

Poetry Series

Charles Hancock

- poems -

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Charles Hancock()

2016 Class Reunion Poem

Michelle, our fearless leader
And an ardent fan of Justin Beiber
Trumpeted a need for a meeting
For the time remaining was fleeting

We needed to plan for our class alumni
To come together and jam to Air Supply,
Blondie, Van Halen, Waylon, and Willie
Also, to eat, drink, laugh, and be silly

So Dwayne, Chuck, Denise, Sherri,
And Michelle met to make it legendary
After many beverages at The Chateau
We found we still needed a place to go

Denise posed the Conservation Club
Where we could grill our grub,
And do something fun like corn hole
This fit into the class bankroll

Our conversations did often roam
Who left town and who stayed at home
Yarns about aches, pains, and bad knees
Yes, even of our colonoscopies

Sherri took on the reunion book
And Ryan designed our t-shirt look
The guys agreed to do the burger burn
But if you want, you can have a turn

Though not involving blood, sweat, & tears
The result did take a few cold beers
Our goal was to give to each classmate
Something special; something to celebrate

For some of us, life has been a real slugfest
But we believe our group is truly blessed
So here's to you, Class of 1981
Have a good time and lots of fun

Charles Hancock

A Boy Named Samuel

We have a son, Samuel is his name
He has a twin, but they aren't the same

As a baby, I felt his name should be Taz
Hell in diapers, he was full of pizzazz

The smaller of the two, soon he grew
Now, he is taller by an inch or two

Stubborn as a mule, proud as a peacock
An avid reader, who doesn't go for baby talk

We love him even when he gives us gray hairs
We always remember him in our nightly prayers

Charles Hancock

A Conspiracy Of Silence

It was a strange but not unusual alliance
That involved a conspiracy of silence
Yet he knew better, but still hoped for
Something she continued to ignore

She just didn't want to openly say
The rejecting words that sound so cliché
She felt it was for the best to postpone
Saying there's no escaping the friend zone

He was spellbound in his fantasy romance
If only she would give him a half a chance
He would be able to ascend
Past his title of close friend

They became cronies in the eighth grade
And that's been well over a decade
However, the skinny girl with braces
Briskly grew in all the right places

By and by, he fell for her; head over heels
If only she could feel what he feels
Surely, she could learn to love him
Privately, he knew his chances were slim

Charles Hancock

A Few Of The Finer Things

A few of the finer things I enjoy
With my very own Helen of Troy
Who I love my heart and soul

Watching the clouds roll in
Feeling the raindrops begin
Hearing the thunder roll

Eating burgers at a greasy spoon
Holding hands under a midnight moon
Taking our after-supper stroll

Mowing with the red Snapper
Listening to the bug zapper
Planting flowers on the knoll

Saturday night pillow talks
Sunday afternoon walks
Dancing to classic rock-n-roll

Hugs out-of-the-blue
Spending time with you
Dammit kiss me; before I lose control

Charles Hancock

A First Date

I was enjoying being alone
In my dimly lit comfort zone
Reading about Joey Ramone
In the latest issue of Rolling Stone

'Hey ho, let's go' I awkwardly sang
Then the kitchen telephone rang
I heard a hello with a country twang
It was that girl I wanted to bang

I was a little nervous at first
Took a drink to quench my thirst
Pick-up lines were well rehearsed
But still, planned for the worst

She was returning my earlier call
Felt a tightness in my abdominal wall
Would she go to the shopping mall?
Watch a movie starring Steven Seagal?

Maybe go eat and then roller skate?
Impress her with my one-legged figure eight
Whatever she wants, I'll accommodate
I swallowed hard and asked her for a date

My stomach was full of butterflies
She said yes much to my surprise
Wow, talk about the highest of highs
Jokingly, I asked if she liked french fries

She forced a laugh at my juvenile joke
Burn! She asked if I was cheap or just broke
I nearly died from a massive stroke
Said I didn't mean it, I just misspoke

That moment is when we both knew
No telling what this would develop into
I suggested chicken cordon bleu
At a new restaurant named Katmandu

But that is all long ago in the past
Time was slow then, now it's fast
Grateful she said yes when I asked
For today, she takes my name at last

Charles Hancock

A Loving Cup

She often sits on the grass
While sipping sangria from a tall glass
She loves spending time outside
Memories roll in like the high tide

Thoughts which bring on a grin
Like his fingertips on her skin
Oh, if she only had a shiny nickel
For all the times he made her giggle

His deployment will soon be up
To once again share a loving cup
Under a bright moonbeam
Is her favorite daydream

He'll be eligible to retire next May
Now that his brown hair has gone gray
And the lines in his face have grown
From his multiple trips to a combat zone

Each is the owner of the other's heart
Though the world tried to tear them apart
So she'll continue to wait patiently
For the man she loves faithfully

Charles Hancock

A Small Town Saturday Night

I was eating a burger at the Milky Way
When I saw her walk past the Corner Cafe
She was the most beautiful woman by far
Had to talk to her before she got to her car

I got the attention of my waitress, Lucille
And paid her for my half eaten meal
I had to hastily get out of the door
To ask her to meet me on the dance floor

Yes, I was a bit afraid, I have to admit
But I dug down deep and found my grit
No, I can't dance to save my life
Not like I was asking her to be my wife

I told her that I saw her by happenstance
And wondered if she'd care to dance
She looked at me and asked, here?
I stated there's a community dance very near

They have one every other week
In the lodge across from the boutique
She said sure, she'd give it a shot
And she'd meet me in the parking lot

That was a year ago yesterday
The night we spent dancing away
What a special evening for me
We had our first kiss at half past three

It's hard to beat a small town Saturday night
Where the world doesn't spin at the speed of light
To celebrate, we went out for ice cream
Me, vanilla; her, chocolate extreme

Charles Hancock

A Southern Indiana Christmas

It's Merry Christmas time in Southern Indiana□
The farmers have picked all the beans and corn
Please, please will you come visit me Santa?
Our tree is up and lights and decorations do adorn

Our family is blessed with God's good grace
We have a red tractor and a barn with a silo
Dad likes his old Farmall but I want a Case
So St. Nick, please give me a jolly "ho ho ho"

I love to eat barbeque and catfish, it's true
And go to all the festivals to feed on German food
I root for IU and sometimes even Purdue
So please check your list carefully, I've been good

Mom's preparing a baked ham and an apple pie
I'll say my prayer and go fast to sleep
So please stopover Santa Claus, I won't spy
I'm like Honest Abe, a promise I keep

Christmas morn, I'll be at church with good folk
Hoping the good Lord blesses me with another year
A stocking full of coal, I'll laugh at that joke
My gift is my salvation, of this, it's crystal clear

Charles Hancock

A Thousand

I wrote you a thousand love letters
in the sand
Enough to fill my heart's ledgers
with Cupid's shorthand

I sang you a thousand love songs
in the night
I hear bells, whistles, and gongs
every time we reunite

I dreamed a thousand dreams
about you
My heart bursts at its seams
with each fantasy debut

I gave you a thousand kisses
while you slept
Now that we're Mr. and Mrs.,
my vows will be kept

Charles Hancock

A Wonderful Shame

Oh, it's a wonderful shame
You took back your maiden name
I'm sick of your endless blame game

Bless your stone cold heart
And your self-serving shopping cart
Not getting this external body part

It's a far, far better thing that I do
That I'd go as far as Katmandu
Just to keep you out of my view

It's time for a not-so-fond farewell
Don't nag Alexander Graham Bell
And I'll do the same, as well

Charles Hancock

Aspire To Acquire

I aspire to acquire
a beautiful blue sapphire
I'd be so very saddened
if it never happened

Yes, it is true
It's tantamount to
a strong sexual desire
Bewitching as St. Elmo's fire

I'd admire that heirloom stone
It's allure is so well known
My own little Star of Bombay
St. Valentines day-everyday

Still I want you to know
I'd be willing to forego
my materialistic bliss
for your heartfelt kiss

Charles Hancock

Backstairs And Love Affairs

Stealthily climbing the secluded backstairs
Pursuing one of my many illicit love affairs
Secret passions fulfilled in sweaty haste
Giving me your tender body to taste

I'm shallow, superficial, and I want it all
Yes, you are but another trophy on my wall
The thrill of the chase gives me a rush
Close your eyes, don't speak...hush

None can get to my cold and calloused heart
Stonewall; the name of my complex body part
We each got what we wanted and now I must run
Still empty inside, I'll return with the next setting sun

Charles Hancock

Banana Republic

I woke up next to a dark haired young chick
After a sweaty night of wine, women, and song
In my favorite Banana Republic
Where it's hard to do any wrong

For just a little jack, I live like a king
Cars, discos, booze, blow, and caviar
My swag arrives weekly via aluminum wing
A cash filled duffle bag and a fine Cuban cigar

I'm aware that some frown upon my deeds
It seems that lawyers, guns, and money
Is what it takes to deal with my legal needs
I create my own land of milk and honey

For I have the connections between here
And Little Havana, and on to points beyond
To look at me, I'm just a Gringo, a sightseer
Yet, if special agents arrive, I'm prepped to abscond

It seems my export business ran afoul
Of some heroic Elliott Ness wannabe
He and his men are always on the prowl
But they are just monkeys dancing to my calliope

Charles Hancock

Bandage The Damage

Bandage the damage
Drop excess baggage
Heal my heart
Love a la carte

Tounge-in-cheek
Moments we sneak
Abstract inside jokes
Green beans and artichokes

A new door to open
Pillow talk yet unspoken
Virgin seas to sail
Favorable winds prevail

The glass slipper fits
Raise a grail of spirits
Hand in hand
Dance to Dixieland

A day in a life
New man and wife
A night on the town
Jump up and down

Charles Hancock

Beautiful Women And Dog Days

I hit the beach running
Shapely babes are sunning
Oiled up so they won't burn
After a while, they turn

Skimpy swimwear does abound
Makes me want to hang around
Cut-off jeans, bikini, or a thong
I can gawk at them all day long

The afternoon sun and heat
Tops shed by the indiscreet
I love to see titillating tan lines
Jiggling bosoms and round behinds

Beautiful women and dog days
Laying there in the sun's rays
Oh what you do to me
Fruit of the forbidden tree

It's ever so hard to say no
My head swiveling to and fro
But I know where my heart lay
I may look but I won't stray

Charles Hancock

Beguiled

Time winked and smiled
At the perpetually beguiled
For time always knew
We do not have a clue

Sun will rise and sun will set
Performing its poised minuet
Seasons come and seasons go
Akin to the endless tidal flow

The season we enjoy the most
Will all to soon give up the ghost
The time of year we like the least
Is what we are often bequeathed

Summer and winter, spring and fall
Always answer to the muster call
Before our time comes and goes
Play 'get your grandchild's nose'

It is said money can't buy love
For that is a gift from up above
So love your family and friends
Soon enough, we'll meet our ends

Charles Hancock

Billy Idol

I was getting an earful of Billy Idol
His melody filled up the airspace
But what was that darn title

Oh yes, 'Eyes Without A Face'
It is sort of a haunting tune
I adjusted the treble and bass

And listened to him croon
He has such a voluminous sound
Did he make the ladies swoon?

I bet he had a lot of groupies around
And didn't go for any temperance
In a rich and fertile hunting ground

Getting some anatomical reference
After giving his nightly recital
Must be great, if you get my inference

Charles Hancock

Blink Of An Eye

In a blink of an eye
You make me smile
That, I cannot deny

You make me smile
Lying next to you
It's all worthwhile

Lying next to you
Dreams of tomorrow
From out of the blue

Dreams of tomorrow
Us-forever and a day
Like Mount Kilimanjaro

Us-forever and a day
For loving you
Will never be pass'e

Charles Hancock

Blue-Collar Man

Marching through the municipal park in the early night
A lamppost, stars, and the rising moon are my guiding light
Cognizant of the nocturnal street noises coming from town
Confident that before long, the madness will settle down

Spying young lovers under a majestic old oak tree
Lips and hands as busy as the proverbial worker bee
Autumn leaves and twigs crunch beneath me as I stroll
Making my way to my favorite local watering hole

A tall frosty mug or two tends to do me some good
More than that and I'm liable to be misunderstood
Then get my woman, go grab a burger, and off to bed
Tomorrow...back at it with the rest of the living dead

For I am what I am, a proud, blue-collar, working man
Hard at it; I pay my taxes, and also into my pension plan
All the while, our government whittles freedoms away
Long forgotten what was gained on Independence Day

Charles Hancock

Body And Soul

Vacant bedroom
Empty cup of tea
Lingering perfume
Bowl of potpourri

Music box on the bed
Photographs and memories
Old cards and letters reread
Life's methodologies

An open hope chest
Made from a cedar tree
Nothing to suggest
Where she can be

Bright summer night
Don't have a clue
Hope she is all right
Where did she go to

Hear her now
She took a stroll
Missed my frau
Body and soul

Charles Hancock

Bottle Fatigue

His headache is major league
He is a victim of bottle fatigue
He zealously rang in the new year
Partying with bourbon and beer

Yet again she is singing the blues
Knows he's been hitting the booze
She can only forgive up to a point
One day he'll wind up in the joint

The former prom king and queen
Now the liquor makes him mean
Petty promises of reforming his life
But its been nothing but strife

Bags are packed and she is ready
Everything is heaped into the Chevy
The trip home will take a few hours
No time to stop and smell the flowers

Another relationship gone sour
Casualty of perpetual happy hour
Their young love came and went
Because he's alcohol-dependent

Charles Hancock

Bourbon

The night started with shots of bourbon
After that, nothing is certain
So it wasn't that big of a surprise
To open my bloodshot eyes

And to find someone sleeping next to me
So I'm laying here wondering who is she
My arm is under her and is numb
And my head feels like a bongo drum

Sunlight is filtering under the window blind
I lie here with heavy heart and a brooding mind
And I feel I just need to be embalmed
Wow, her hair appears to be platinum blond

I always have a sense of dissatisfaction
And I slowly begin my arm extraction
I need to do this and not wake her
Oh crap, she is starting to stir

Good, she rolled over and I'm free
Another cruel Sunday morning reality
After a Saturday night deadpan romance
Now, if I can only find my pants

Charles Hancock

Broken Dreams

I wandered aimlessly up and down my street of broken dreams
How did my life turn out this way? It's all wrong, or so it seems
Grand illusions were crushed, ripped apart, tattered, and torn
A heart, once full of vim and vigor, now all tired out and worn

Must I run the gauntlet 'tween hellish heartache and perpetual pain?
Will this be my epitaph? Do I need to "cowboy up" like John Wayne?
Dare I take yet another chance at love? Do you think I really should?
Do I feel lucky? Could I be tough enough and be like Clint Eastwood?

Then we found each other after thirty years of being good friends
My contorted roadmap of life was chock full of twists and bends
To my amazement and great fortune, you agreed to be my wife
A fairyland new beginning, watch out world! We're high on life

Now when I lay my head down I see angel wings and finer things
Oh, how I can't wait until I see what my new life with you brings
My hopes, dreams, wants, and wishes are now shiny and glistening
We're in love. Did you hear me world? If not, better start listening

Charles Hancock

Candy Man

Hey baby, I'm your candy man
Think my price is too high
For you, I have an installment plan
Don't fret about your money supply

Think my price is too high
I guarantee its one of a kind
If you pass it up, you'll cry
Put you in the right frame of mind

I guarantee its one of a kind
Take a bite; I double-dog dare you
Now go close the venetian blind
We'll see what this develops into

Take a bite; I double-dog dare you
Everyone needs something sweet
Come on, you know you want to
Every mouthful can't be beat

Everyone needs something sweet
So go ahead and take a bite
You'll enjoy it and want a repeat
Then close you eyes and say goodnight

Charles Hancock

Carol

She became aware of voices in her head
Were they there to cause her to be misled
She hesitated and was full of doubt
Or was it her inner voice crying out

She wasn't interested in the noise
And prided herself on her poise
She desired a suitable distraction
Something to pacify her dissatisfaction

So with a quick connection to Wi-Fi
She ran across a British punk rock lullaby
The Clash 'London Calling'
Was found to be enthralling

She shut her eyes and enjoyed the melody
Tapped her foot and pondered her destiny
As the end of the tune grew near
She was ready to indulge in a cold beer

So off to where all knew who she is
And don't care if she looks a frizz
Her friends refuse to let her grieve
If only she could get her demons to leave

'Do. Or do not. There is no try' Yoda once said
When Luke was ready to give up and drop dead
Soon, back to the mountain she must climb
And as normal, she'll get it all done...just in time

Charles Hancock

Cicadas

I awoke late in the morning
The radio announcer told
Of a brutal storm warning

Ice, snow, and arctic cold
I long for balmy summer days
For the winter has grown old

I want to feel the sun's blaze
And watch cicadas fly around
In the late afternoon haze

And hear their quirky sound
Nothing says summertime
Like when they abound

The sides of trees they climb
And shed their nymph mould
So they can enter their prime

What richness will summer behold
It seems like a month of Sundays
Since the afternoon sun has been gold

Charles Hancock

Clearly Confused

She was clearly confused
Bewildered and bemused

How can it be called a civil war?
Brooding on it more and more

Dining on some jumbo shrimp
That waiter is such a wimp

Need more sweet and sour sauce
If only she had some dental floss

Hoping the bill wasn't pretty ugly
Pants are fitting a little more snugly

All in all, the meal was awfully good
Waistline was tight after she stood

Her car is parked by a Dodge Ram
Take 4th St. to avoid a traffic jam

A genuine-imitation leather purse
With a matching wallet, of course

Need to stop for some Icy Hot
Using it more often than not

It's now new and improved
Wish that store hadn't moved

A detailed summary, still to write
About that incident overnight

When the airplane crash landed
It all seems so underhanded

Was it a Peace-Keeper missile?
Admission only when it's unofficial

Working in military intelligence
Involves a certain unpleasantness

End up another unsolved mystery
In the dust bin of forgotten history

Charles Hancock

Coffee Stained Cashmere

She wore coffee stained cashmere
While reading about Shakespeare
Turned each page with great care

I didn't think she took notice of me
Standing by the fake Christmas tree
Until I spilled my cup of hot tea

I'm sure my face turned beet red
When she abruptly raised her head
Oops was the only thing she said

She gave me a grin and 'that' look
So I opened my mental playbook
Must have her by hook or by crook

Asked if I could buy her a hot mug
Of that caffeinated wonder drug
She smiled and gave me a shrug

Said she wanted something sweet
And the fudge here is hard to beat
At the coffee shop on 4th street

I took that as my official cue
So I placed an order for two
Fudge and some fresh brew

She had put out her welcome mat
Up to me to take my turn at bat
We talked about this and that

Finally she stated she had to go
But she wanted me to know
She didn't have a beau

Then she declared isn't this just grand
Such a memorable day, though unplanned
Scribbled her number on my hand

Charles Hancock

Cold Twilight

Another cold twilight was nigh
Wood smoke spewed into the sky
The daylight continued to decay
All would soon be charcoal gray

The forecast had called for a winter storm
This one seemed beyond the norm
Driving home from work was just that
Old Man Winter and I locked in mortal combat

I wasn't home to heed the warning
Will dig my car out in the morning
I got stuck with a mile and half left to go
Now I'm frosted from head to toe

Lumbering through the fresh snow
Was bone chilling, tiring, and slow
Thoughts of a blanket by the wood stove
Filled my head as I endured my rove

A few more months and we'll be at the beach
Far from Jack Frost's icy reach
Just sun, surf, sand, my woman and me
And today will be a distant memory

Charles Hancock

Cornbread, Potatoes, And Navy Beans

He sat at the stoplight with his five o' clock shadow
'She came in through the bathroom window'
was coming from the speakers of his rusted Camero

Reflecting upon another weekend that came and went
Runs a tight ship, so the money won't be all spent
Manages to keep enough for a few extras plus pay the rent

Born and raised the son of a blue-collar working stiff
Knows how to stretch a dollar and avoid a fiscal cliff
Saved for 3 months for the tattoo for his woman's midriff

She wanted the Foreigner ticket stub from their first date
His Army buddy has an ink shop and gave him a discounted rate
He'll take whatever help he can get, but isn't a cheapskate

Content with what he has and lives within his means
Everything he owns is free and clear; don't have any liens
Some nights it's cornbread, potatoes, and Navy beans

It makes no sense to work all your life just to pay a deed
Fancy cars, big boats, and summer homes, he just don't need
The good Lord provides and he's living free from want and greed

Charles Hancock

Creation

I stood west of the raising sun
And I observed daybreak in awe
Another day on Earth has begun
God's plan continues without flaw

I quietly gazed at the lunar orb
In its stealthy arc across the sky
The size of it all is hard to absorb
I can't picture it in my mind's eye

I sat alone on mountain peak
And studied the vast expanse
He created it all in one week
It all didn't happen by chance

I watched the ocean tide retreat
Away from the sandy shore
It'll come back and then repeat
Until our world is no more

I know I'm not worthy of
God's blessings and His grace
Jesus paid for our sins with His love
For you, me, and the entire human race

Charles Hancock

Damn War

Damn war drags on
Our soldiers are gone
A young father is dying
Never to see a new dawn

A broken wife is left crying
The government is lying
Old men know the difference
Industry keeps on supplying

A child sits in sweet ignorance
Waiting on Daddy's entrance
Parents lost their pride and joy
Killed stopping the menace

Always be their little boy
He volunteered to deploy
Taps, flag, and purple heart
Buried with his son's favorite toy

Charles Hancock

Darkness

Cold darkness charged in
Killed off the warming light
Notify the next of kin
Sun fell victim to night

Man-in-the-moon jeers
Peaking through a cloud
Last ray of day disappears
Never crying out loud

It's good to be near the stove
Keeping the cold night air at bay
Trusty ol' blanket is hand wove
Believe it's time to hit the hay

Another day came and went
Never to be another one like it
Though it's a reoccurring event
Sun will get its revenge bit by bit

So I kiss my woman goodnight
Pray to Jesus Christ that I awaken
For one more morning and twilight
Oh, and coffee, eggs, and bacon

Charles Hancock

Date Night

She'd nearly finished her green gater
When I informed our waiter
Of what we wanted for food and drink
I stressed to him, absolutely no pink

We just heard a six-piece band
That was billed as Sleight of Hand
For a group that hailed from Idaho
They sure knew how to play zydeco

Here comes the waiter with our booze
This next act is to play acoustic blues
They are the headliner for tonight
Their music is supposed to be out-of-sight

This band goes by the name Loaded Dice
She has a hankering for chicken and rice
And I ordered a buffalo burger and fries
The portions here are far from pint-size

I love date night with my beautiful bride
The one night a month we set aside
For good food, laughter, and song
Which helps our union to stay strong

Charles Hancock

Daughter

November winds come blowing through
And the orange and yellow leaves flew
When and where would they land
I'm sure it was where God had planned

For no one knows what tomorrow brings
One day it's laughter and wedding rings
And the next it's shock and dismay
Because it's anything but Valentine's Day

Never one to put on the Reitz
Prefer denim and boots to stilettos and glitz
But they're many things to be thankful for
Such as having a meal and a place to snore

A family that provides love and support
Is your floundering ship's safe port
And time to reflect on your trials
Knowing in the end you'll have smiles

Because you are your mother's daughter
And you refuse to just tread water
So believe in yourself and what you can do
As you get Mommy hugs from your crew

Charles Hancock

Days Of Wine And Roses

Back in the days of wine and roses
Photographs were perfect poses
Of a happy young couple grinning
We were at the top of the first inning

Children, orthodontist, mortgage, overdrawn,
Car payments, charge cards, and so on
Both of us had to work just to get by
It seemed like I was nothing more than a fall guy

Gawked in the mirror at the lines on my face
Concluded that I wanted out of the rat race
Came upon the seventh inning stretch
And I still felt like a dog playing fetch

Sick of the debt that we amassed
Had to make a transformation and make it fast
Learned to love the simple things in life
Everything else caused nothing but strife

Grandchildren are playing on the grass
Chasing a football after a errant pass
It's now the top of inning number nine
In spite of it all, life turned out just fine

Charles Hancock

Denim & Leather

She was pleasingly clad in denim and leather
And I, well I am nothing but a lecher
Her hair length was down to her mid-back
And was slightly wavy and jet-black

When my view got to her backside
I bit my lip and nearly cried
Her bosom was nothing short of ample
As far as lady lumps, she was a fine example

Estimating her age to be about thirty-five
What kind of tactics could I contrive
I bet she has heard every pick up line
I'll just send her over a glass of wine

So, I ambled over and said my hello
Man, was I feeling it down below
She inquired if I had sent over the drink
I just smiled and gave her a wink

She stated that her moniker was Diane
And she had just relocated from Spokane
We talked about her for the next hour
She had another wine and I had a whisky sour

I undressed her with my eyes
And thought of everything that implies
I would say the night ended well
But unlike some, I don't kiss and tell

Charles Hancock

Distorted Euphoria

The rules of my dreams
Are not what it seems
Distorted euphoria
In my phantasmagoria

Lost in ambiguous bliss
Of a veiled, yet fiery kiss
From a sultry succubus
Riding a cumulonimbus

Enter recumbent anguish
The demons are cartoonish
My misfortune is their reveal
Places and faces are surreal

What if I've gone insane
Am I a victim of legerdemain
Maybe an alien abduction
Or a theatrical production

Awakened with a explosion
Looked around in slow motion
Found myself safe in my bed
The illusion fading from my head

Charles Hancock

Dixie Cup

It's was late afternoon on a Friday
Probably getting towards six o'clock
And I was flying down a country highway
Listening to some Southern Rock

Rockin' and rollin' in my Gran Torino
Life was good and I felt great
I fancied myself a real Valentino
And I was on the way to pick up my date

I often call her my little Dixie Cup
Then I heard Ronnie begin to sing
So I took his advice and turned it up
My good mood took on a defined upswing

She, however, had rather hear soft rock or folk
We'll often listen to her music under a shade tree
And sip on some spiced rum and Coke
Maybe eat some summer sausage, crackers, and brie

She loves a calm evening when we go out
But occasionally her wild side will show
So, I can say this without any doubt
She'll forever be my sweet thang and I, her beau

Charles Hancock

Easy To Remember

It's so easy to remember
It's so hard to forget
Your sweet surrender
No remorse, no regret

Battered memories past
Sweet dreams delight
Mystical things forecast
Life's electrifying rewrite

What will my day bring
Only so much I can do
Reaching for that brass ring
For both me and you

Charles Hancock

Endless Summer, Dazzling Autumn

It's oh so bittersweet
Endless summer is done
Sultry season is complete
So long fun-in-the-sun

Here comes a dazzling autumn
Trees of burnt orange and amber
Chimneys belch a gray column
Flying geese call out their banter

After we give words of praise
Family members new and old
Speak of the good ol' days
Yarns worthy of being retold

Let's eat, ain't you starving?
Bountiful Thanksgiving meal
That's a large bird you're carving
Finishing it all will be real ordeal

Soon old man winter will barge in
Short days followed by long nights
Decorating and shopping begin
Can't wait for the festival of lights

Charles Hancock

Escaping The Friend Zone

On a whim, I decided to drop by
She was sitting in an easy chair
Nibbling on a slice of cherry pie
And browsing through Vanity Fair

The afternoon sun had a reddish tinge
Funny, I never noticed that hue before
A song was playing; Lunatic Fringe
So I knocked on her French door

She looked up and beckoned me in
Another day in paradise, I inquired
She stated she didn't know where to begin
But went on with what had transpired

She continued for about ten minutes or so
About small things got under her skin
I finally told her she had to let some things go
Or she could end up in the loony bin

She gradually caught my drift
Then asked if I could stay a while
Sensing that her mood had begun to shift
I kissed her and she began to smile

Charles Hancock

Evil Woman

Arrived at the right place but at the wrong time
Brandishing your tenderness like organized crime
Affection towards me as pleasing as caustic lime

Could be, it was the right time but at the wrong place
Being with you is akin to the War Between the States
At least like movie scenes from Arsenic and Old Lace

Stuck between the Devil and the deep blue sea
Even offered you a branch from an olive tree
Your rebuttal stung like an African Killer Bee

Maybe it was between a rock and a hard place
Your kisses are like getting showered with mace
Succubus! I hope to never again see your face

I've often heard the early bird gets the worm
After all is said and done, I'll be standing firm
Washing my hands of you like I would a germ

However, it is the second mouse that gets the cheese
You routinely slung hate and discontent with expertise
Sayonara. Au revoir. Auf Wiedersehen. Call me 'the breeze'

It's been written that revenge is a dish best served cold
Satan laughed the day he bought you for some fool's gold
Go torment someone else, because it's really getting old

But we all know that a leopard can't change its spots
For Beelzebub uses evil women like you as his mascots
Don't forget 'Whit's fur ye'll no go past ye' say the Scots

Charles Hancock

Faded Glory

I heard a cock and bull story
about America's faded glory
It don't hold water with me
I still sing 'Oh, say can you see'

To those who hate our freedom
and are trying to decree a kingdom
I'll keep fighting you tooth and nail
until you've given up and turn tail

I know, beyond any doubt
certain leaders sold us out
But I can say with a straight face
America will always be in first place

We are free because of the brave
I won't be your subject nor slave
As long folks like me are around
Old Glory won't touch the ground

The taxpayers are skin and bones
from your amnesty and free phones
So if you want to spend and frolic
go dictate in a banana republic

Charles Hancock

Fishnets And A French Kiss

What sort of eatery is this?
A saucy little bistro called
Fishnets and a French Kiss

I was unusually enthralled
And wasn't sure what to think
My gait abated and then stalled

The entry had a neon sign in pink
Inviting passersby in to eat,
Fraternize, and to enjoy a drink

I like joints that are somewhat offbeat
So I entered and looked around
A blond asked to show me to a seat

Red lipstick, a black evening gown,
With a crimson orchid in her hair
She has to be the hottest thing in town

We quickly arrived at my chair
I sat and gazed at a photo
De Gaulle with the Croix de guerre

That's a high honor to bestow
He was seated at a small table
With a bottle of Bordeaux

I know as it said so on the label
A bathing beauty showing her backside
Was it Rita Hayworth or Betty Grable

Everywhere the 1940s were implied
Pinups, awards, a love letter
From a sailor to his war bride

My waitress arrived and things got better
White blouse, plaid skirt, saddle shoes,
And a partially buttoned Angora sweater

Peepers that were of the brightest of blues
She said hello and offered me a menu
I asked her to sit and started my schmooze

She smiled and kept playing the ingenue
The cuisine was listed as rations
I ordered a sirloin and a cold brew

Everyone was in wartime fashions
It was a different kind of cafe
The owner was certain about his passions

I hope to stop there again one day
Until then I'll write what I recalled
In my blog, 'The Greasy Spoon Gourmet'

Charles Hancock

Frogs, Toads, And Crickets

It's another routine August night
A bit muggy with little or no wind
Glad the moon is shining bright
And nature's melody doesn't end

The frogs, toads, and crickets
Are all singing in their glory
Listen for free; buy no tickets
For their very pleasing auditory

Sitting outside with a cold drink
And my bride is doing the same
Can't help but smile and think
Wow! she took my last name

Watch a barn cat suddenly lurch
And skedaddle into the corn field
What will be the fruit of its search
Suspect a mouse became revealed

Adore our rural lair after dark
Living and loving the simple life
Another fine evening to bookmark
With my angelic country-girl wife

Charles Hancock

Gold Star Christmas

The evening was cold and black
Warming herself by the fire
With a book and a little cognac

It was nearly time to retire
The bed was calling her name
Heat plus libation; a multiplier

Christmas has never been the same
It's been 8 years since the notification
When they arrived at her door to proclaim

On behalf of a grateful nation...
Her son exhibited great gallantry
In the defence of his location

But the mission was a catastrophe
And his unit was overran
It was a horrible tragedy

He perished fighting the Taliban
During a fierce night battle
All because of that damn Quran

Legions of beguiled chattel
Commanded to attack
By a treatise of satanic prattle

Charles Hancock

Gold Star Mother

Today, Indiana sadly buried one of its own
A young man killed in a foreign combat zone
A kid really, he was only nineteen
He had always wanted to be a Marine

Just two summers ago he won a ribbon at the fair
For his Charolais bull that he called Pierre
He left for basic training a week after graduation
A captain read aloud his Purple Heart citation

For mortal wounds received from a roadside bomb
Then the internment flag was presented to his mom
She'd give up the rest of her days just to hold her Jim
But the military refused her request to see him

A miracle baby, he was their one and only son
She didn't have him until she was forty-one
Her husband died when Jim was just nine
When a sleepy trucker crossed the center line

The rifle team fired and the bugler played
Her preacher spoke and the visitors prayed
For Indiana's newest gold star mother
Everyone hopes there will never be another

Charles Hancock

Goodbye, Farewell, And Amen

She's been misty eyed all day
Her son is going so far away
It's hard; hates telling him goodbye
Praying he doesn't die

She held him all through the night
Her man telling her it'll be all right
It's hard; can't bid him farewell
Praying that he stays well

She kissed him on the cheek
Her daddy could hardly speak
It's hard; he's off to Afghanistan
Praying he comes home again

Amen

Charles Hancock

Graffiti

Sweating in the public restroom stall
While perusing the inscriptions on the wall
I discovered a gal named Robin
Is extremely skilled at bobbin

Wow, is she really that good
Or is the dedication simply misunderstood
I don't know but she has been made famous
By some damn ignoramus

I wonder if that's how Tommy Tutone
Really got the number to Jenny's phone
I bet that digit sequence gets dialed a lot
By some forsaken crackpot

Someone else is full of hate
Towards their boss, Mr. Slate
Here's one about woman named Jane
Seems she left her man in a lot of pain

Ah yes, the shit house poet strikes yet again
It appears he has named a certain part 'Big Ben'
And his ability in it's use is uncanny
Until he found his meet up to be a Thai tranny

Charles Hancock

Granddad

He likes to doodle on a sketch pad
Often drawing himself with his granddad
A man he only knows from a photograph
And a cold, granite stone epitaph

In the image, Granddad was clad in green
He had a rifle, helmet, and canteen
And he was standing with a group of men
All together, their number was ten

Each of them was dressed the same
Listed on the back was every name
The date on it was February 1967
The year before Granddad went to Heaven

He keeps the snapshot in his room
Bringing it when we visit the tomb
That holds his granddad's remains
And he reads the fallen troops' names

Granddad didn't have any fame or treasure
But he was a good man by any measure
Now his name is eternally etched into a wall
A true American hero who gave all

Charles Hancock

Gulf Shores

I was observing the current weather
On the last Tuesday in February
While nibbling on a confectionary

The beach flag was tugging at its tether
Indicating the wind was stiffening
And then it started sprinkling

I vocalized my displeasure
As the moisture turned heavy
And it's beat on the roof grew steady

Something about the high pressure
Was scrolling across the television
The tempest was howling like a politician

I think the weatherman is just a guesser
I want to spend my time out of doors
While I'm vacationing at the Gulf Shores

Charles Hancock

Habitual Darkness

Watching as the habitual darkness takes its place
until I can no longer see the alarm clock face
Still lusting for your passionate kisses and embrace

Clinging to the memory of when we last spoke
and how you'd grin when I told a stupid joke
Time; drifting away like your cigarette smoke

Miss hearing every Spring, Summer, and Fall
about how much you love Cincinnati Reds baseball
You'd sit on the edge of the chair at every close call

What I'd give for one more peaceful evening walk
or another early Sunday morning coffee and talk
Recalling love notes you'd leave with sidewalk chalk

Still can't venture out after dark since that night
nor understand everything in black and white
Speculating on when it'll be time for us to reunite

Charles Hancock

Hell In Heels

When that she-devil stormed into your life
She ended up being hell In heels
And she toyed with you to see how it feels

Made you forget about your wife
She ended up wrecking your home
And then she left you all alone

You found your troubles to be rife
She ended up breaking your heart
And laughed as your world fell apart

Charles Hancock

Heritage Hills Class Of Eighty-One

Heritage Hills Class of Eighty One
Here it is, the year two thousand eleven
Thirty years, thirty years, where did it go
Saddened to learn a few are gone on to Heaven

Heritage Hills Class of Eighty One
My, oh my, where did the time fly
Wow...victories, tears, joy, and fun
Being a grandparent is love not to deny

Heritage Hills Class of Eighty One
Some led the life of the moth to the flame
Many went on to higher knowledge
Knowing happiness in a life that's tame

Heritage Hills Class of Eighty One
One time Providence dealt us a course unknown
We handled it, conquered it, survived it
Now, we bask in seeing our children grown

Heritage Hills Class of Eighty One
Yes, we are middle aged and gray
A few aches, a few pains, but no complaints
It's class reunion time...oh what a great day

Charles Hancock

His Mind

If you could read his mind
What do you think you'd find
Would you see a lonely child
One that's easily beguiled

Or there could be an old man
One that's feeling less than
The man he imagined he'd be
Due to things he didn't foresee

Maybe a casualty of unrequited love
Or something else he was deprived of
Does he see through rose colored glasses
And wonder why as his life passes

Perhaps stumble across his hidden fears
Ones that accumulated over the years
Though they cause him doubt
He absolutely refuses to talk about

No longer the powerful white knight
He is succumbing to his kryptonite
Not really feeling potent nor virile
He...Oh look...a squirrel

Charles Hancock

Home Sweet Home

It was good to be back on the farm
Home sweet home I thought
With all of its rustic charm
Not much, but really the only one I've got

Grandpa had bought it before the war
Then both of his boys went to fight
One in the Army and one in the Marine Corps
Nobody has ever seen either burial site

Each is on the opposite end
One in France and one in the Philippine sea
Grandma's heart never did mend
It finally gave out back in 1953

Mom became the owner a decade later
When Gramps got pinned under the John Deere
And went on to meet his Creator
Somehow Mom managed to persevere

Two years later she met my dad
He was the new mechanic in town
And replaced her clutch when it went bad
The next year, she was in a wedding gown

They always made sure I had new shoes
But now it's my turn to provide the care
They both go to bed after the news
I smile when I hear them repeat the Lord's prayer

Charles Hancock

Hot Lips And Empty Arms

Dreamed of your hot lips
but with empty arms
Need to come to grips,
you don't dig my charms

Holding onto a special thing
that breathes no more
Nothing but a disregarded fling
with a heavy underscore

Were you hiding behind a mask?
I really don't know
and I'm afraid to ask
I know, I need to just let it go

Was I just the flavor of the week,
or some silly lovers game
of Russian Roulette, so to speak?
Still, it hurts all the same

All the years that we were friends
then you suddenly withdrew
So this is how it all ends?
Tell me what you want me to do

Been waiting to hear you say
why you choose to ignore me
You won't give me the time of day
Please grant me a lil' reciprocity

Guess I always knew in my heart
you didn't feel the same
When you left, my world fell apart
but I still hold a flame

Charles Hancock

Hot Summer Night

Hot summer night
Soft breeze blew
Full moon bright

Dreams set sail
Paradise to pursue
Hear you exhale

Kiss your coconut
Images of bamboo
Near the oceanfront

Beach honeymoon
Alluring seashore view
Be there soon

Charles Hancock

I Get This Feeling

Sometimes I get this feeling
My lot in life is unappealing
Envisioning melancholy thoughts
Stomach is all tied up in knots

But then again, it could be worse
Don't want to occupy a hearse
No, no, that just will not do
Have to adjust my point of view

A full-time job is a beautiful thing
For a chance to grab the brass ring
Being a man of a certain age
Don't want to be in a squirrel cage

Thankful for what I'm blessed with
Money equals happiness is a myth
My woman, my family, my health
Makes me a man of extreme wealth

For I pray the twenty-third Psalm
Rough seas cease and grow calm
So I depend on God's good grace
He provides and my worries efface

Charles Hancock

I Know A...

I know an affectionate human being
She may have a bad hair day, but still cherishes life
Though her burdens are many, she laughs at strife
Jesus is her Lord. Watch out Satan...she packs a knife

I know a remarkable woman
She is fighting her affliction to become a survivor
Though its tough, we all know God isn't a backseat driver
In the end, her joy will be like a triumphant pearl diver

I know a loving mother
She is a child-bearer, all of which are male
Though they rock her world off the Richter scale,
With the Lord's help, they'll be a tenpenny nail

I know a devoted friend
She is my sister-in-law, Tara Lynn
Though she struggles with her demons and her sin,
This daughter, sister, wife, mother, and confidant has Christ within

Charles Hancock

I Love It When We...

I love it when we...

Wake on a fresh spring day
Stroking your hair as we lay

I love it when we...

Have our summertime fun
Soaking up the Florida sun

I love it when we...

Take our scenic autumn stroll
All quiet except for a garish crow

I love it when we...

Go to bed on a crisp winter night
Snuggling and holding me tight

I love it when we...

Spend anytime together
Either fair or foul weather

Charles Hancock

Idols And Heroes

The Rose left us searching for the bouquet
We speculate if John ever found his Stairway
And the Purple Haze drifts our way no more
Leathernecks defend us from shore to shore

Break On Through shouted the Lizard King
How Will I Know? Nippy did beautifully sing
And we miss the sound of Kentucky Rain
Yet, at the Tomb, the Old Guard must remain

Bubbles no longer can play with his best friend
A Free Bird fell to earth in a violent end
And the Smells of Teen Spirit has wafted away
The global fleet is constantly at anchors aweigh

Jim warned us about Bad, Bad Leroy Brown
If only Harry had rode in a Taxi to town
And we miss you, Peggy, Oh Peggy Sue
At night, high overhead, flies a stealthy crew

Music idols enjoy the life and times of their making
Rock legends, what is in your spirit worth forsaking?
True heroes, the soldiers, sailors, airmen, and marines
Will always be deserving of my respect, by all means

Charles Hancock

If I...

If I whispered to you at midnight
Just to see if you'd make a sound
Would you stir in the moonlight
In your yellow-flowered, summer gown

If I questioned you in the morning
Just to see what you have to say
About the news that you find informing
From the TV with the liquid crystal display

If I called you later that day
Just to see how you're doing
Would you tell me all-in-all okay
Except for a cup handle needs gluing

If I inquired how you felt at night
Just to see if you're worn-down
Would you smile and say all-right
But not up for a night-on-the-town

If I said I love you at bedtime
Just to see your beautiful smile
Would you have peace-of-mind
And believe it's all been worthwhile

Charles Hancock

I'M American Made

Born in a rebellious decade
I'm loud, proud, and unafraid
My bravado; I'm American made

Spent my teens in the era of glam
I'm boastful of my old Uncle Sam
Don't like it? I don't give a damn

Served my country for two score
I'm a seasoned veteran of the Cold War
Liberty! Is what our founders stood for

Now, our overseers are gutting the Bill of Rights
I'm vigilantly keeping them in my sights
For it's my country, not the Third Reich's

Charles Hancock

Insomnia

My midnight demons arrived
Some large, some pint-sized
Every dark secret they find
In the deep recesses of my mind

Oh how they dig ever so deep
While I'm endeavoring to sleep
Locating my perpetual struggles
And exasperating my troubles

Why won't they leave alone
The accounts that I bemoan
Baggage long forgotten
Youthful folly and everything rotten

Misdeeds, sins, and a variety of hurt
My happiness they try to subvert
Real and imaginary situations
Play into my nocturnal frustrations

They never listen to voice of reason
Nor about things that are pleasin'
Belatedly retreating to where they came
Tomorrow we'll continue this war game

Charles Hancock

Insomnia 2

It is warm for a late October night
And the moon isn't very bright
Laying in bed listening to the fan drone
Thankful that I'm not laying here alone

The digital clock with numbers glowing red
Is just a twelve inches from my head
So even without my glasses, I can see
When it's time to return to the bourgeoisie

Insomnia is such a horrible plight
In a few minutes it'll be midnight
Soon, another day of perpetual routine
With copious amounts of caffeine

Oh, if I could only win the lottery
Yet it's not like I live in poverty
But still it would be nice to get ahead
Before the day comes that I drop dead

Still, in things that matter, I'm a rich man
I just need to continue to follow God's plan
He has provided me with more than I need
And my salvation though the Son is guaranteed

Charles Hancock

It's All Right

It's all right
To wish upon a falling star on a midsummer night

It's all right
To love old movies, even in black and white

It's all right
To jump at nighttime noises that give you a fright

It's all right
To scoot up next to me and hold me tight

It's all right
To pinch pennys when the cookie jar money is tight

It's all right
To go to our future nuptials a little upright

It's all right
To be a little giddy on our wedding night

It's all right
To enjoy watching our grandchildren play to their delight

It's all right
To want to grow old together sitting under the moonlight

Charles Hancock

Jacob

Jacob is our youngest boy
Legos is his favorite toy

He loves his twin brother, Sam
He calls every lunch meat, ham

A quiet boy from the Buckeye state
Toy cars races on the floor is great

Never much liking to talk on the phone
He's eight now and really has grown

He's temperament is very mild
And we love our little man child

Charles Hancock

Karaoke

It was just one of those nights
Paradise by the Dashboard Lights
Was being sung at the karaoke bar
By a platinum blond, rising star

I didn't have to work the next day
So I decided to go out and play
Who knew what the night would bring
I just wanted to hear folks sing

I was on my third tequila sunrise
Not stopping to think that it to be unwise
To be hammering drinks alone
Then try to sing in slurred monotone

I took to the stage with great joy
What song I was going to destroy
Had to think and do it fast
Of a ballad from long ago past

He Stopped Loving Her Today
Was what I selected to bray
Later, I could tell by the idle hands
That I didn't win over any fans

Charles Hancock

Lemon

I was feeling somewhat threadbare
On the day I cremated my care
I did what I could to chase away the glum
My cure-all of choice; a bottle of rum

I stared at the ashes in the old metal pail
While sluggishly indulging in another cocktail
Then I sifted through the embers and the char
And brooded about how my life got this far

The years gone by are just a haze
And now I wallow in my malaise
Some days are tougher than most
Those are the times that are just otiose

I suppose I need to just move on
Maybe a tiny cabin in Saskatchewan
Or a bungalow near a sunny beach
Somewhere that I can stay out of reach

I have faith that one day life will get better
Until then I'll wear my scarlet letter
For some reason when it comes to women
I seem to always end up with a lemon

Chuck Hancock

Charles Hancock

Licorice Whips And Wet Lips

She was dressed for a midwest July day
Cowgirl boots, Levi shorts, and a t-shirt
It was nothing short of country risque'
I couldn't help myself, I stopped to flirt

She had a handful of licorice whips
But offered me the strawberry one
That was dangling from her wet lips
Asked if I wanted to have some fun

She said if I could get us some ice
She had something special to drink
I didn't have to think about it twice
I knew it was Boone's Farm Tickle Pink

That's always her drink of choice
This was going to lead to a sure thing
I could just tell it in her sultry voice
And I was ready for a hot little fling

I leaned over and opened the door
She strutted around and climbed in
We stopped at the local liquor store
For ice, cigarettes, and a lambskin

Charles Hancock

Life Of A Social Butterfly

Twinkle, twinkle little star
Anchored at the cocktail bar
Up upon your stool so high
The life of a social butterfly
Drinks served in a mason jar
Local musician playing guitar

When the happy hour is gone
Don't know what is going on
Then decide to just sit tight
Maybe, just maybe, all the night
Listen to a karaoke superstar
Butcher some Pat Benatar

Then a stranger in the dark
Gave you a kind remark
Just some other Joe Blow
That you don't want to know
Offered you a ride in his car
While he lit up a cheap cigar

Love the night life you keep
In a neon lit room you peep
You never shut an eye
Till the sun is in the sky
Early risers seem bizarre
But they are who they are

Dusk-to-dawn in this saloon
Really need to go home soon
Soon the sky won't be night
The world will glow so bright
A celestial sphere like coal tar
Will be gone but not too far

Charles Hancock

Little Boy Blue

It all started out as some innuendo
Now we have a seven pound memento
Our very own little boy blue
That changed my point of view

It was four years after our first date
That you told me that you were late
I wasn't sure about this family thing
Diapers, puke, and a teething ring

With his red hair and high noise level
I think he'll be our own Tasmanian Devil
Wakes up the dead when he squeals
Rambunctious as Patton's Hell on Wheels

I guess I'll sell my beloved Harley in the spring
Find a place with room for a backyard swing
Trading in our Saturday nights out
For a little bald guy with a lot of clout

I didn't know what love was until he came
Now nothing in my life will ever be the same
Each day with him is is nothing less than amazing
And it's the Good Lord who we're praising

Charles Hancock

Long In The Tooth

As I gawked at my haggard face
Pondering how I could erase
Deep lines that have appeared
I'm getting long in the tooth, I feared

The hair on my head has gotten thin
Seems to me, I'm seeing more skin
Gray is the color of my whiskers
No longer looking like my old pictures

Sometimes it hurts moving the slightest
All due to my ongoing battle with arthritis
The aches disappear when I slumber
And I sound like I'm cutting lumber

Spicy meals have gone by the wayside
Doc said not to eat food that's fried
Right after I check the weather map
I like to eat, then take an afternoon nap

Oh the life and times of middle age
Getting up to check the rain gauge
Then sit on the porch in my straw hat
Enjoying the quiet with my favorite cat

Charles Hancock

Love Nouveau

I don't recall what time
it was when we first met
Near the old five-and-dime
You were holding a baguette

The nearby bakery smell
Was overpowering to say the least
It was like a witch's aromatic spell
You were going to prepare a feast

Had you not had the urge to stop
And shop for a fresh baked good
To pair with the meal on your tabletop
I wouldn't have noticed your womanhood

That chance encounter we had
Proved to be a a good one indeed
Turning out to be our launching pad
For a romance still going at full speed

That was over twenty years ago
We still have french bread with our meals
For each new day with you is love nouveau
And you still drive me head-over-heels

Charles Hancock

Love Potion

She had the sinister notion
That what was really needed
Was a powerful love potion

So she searched unimpeded
For a recipe that worked fast
Not stopping until she succeeded

Scrutinizing the forgotten past
From the archives of Marie LaVaeu
One was found to be unsurpassed

She lured her potential beau
By the light of a full moon
To her well hidden chateau

They were to be married in June
He just wasn't aware of it yet
But that wouldn't be an issue soon

Wine, cheese, and a baguette
Consumed with the added elixir
Would soon make him forget

Not recovering from the mixture
Until well after the holy Joe
Read the appropriate scripture

And all celebrated with chilled pinot
So my words should be heeded
Please trust me, for I know

Charles Hancock

Manufactured Reality

Life is but a manufactured reality
Perpetual birth, followed by mortality
Seasons come and seasons go
Nothing more than quid pro quo

The cunning serpent was deceitful
Thus our struggle with good and evil
Like the ocean tides rolling in and out
'Tis nothing new to write home about

Those who idolize their heart of stone
Build up walls so they can die alone
Their worlds don't stop turning
Until their souls are forever burning

Some storms brighten up the night
So lowly sinners can see the light
Petty lives of greed, lust, and despair
Turned around with a simple prayer

Hands that used a carpenter's square
Showed us love beyond compare
Choose to have faith and to believe
Eternal life is what you'll receive

Charles Hancock

March Madness

Sitting near the candelabra
Sipping on a cup of sumatra
Praying that this hot caffeine
Will be my hangover vaccine

Light filters through the curtain
Ever feeling better again is uncertain
Thoughts of my night are disturbing
Still tasting the Jim Beam bourbon

It started out with wings and drinks
At a sports bar called High Jinks
Someone suggested we get shots
Not one or two, but lots and lots

Never again; not by a long sight
Would I want to relive last night
Don't know who won the game
And nobody but myself to blame

Seem to remember a thwack
At that point, all went black
March Madness is just that
Woke up on the bath mat

Charles Hancock

Maybe, Just Maybe

Maybe, just maybe
I'm thinking about you
Just out of the blue

Maybe, just maybe
I'm talking about you
Even when you're out of view

Maybe, just maybe
I'm worrying about you
It's like a case of deja vu

Maybe, just maybe
I'm dreaming about you
What a dream-wahoo!

Maybe, just maybe
You're thinking of me
Over your cup of coffee

Maybe, just maybe
You're talking about me
Even if it is a fish story

Maybe, just maybe
You're worrying about me
Don't fret, it's all hunky-dory

Maybe, just maybe
You're dreaming about me
A man of mystery

Maybe, just maybe
Love scares you
Yeah, me too

Charles Hancock

Metamorphosis

Country girl staring at the ceiling light
Softly scratching an old mosquito bite
Young hands so calloused and tanned
Praying that her parents will understand

Longing for a life without mud boots
Willing to forego the family roots
Can't wait to cut the apron string
Not content with the farming thing

Coming of age in rural America
Not every generation is a replica
Traveling gravel roads is so absurd
Wants a little Cape Cod in a suburb

Gouged out a plan during the night
Figured a way out of her plight
College would certainly set her free
Work nights while obtaining a degree

A Scholarship, grants, and a loan
Key to finding her Rosetta Stone
Four years and this rustic life will be alien
All with hard work and using the cranium

Charles Hancock

Middle Aged Man

A day in the life of a middle aged man
Who still listens to his old cassettes
Blondie, The Cars, and Duran Duran
Trying to get through life without regrets

A young man's personal demons massed
Fast cars, women, and other debauchery
Youthful yearnings of a long ago past
Self indulgence was his only philosophy

Oh, how life and times have changed
His favorite name has become grandpa
Lovers of the past, now estranged
Now spends his days with grandma

Once he was ten foot tall and bulletproof
Now naps and ice tea make his day
That's his idea of raising the roof
And he always takes the time to pray

The love of a grandchild is hard to beat
It's only surpassed by Jesus Christ
Who died with nails in his hands and feet
For our sins, the Son was sacrificed

Charles Hancock

Midnight Blue

I speculated what the evening would bring
At a friend of a friend's sister's shindig
Then I laid eyes on her near the fire ring
Feasting on potato chips and roasted pig

Casually, I inquired about her name
She proclaimed it to be Midnight Blue
Her eyes reflected the dancing flame
It was then that I took notice of her tattoo

It appeared to be a Celtic love knot
Just an inch or so above her left wrist
Which gave me food for thought
Perhaps she'd like to be kissed

Pointing to the emblem on her skin
I stated that I liked her fidelity logo
And asked where was her next of kin
No one, she whispered, flying solo

She detected my rising interest level
Smiled and looked me straight in the eye
And said let's go for a walk, you little devil
What could I say, after all, I am a guy

Charles Hancock

Midnight Confession

It came time for my midnight confession
Taking much delight in your facial expression
Nude bodies in deep passion and entwined
Heavy breathing, such a peace of mind

Happy to find my one and only true life mate
A smile and wink gives me a burgeoning heart rate
Spending my days with you thrills me to the bone
My brown eyed beauty, my love, my precious stone

Being far from the others, you're love is pure
Putting my old existence to bed, making it obscure
Holding my heart in your hands, mending my life
Grateful knowing one day you'll be my new wife

Charles Hancock

Midnight Odyssey

Started my midnight odyssey
Pondering some frivolity
Fixated at the storm's sound
Nature's theater in the round

Lightning illuminates the room
Chased by a vociferous sonic boom
Hope it's not a terrible tornado
Rather see a grand rainbow

News said this was to be mediocre
But it has turned into a real soaker
Little woman hasn't moved at all
She'll sleep through the squall

Rain is pelting the window
Adjust this new pillow
Just want to go to sleep
Will the Angel of Death reap?

Tomorrow will be here too soon
Hope we won't need a pontoon
Think I'm sleepy at long last
Lousy weather forecast

Charles Hancock

Moments With You

Reminiscing about days of the past
Jumbled images of my life amassed
Chasing the end of another decade
My passion is not a masquerade

What date will be life's lethal dose
Praying that I will I get to say adios
Until then, I'll keep on loving you
Having fond memories to accrue

My past, your past...ancient histories
Together, we will hoard anniversaries
Though one day I'll be called up yonder
So moments with you, I won't squander

Charles Hancock

My Boy

It's sometimes not easy being a dad
A combination of Mr. Fix-it and Sir Galahad
The terms and conditions that may apply
Often put my wants and needs on standby

The things you accomplish fill me with pride
Other times, your choices leave me mortified
I'm sure you inherited that from your mom
If you only knew how many times I did a face palm

Instructing you not to touch something that is hot
Watching you play with birthday gifts that you got
I often checked on you while you were dreaming
Watching you, I'm sure my face was beaming

It won't be very long and you'll be fully grown
My advice to you; take it easy with the cologne
Learn to be content with what you have got
The greatest gifts in life can't be bought

Bide your time, have fun, and don't get into a rush
One day you'll find someone that is more than a crush
Somebody with honesty, loyalty, compassion, and grit
But don't worry about crossing that bridge until you get to it

Charles Hancock

My European Vacation

While I was in Berlin
I committed a sin
Much to my chagrin

While I was in Paris
I found something I cherish
and I'm not talking gibberish

While I was in Dublin
I saw something troublin'
Reminded me of a hobgoblin

While I was in London
I attended a nice luncheon
at a medieval dungeon

While I was in Warsaw
I stared in awe
as I watched an artist draw

While I was in Amsterdam
I procured a gram
Lighten up, Uncle Sam

While I was in Glasgow
I was involved in a little fiasco
over a broken bottle of tabasco

While I was in the Ukraine
I rode on a passenger train
through some beautiful terrain

While I was in Madrid
I listened to a kid
sing about El Cid

While I was in Rome
I started to miss home
So I got on a bird of chrome

Charles Hancock

My Love For You

My love for you-
Burning stronger than my UTI
And feeling better than a sharp stick in the eye

My love for you-
Lasting longer than my perpetual gas
And more stimulating than Ms. Wade's English class

My love for you-
Growing larger than my butt zits
And surpassing my fondness of hominy grits

Charles Hancock

My Memory Jar

If I had an discarded Mason jar
For keepsakes that remind me of you
It would glow like the North Star
From all the things I'd compress into

If I had an empty cigar box
I'd fill it with possessions of all sorts
Like our midnight pillow talks
And many of your other exhorts

If I had space in my sock drawer
To keep your smile and your wink
And stuff about you that I adore
I'd soon run out of room...I think

If I had any room left in my heart
For anyone but you and Jesus Christ
I'd fill it with good music, fine art,
Family, and laughter, if I'm so enticed

If I had to live some other life
And the bank account read zero
I'd pray you'd still be my wife
And I'd remain your humble hero

Charles Hancock

My Morning

An audible disturbance reverberated in the wee hours
Lurching out of bed, my eyes squinting and my body weary
Oh joy, the railroad is needing me on this morning dreary

Fumbling with the phone in the dark, I dropped it twice
Clearing my throat, I answered it, sounding barely alive
The caller mumbled something at oh-four-thirty-five

Shuffling to the sink to slosh cold water on my face
More cognizant now, a stout brew I must promptly make
Grips...packed, lunch...made, now time for a coffee break

Finally, I get dressed and wonder if the clunker has enough gas
My honey, Lesa, is awake and tells goodbye with a kiss
Ah serendipity! I'm on cloud nine. My life, a sweet bliss

Running late, dust is billowing and gravel is exploding from under my car
My grape pop-tart is polished off and the to-go cup of joe is nearly gone
I arrived at work and hastily parked, my excitement betrayed by a big yawn

Going in the crew room, I find my hogger is as about as animated as me
Suddenly bad news came and I watch his face as he grimaced and cussed
All I can do is smile, load back up and ramble home, this train trip...a bust

Charles Hancock

My Sweet Deary Of Castle O'Leary

I'm not feeling very cheery
As I meander through
This far-reaching Irish slough

And I've become somewhat weary
Due to mud that's sticking like glue
And is caked upon each shoe

This day has turned dreary
As the sky has lost its habitual blue
And took on more of a hellish hue

The blackish clouds above are eerie
And appear thick as Mulligan stew
Nothing short of a witches brew

I must arrive at Castle O'Leary
I must...before the morning dew
I'll travel until it comes into view

Oh, to find my sweet deary
I'll say to her 'I love you'
And stop her from saying 'I do'

Well, that's my plan and theory
For I will give her love that's true
And hope she'll bid him adieu

Charles Hancock

My Vanilla Life

Working on the fine art of aging
Soon to be at the half-century mark
Concluding that my vanilla life is still engaging
Ordinary-yes, yet compared to others, quite stark

I came to be when JFK was speaking of 'Ask not...'
New hopes, broadened horizons, and higher learning
Skip ahead to a time when those ideas are passe' and forgot
Food stamps, free phones, and US embassies are burning

In my youth and innocence, I traveled to the Republic of Korea
Also, Alaska, Haiti, Dominican Republic, and Japan
They warn you to be careful what you eat or you'll get diarrhea
Not a bad biography for this former enlisted man

Every young American should visit a third-world nation
Thankful for what you have and amazed at what you see
Hunger, disease, poverty, corruption, and overpopulation
No hope for the poor nor freedoms for the political detainee

Still I believe God blest this nation and our great land
We have electricity, heat, clean water, and plenty to eat
Why is America so great and other domains seem dammed?
Our faith, freedoms, and unalienable rights can't be beat

Deny God at your rallies and protest the Tablets at school
You have that right but I know what was written in stone
Want something for nothing, you're such a tool
When David faced Goliath, he stood there alone

I pray when my grandson gets up there in years
He'll tell his grandson of how our nation stumbled and nearly fell
So when he hears talk of America, he stands and cheers
Proud of Lady Liberty, Uncle Sam, and the Liberty Bell

Charles Hancock

Nickki

Nickki, oh Nickki, a beautiful child of God.
Like the cold November rain, your eyes penetrate me to the bone.
Like the glowing July Sun, your smile warms my heart until it's overblown.

Nickki, oh Nickki, a Heavenly Angel on Earth.
My, oh my, we are so amazed at how you've grown.
Will you be a doctor or a musician, it's still unknown.

Nickki, oh Nickki, Jesus' love is never-ending.
We all have some bad, we all have some good.
We will love you forever, I pray that's understood.

Charles Hancock

Nights Are Cold, Lonely, And Long

As a damp darkness fell
Exchanged words of farewell
His phone calls are sporadic
A soldier's life is nomadic

Both are wishing time away
Seems like forever and a day
It's been fifteen months of hell
She's not holding up very well

He's away in a combat zone
She's eating meals all alone
Hugging up to a picture frame
Her bedtime isn't the same

Vivid autumn colors abound
Leaves dance to the ground
Her greatest Christmas gift
His homecoming military airlift

She prays the 23rd Psalm
Sings along to 'Cherry Bomb'
It was always their favorite song
Nights are cold, lonely, and long

Charles Hancock

Nineteen-Eighty

It was the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen-Eighty
A Southerner, Rosalynn, was still our first lady
Becoming lifelong friends at our place of employment
The next three decades...full of heartache and enjoyment

I burned the roads up in a green Ford Gran Torino
Silly me, I thought my car was as hot as a jalapeño
Litha had a Pontiac Firebird and you drove a VW Bug
You were sad the day a semi smashed it like a garden slug

You got wedded and became a mother to Josh and Wynne
I did the same and fathered two, Kyle and Jackie Lynn
Both marriages went the way of the bloody war in Viet Nam
I tried wedlock again, fathering twin boys, Jake and Sam

Yet again, my marital bliss ended like a Japanese kamikaze
Good thing I'm not famous, can you imagine the paparazzi
I moved back home, and we agreed to meet for a cup of joe
Before we knew it sparks flew, and soon I became your beau

On a September afternoon I asked you to become my frau
With a grin on your face, you kissed me and said yes and how
Still planning, contriving, and looking for the right date
Just think, hopefully soon we'll be a happy family of eight

Charles Hancock

Obama-Nation

The perpetual sins of our leader
Are a disgrace and an abomination
That will usher in the grim reaper
Leading to our national damnation

Aid and comfort to the satanic cult
At the expense of the free and the brave
Is far, far worse than any insult
Because they wants us all in a mass grave

Four cried for help that he wouldn't send
Turned his back on long-time allies
For it was not politically correct to defend
Vacations, golf, and a Nobel Prize

Scandals, misinformation, deceit,
Red tape, and American blood
Don't add up on the balance sheet
And drag Old Glory through the mud

Once we rebelled against a corrupt king
And tyranny hung from the Liberty Tree
Freedom loving people have a potent sting
For a republic is not to be ruled by decree

If our leader's lips are moving, he's lying
He can't fool us, for we now know
It's not on the enemy that he's spying
It's way past the time for him to go

Charles Hancock

Old Hopes And New Shoes

She had been feeling the blues
But was still clinging to old hopes
Even though she had new shoes
This footwear was no hoax

The shoes weren't what she had in mind
Traded in flip-flops for safety toes
It's tough leaving her family behind
It's either this or they foreclose

Those elusive fantasies of the past
Nothing more than a pipe dream
Her life was much different by contrast
Sometimes she just wants to scream

Twelve hours on three hours sleep
There is never enough time in the day
To go on, she must dig down deep
Got to work to receive the pay

She don't know when she'll get caught up
Diapers, doctors, and supper to cook
With one hand gripped to a coffee cup
Wishing she had the time for a good book

Charles Hancock

Out Of The Blue

At times, it stormed out of the blue
And I found myself mired in a slough
Waiting for the squall to push through
For the sun never shone when I wanted it to

Some found love right from the start
Cupid's arrow pierced their heart
Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart
For me, passion was more like abstract art

Discovered the Yellow Brick Road's end
Just where the Trail of Tears begin
My lot in life was tough to comprehend
But you turned out to be a godsend

So I scrapped my worldly views on sin and love
For the Guiding Light comes from above
Descending from heaven like a dove
Sought His direction, that I'm undeserving of

My love, after our grandchildren have grown
Lie down with me in the field of stone
We'll always be together; never alone
As we worship at the foot of His throne

Charles Hancock

Photographs & Memories

Photographs and memories
Of birthdays, holidays, and anniversaries
My first solo drive of the family car
And being afraid to go very far

And the first date with my true love
Kisses beneath the mistletoe above
When I finally made the grade
And Pomp and Circumstance got played

High Roller with my first paycheck
Dreaming of one day becoming the exec
Buying my first used pickup truck
Running it through the mud and the muck

Then cutting the apron string
In my own castle, I became king
And when I strutted like a peacock
When she accepted the rock

That night of endless mirth
Celebrating my first child's birth
Watching my tyke grow with the wife
Reminiscing about the circle of life

Charles Hancock

Polaroid

Alone, desperate, and unemployed
She agreed to pose for a polaroid
He claimed it was for his personal collection
Therefore, she didn't put up much of an objection

After losing her job at the salon
And with nothing left to pawn
She was in need of some cold, hard cash
So she thought she'd be a little brash

This was going to be an easy five hundred
Which made her decision unencumbered
How she could have been so ignorant
The vulgar image made it to the internet

She couldn't face her family now
The photo of her on a beach towel
Had gone viral and became a pinup
Surely they'd think she's morally corrupt

Oh, the embarrassment and the shame
She took upon herself all of the blame
They found tear stains on the note
Smudging the words that she had wrote

Charles Hancock

Pork-N-Beans

Pork-n-Beans, a favorite food of any renaissance man
Afterwards, you may want to turn on the exhaust fan
I like them hot as the capital of Sudan
I like them cold straight out of the can

Pork-n-Beans are a culinary delight
Give me great pleasure with each bite
If I could, I'd dine on them every night
Handy for the refrigerator raid at midnight

Pork-n Beans should be kept readily on hand
Nuclear fallout shelter...keep them canned
Zombie attack...snack while making a stand
In-laws visit...for a evening meal unplanned

Charles Hancock

Rainy Solitude

She sits in rainy solitude
Serenely waiting his return
Just time and quietude

Serenely waiting his return
Autumn chill is sitting in
Have wood for tonight's burn

Autumn chill is sitting in
Daylight hiding in the trees
By and by, darkness will win

Daylight hiding in the trees
One more glass of wine
Listening for his jingling keys

One more glass of wine
Soon he'll be gone once more
Two day trip on the railway line

Soon he'll be gone once more
For she loves her man dearly
Hugs and kisses him at the door

Charles Hancock

Raspberry Tea And Empathy

She sipped her cup of hot raspberry tea
Jumbled thoughts bounced in her head
Staring at a ceramic bowl of potpourri
Would this be another day to dread?

Why did her husband have to die?
First Iraq, then two tours in Afghanistan
She is no longer able to cry
This wasn't in their life plan

She knows she still has it good
He always thought of her first
Enlisted to provide a livelihood
Lived and loved it; went fully immersed

Each day morphed into the next
Now a year has come and gone
She still clings to his personal effects
Her grandfather died near Saigon

Her grandma always seemed lost
Having no body to bury was the worst
The wall has his name embossed
He'd be seventy on the twenty-first

It's nearly 12: 30 and there is the phone
Chaplin wants her to accompany him
Talk with a new widow so she won't feel alone
She always goes when the news is grim

The military price her family has paid is high
Her grandfather and husband would be pleased
Genuine empathy for others is in short supply
War is the most terrible thing man ever conceived

Charles Hancock

Rebel Yell

I saw the look in the brown eyes
Of my pint-size mademoiselle
So, it wasn't difficult to surmise
That she had opened up my Rebel Yell

Her dress accentuated her hips and ass
And I bit my lip as she began to walk
Over to hand me a full shot glass
And then she softly said, 'no talk'

My eyes were glued to her curvature
As as I held onto my whiskey
I sure didn't need an interpreter
I knew she was feeling a bit frisky

She kissed me and gave me a wink
And my thoughts began to go wild
I smiled and threw back my drink
Tonight was going to be anything but mild

Then she strutted towards the hot tub
Dropping her clothes along the way
Said she needed a little rub-a-dub-dub
The rest of the world quickly melted away

Charles Hancock

Red Flower

We were sitting in the open air
Enjoying the voice of a local crooner
I casually sipped from my schooner

Admiring the red flower in her hair
I couldn't help but observe her smile
She was enjoying his artistic style

And didn't notice my unwavering stare
As she was relishing the enthralling tune
Under an alluring harvest moon

She turned and caught my glare
And said you wouldn't, perchance,
Be thinking about late night romance

I winked and said to her, ain't we a pair
Very much so, she replied
Oh, how I do love my bride

Charles Hancock

Refuge

I watched her take refuge in a glass of bourbon
She seemed as though she was vexed
The cause of which, I could not yet determine

She appeared to have sent someone a text
I wondered if it was to a former lover
And I waited to see what would happen next

I gazed at her face to see what I could discover
She quickly sipped the barrel-aged liquor
Finishing the libation, she called for another

Glancing at the screen, she let out a snicker
It was time for me to go over and say hello
So I offered to buy her another jigger

Her reply was no, but she'd take a glass of Bordeaux
She smiled, revealing the sad girl behind the curtain
I realized that she was someone I wanted to know

An evening of laughs, innuendos, and flirtin'
Worked wonders to deaden her pain
Lift her up, and ease her burden

She said she didn't think I would feign
My friendship and that she preferred
Verses written in terza rima in lieu of quatrain

Thus documenting this night in rhyming word

Charles Hancock

Remember Me

On that pleasant spring morning,
when the birds are out and performing
and the sun's rays are warming

Remember me

On that sultry summer night
after the thunderstorm yielded its might
and the moon is revealing a little light

Remember me

On that crisp autumn day
when you have time to whittle away
and the leaves are an intense color buffet

Remember me

On that raw winter twilight
when the sun is inching out of sight
and you're ready to call it a night

Remember me

Charles Hancock

Replacement Lover

Things are getting a little dull
So I'll crank up my MP3 player
Led Zeppelin, Kiss, Jethro Tull
Metallica, Van Halen, and Slayer

Think I'll try a dot com
And find a replacement lover
From the Philipppians or Vietnam
Just someone to share my cover

Perhaps a Croat or Russian gal
I can't decide on my mail order bride
Maybe look south of the Panama Canal
I will continue to search worldwide

I'll get the best that 10 thousand will buy
And I'll go through an agency this time
Since the chick from Thailand was a guy
He led me on; that worthless slime

My American girl kicked me to the curb
I'll teach her when I get my beauty
My next woman will be superb
She'll cook, clean, and give up the bootie

I need to save for my overseas spouse
But finding a job is such a hassle
And a soon as I get out of Mom's house
I'll be the king of my castle

Charles Hancock

Rescued!

Seas...rough, the sky...lightening and thunder
Charts...unclear, choices made led to blunder
The sailing ship My Life was going under

Scow number one wouldn't stay on course
She drifted away from me, back to her source
Away, away she blew, fast as a wild horse

Next, I climbed aboard dinghy number two
Maintaining her, more than I could attend to
No favorable wind, the voyage went askew

Safe and secure in lifeboat number three
No longer foundering amongst the debris
Fleeing the devil and the deep blue sea

Her trajectory was true and it did not falter
Rescued! Safe on my Rock of Gibraltar
Scuttlebutt is; I'm taking her to the altar

Charles Hancock

Reunion Committee Poem

We had our class reunion at Thieman's lake.
It was fun, such fun for goodness sake.
Ate pork, ate chicken, and even chocolate cake.

Hancock brothers used a cooker that was round.
Brian Tornatta hooked us up with great sound.
Barbecue smells and good music was all around.

Rendezvous garb was designed by our own Ryan Hayes.
View the front or the back, it's awesome both ways.
No matter where it is worn, a conversation will raise.

Ron Begle had the shiniest dome and won a large purple comb.
Bob Thomas took first prize, for having hair color of a garden gnome.
The Friedman's received a road atlas, so one day, hopefully, they may roam.

Also, the Friedman's have the most grandkids, yes they do.
Their jackpot was aspirin, for the headaches that ensue.
Eight rugrats, some dressed in pink, and others in blue.

Some of our old teachers came as well.
It was great to see them, sure was swell.
Hope to meet them again, time will tell.

Michelle, Lisa, Ron, Chris, Chuck, and Chad
Were told by many this was the best we ever had.
Now we go back to our everyday lives, tired but glad.

Heritage Hills class of '81, you're the best.
The reunion committee feels that way, no jest.
Thank you all for coming and God bless.

Chuck Hancock

Charles Hancock

Rife With Idiosyncrasies

His hibernaculum served him well
It was his rock, his bastion, his citadel
A dried up wreath hung on the door
He was his own prisoner of war

With hopes and dreams withered away
He just lives for the today
Occasionally he'll find his repose
Thumbing through old photos

Recalling Christmas days of the past
When friends and family amassed
To delight in the yuletide soiree
While elves made ready Santa's sleigh

Christmas cookies once made by hand
In another time and another land
Extinct is fellowship and good cheer
Disappeared with eight flying reindeer

Consigned to oblivion by his clan
And reduced to a lonely old man
Each year he adorns two tiny trees
He is a man rife with idiosyncrasies

Charles Hancock

Run Away With Me

Run away with me
to a wooded mountain top
or to frolic by the sea
Merrymaking will be nonstop

No phones, newspapers, or TV
Just you, me, raspberry wine,
crackers, sausage, and brie
Maybe a jar of peach moonshine

Lay on a blanket under the stars
and watch the moon run its orbit
No voices to hear but ours,
as sparks shimmy from the fire pit

Holding you, while you hold me
until the bright morning shine
The best things in life are free
Trust me, everything will be fine

Day and night, a new escapade
You'll wail like a banshee
as impassioned moments cascade
Run away with me

Charles Hancock

Scan Mode

The pickup radio was in scan mode
Traveling over a rural highway
Words from the speaker flowed
'Jesus said to him, I am the way...'

Couldn't stop the scan quick enough
It went to the end of Highway to Hell
Thinking an eternity in hell would be rough
I wondered what else Jesus had to tell

Up ahead was a small church on a hill
Looks like some people are going in
Maybe I should stop, I think I will
I'm tired of the way I love to sin

When I got there everyone was inside
It reminded me of one I went to once as a child
A man at the door said 'hello' and I replied
'Welcome' he said as he shook my hand and smiled

I made my way to a seat in the last row
Maybe about thirty people were there
Wanting to be near the door if I decided to go
The same man went to the front and said a prayer

We sang the hymn That Old Rugged Cross
Followed by Grandpa's favorite, Amazing Grace
Then a sermon on how mankind is lost
But there is one way to heaven and to see God's face

By the end of it, I was ready to burst
Before I knew it, I stood and said with a shout
I am a believer and I want to be submersed
Jesus Christ is the only way, I have know doubt

The man beckoned me to his stump
We prayed about my salvation and repentance
Satan will no longer have this chump
With the help of Jesus, I can stop my life of decadence

Charles Hancock

September

September always comes way to soon
Already missing the month of June
School buses roaming the rural routes
Children engaged in laughter and shouts

After a summer to remember
Time to start provisioning for December
Two pickup loads of firewood to split
Which was bought from old farmer Schmidt

The heavy clothing comes out of the attic
Autumn temperature changes can be dramatic
Watch the local high school football team
Chase an illusive state championship dream

The town puts on their annual fall fest
Feast on a corn dog, fried chicken breast,
Tater wedges, and a lemon shake-up
Then several refills of my red plastic cup

Farmers worried about their yield
As they run a combine in the field
I guess this month isn't so bad after all
Next month is World Series baseball!

Charles Hancock

September Twenty-Two

'Twas a beautiful early autumn day on September twenty-two
You worked at Master Brand Cabinets and I took a vacation day
I was tired, didn't sleep very well and had much running to do
How would this day would turn out, good or bad? Who could say?

My poem was manipulated, molded, and committed to written word
What to do, what to do? So, I talked your sister into going with me
Discussing the time, seems that earlier rather than later was preferred
I told her I needed her counsel, input, and opinion, I wanted her to see

I told them you were a hard-working country girl with a big heart
Would my choice be good enough or would you want an upgrade?
The setting had to be low, classy, and rugged so it wouldn't come apart
So with much hemming and hawing my final selection was made

When you got home, you cooked me eggs, biscuits, and fried ham
We ate; you then cleaned up, washed up my plate, fork, and cup
The night before I had gotten in late from visiting Jake and Sam
We decided to sit outside and digest the meal that you whipped up

Settling into our folding chairs, I said that I had poem to recite to you
The quatrain I had penned started out about our new brown metal roof
To your surprise, I zigged instead of zagged as it took a direction anew
It was a marriage proposal and I held out your ring as burden of proof

You jumped out of your seat and smothered me with passionate kisses
I handed you the box containing your diamond encrusted band
Answering with a resounding yes, this meshed with your deepest wishes
You smiled and your eyes twinkled as you held it in your hand </>

Charles Hancock

She Said, He Said

She said...

Just for good measure
and it'll be no trouble
It'll be her pleasure
to give him a double

He said...

Ok, at her leisure
Don't get it on your dress
She is a real treasure
and fulfills all his requests

Then she said...

It was a labor of love
and she didn't mind
She'd go over and above
Just be quiet and unwind

Then he said...

He'd return the favor
but right now his belly was achin'
and he would savor
that double helping of bacon

Charles Hancock

Sighs Matters

We sat on a blanket and stared at the dimming sky
It was a cool evening for the Fourth of July
She asked what kind of mood the moon will be in
Then said the night air was giving her goose skin

So I scooted over and put my arm around her
For a moment I had delusions of grandeur
Did I just violate the rules of the friend zone
Testosterone can be an overpowering hormone

Her response was to lay her head on my shoulder
Secretly I hoped the night turned much colder
We sat like that for all of the fireworks display
Both of us love to celebrate Independence Day

Gathered up the blanket and the bottle of wine
She stated she had fun and was on cloud nine
I had to take the plunge; it was now or never
So I kissed her for what seemed like forever

She gazed at me with her bedroom eyes
Whispered that if I wanted to get the prize
That I should never leave her heart in tatters
And always listen intently because sighs matters

Charles Hancock

Soliloquy By The Sea

Lovers sat watching the agitated sea
He was engaged in a soliloquy
While she softly hummed a melody
and sipped her mug of Earl Grey tea

For it was a cold day in Cape Cod
She acknowledged him with a patient nod
and whispered how the journey is often flawed
Still one can find comfort in the Word of God

He spoke of how he was misunderstood
and didn't have a happy childhood
He always tried to be good
but life was like the Battle of Belleau Wood

She assured him no one knows what fate brings
Some folks get to live like kings
but life isn't about hoarding things
Always remember to count your blessings

Her carefully chosen words made his day
and held the ghosts of his past at bay
Hoping in time they will fade away
He leaned over and kissed his fiancée

Charles Hancock

Somehow...Someway

She was waiting for her special someone
A soldier, who was coming home to meet their son
Who looked so much like his dad, she called him Rerun

He called her after he got rerouted to somewhere
The connecting flight was delayed for a lengthy repair
She took comfort in reciting the Lord's prayer

Oh, the disappointments of the here and now
But to her, he gave his word, he gave his vow
He would be home today, someday...somehow

She painfully watched each minute fade away
While waiting on a tardy flight from Santa Fe
And wondering if today was her someday

His unit deployed to Afghanistan in the spring
He told her, while he was there, he got her something
She hoped it was a simple engagement ring

Charles Hancock

Sometimes I Wish

Sometimes I wish...
I had some red licorice
Forget the food police
Guidelines and gibberish

Sometimes I want...
Just to be noncompliant
The hell with your rules
I choose to be defiant

Sometimes I yearn...
To keep the wages I earn
You give to nations of hate
Old Glory is what they burn

Sometimes I long for...
The end of perpetual war
Killed, wounded, and maimed
Yes, we all know the score

Sometimes I need...
America to succeed
So stop with the apologies
Our freedoms are guaranteed

Charles Hancock

Spoon

Hug
Hold you snug

Kiss
As we reminisce

Caress
After you undress

Spoon
Like a cocoon

Charles Hancock

Sugar And Spice

Little girls may be made of sugar and spice
But they often grow to become fire and ice
As a rule, they will tear your heart asunder
Yet, each one is different from another

It's rare to find that very special one
That won't treat you like she's a hired gun
One that'll laugh with you and not at you
And understand your point of view

So when you do find her, hold on
With all your might, all of your brawn
Until the day the grim reaper shows
When that'll be, nobody knows

So don't settle on that very first kiss
For you may find yourself in an emotional abyss
Find the one that will offer you unconditional love
And acknowledge the blessings received from above

You'll have to put up with cold feet in bed
And figuring out what things are best unsaid
But when you die with memories and not dreams
You'll be happy you put up with her extremes

Charles Hancock

Summer Rains

After a lengthy waiting game
In a parched southern Indiana
Belated summer rains came
Like the gift of heavenly manna

Due to a dry-as-a-bone summer
Corn fields withered and failed
This pitiful yield was a stunner
Bushel predictions got curtailed

Bad year for the resolute sodbuster
Watch a lone, ugly-ass turkey vulture
Soon others will circle in a cluster
Death knell of the farming culture

Check what the almanac says about spring
Deal with the high cost of fuel, feed, and seed
Tighten the belt; Live on a shoe-string
He is a Hoosier farmer and he will succeed

Charles Hancock

Take A Walk With Me

Take a walk with me
It's such a beautiful day
Winter is in decay

Buds on the dogwood tree
Snow crocuses are in blossom
Springtime is awesome

Don't be a television detainee
Rain, rain go away
Enjoy days that aren't gray

Mother nature will set you free
From the daily grind
And let you unwind

There's wonderful sites to see
Come hold my hand
As we explore the land

Charles Hancock

Thanksgiving

I am thankful Jesus Christ is my Lord and Savior
He forgives me, even though I'm full of misbehavior

I am blessed to have a great friend like you
A true believer who shuns the ungodly worldview

The many years seem like the blink of an eye
Jesus is my King of Kings, and you...my ally

Charles Hancock

Thanksgiving Day

We'll soon celebrate Thanksgiving day
On a cold Thursday in late November
With family at the table or with a TV tray
Waiting for the bird that I'll soon dismember

The dinner plates will overflow
With turkey, green bean casserole,
Stuffing, gravy, and a dinner roll
Nobody is worried about portion control

Some will keep coming back for more
Others will eat and then catnap
Occasionally waking to check the score
Women will talk about the sale at the Gap

Then start planning for next year
Like who'll make the pumpkin pie?
Some of the children will be in high gear
Others will feel tired and want to go bye-bye

Though it's not a Christian holiday per se
People use the day to give thanks,
Count their blessings, and to pray
On a day picked by the son of Nancy Hanks

Charles Hancock

The 12 Days Of As-Seen-On-Tv Christmas

On the 1st day of Christmas I gave my true love
A Mr. T Chia Pet
Something she said she won't forget

On the 2nd day of Christmas I gave my true love
A Wraptastic
What she had to say was bombastic

On the 3rd day of Christmas I gave my true love
The Incredible...Flex-Able Hose
She turned the color of an old rose

On the 4th day of Christmas I gave my true love
A set of Ruggies Rug Grippers
She was so happy she ran with scissors

On the 5th day Christmas I gave my true love
A Side Socket with Surge Protection
You should have seen her expression

On the 6th day of Christmas I gave my true love
A Bacon Wave
She mumbled something about a galley slave

On the 7th day of Christmas I gave my true love
The 'Ove' Glove
She exclaimed she was undeserving of

On the 8th day of Christmas I gave my true love
A Topsy Turvy Tomato Tree
She screamed like a banshee

On the 9th day of Christmas I gave my true love
A No! No!
She nearly drank a bottle of Bordeaux

On the 10th day of Christmas I gave my true love
The Brazil Butt Lift
Well, I thought it was a great gift

On the 11th day of Christmas I gave my true love
A pocket fisherman
She slowly walked to the trash can

On the 12th day of Christmas I gave my true love
Truck nuts made of chrome
This is the end of my poem

Charles Hancock

The Banshee's Wail

Today, I listened to the banshee's wail
Some believe that to be an old wives' tale

Today, I heard the ringing of the death knell
Dry your tears and say your fond farewell

Today, I grew weak and expired
Another soul, the Grim Reaper acquired

Today, I drew my last breath and died
Burying your face in your hands, you cried

Today, I quietly passed away
Leaving something I failed to say

Today, I met my untimely demise
We didn't get to say our final goodbyes

Today, I silently gave up the ghost
No longer tied to life's whipping post

Today, I came to my life's end
It's a tough thing to comprehend

Today, I went to the hereafter
Think of me only with laughter

Today, I died due to the fall of man
The good Lord has a master plan

Today, I was committed to my simple grave
Rejoice, oh rejoice! Only Jesus can save

Charles Hancock

The Crossing

The midnight sky spewed heavy rain
As I sat at a crossing waiting on a train
I cracked my window to better hear
The speeding mammoth as it got near

Clank, clank, clank was the sound
Of wheels that were no longer round
The mighty diesel locomotives fumed
And lights flashed and the horn boomed

To what metropolis was the it going to
I wondered aloud as it pushed through
Was the weary crew going all the way
Maybe they were just a leg of a long relay

Did each have a lonesome wife at home
Was their off-duty time spent mostly alone
How long was their work day
Are the sacrifices worth the pay

Three locomotives and ninety cars of coal
Rumbled by and vanished over the knoll
Without trains, where would America be today
I put my car in gear and slowly pulled away

Charles Hancock

The Farewell Kiss

It was well after midnight
Something didn't seem right
Recalling the farewell kiss
It was nice to reminisce

She was raised in the bible belt
So near the window she knelt
And gazed at the quarter moon
He had been gone since June

Closed her eyes and began to pray
For her soldier, half a world away
There, it was early afternoon
Wished he would call her soon

The baby is due in a few days
For this, she gave the Lord praise
He had picked a name for their boy
Before he got called to deploy

The medevac was coming in hot
To get her hero who had been shot
His buddies tried to stop the bleeding
As the world around him was receding

Charles Hancock

The Fickle Finger Of Fate

It was in a coffee bar, late one night
When we met by chance
On a crisp January night
Who knew it would turn into a romance

She asked me to pass the sugar
A request that struck up hours of talk
She was a real looker
It was hard for me not to gawk

She eventually winked and bit her lip
Then asserted in a Southern drawl
That we should take a road trip
Down south for Mardi Gras

After a while, she looked me in the eye
And said she wanted to be my devil
I wasn't sure how to reply
She gave me the feeling she was trouble

Then she spoke a calming contradiction
By saying she was willing to be my angel
And told me that I would be her addiction
Then affirmed that she's always faithful

It's funny how a little cold weather
And the fickle finger of fate
Can bring two people together
Now we're waiting on her due date

Charles Hancock

The Oasis

It was a hot summer night at the Oasis
Nobody new tonight, just the usual faces
The men at the bar discuss local sports scores
While the pool table crowd debate recent wars

The stories; both new ones and those retold
At some point, always turn to love gone cold
All the world's problems are solved in one night
Though some of the fixes may not be water-tight

A table of five women are getting giddy
Drinking wine and feeling more pretty
Singing along to an old classic by Bob Seger
Pleading for someone to turn up the speaker

The resident strike-out king is at it again
His pick-up lines work every now and then
It must not be the win, just the thrill of the chase
More often than not, he doesn't even get to first base

Finished our drinks, cheeseburgers, and fries
Shook a couple of hands and said our goodbyes
Heading home for some sweet hugs and kisses
Don't know about you, but I have the best missus

Charles Hancock

The Poppy Field

I read a poem about the field
Where legions of men died
In a war that was worldwide

In the battle, Death took his yield
As his bloody scythe swung
Depriving mothers of their young

Soil and blood congealed
In the battle, many years ago
Where countless poppies do grow

Peaceful now, the land healed
Trenches and craters filled in
Stones visited by next-of-kin

Some graves remain concealed
Families eternally unaware
Of their sons final nightmare

Charles Hancock

The Sacred Art Of Tranquility

If I had a college degree
In the sacred art of tranquility
I'd wake each morning
After a night of heavy snoring

Kiss and whisper to my bride
While she lay on her side
Sweet nothings in her ear
And watch the celestial sphere

We'd bask in its golden glow
With a cup of fresh joe
Watch it rise over the skyline
Just me and my valentine

I guess I don't need the college
Just my wife and a little cottage
You can call me a dreamer
Maybe I am a bit of a schemer

This is how it's to be in my life
Peace, love, and without strife
Growing old will be our joy
Me and my own Helen of Troy

Charles Hancock

The Storm

The approaching storm would soon blow in
So he cracked open the bottle of sloe gin
And poured himself his favorite drink

He watched the lightning flash across the bay
Just like the Fourth of July fireworks display
It would be a good night to just sit and think

He could feel the chill in the early evening air
As he rocked back in his old wooden chair
The ice in his glass made a familiar clink

He watched the clouds begin to boil
The flashes reminded him of a Tesla coil
The lightning and thunder were now in sync

Then came the wind, along with a driving rain
Barreling through like a speeding freight train
It was time to go inside and maybe catch a wink

Charles Hancock

The Swing

We serenely sat on the front porch swing
Listening to a mockingbird sing
It was nearly dusk at her family's homestead
She broke off a hunk of French bread

Then she handed me the fist sized piece
Asking my thoughts on a justice of the peace
Replying whatever it takes to make you my wife
And then reached for the butter and the knife

I ceased doctoring up my evening snack
Took a bite, then another, and leaned back
She gazed off into the August twilight
Stating if only our time together wasn't so finite

Oh, I don't know, we could be together for decades
And live down by the Florida everglades
I announced to her in a way that oozed nonchalance
Her gleaming smile was her only response

Suddenly she sprang up and starting raging
Why are we just sitting here aging?
Get up, get packing, and call your job
Because tomorrow I'm marrying my heartthrob

Charles Hancock

The Three Dates

He fervidly kissed her goodnight
Under a luminous moon light
It was remarkably late
For only their second date

They had met by chance
He said hello with his glance
She smiled and shyly looked away
In the most heartfelt way

The first date was at a coffee house
She wore her favorite blouse
He was clad in Western wear
With a bolo tie; for extra flair

Tonight was pizza then ice cream
She went for the chocolate extreme
He ordered the Top Banana Split
But couldn't finish it and had to quit

She already decided on date three
A weekend trip just to sight see
No agenda, schedule, itinerary, or plan
Just her, the open road, and her man

Charles Hancock

The Vamp

Yes, I did do the crime
So I'll have to do the time
She was dressed so sleazy
Talking me into it was easy

She wanted me to buy her a drink
Struck by her beauty, I didn't think
After all, what could it hurt
She was wearing a very short skirt

Hours passed and spirits flowed
My common sense was overrode
She said she was feeling me
As I finished a Long Island Iced Tea

Then the spider said to the fly
She knew about a money supply
And had a fool-proof plan
But she needed a strong man

Stupid me, I fell for her charade
She's got the cash and I got played
Now I'm in here and she's in Brazil
Killing wasn't part of the deal

Charles Hancock

The Way Back Home

Once I knew the way back home
Restless hearts tend to roam
Like a discarded bottle in the ocean
Just going along with the motion

Now I'm not sure which way I should go
It seems like everything is to and fro
Nothing to cling to when I grow weary
Not like the days when I had my dearie

It seems like it's been such a long time
Since we laughed over a bottle of wine
And went on an evening walk
Followed by some pillow talk

It's a lonely and ambiguous path that I travel
Hoping, one day, my route will unravel
If I only knew then what I now know
I'd have been content to remain her beau

Maybe I'll soon find my way
And go back home to stay
If she's still there in the garden
I'll come begging her pardon

Charles Hancock

Time

What if I put time in a glass jar
And tossed it into the rolling ocean
Do I get to wish upon a shooting star
Changing it into a potent love potion

What if I could stop the clock
So I can spend eternity with you
Never ending nights of pillow talk
Making me bellow yabbadabbadoo

What if I cherished you for the duration
My heart telling my brain what to do
Though you send it into fibrillation
Still every moment will be love anew

What if I made our time stand still
It's the real deal; no silly lover's game
Your vicious attack on my heart's bastille
For you and me are one and the same

Charles Hancock

Time Bandit

We can't stop the time bandit
From snatching the sands of time
Like rain and wind on granite
Mother Nature's merciless crime

Our first year is in the past
Never knowing day to day
When I will hold you the last
As time keeps dwindling away

Each and every moment with you
Is a pleasure and a blessing
My days left on earth may be few
For time keeps progressing

Be it a single day, or a week,
Or a year, or many, many more
Even if I become an antique
I'll love you with an underscore

So, let's have a drink to year two
Followed by a hug and a kiss
I'm positive it'll be deja vu
Winks, smiles, laughter, and bliss

Charles Hancock

Toxin

She is nothing short of being mankind's toxin
Always to be approached with caution
Some view her as a chalice of elderberry wine
Spiked with arsenic, cyanide, and strychnine

With looks from the cover of a romance paperback
She is blessed with child bearing hips, a healthy rack
Fair skin, Angelina-Jolie-lips, bedroom eyes, and red hair
My heart is filled with desire, but my brain says beware

Her attire and Sophia-Loren-strut is mesmerizing
And maybe is the cause of my blood pressure rising
She is a real hellcat who can do much harm
All while using her Audrey-Hepburn-charm

Why didn't I fall for a blonde or a brunette
I'm afraid she'll be the death of me yet
No, I had to become obsessed with a ginger
And not just any vixen, this one can injure

So I'll take a crack at this Red Baroness
If I don't, I'll fade away to nothingness
For either I'll fail to kindle a flame
Or I'll secure bragging rights and much fame

Charles Hancock

Twenty Fifteen

I was relishing my morning caffeine
On the first day of twenty fifteen
The day felt akin to the one past
More coffee? she quietly asked

I thought about it, then gave her a wink
She turned and walked towards the sink
The wood stove was slowly warming the room
A stack of wood is ready for it to consume

Went to bed when the night was young
Way before the proverbial fat lady sung
The thrill of watching the ball drop
Is about as fun as doing a belly flop

Looking forward to the Rose Parade
Enjoy watching the bands promenade
Just a quite morning with my bride
Sipping cafe' noir by my side

Maybe later we'll decide to go out
Or possibly stay home and bum about
No matter what we end up doing
It'll have to wait; more java is brewing

Charles Hancock

Valentino's Victory Lap

I saw her at a corner table at The Chateau
With french fries and a cellphone
So I approached her and said hello
And inquired if she was alone

She replied, yes, her date never showed
Then while reaching for the salt shaker
She said she planned on eating then hitting the road
Her tone indicated tonight was a heart breaker

Something about her was a bit mysterious
At least that's the impression I got
For some reason, I was feeling delirious
I couldn't help myself, this chick was hot

She was cloaked in a black bolero,
Stiletto heels, and painted on jeans
It was then that I was struck by Cupid's arrow
Germinating an affliction with no vaccines

I stated they have a good selection on tap
To my surprise, she smiled and said great
In my mind, I was Valentino on a victory lap
That night ended up being our first date

Charles Hancock

Walkin' After Midnight

Walkin' After Midnight was playing
And she was seductively swaying
Then she tossed back a shot of whiskey
And said she was feeling a bit frisky

Next she turned and gave me a wink
And commenced to lip sync
I watched her mouth every line
Of that old tune sang by Patsy Cline

She had on a faded Molly Hatchet t-shirt
You know, the kind you buy at a concert
It was obvious her puppies were free
Because they were pointing right at me

When the music stopped, she had a seat
And complained about the heat
Then ordered a whiskey on the rocks
And asked for change for the jukebox

I found out from her girlfriend
That her marriage had come to an end
She was there to make the drive
So her friend would get home alive

Next she played Bell Bottom Blues
And kicked off her shoes
Then, Another One Bites The Dust
I couldn't help it, I had to turn and adjust

She was dancing in her bare feet
And she wasn't missing a beat
While gyrating in her floor show
I knew it was time for me to go

But I decided it was best not to leave
And I needed to help her grieve
After all, what could it hurt
To stay a while and flirt

Charles Hancock

Watering Dead Flowers

For thirty-seven years, she had been there
And its been three years since she died
Life seemed just too damned unfair
Oh, how he misses his buxom bride

Now and then he cries at night
And going to sleep is often a chore
Sometimes it takes until first light
Before he finally starts to snore

He had met her while he was on vacation
At a seafood restaurant in Nashville, Tennessee
When she took his order for a large crustacean
Eighteen months later, they shared a family tree

The flashbacks of her are the only thing
He has left alive in his tattered heart
They remain a constant and don't change
When his world begins to fall apart

So he keeps watering the dead flowers
She'd planted in a clay pots on the back porch
He talks to her through them for hours
His passion for her still burns like a torch

Charles Hancock

What Am I To You

When I'm out of view
Does your heart ache
When you lie awake
If only I knew

When you lie awake
Sleep give and take
Anticipating delight
Inert passions ignite
Burning at the stake

Inert passions ignite
All through the night
The head or the heart
Cryptic as abstract art
Not at all black & white

Cryptic as abstract art
Donkey before the cart
Or all ducks in a row
Feelings run to and fro
Victim of Cupid's dart

Feelings run to and fro
Hold on tight or let go
Fickle finger of fate
Fragile emotional state
Young love nouveau

Charles Hancock

What Was I Looking For?

What was I looking for?
Just didn't know anymore
Ran after the rainbow
Right into a tornado

Chose to go full throttle
To the bottom of a bottle
That just didn't work
Ended up being a jerk

Smoked my mind out
Beyond any doubt
Left me feeling empty
My modus vivendi

Wine, women, and song
No sense of right and wrong
It was all a dead end street
Looked for the ejection seat

Then you found me
Took out your master key
Unlocked my inert heart
And gave it a restart

Charles Hancock

Whiskey Or Cyanide

He sat on the end of the pier
Waiting on the sun to disappear
It was tough for him to decide
Whiskey or cyanide

Then he stood up to holler
Another day, another dollar
At two passing cargo ships
Navigating via Chinese microchips

Containers of imported mercantile
CEOs, politicians, and their guile
Produce rampant consumer greed
But American goods is what we need

Made in Bangladesh or Mexico
Continue to be our national woe
The short-attention-span shopper
Making the working man a pauper

The neighbor lost his job...too bad
Got a great deal on a new iPad
He stared at the crumpled pink slip
Shed a tear and took a big sip

Charles Hancock

Whiskey Tango Foxtrot

More often than not
Whiskey Tango Foxtrot
Is what I think when I hear
That our future is unclear

Glory days of the past
Provide a sharp contrast
Government's wicked ways
Lady Liberty at her end of days

It's not over for all of us
Though we're under the bus
New patriots will rise up
No Kool-Aid in a Dixie cup

Redistribution of our wealth
Nothing but theft via stealth
At what percentage are we slaves
Taxing us until we're in our graves

We hold our freedoms dear
Those against us better fear
Restoration, by bullet or ballot
Of a republic, true and valid

Charles Hancock

Wilber Jean

I have a grandpa named Wilbur Jean
He hails from a small town in ol' Kaintuck
Someone gave him the handle 'Web', it stuck

He married his sweetie, Loleta Ruth
She gave him four kids, two of each
Oh yes, four! That's no figure of speech

He went to war, went to work, went to church
She fed the family and washed the pan
They drove the 'Blue Goose', a Ford sedan

Now my 'Pa' is turning ninety, a major milestone
Wow! Grandchildren, great grandchildren, and beyond
Four generations of us their love has spawned

Happy birthday, Pa. We love you!

Charles Hancock

Wintertime Blues

Listening to Jimmy croon Cheeseburger in Paradise
Enduring the blah winter months that I so despise
Musing on charcoal smells and watching smoke rise

But all the leaves are brown and the sky is gray
They crumble and crackle like papier-mache
Grubbin', drinkin', and dancin' seems so faraway

Summer of '69 is ricocheting around in my head
Miss sipping on iced tea and eating cornbread
Daydreaming about bikinis hanging on by a thread

Hanging with my black-haired beauty with big dark eyes
Checking out those short shorts that expose her thighs
Oh, so looking forward to Old Man Winter's demise

Charles Hancock

Wishful Thinking

Quietly I sat in her favorite chair
And thought I detected her perfume
In our darkened living room

Was that her best-loved scent in the air?
The pleasant aroma was that of a rose
I took her afghan and held it to my nose

On it, I discovered some of her hair
A few strands of brown and a few of gray
The throw kept her warm when she'd crochet

Lightening suddenly filled my lair
The charge issued from a late night squall
Was that her shadow on the wall?

I quickly turned and held my stare
Slowly my heart began sinking
'Twas nothing but wishful thinking

Charles Hancock

Yesterday's Hero

He is yesterday's hero
Enlisted to save the French
Got gassed fighting from a trench

He is yesterday's hero
Shot down over Berlin
Spent the war in a POW pen

He is yesterday's hero
Had his first and only kill
At the Battle of Pork Chop Hill

He is yesterday's hero
Died at the hands of the Viet Cong
Think of him when I hear that folksong

He is yesterday's hero
Owes his life to armor plate
During the liberation of Kuwait

He is yesterday's hero
Fires his 50 from the mountain top
And watches another Taliban drop

He is yesterday's hero
Doesn't sing on TV or play ball
But for America, he gave his all

Charles Hancock

Young Lady/Old Soul

There is a young lady with a old soul
Her virtues are something to extol
She'll smile and give you a wink
Even when the gab really does stink

She tries to have fun and be jolly
But she just can't be part of folly
Sits up at night with a tear stained face
Wondering if she'll ever find her place

The outside world will never measure up
With biased people running amuck
Something she just can't understand
Why they often have the upper hand

Midnight panic attacks spark odd thoughts
She won't go though life casting lots
Admiring Sweeney Todd's barber pole
She's now willing to pay the ferryman's toll

Hell-bent on grabbing life by the balls
And smash all glass ceilings, doors, and walls
To be in her world, you'll have to comply
With her ways, otherwise just say goodbye

Charles Hancock