The Psychologist

A woman confided in William
she knew that she had twenty million
reflections to write
in journals each night
but his printing them made her vermilion.

He said, "My most noble profession
has given me total discretion
of putting in writing
a case that's exciting.
Your life is my private possession."

"Just trust me," he finally said.
So weekly, in spite of her dread,
he made sure each visit
was taped in exquisite
detail as he played with her head.

© 2001 by Anita Schlesinger

Note: He was a sex therapist.

Therapy

Sessions with my therapist
are like walking through a meadow,
enjoying sunshine and wildflowers,
when a burr, blown by the wind,
buries its prickly husk into my butt;
and I can't shake it off.

The therapist, through pointed remarks,
shoots thorny issues into my soul,
sticking me,
irritating me,
infuriating me.

Why are burrs in the meadow
and thorns on the roses?
Why must sand grind away
at an oyster's tender body?

Exploding forces create a balance
of positive and negative,
causing the earth to rotate.
Nature survives in a stability of seasonal change
with growth welcoming both sun and snow.

To free itself of irritating sand,
an oyster creates a pearl.
After feeling its thorny husk,
I free myself of the burr
by plucking it from my pants.
Yet, this painful burr of therapy
planted a seed of peace
in my troubled mind.

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To the Man Who Bugs Me

This is one of those times when
your dung beetle DNA exerts itself,
because you live like the whole world
is one big ball of BS to push around.

I'd stomp on you, but you'd probably morph
into a stink bug before my foot came down.
Surely, someone will share your honeypot –
but only if the stench were as weak as your morals.

You're so dedicated to success
that you'll keep on rolling.
Just keep your balls
off of my property.

© 2009 by Anita Schlesinger

Note: This was written about my therapist.



Fly Fishing

He stands in the stream like a titan,
towering over the water in his waders.

In the shallows he plays
on the depth of her senses.
The line he lays in front of her
lures her to his fly,
worming his way into her realm
and hooking her needs to his.

When her deep hunger bites the bait,
he reels her in to serve,
stripped and spread out,
as his favored dish.

With the trophy tucked into his wicker creel,
the angler steps ashore
like William the Conqueror
— strong, smart, powerful —
feelings he craves.

The catch has caught him.

© 2005 by Anita Schlesinger
Photo: The American Heritage
Dictionary, 4th Edition

Note: My therapist was a champion fisherman.

Haiku
and
1 Limerick

Haiku

Nursing mother sits
on a white swing,
flowing beneath the Milky Way.

Y' Y' Y' Y' Y' Y'

Cute little bunny
and white cottontail rabbit,
forgot to eat them.

Y' Y' Y' Y' Y' Y'

Old woman in outhouse,
cracks between the boards—
she moons the Milky Way.

by Anita Schlesinger

© 2004 by Steve Kowit

Autumn Haiku

Red, orange, yellow trees –
they come and go
like drunken god vomitus.

Crispy, colorful leaves,
celebrating death as part
of eternity.

Dam(n)

Controlled flow of water –
government information –
White House beavers.

Rippled water rolls,
turnin' rough rocks to sling stones.
Earth rushin' to war.

© 2009 by Anita Schlesinger

Haiku

Like cotton candy
melting in my mouth,
my heart melts in your love's heat.

Lusting, licking, kissing,
Caressing, sucking,
our all-consuming love.

Old gray nanny goat,
eating everything in sight,
like grandma with horns.

Heavenly Haiku

Dazzling nebula,
colorful cosmic gases,
pretty planet farts.

Dazzling nebula,
colorful cosmic array,
like love at first sight.

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Road Construction Haiku

House foundations shake.
Banging noise wakes me up –
road construction begins.

The road work feels like
Father Earth is making love
to Mother Nature.

Road work sounds like
Father Earth is beating
Mother Nature to a pulp.

Maybe Mother Nature
has tied up Father Earth,
dominating him.

Mother Nature and Father Earth
need to be controlled
by Sandy cops.

Note: Sandy, Utah

I wake to the rumblings
of demon road workers,
digging pits to hell.

Like tabloids, bulldozers,
scrapers and backhoes
dig up and spread the dirt.

Road construction –
underground monsters digging
their way to the surface.

Road workers play
with big toys, getting dirty,
making a bigger mess.

Sarcastic women
protest road work and mess
with signs: “slow men at work”

Utahns don't “rock the boat.”
They shake the earth with
constant road construction.

Utah road construction
dirt blowing on my car

in the closed garage.

This road project must have
come from above because
Endless is its name.

Limerick

There was a man born blind
who said, "Sight is a state of mind."
For it seemed he saw
his wife's one flaw
as a view of all mankind.

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Nighttime Teases

All of these poems are because my husband was gone for six years, which left my imagination wondering big time.

Ambrosia

When he looked into the waiting room and saw her turn around, he thought she filled three of the seven wonders of the world. With her P-shaped figure, he assessed her act of standing to be an amazing feat of biological engineering.

He then felt as if the air ducts were sucking reality from the room, leaving him as sperm squirming through fantasies and wishing that her mini-skirt with its slit in back had a label that read, "Admitting."

As she closed her eyes and tilted back her head, she pulled in his spirit to nourish her need for man. Her body's inner rhythm beat faster, shifting her hips and chest, causing her lips, which looked like Cupid's bow, to swell from excitement.

Her breasts had the aura of two magic footballs thrown by a giant into her upper torso. By covering them with his hands, he believed he would possess the most powerful balls in the world.

While she turned her head, blonde curls that covered her rhinestone-sweatered chest motioned him to let her long thighs kiss his cheeks as he placed his family jewels with her.

She seemed so hot that the tall men beside her looked like large cans of spermicide.

When he saw that she was his next patient, he asked a colleague to take her instead then high-tailed it to a bathroom, locked the door, and discharged her from his head, leaving his fantasies behind.

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Gone with the Wind

From clouds floating above the forest,
an excited breeze blew into a hollow,
tickling tree trunks
and sliding across their stems.
As his passion grew, blades of grass,
poking above the ground,
felt the steamy air.
Rigid trees weakened and
blooming bushes begged him
to blow on them
while a flower bed was soaked
by nature's sweat.

A willow yielded her damp limbs
to the wild wind's touch -- shivering.
The howling hurricane
was heard by hazel branches
being whipped by the wind,
sending seeds swimming through the air.

With his strength spent,
the wind stood still,
and the willow's tender branches
hung limply by her side.
The air cooled
and a gentle breeze
flowed away from the forest.

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My Titanic Tits

My titanic tits are:

terrific
treasured
topnotch
towering
trophy
traditional
trendy
tempting
tantalizing
telepathic
taunting
teasing
intoxicating
trashy
taboo
tarnished
tawdry
twofold
topless
tapered
tailored
touchable
toppled
tubby
tender
ticklish
tasty
tranquilizing
transfiguring
transcendent

titillating

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Note: This is a result of being tired of trying
to find comfortable tops that fit.

On My Wife

After eight months apart,
graphing parabolas reminds me of

her touch

dainty fingers waltz across my torso to the rhythm
of a rumba, distorting my sense of time

her mouth

its red tongue, wetting her lips,
invites my thoughts into another dimension

her hair

while caressing the curve of her head,
silky strings tie my heart to hers

her breasts

like funnels of love, sensual and sweet,
fill me with passion

her legs

so smooth and soft
they spread like butter

her belly

a playground where I slide
into a warm furry furrow

her shout

my outburst
when two become one

her purr

her pause,
within my arms her peaceful spirit slips into sleep

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Retiring

At night he misses the quiet talks he had with his wife

when
his body tingled while her eyes peeled away his layers of clothing.

when
her hands sensuously stroked his torso,
singing, "I want you."

when
down her belly he signed, "I want to give you ...,"
then between her thighs he added, "... intense pleasure."

when
she blew passion in his ear, stirred up his senses and freed his feelings,
yet trapped his thoughts in a whirlwind of excitement.

when
lust raised his bar of bliss.

when
her tongue, sucking from the horn of plenty,
expressed what he could not say.

when
his thoughts that could no longer hang in suspense
fell down the slippery slope.

when
ecstasy flowed in and out on a tide of love.

when
their spirits became one and time felt eternal.

Gently, he slides his hand along the sheet where she used to lie,
bringing her back in his memories
until he can join with her again.

Seasonal Fling

The forest dance floor quaked
and rocks rolled, becoming bolder,
as brightly dressed flowers waved
seductively before leaving summer behind.
Their seasonal fling was over.

When autumn dawned, colorful mums
mimicked sagging flower stems, which
broke with the wind and withered away,
falling into cracks on the forest floor.
While the liquid of life flowed slowly,
broad leaves dried and fell from their heavenly heights
then dissolved into the shadows of the earth.

As sensual desires uprooted divine values,
blushing maples abandoned
their innocence to carnal nature.
Like flashy stars flaunting their famous features,
they needled pine trees with hollow taunts.

One by one, each tree disrobed,
flagrantly tossing its attire
to the ground,
exposing naked limbs.
In their lofty spires, pious spruce trees imitated prayer,
standing proudly in their furry coats and
snubbing every tree which shed its finery.

With their true natures laid bare,
the humble trees cried
for compassionate clouds
to cover their nakedness.
When a snowstorm clothed them
in shimmering white, the trees stood
like brides in a virgin forest.
While the white veil of snow sank into the soil,
hope sprang from the golden petals of daffodils.
Like little flower girls
they set the pace for the music of life.

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Two Sweet Sonnets

I want your tongue to feast on me tonight,
your eyes to bulge at almond mounds of joy
while tempted by my tale of pure delight
to tease me – squeeze me -- like your candy toy.

Like glaze upon a donut, soft and sweet,
like silver 'pareils poked upon a kiss,
like crystal honey melting in love's heat,
we'll blend our passion into fruitful bliss.

While clouds of cream slide through the malted sky
o'er cocoa tides with orange setting sun,
we'll sleep upon a spicy pumpkin pie,
my tart beside your steamy honey bun.

At dawn we wake as pink marshmallow chicks
are peeping from a cage of lic'rice sticks."

We stroll upon a peanut brittle bridge
that stretches cross a sticky car'mel stream.
While banks of fudge-filled brownies form a ridge,
Italian sculptured ice lets out a scream.

Some gummy snakes are slith'ring through the drink.
The brittle breaks. A snick'ring bar yells, "Schnook!"
We fall in quickly, nestling as we sink,
but fireballs melt the jellies into gook.

We hike the ice cream mountains' rocky road
and lay banana logs onto a fire.
You lick me clean as cherry bombes explode
and feed our appetites on passion's pyre.

Ah – sweet forbidden tastes that we pursue –
they never fill me up as much as you.

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Prose

Wait Exercises

(Stream of consciousness)

The sign at the door: "William L. Higgins, Ph.D."

Waiting room. No receptionist. No secretary.
Sit and wait.

Very quiet in here. Like a sensory deprivation chamber. Seeing things not really there. No tactile sensations. Need to touch and be touched. Need to feel.

H – I – G – G – I – N – S. He – is – good – getting – inside – neglected – skirts.
Ph.D. Phantasy Director or Phenomenal Derrière?

Feeling nervous. I'm here about fear. Get so scared that fear becomes scarred and callous, mimicking courage and strength.

Some problems are scary.

Fear. Find a place where no one will see me – watch me. Hide a bright mind in sunlight. Hide emotions with a smile and showing concern. Be gentle.

Face fear with perseverance to overcome it.

See reflection in glass door. Who is that? Hardly recognize myself. Feel like a shape-shifter, wondering what I really look like and who I really am. It practically never looks like me.

Black metal sculpture. Head screwed on two pole legs. Head now missing.
Stolen. Personality snatchers in my past, too. Consented to altered personality.
Had to.

Toys on floor. Wooden blocks with letters.

He said he can rebuild my personality. Is that possible?

"You are who I say you are." Am I?

How does he know what my real personality is?

I am real. I am not imaginary.

What is real? Is Higgins an hallucination or a bad dream?

Let this be over. Let me wake up! Ple-e-ase.

Children's books. Toys. Plastic knight on horse.

William the Conqueror of Mental Distress and his nobles: Steed, Sir Lie-a lot, and Lady Fairgame. Threats, present but unseen, reduce the lady's struggle against the conqueror. He saves her from herself, from others, from a wizard's illusions.

Magazines on driftwood table. Disappear into travel magazine. Thoughts ride in a late model auto Suggestion LXE to float on Imagination Bay in the State of Compliance.

Boredom walks into the room – paces, drawing attention to itself.
Doesn't want to talk. Finally sits, sinking into overstuffed chair of despair. Needs the five common senses to extract him: humor, accomplishment, entitlement, right and wrong.

Quiet. Stillness. No clock. No sense of time. Feels like a different dimension.
Only sense of events.

Who do I pay today? What is my balance? Is it unbalanced?
Accounts kept by bookkeeper with dyscalcula.
Checks deposited into account abyss.
Statements printed on Enigma machine and
mailed according to mythical calendar.

It's time.
No-show therapist. Running late?
Feel abandoned on Road to Recovery.
Five more minutes – if no show, I leave.
Stare at hallway. No movement. No life. All inorganic.
Four more minutes then I leave.
Stare at ceiling. Nine cobwebs. No spider. Webs abandoned too
Three more minutes to lift up.
I'll have time to shop. Shoe store, bookstore, department store. Restaurant.
Movie. Fun time. Am smiling.
Two more minutes till happy time!

Oh. Disappointment. Here he comes, spoiling a good time. I don't want to be here. Why do this? What good is therapy anyway? It's good for his bottom line.

Buy time. Make him feel urgent need to visit the men's room.
He walks out. Good.
Time to get ready.
I hate therapy. Don't want to be here. Why be here? Nothing is accomplished.
For me anyway. A big waste of time. Better spent shopping. Doing something practical. Useful. He probably laughs at how messed up I am.

Higgins is priggin' for friggin' with Megan.

Oh. He's back. He should drink more.
Change thoughts. Get serious. Show some respect but don't overdo it. Hell!
Forget the respect. Just get through it.
Maybe someone will call in about 20 minutes. A judge. That would be nice.
Then more time to shop and enjoy.

He smiles with "after you" swirl of his arm toward the room.
"Welcome to my parlor," said the spider to the fly. I know how the fly felt.

He sits down, brief smile, then serious, staring eyes. Cold staring.
I want to leave. Feel uncomfortable.

Should talk a while before phone call comes. Make it seem natural. Try to relax a little.

It's boring just sitting here. It would be too impolite to work a puzzle or play solitaire now. Damn. There's nothing to do. Then stare back. Look through him then watch him shift positions. Shift with him. Play with it. Play with him. Make him do something.

I shouldn't control him during a session.
Then, give him choices. Give him a dilemma.
Hell! Just leave him alone!

What else is there to do?
Why can't there be something else to do while talking here?

What time is it? Thirty minutes to go?! Shouldn't have looked at watch. Now, he asks a frivolous question. Why ask me that? Just to keep me from eyeing the time? I don't want to talk about feelings. Can't talk about them. I shouldn't have come. What a waste!

Ten minutes till the phone call. Maybe eight minutes now. Don't check watch again or he'll ask more stupid questions.

Knock on door. Secretary's back. He opens it. Phone call! "Will be right back."
He leaves. Returns. It's THE phone call! Session over! He apologizes. "It's okay," I say with a big grin. It's happy time!
He turns and stops. Looks upset. He says I'm not going to get away with this and that he's going to ask about my feelings every week.
Yeah, right. Like I can't think of how to prevent that.
He turns and leaves.

I hate therapy. Can't take this again next week. Don't make another appointment yet.

I rush out the door. Feeling of relief. Life is good again. Made it through another session.

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Dick and Jane Saga

The Library

See Jane. Jane is in a library. Library is a big word. It is a big building. It has books. It has many, many books. A library has tables and chairs, too.

Jane sits in a chair. The chair is at a table. Jane sees a book. See Dick. Dick holds the book. Dick sits at the table with Jane. Jane likes the book. She likes Dick, too. Jane likes to read. She reads Dick. Dick reads Jane. They smile. They smile because they like to read. Dick and Jane like what they read.

The book has a cover. The cover keeps the book clean. The library has dirt. Dirt blows onto the cover of the book. Jane wants to keep the book clean. She can blow the dirt away. Blow, Jane, blow. Dick is happy. The cover is clean.

Jane wants to get between the covers of the books. She wants to get between the covers with Dick, too. The covers will not keep Jane clean. The covers will not keep Dick clean. Dick and Jane will be dirty. Dirty Jane. Dirty Dick. Dick and Jane blow the library.

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New Car Smell

See Jane. She is happy. See Dick. Dick is happy. Dick and Jane have a new car. They like their new car. The new car is white. The seats are soft. The seats feel smooth and soft. Dick says that Jane feels smooth and soft, too.

Dick says, "Let's ride in the car, Jane."

Jane says, "Yes, Dick. Take me for a ride."

Dick likes to take Jane. Jane feels good in the new seat. She likes the smell of a new car. Dick likes the smell of a new car, too.

Dick puts his key in the hole.

"Turn it on, Dick," says Jane.

Dick pats the wheel and says, "My baby."

Dick loves his new car. Dick turns his baby on. Dick's baby purrs. Spot barks. Dick opens the car door.

"Get in, Spot."

Spot jumps into the car. Spot likes to ride with Dick and Jane. Dick drives the new white car. See Dick go. Go, Dick, go.

Dick asks Jane, "Are you hungry?"

Jane says, "Yes, I am."

"What do you want to eat?" asks Dick.

Jane looks at Dick. Jane smiles at Dick.

"I want a chili dog and soda pop," she says.

A chili dog is not a cold dog. A chili dog is not a pet. It is not dog meat. A chili dog is a sausage with chili on it. Sausage is a new word. It sounds like saw sage. Sausage is fat and organ meat. The meat is chopped up. The meat is pushed into belly tubes from dead animals.

Chili with an "i" is not a country. Chile with an "e" is a country. People in Chile eat chili. People in Chile do not eat dogs. They eat gerbils.

Jane drinks soda pop. Soda pop is not medicine. It does not make Jane's body better. Soda pop has bubbles. Jane drinks the bubbles. The bubbles go inside Jane. Beans are in chili. Beans make bubbles, too. Jane is eating. Jane is bubbly.

Dick says, "Let's go to school. Little Dick is in school. Little Dick can ride in the new car."

"Yes," says Jane. "Let's go to school."

Dick drives the new car to school. He parks the car. Dick points to the car roof. Jane looks up. She can see through the roof. A window is in the roof.

"This is a sunroof, Jane. It opens."

Dick opens the sunroof. Jane can see the pretty sky. She can feel the air. It is warm air. Dick leaves Jane and Spot in the car. Jane is smiling. Jane feels bubbly. Uh-oh, Jane. Jane has bubble trouble. The belly bubbles want to leave Jane. They want to leave the car, too. Jane lets the belly bubbles leave her body.

P U! P and U are letters. They are letters in the alphabet. These two letters mean something. P U means that something stinks. P U, bubbles, P U! Jane does not like the smell. She does not like belly bubble trouble. The bubbles fly through the sunroof. Jane lets a lot of bubbles fly.

Look, Jane, look! See the birds? They are seagulls. Hello, seagulls! The seagulls are flying. They are flying in a circle. The birds are flying in a circle over the new car. Seagulls eat dead things. Seagulls look for dead things. Where is the dead thing, Jane? Help the birds find the dead thing.

Spot is a dog. Dogs can smell very well. Spot sees the seagulls. Where is the dead thing, Spot? Spot sees Jane. Jane smells dead. Spot licks Jane. Jane is alive. Spot looks at the seagulls circling the car. Spot looks back at Jane. See Spot shake his head.

See Dick. Dick gets in the car. Dick smells the car. Dick feels sick. He sees the birds. Dick laughs. Ha, ha, ha. Dick laughs outside the car. The wind blows the smell away. The seagulls fly away. Good-bye, seagulls, good-bye. Jane closes the sunroof. Dick gets in and closes the car door.

Jane asks, "Where is Little Dick?"

"He is inside," says Dick. "I have to take a paper to the teacher."

Dick gets the paper for the teacher. Dick goes into the school with the paper.

Uh-oh. Jane feels more belly bubbles. Look out, Spot! See Spot look for a place to hide. The car is too small for Spot to hide in. The bubbles fly in the car. They cannot get out of the car. Spot and the bubbles want to get out of the car. See Spot hide his nose. The bubbles fly in the car. Please, Jane, open the window. Jane puts the door window down.

Look, Jane, look! See the birds? The seagulls are back. The seagulls are flying in circles. They are flying in circles over the door window. Spot, see the seagulls. Where is the dead thing, Spot? See Spot lick Jane's face. Animals like Jane.

See Dick. See Little Dick. Dick and Little Dick get in the car.

Little Dick says, "P U, Mommy!"

Little Dick is learning the alphabet.

Big Dick sees the seagulls. He smells the car -- again. Dick is surprised.

Dick asks, "Where is that new car smell, Jane?"

Spot did not leave a spot in the car. Jane left a new car smell.

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Note:

This actually happened to a friend and me when we drove her new white car with a sunroof.

The Gym

See Jim. Jim is big. Jim is in a gym. Gym has the same sound as Jim. A gym is a place to make a body better. A better body is a stronger body. Everybody gets a better body at a gym.

The gym makes Jim feel jim-dandy. He feels more manly. He feels stronger. Jim is a he-man. Jim goes to the gym to be strong and slim.

See Dick. Dick is in the gym with Jim. Dick is small. Dick wants to be big and strong. Jim likes being pumped up. Dick likes to be pumped up, too.

Dick likes to stretch in the gym. Stretch is a new word. To stretch is to make longer. Dick wants to be long and strong. So Dick stretches. When Dick is all stretched out, he stops stretching. He rests.

Dick wants to make his body better on a machine. See Jim. Jim is sitting. He is sitting on a machine. He is sitting on a machine that Dicks wants to use. Jim pulls on ropes. The ropes lift weights. Weight w-e-l-g-h-t has the same sound as wait w-a-i-t. A weight w-e-l-g-h-t is a load. A heavy weight is a heavy load. A light weight is not a bright load. It is a weak load. Jim lifts heavy weights on the machine.

Dick wants to use the machine, but Jim is on it. Wait, Dick, wait. Dick waits for the weights. Jim sees Dick. Jim sneers at Dick. A sneer is a mean smile. Dick makes a silly smile at Jim. Jim thinks that Dick is a light weight.

Look at Dick. Look at Jim. Look at Jane. Look, look, look. Dick and Jim look at Jane. They look and look and look. Dick and Jim do not look the same as Jane. Dick is a man. Jim is a man. Jane is a woman. Dick says that woman comes from man. Jane says that man comes from woman. Who is right? Are they both right?

Dick says that woman means, "Woe to man."

Jane says that woman means, "Whoa, man."

See Jim. Jim has big muscles. See Jane. Jane has small muscles.

See Dick. See Dick's muscles? Where are Dick's muscles? Dick's muscles are smaller than Jim's muscles. Dick's muscles are smaller than Jane's muscles, too.

Jim wants his muscles to be hard. Dick wants to be hard, too.

Dick's chest is smaller than Jane's chest. See Jane's chest? It is big. Jim sees Jane's chest. Dick sees Jane's chest.

Jane's chest muscles are small, but her chest is big. Jane's chest has two hills. The hills fill with fat and milk. Dick says that Jane's hills are the cream of his dreams.

Her chest hills are bigger than Jim's chest. Jim's chest is broader than Jane's chest. Yet, Jim calls Jane a broad.

Jane's muscles do not lift weights. They hold milk. Jim wants to taste Jane's milk.

See Jane. Jane is in the gym. Jim sees Jane. Jane sees Jim. Jim thinks Jane's body looks better than other bodies. He likes Jane's body. Jane likes Jim's body. He looks slim. Jane likes slim Jim.

See the treadmill. A treadmill is a machine with a belt. Jane stands on the belt. Jane turns it on. The belt goes round and round. The belt is tight. Jane likes a tight belt.

Jim has a belt. His belt is tight, too. Jane turns Jim on. Jim wants to loosen his belt for Jane. Will Jane like a loose belt?

Jane's runs on the treadmill. When the belt moves slowly, Jane moves slowly. When the belt moves fast, Jane moves fast. Jane is moving fast. Jane is fast.

Jane runs but goes nowhere. She says that her life is like a treadmill. Jane and the treadmill are alike. Jane wants her life to change. Get off the treadmill, Jane!

Jane breathes hard. To pant is to breathe hard. Jane pants. Pant. Pant.

Jim pants, too. Look at Jim's pants. They are wet. Look at Jim's tee-shirt. It is wet. The wet is sweat.

Jane sees Jim. Jane sees Jim in his wet tee-shirt. Jane thinks that Jim is hot. Heat is hot. Feel the heat. Wet heat is called steam. Jane says that Jim is steamy. Do you see steam on Jim? Do you see steam on Dick? Jane sees steam on Jim's chest. She sees steam on Dick's head. Jim needs cold water. Dick needs cold water.

Jim is sweating. Sniff, sniff. Smell Jim. Jim is stronger than Jane. Sniff, sniff. Sweat is not sweet. Sweat stinks. Jim's skin is sweating. Jane thinks Jim looks hot. Jane does not smell Jim's sweat. She is too far away.

Jane smells Jim's pheromes. Pheromes sounds like fair 'omes. Pheromes are like magic. Pheromes fly from Jim's skin. They land in Jane's nose. Pheromes make Jane only see Jim. They make Jane feel good about Jim. They make Jane feel hot. Jane is in heat. Watch out, Jim!

Jim thinks Jane is hot. Hot Jane. Hot Jim. Jane thinks Jim is cool.

Jim and Jane want to beat the heat.

Jane walks over to meet Jim. She puts her hand on his chest. His chest feels hard.

Jane says, "Ooh! I like your chest."

Jim wants to feel Jane's chest, but he does not try.

Jim says, "I like your chest, too."

Jim smiles. Jane smiles.

Jim looks good but has bad thought. Do you have bad thoughts? If you do, turn to a new story.

Jane does not have bad thoughts. Jane is hungry. She wants a Slim Jim. Jim wants Jane.

Jim says, "Would you like something to eat?"

Jane makes a big smile, "Yes!"

Jane sees Jim slide his hand into his pant's pocket. His pocket is long. Jim pulls out a Slim Jim. Jim gives the Slim Jim to Jane. She strips the paper from the Slim Jim. She slides it into her mouth. Jim sees it jerk while Jane chews. It jerks up and down and in and out. It is spicy. Jane likes a spicy Slim Jim.

Pant. Pant. Jim is breathing hard. Pant. Pant.

Jane has eaten her spicy jerky. She is still hungry. Jim has no more jerky in his pocket for Jane. Jane pouts. She wants a surprise.

Jim says, "I have a surprise for you, Jane."

Jim will let Jane find it.

Dick has a surprise, too.

He tells Jane, "My surprise is not slim like Jim's."

What will Jane do? Where will Jane find the surprise? Will Dick leave? Will Jane find Dick? What will Jane do? Can you guess where the surprise is hidden? Ask your teacher for the right answers.

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There, There, Bad Hair

The sky is gray. It is full of clouds. The clouds are puffy. Jane's eyes are puffy, too. The air is damp. Jane's eyes are damp, too.

Jane says, "I hate my hair!"

There, there, there, Jane. Jane is having a bad hair day.

Jane says, "It will not curl. It will not tease. It will not lay straight. It will frizz."

Jane is in a tizzy since her hair is very frizzy. But, Jane is not right. She is wrong. Do you see why Jane is wrong?

Jane's hair *does* curl. It has lots and lots of curls. They are small curls. The small curls are crispy. Jane likes crispy toast. She likes crispy chips. Jane does not like small crispy curls.

She says, "It's unfair to have bad hair."

What will Jane do? Jane puts hair gel on the curls. She dries the gel. The small curls are a little larger. Jane pushes her fingers through her hair. Crunch, crunch, crunch. Now, Jane has crunchy curls.

Jane says, "I need help!"

See the street. See the shop. See Jane. Jane is in a hair salon. A hair salon is a shop where people make hair look better. A hair stylist makes hair look better. See the chairs. See the mirrors. See the faces in the mirrors. The faces look scared.

See Jane sit in a chair. See Jane's face in the mirror. It looks angry.

"I can repair your hair," says the hair stylist.

See Jane look hopeful.

"I shall cut it off!"

Now, see Jane look scared.

There, there, there. It's only hair. It will grow again.

Snip, snip, snip. Goodbye, small curls. Snip, snip, snip. Goodbye.

Buzz, buzz, buzz. See the razor. Hear the razor buzz. Buzz, buzz, buzz. See the hair fall. See Jane's face fall, too.

See Jane's eyes. They are big. Surprise, surprise. Jane looks surprised. This kind of surprise is called shock. Shock is a new word. It means "how could I have been so dumb."

Jane's hair is shorter than Dick's. Dick has short curly hair. Jane has short straight hair. The curls are on the floor.

There, there, there. It's only hair. It will grow again.

Jane thinks, "I can always color it."

Look, Jane! Look! See the store. It is a wig store. Go to the wig store, Jane.

See Jane walk past the wig store. See Jane drive home.

Jane is having a bad hair day. She will have a bad hair day tomorrow, too. For four months she will have a lot of bad hair days.

See Jane smile.

Jane says, "I have lots of hats. There are no bad hats."

Goodbye, Jane.

Hello, funny hat days.

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A Hermit's Story

Once upon a time there lived a little hermit in a forest. He lived alone and avoided people like hermits do.

One day this little hermit said, "I'm tired of being a hermit because nobody talks to me. I want people to talk to me and to like me."

So, the hermit wasn't a hermit anymore because he went out into society. But, people still wouldn't talk to him since he smelled bad, didn't take baths, ate strange food, talked differently, couldn't understand slang, couldn't carry on a decent discussion, was chronically unemployed, and had bad manners. In general, he had never adjusted to society.

He tried so hard to make people like him that he developed an additional behavioral problem. To correct these problems, he sought psychological help. When psychologists tested him and labeled him, they offered no constructive comments, only labels and definitions, leaving him worse off than before.

Finally, one old, wise psychologist said, "Man, you stink. You talk weird. You come on strong. You don't eat right. You just don't fit in. You're going to have to adjust to society by doing what other people do. Imitate them. They like that."

So, the little man copied other people and people accepted him. But, he felt bad and was always sad.

He returned to the old, wise psychologist and said, "Why do I feel sad a lot.?"

The old, wise psychologist said, "You are not yourself. You are like too many other people. Pick out the things you copied that you like and be that way. Then, make the other things that you like, but society doesn't like, acceptable and a part of society. Make other people like the things you do by enticing them into it."

The little man beamed and walked out, thinking that this was going to be a happy life after all. He did the things he liked and people accepted him again. Some people even copied him.

He thought, "Those people who are copying me are trying to be accepted also. Everybody's trying to be accepted. The real things like spiritual and physical cleanliness and love are what's really acceptable."

So the little man preached this to everyone and everyone repeated his words. But all did not live happily ever after since people found both spiritual and physical cleanliness along with loving others hard to do. Instead, they chose to display an image of cleanliness and love. The little man understood this and returned to the woods and became a hermit again.

However, some people sincerely wanted to know the true way to live and sought him out, starting a colony. But children grew up in the colony who refused to accept the little man's principles to happy living, and they were kicked out of the colony. Then, the people in the colony lived happily ever after.

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Final Thoughts

I gave the copyrights to some poems to people on the condition that I get to use those poems in any way I please without gaining their permissions.

They agreed. They had to.

Otherwise, they would not have gotten the copyrights.