

Poetry Series

**david lessard**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2014

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## david lessard(september fourteenth, nineteen forty-one)

I grew up in vermont. have also lived in new york state, virginia, nevada, new hampshire and currently live in central arizona.

I was a respiratory care practitioner most of my life. I am now retired.

I have an associate's degree in the health sciences.

Working on a life-journal that totals over a 1,000 pages. (A shorter version that is 250 pages) A 'novel' of 165 pages and about 400 poems, make up the balance of my writings.(poemhunter and poetfreak)

# A Capital Idea

Money honey...that's what I want...

In this age of buying and selling,  
Is there something, they're not telling?  
What does it cost them to sell?  
Much less than what we pay,  
(so why should they tell?)

There would surely be a riot then,  
If we knew just what they spend.  
We'd all be up in arms and yelling,  
What they are keeping secret and not telling.

The only trouble with profit is greed,  
as it satisfies no normal need;  
It's a road paved with bad intentions,  
No more health plans, no more pensions.

We've nothing further more to gain,  
We've known all along where troubles lain;  
We're on a non-stop, hell-bound train,  
We're in a whirlpool, going down that drain.

For what? Big bucks and corporation,  
All for the profit of one small nation;  
A nation of the powerful and few,  
Someday they crash...just like me and you.

david lessard

# A Christmas Seed

What holds the world together?  
What keeps the mind at ease?  
For some, it's fun and pleasure,  
They are easiest to please.

They think nothing of tomorrow,  
It's only for the moment they live;  
They look the other way from sorrow,  
They just receive, instead of give.

God holds my world together,  
God keeps my mind at ease;  
It makes no matter what the weather,  
It's His will I want to please.

Now the Spirit's all around us,  
Especially at this time of year;  
I wish we were all on the same bus,  
Of His goodwill and friendly cheer.

Let us pray for all that worry,  
Let us pray for those in need;  
Let's us part from all the hurry,  
And plant a Christmas seed.

A seed to sprout across this land,  
A seed to grow and live in joy;  
A seed of His, sweet, precious band,  
A seed of Angels in His employ.

david lessard

# A Different Breed Of Men

Meet me in St. Louie, meet me in St. Paul,  
Meet me in Seattle or don't meet me at all.  
See me in New York, see me in L. A.,  
See me in Salt Lake City, or San Francisco Bay.

Watch for me in Houston, watch for me in Big D,  
Or check out Arizona, perhaps that's where I'll be.  
The itch to roam is strong, I cannot sit too long,  
The winds are calling me, and I must heed its song.

There's men that can't stay still, they must be on the road,  
There's men that can't be rooted, they do not fit the mode.  
You'll find them way out west, or on the eastern coast,  
Wherever you may find them, they cannot be the host.

They can't stand being tied down, to any certain thing,  
They can't stand being stagnant, they must be on the wing.  
Time for them means nothing, time for them is now,  
You see them hiking mountains, not behind a plow.

They've a restless urge to wander, down many paths of life,  
They cannot comprehend to loaf, most don't have a wife.  
They're the hermits and the misfits, just ordinary men,  
But they don't break at all, and neither do they bend.

david lessard

# A Game Of Chance

Do you have dreams that you may cease to be?  
Have you a plan that may not see its end?  
Then say hello to a world of fate that you can't see,  
and kay sa ra and what the hell is happening, my friend.

In gambling, it's termed a game of chance,  
in insurance, it's just a risk you take -  
and while they frolic in the nude in France,  
You may or may not...have that slice of cake.

It's the spin of the dice, that rules tomorrow,  
It's the cards that fall, just who knows where -  
that determines whether it be joy or sorrow,  
and whether or not you'll cry or care.

Lady luck, she's just a figment of your mind,  
If it weren't for bad luck, you'd have no luck at all -  
and as the memories of happiness unwind,  
let's hope you cash them in before you fall.

Life's a token, no pot of gold is there for taking,  
It's a shoot-out all the way, a game of win or lose -  
It's your planning, struggling in the making,  
It's yours to grasp whatever way you choose.

Let's hope you find it, before it kills you,  
Before the dreams and plans all turn to dust;  
Before goals have died with the morning dew,  
and all you've had and done has turned to rust.

david lessard

# A Guy From Algiers

There once was  
a man from Algiers,  
who suffered from  
many strange fears;  
He was know as  
a loser and  
one hellava  
boozer,  
and his outlook  
improved with  
six beers!

david lessard

# A Hundred Poems

I wrote a hundred poems,  
to the woman I loved.  
Seventeen years later,  
she told me that she'd  
only loved me that first year  
after we were married.  
For sixteen years she kept her silence  
of not telling me.  
It's difficult to write of love  
Anymore.  
Even now, when I have a woman  
that says she loves me back.  
I think of songs...'I thought  
you loved me, you said, you loved me,  
we planned together, to love forever...'  
(Nat King Cole...A Blossom Fell)  
Melancholy tunes...'Where are you?  
Where have you gone without me?  
I thought you cared about me...'  
or...'I'm A Fool To Want You...'  
or 'What's New? How is the world treating you? '  
Sinatra could make you feel sooo alone.  
One day, not too far away...  
I'll sit down and it'll  
pour out of me...  
This love for you...  
and you alone...

P.S. It never happened. She lied.

david lessard



# A Little While

A little while with joy and laughter, a little while with grief and pain,  
A little while with sun and shadow, a little while with fog and rain.

A little while with summer's beauty, a little while with winter's cold,  
A little while with springtime's magic, a little while with autumn's gold.

A little while with friends and family, a little while with folks we know,  
A little while with loving people, a little while in their sweet, tender glow.

A little while with books and pictures, a little while with music's grace,  
A little while with things we treasure, a little while in each and every place.

A little while to smell the flowers, a little while to do so very much,  
A little while with thoughts we value, a little while within God's gracious touch.

david lessard

# A Love Affair With Life-

I have a love affair with life-  
it's taught me secret things-  
it speaks of long ago-  
and what the future brings-

I have a love affair with life-  
it's taught me in my youth-  
to hunger after freedom-  
and be a seeker after truth.

I have a love affair with life-  
I hope it never goes away-  
it finds me living right-  
it brought where I am today.

I have a love affair with life-  
though it's brought me pain and sorrow-  
there's nothing I wouldn't give-  
to catch a glimpse of my tomorrow.

I have a love affair with life-  
the gifts it gives are free-  
it gives me sun, air and water-  
best of all, it brought you to me!

david lessard

# A Man From Iran

There once was  
a man from  
Iran,  
who possessed  
a magnificent  
tan...  
Then he moved to  
Mahattan,  
Sleeping on  
sheets of satin;  
when asked why?  
he said...  
'Cause I can! '

david lessard

# A Needle In A Haystack...

Why did it take so long for me to find you?  
Why did it feel as if it took forever?  
I felt that I did all the things I knew to do,  
Perhaps they all were far too clever...

Devious and cunning, that's what they proved to be,  
They thought that they were too far above my head -  
They never let my true self shine, that which is me,  
They thought that they were in control, instead...

I left them to the making of their own mind,  
and took another path, which led away from them -  
I put all the wounds, scars and gloom behind,  
and buried all the trash from which thoughts stem...

I found you, just by chance, such was my luck,  
Like a needle in a haystack, I sought you out -  
You were a fruit of goodness, I chanced to pluck,  
Not it's our love and happiness, I'd like to tout!

Love is something to be prized and fought for,  
Not such a thing that fades and falls away -  
Love is strong and gorgeous to the very core,  
and lasts for all one's life, not for one ordinary day.

david lessard

# A New England Love

He loved the woods,  
that ran for endless miles  
under ever-changing skies -  
the brooks and the streams  
that laughed down the  
hillsides -  
hidden by trees and bushes -  
nestled among big oaks,  
majestic elms,  
gracious maples  
and white-barked birches -  
He loved the air  
that was so sweet,  
that was like water,  
quenching his thirst.  
Cool, warm,  
hot or cold -  
It was satisfying.  
The dirt roads  
running aimlessly  
over the mountains -  
calling adventure  
seekers to travel them.  
The mountains,  
while not as Grand as  
the Rockies or as  
Splendored as the  
Sierras, nonetheless,  
were inviting.  
Friendly, not intimidating.  
Old pals, not forbidding  
strangers.  
They shouted 'Climb Us! '  
And he did. Catching  
the breezes as they  
passed over the  
ridges.  
He loved the seasonal changes.  
Autumn...on fire, the trees

burned bright against  
the dark evergreens and the  
peaceful view of the  
ocean of sky.  
Winter, changing the shape of things  
to suit her mood. Hiding familiar  
places. Coating everything  
white and lovely.  
Spring, that Al Jolson song,  
April Showers, playing  
over and over again in  
his head. The art of  
trying to get out of one's  
dirt driveway in March.  
Summer. The sultry  
days of leisurely swims  
and warm toes encrusted in  
sand-filled beaches,  
dodging cow-piles in  
the open pastures.  
Though gone away, he  
never was away;  
He could return whenever  
he wished,  
in his mind.  
To today and yesterday  
he could return...  
and tomorrow, he had  
with him always.

david lessard

# A Place

somewhere there's a place for me,  
a place that knows no other soul;  
a place where my spirit can be free,  
a place that will make my body whole.

sometime she will come along,  
and she will look at me and smile;  
she'll pick me out from among the throng,  
and she will abide with me awhile.

somehow I will know of peace,  
that I will carry in my mind;  
and that assurance, will never from me cease,  
and I will dwell with others of my kind.

some will say that I am but a dreamer,  
who lives in fantasy and a fairy tale;  
they'll call me foolish and a schemer.  
that in a wonderland, I sail.

somewhere there's a place for me,  
a place they cannot take away;  
a place that only I alone can see,  
a place to where I'll find my way.

david lessard

# A Prayer For God's Love...

Shelter me, from life's dark sorrows,  
Take me 'neath your wings of love;  
Give me to me the secrets of the 'morrow,  
As I search the heavens up above.

Give me strength to face the day,  
Let me go and keep me strong;  
Put me on the right and proper way,  
Help me discern the right from wrong.

Help me Lord, to send out peace,  
To comfort those who are in need;  
Give to me the joy that does not cease,  
Help me bind the wounds of those who bleed.

Keep me Lord, on that narrow path,  
Lock from me that sinner's door;  
I fear God and his great wrath,  
Keep me safe on His sweet shore.

Shelter me from fools that wonder,  
Who laugh and say, there is no God;  
Let them hear the Lord's great thunder,  
Startle then with His great lightning rods.

Place with me the people that you cherish,  
Let me sing with them, Praises to your Name,  
Give me the fear of God, lest I ignorantly perish,  
and I've no one, but myself to blame.

david lessard



# A Prayer For This Day

Father, I give to You this day,  
I give to You this prayer;  
Take it in your arms,  
And give me more to share.

Let me feel Your power Lord,  
Let me feel Your grace;  
Let me spread the Good News,  
To those that hide their face.

I rest my burdens in Your lap,  
I give them all to You,  
Now I feel much lighter,  
And my wants and needs are few.

Take me in Your shelter Lord,  
Bless my soul and mind;  
Let my heart be grateful,  
For all the love I find.

david lessard

# A Remembrance Of My Father

I saw you as you were,  
Not as the person I last viewed -  
You were handsome, strong and good,  
Movie star looks and a great smile.

The body that died that day  
Was small and shrunken...  
Withered and skeleton appearing.  
Nothing like you were.

You didn't want me around,  
You wanted to die alone...  
And I granted you, your wish...  
Leaving you dying solitarily.

I said I'd see you next  
Up there...and you nodded.  
You'll be as I remember you,  
Full of vigor and strength.

I may not know you right off,  
Nor you, me...  
But who's to say. what we  
will discover,  
on that great and glorious day?

david lessard

# A Thousand Eyes

A thousand eyes peered from the hillsides,  
nestled there amongst a great, green sea;  
a sea of grass, but nonetheless a sea...  
and the dandelions laughed at you and me.

The yellow flowers, danced in the summer breeze,  
They looked out at heaven's bluish skies;  
If one listened very closely, you could swear,  
that you could hear their whispered sighs.

They're here one day and then next day, they're gone,  
Like us, they come and go with changing seasons;  
The fall and winter send them on their merry way,  
and they, like us, may not know the questioned reasons.

We must enjoy them, while we have them with us,  
Too soon, they're gone, and then one day, they die;  
Like long lost relatives and friends, they drift away,  
and in the green of distant fields their bodies lie.

Summers from now, they'll still be laughing,  
As lovers, such as you and I, stroll casually by;  
Summer goes so quickly and it's then it's over,  
The seasons change as rapidly as you and I.

A thousand eyes, peered from the hillsides,  
nestled there, amongst a great, green sea;  
a sea of grass, but nonetheless a sea...  
and the dandelions laughed at you and me.

david lessard

# A Time To Bury Sorrow

A time for you and a time for me,  
to be whatever, we choose to be;  
to set our sights, to reach the peak,  
to realize goals, we truly seek.

A time to dwell. on things long past,  
a time to think, on things that last;  
on family, friends and things that matter,  
on things that endure and do not scatter.

A time to laugh and a time to weep,  
a time for treasured things to keep;  
a time for reflection on how we feel,  
a time to mend and a time to heal.

A time to live and a time to die,  
a time for joy and a time to cry;  
a time to smile and a time for tears,  
a time for God to calm our fears.

A time to dispose of loved ones dead,  
A time to get on with the day ahead;  
To blot out death and face the 'morrow,  
To clear the mind and bury sorrow.

david lessard

# A Winter's Day In New Hampshire

Icicles...four to five feet long,  
like crystals of daggers,  
they droop, like cold fingers,  
with tears at their ends.  
They are reminders of  
winters, past and present,  
frigid, rigid, ice swords.  
I am dressed in several  
layers of clothing...  
this is to trap heat  
(what heat! ?) .  
I open the front door  
and I am greeted with  
a slap in the face!  
A thirty-degree below zero  
slap of air that instantly  
freezes my face.  
I can feel the tiny hairs  
in my nostrils curl up.  
I trudge to my automobile,  
in the foot high snow,  
special delivery from  
last night.  
I turn the key and  
the engine emits  
little growls of protest...  
It finally starts after  
a mountain of reluctance.  
I drive on iron-like wheels  
the steering mechanism  
fights me and I feel as if  
I've no power steering,  
except for that of my  
muscle arms.  
My windshield wipers and heater  
are working frantically to  
clear my view and warm  
the inside of my vehicle.  
Ah, a winter's day in New Hampshire!

I don't know which, I like least;  
the hot or the cold.

Today, it's the cold.

david lessard

# A Woman Died Today (In The Springtime Of The Year)

A woman died today,  
In the springtime  
of the year;  
Someone loved,  
is here no more,  
Someone we  
held very near.

Soon, she'll be laid down,  
and they'll cover her  
with earth;  
Back to the land she loved,  
The one that gave her birth.

We cry and go on living,  
She dwells in the final place;  
But she'll not be forgotten,  
Nor the sunshine of her face.

A woman died today,  
In the springtime  
of the year;  
Sorrow clutched our hearts,  
And many shed a tear.

She's come to rest, at last,  
As we all must surely do;  
Her trails are over now,  
'Neath a canopy of blue.

A woman died today,  
In the springtime  
of the year;  
And we bid a fond farewell,  
To one that we held dear.

david lessard

# A World Of Silence

I live in a world of silence,  
It has nothing to do with you,  
I live in world that has no sound,  
though it isn't all quite true.

I have these aids to help me,  
Not a cure, you must understand,  
Just a tool to help me function,  
Nothing too marvelous, or too grand.

But without them, I'd be helpless,  
And I kid you not...one bit,  
For when I am without them,  
I cannot hear for shit. (it fit)

I can sleep through thunderstorms,  
and I can sleep through rain -  
But I cannot sleep though life,  
or the never ending pain.

Not the physical pain, mind you,  
But the handicapped parade -  
Where you never really noticed,  
and to them were just charade.

Yes, they laugh and whisper,  
Pointing fingers in the air -  
Some of them will snicker,  
To them, we are not there.

Disability is not a word for them,  
To its meaning, they've no clue,  
They go on as if nothing is wrong,  
They don't see you as I do.

Damn, were in a world of trouble,  
But were expected to have no mars,  
Until it happens to one of them,  
We may as well be living in the stars.



I can't hear you when your back's to me,  
It's like speaking to a wall -  
So show some compassion my fellow being -  
or don't talk to me at all.

david lessard

# A World That's Seldom Fair

He always got an A, hardly ever a B,  
and his mind could not accept,  
the mediocrity of C.

To fail was unimaginable,  
A thought he could not stand,  
It was like being stranded,  
on loose and shifting sand.

Where at any moment, he might slip.  
and fall into a snare,  
like the traps that people set,  
to lure animals from their lair.

His goals were set so high,  
he never knew what failure meant,  
the grades that he had gotten,  
he felt were 'heaven sent.'

Then came the day, when Physics  
stared him straight into the eye,  
he registered a failing mark,  
he felt ill and liked to die.

On top of everything else,  
his girlfriend left him flat;  
and he thought that he would never,  
get over something like that.

And his folks weren't getting along,  
as if all the rest was not enough;  
and now...this Physics mark,  
Damn, but life was tough.

He had had it up to here,  
too much...his heart had bled,  
He went into his lonely room  
and put the pistol to his head.

The shot rang out...un-noticed,  
For no one else was there;  
and the earth was one less person,  
In a world that's seldom fair.

david lessard

# All She Needs

I, for one, hope that she doesn't,  
what kind of life is that for her?  
she doesn't need the abuse of power,  
all she needs...is to hear a kitten purr.

she doesn't need the grief or aggravation,  
she doesn't need the silent killer...stress -  
her mind will be the target she will face,  
all she needs...is the feel of a silken dress.

I pray that she will live for herself alone,  
not for thousands that clamor for her time -  
she was hurt badly once, that's enough,  
all she needs...is the desert and sunshine.

she doesn't need to wrack her brain for answers,  
she doesn't need to scarifice her precious life -  
leave her be, let the media find someone else,  
all she needs...is to be a lovely, loving wife.

I, for one, feel that she has had, her full of hurt,  
I sincerely hope, that she will just retire -  
and spend her Tucson days with her husband, Mark,  
enjoying winter evenings, with him,  
before a fading fire.

david lessard

# Always Remember (For That First Love)

Let it not be forgotten.  
how much I've cried for you.  
Let it always be remembered,  
my love for you was true.  
Let me always think of your kisses,  
and the joy of each embrace;  
Let not a memory dwindle,  
into the past, without a trace.

Let us recall that happy November  
and also the love at the end,  
Let us bring back, the warmth  
of it all...  
and the sadness that finally  
did blend.

Bring back to mind,  
a sweet, charming smile,  
and the glow of audacious eyes;  
Let's laugh at  
the antics of  
young people in love  
and shed tears recalling  
goodbyes...

As I watch the smoke from  
the fading fire,  
and view the fiery embers,  
my heart leaps with pleasure,  
as dreams I still treasure,  
though your heart's forgotten...  
Mine still remembers.

david lessard

# An Open Letter To Ethan Allen

Damn, you wouldn't believe all the changes today Ethan. Since your departure, there's been a lot of water under the bridge.

Your old, home state, Vermont, hasn't changed a great deal, at least not her natural beauty or the native Vermonter.

There's been a few monuments built with you in mind.. One's in Bennington, at the site of the old Catamount Tavern, where you and your Green Mountain Boys were known to tilt a few mugs of rum. It's a penile-looking thing, jutting up 300 feet into the air. They call it the Bennington Battle 's also a statue of you (in marble, I believe) , at the steps of the state capital in Montpelier. You look rather dashing...sword in hand, raised up...ready to do injury. I can envision that's what you may have looked like when you surprised the British at Fort Ticonderoga, way back when, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

Why Montpelier is the capital and not Bennington, is beyond me. I think it has something to do with geography. Over in New York...Whoops! Didn't mean to mention that name. I remember how you felt about them still infiltrate here, Ethan, buying up land, along with the New Jersey crowd and even some foreigners. Japan has an interest in this land too. Can you believe that! ?

At one time, cows outnumbered people here. I regret to say that those days are gone. It's still a small population though, not like Florida or Arizona, which you may be unaware of totally, but that's where the growth is Ethan. Weather has a lot to do with it. Nobody likes the rigors of a New England winter anymore.

They'd just as soon fry their brains out in the desert!

Go figure.

You've missed out of a bunch of stuff, Ethan...automobiles, planes, trains and space shuttles.

More about that in my next letter.

As ever, your boyhood friend, Dave.

david lessard

# Anger

The hand strikes out...  
A scream is heard...  
A taste of blood in the mouth...  
A smell of fear emerges...

The hand seeks to comfort...  
and a voice is heard...'I'm sorry.'

The jaws tighten...  
A sob, and salty tears...  
touch the lips...  
Agression hangs in the air...

As the fingers that look  
to soothe...  
Cannot be distinguished,  
from the fingers that first inflicted  
Pain...  
And the five senses reel...

david lessard

# Another Love Dies...

dreamless nights, never-ending fights,  
ranting, raving, mindless cravings,  
bloodshot eyes, endless lies,  
a push, a shove, an end to love.

crying, weeping, not much sleeping,  
cursing, screaming, thoughtless scheming,  
bruise and battered, nothing mattered,  
name calling, life stalling, body crawling.

shouts, yells, funny smells, all's hell,  
lonely, barren, nothing like caring,  
misery, heart broken, no kind words spoken,  
jealousy, mistrust, things gone to rust.

back turned, kisses spurned, toast burned,  
alone, forsaken, the world is shaking,  
vows are dead, words not said, souls bled,  
hearts grown sad, thoughts turned bad.

nothing salvaged, nothing gained,  
just a memory of hurt and pain,  
a love is buried, pages burned,  
a pair divided, nothing learned.

david lessard



## Another Poem (Love) For Nancy

When last I left you...on the Nile,  
We were just getting to know each other;  
Now it's been...a long, long while,  
Since you found out, I was not my brother.

I am what I am, and you accepted that,  
I didn't change for you, nor you for me;  
Now we are a pair and for each, a cat,  
Love is odd, can't see just what will be.

I swore I'd never write another poem of love,  
Too many bad results were gathered;  
I saw my dreams cast aside, like a shove,  
And hopes drowned and shattered.

But, here I am again, lost in love, once more,  
Wrapped in smiles and pleasant laughter;  
I have no thoughts of any closing door,  
But doesn't that always come soon after?

No, not this time, I won't allow it,  
Not this time, this love, we'll not fail;  
I'll not fall into that horrid pit,  
Not into that sunset will I sail.

Just hold me close and hold me tight,  
Say you love me, each and every day;  
No matter for tomorrow, it's out of sight,  
I will find your path, when there's no way.

david lessard

# Are You Really Coming Home?

Are you really coming home?  
Or is it just a dream of mine?  
Will tomorrow really be here?  
Will the plane come in on time?  
I hope there's no delay,  
I've waited long enough,  
To wait another hour or two,  
Would be a bit too rough.  
Are you really coming back?  
It's not just some charade?  
I wish that I could hire a band,  
and give to you a BIG PARADE!  
To let you know, I've missed you -  
Those arms, those lips, that smile -  
To let you know I've missed you so -  
The way it was, to be with you awhile.  
I hope you'll be right on time,  
I've waited, oh, so long -  
to take a simple walk with you,  
to share with you a song!

david lessard

# Arizona Is Not All Desert

To those of you who think that all of Arizona is a desert,  
I've got some news for you;  
See the Mollogon Rim and the hundred mile view.  
Visit the White Mountains, fish in Crescent Lake,  
The trout await your cast, large brookies there to take.  
See the Grand Canyon, visit its North Rim,  
Aspens and blue spruce greet you, filled with deer, to the brim.  
Drive up Mt. Graham, to over 10,000 feet;  
say goodbye to desert heat,  
enjoy the drive; the mountaintop's a treat.  
Or drive up Mt. Humphries road and climb a trail or two,  
(There's nothing like a mountain, to get a gorgeous view!)  
Mt. Lemmon, down by Tucson, is another sight to see,  
Escape the city's bustle and go and find a tree.  
You see, we're not all sand and cactus, as any fool can tell,  
We're a varied scenic land; a little bit of heaven,  
mixed with a bit of hell.

david lessard

# Arizonal Central

Parched lands, searing heat, endless skies of sun-filled sheets,  
Empty sands...where buzzards meet.  
Barren crags and empty towers, limestone cliffs, no April showers,  
Damned few birds...and fewer flowers.

Hot and cold, extremely dry, a humongus ocean of clear, blue sky,  
If your not careful...your gonna fry.  
Dust devils, whirling, coss the plain, with all the speed of an Amtrak train,  
Reminders of the earth's big drain...in this land of little rain.

Does this climate spawn senility?  
Or just plain old futility?  
Does it fathom any utility?  
It sures gives one...humility.

Shield your body from the sun, protect it in the final run,  
Your sun-screen do not shun; out here the sun is number one.

david lessard

# Armchair Traveler (With Apologies To Robert W. Service)

I've climbed the highest mountains, swam the deepest sea,  
Struck gold up in Alaska, felled the tallest tree,  
I've ridden wild broncos and slept on desert sands,  
and lifted massive weights, with these old, arthritic hands.

I've won a hundred female hearts, and never once did marry,  
I've drunk my share of beer and ale, and burgundies and sherry,  
I've lived life to the hilt, and never have I wanted,  
I could tell you of a thousand places, my spirited soul has haunted.

But now it's time to lay aside, the wanton fruits of pleasure,  
And sweetly sleep and reminisce, my memories of treasure.  
My heart's at peace, and my mind is finally still,  
But sometime I'd love to go back, and sometime, by God, I will.

Back to the land, big and empty, where emptiness fills the eyes,  
Where the horizon fades to forever, and the silence in silence, lies.  
Back to where creation is resting, and man is only a speck,  
It's a long, hard road to travel, but Christ, it's well worth the trek!

I'll go back to just look at the vastness, to wonder at it all,  
where nothing mars the views, and man is only small.  
I may go back tonight, for it's more than I can bear,  
But I can do it all...all right, and never leave my chair!

For it's just my imagination, that takes me where I want to go,  
The price of admission is nothing, and you cannot beat the show!

david lessard

## As Far As I Can See...

As far as I can see,  
there's only love,  
as far as I can tell,  
there's only joy;  
and if by chance I'm wrong,  
then you've got to  
prove to me,  
my love you can destroy.

As long as I can breathe,  
there's only you,  
as long as I can speak,  
there's just your name;  
and if by chance I'm gone,  
then you've got to  
prove to all,  
You'll still remain, the very same.

david lessard

# Ashley Middleton Sent You A Message...

Ashley Middleton, you sent me a message,  
But when I clicked it on, it wasn't there;  
So I looked you up in poet and in poems,  
(to let you know that I really care) .

But you weren't in there either,  
What address are you at?  
I don't want to pry too much,  
I don't much care for that.

So, I'm sending you this poem,  
Let's hope it finds its way;  
I'd like to get your message,  
To see what you had to say.

Every message is important,  
Whether the news is good or bad;  
Every voice needs reassurance,  
In the happy times or sad.

I hope you get THIS message,  
It's a special poem to you;  
Sent with special thanks,  
Welcome to the poet's zoo.

I hope that you will try again,  
And say what's on your mind;  
And this time it will show,  
And your message, I will find!

david lessard

# At Last, My Soul Flies Free

The hills rise, high and steep,  
my legs are fairly aching,  
I climb in one slow creep,  
Behind me, dawn is breaking.

Memories are kind and deep,  
as I trudge up one more hill;  
They are treasured things to keep,  
Grist to the mind, as to the mill.

Some thoughts make me weep,  
as I walk along a clearing;  
As I've sowed, I've also reaped,  
but there's nothing I am fearing.

Silent pictures, in my mind do seep,  
Racing through my peaceful brain;  
My life's been one gigantic leap,  
escaping from the dreaded drain.

Over the mountains, I eagerly peep,  
The views speard out before me;  
The valleys lay in one vast heap,  
and my soul at last, flies free.

david lessard



# At Times Like These

At times like these,  
when thoughts are still,  
I meditate and dream...  
of things that are;

Life and laughter,  
clouds upon a hill...  
of people and places  
far away,  
beneath the same  
red star.

I think about the  
days long gone,  
some faces I recall,  
old friends and family too  
are pictured in my mind

some I'll never see again,  
but memories they  
still install,  
times of relatives and kin,  
and love of persons  
sweet and kind.

Times when values mattered  
when morals spoke the truth,  
I remember ties so strong  
and love that was  
forever,

it wasn't that long ago,  
when I was called a youth,  
it wasn't that far back,  
when life was a rich  
endeavor.

Now it's only times like these,  
that my dreaming seems so real,

now it's only times like these,  
my thoughts no one can steal.

david lessard

# Autumn Can Make Me Laugh Or Cry...

I saw the golden aspens glow,  
In the bright sun of the day;  
I was transported to a place,  
Three thousand miles away.

The color of the autumn trees,  
Shone in autumn's light;  
And the reflection of it all,  
Gave me reds and yellows bright.

The splendor of the leaves,  
As they are dying,  
Can make you weep,  
and start you crying.

Tears for all the things that are,  
Tears for all the things to be;  
Tears for all the things now past,  
and tears for pleasant memories.

Fall can make me laugh or cry,  
Fall can bring me joy or sorrow;  
The changing of the seasons,  
Make me anticipate tomorrow.

Autumn goes away too soon,  
God, please, make it linger;  
Tuck away your summer's ring,  
and put autumn on your finger.

david lessard

# Back To Big Lake

Just came back from Big Lake, from seeing the waters once more -  
Again, to see the mountains, kissing clouds, not far from shore;  
Where trout jump in leisure rhythm, and fishermen try their luck -  
I threw my line in with them, guess I didn't have that touch.

But I saw ospreys high above me, making circles in the air -  
And one came flying down and struck the water, as if on a dare;  
The talons came up empty, but I doubt it mattered not -  
It was doing its instinctive thing, as if it had been taught.

And we saw some elk just grazing, in a meadow by the road -  
A thing of beauty is forever and lightens up our daily load;  
Majestic creatures are a joy, seeing them is bliss -  
A sight to brighten the evening light, a treat not to miss.

At night, I rose, for nature's call, the sky was full of stars -  
Like an impressionistic painting, the trees were darkened bars;  
The air was crisp and cool, not like a summer night -  
Whatever was wrong with the world, here it was all right.

Here, were the hush of the forest, was like a silent thing -  
Putting away the day's troubles, that only life can bring;  
Here was a world of beauty, and wonder nothing could shake -  
The mountains, the air and the sky and the waters of Big Lake.

david lessard

# Before Death Comes

Before death comes, I'll sing to you,  
a melody of dying,  
okay on the outside,  
but deep within,  
I'm crying.

Before I die, I'll croon to you,  
sorrow when I kissed you not,  
lyrics of destruction,  
inside, my soul's begun to rot.

Love is ended, here no more,  
it's too far away, gone for good,  
Your love is locked behind a door,  
which I wouldn't open if I could.

Before I die, I'll sing you a song,  
one you may not want to hear,  
but I have to sing it,  
before I go...  
'Cause it's the only song,  
the only tune,  
the only mournful melody I know.

david lessard

# Big Lake And The Mollogon Rim (My Search For Rain)

I had to go to the mountains, to find rain,  
It's absent in these parts;  
there's no moisture on this lonely plain,  
there's a dryness in our hearts.

So, I drove five hours, up to Big Lake,  
I took the scenic route;  
the road showed wetness in its wake,  
evidence of rain about.

In the mist of morning, I saw elk and deer,  
looking for a fishing place;  
I felt the tug of nature in my mind, so near,  
I felt my worries all erase.

The fish ignored my lure and swam away,  
No trout would grace my pan;  
I'll live to fish somewhere else, another day,  
and I'll catch one if I can.

We left that gorgeous spot, heading for the rim,  
where seven mountain ranges caught our eye;  
and we could see the light begin to dim,  
as the clouds began to build a bit, by and by.

This time I tried Woods Canyon Lake,  
and tried again my fishing lair;  
but nothing I did induced a fish to take,  
but I saw two blue herons floating in the air.

And the rain? Yes, it came, as we pitched the tent,  
and we sneaked in, just in time;  
and blissfully we read and slept...at peace and content,  
and I tell you now, in this short rhyme.

david lessard

# Birds Of Prey

One day, I'll write my book -  
The words will pour right out -  
You'll shake when you do look -  
When first, I begin to shout.

You can scream and no one hears -  
You can cry and no one knows -  
You can hide from all your fears -  
Thinking you are safe from all the blows.

You're just a shadow, living in a dream -  
You're just a phantom, existing in the night -  
The ones you love, they're not what they seem -  
They're slowly swept away, in fearful flight.

You'll see them all again, in my written pages -  
You'll hear them speak again, in quiet words -  
But you'll never hear again, the sullen rages -  
They've taken shelter with the angry birds.

Birds of prey, they sit in darkened light -  
Waiting, watching, they want to see you die -  
Wasting away in the corridors of fright -  
They'll take you now...if you let them try.

david lessard

# Broken Dreams

My dreams of love have all been stolen,  
like thieves in the night, they've gone away -  
and what was once alive and golden,  
has vanished in the dark, in some strange way.

You look the same, yet your a stranger...  
Your voice still speaks, but not the words of love -  
and suddenly, today, there lurks a danger  
I see a vulture, where once there stood a dove.

I had great plans for you and I, great visions to fulfill,  
But now I ask the question why?  
Our love went down, instead of up the hill.

Too many dreams, now lie in ashes,  
Too many detours now, to navigate the stars -  
Too much thunder and lightning flashes,  
Too many arguments of who is Venus, who is Mars.

Let's call the whole thing off, before we end up dead,  
Life's too short, for one more battle -  
There's too much garbage in my head,  
and when I shake it, I still can feel it rattle.

Peace is now my goal, and all that matters,  
Let's say so long to love and let it be -  
Quick, before my soul, body and sanity shatters,  
Let's bid farewell to love, and let our hearts be free.

david lessard



# Change Of Heart

I've had a change of heart,  
I push away my sin,  
Asking for forgiveness,  
Of places I have been.

I've had a change of heart,  
As I take each conscious breath,  
I want to conquer worldly cares,  
And be content with my own death.

I am a new creation Lord,  
In you I put my trust,  
To walk the way of Jesus,  
And throw away the lust.

I don't need the world's excitement,  
Or the promise of a thriller,  
Satan get behind me now,  
Your just a wanton killer.

I've had a change of heart,  
Sin just fascinates,  
God is the winner in my life,  
Sin just assassinates.

david lessard

# Change Of Plans

My trip is off, there's too much going on,  
I had the feeling it would not transpire;  
Things up there are going wrong,  
Nothing bad, but it puts out the fire.

I was 'jumping the gun, ' the notice was  
too short,  
I was too anxious to up and leave;  
Now my plans I've had, I must abort;  
and I must make new ones to weave.

I'm sticking close to home this time,  
No longer roads of great distance;  
I'll see the desert places in this clime,  
Like Canyon De Chelly, for instance.

Or maybe Organ Pipe, that'd be fun,  
Cacti formations in various pose;  
I'll do some things that I haven't done,  
And strike off for spots by following my nose.

There's canyons and cliffsides just calling,  
Where the shadows fall eighty feet long;  
And the longer I sit, I'll be stalling,  
The vagabonds are singing my song.

There's a vast open land in my dreams,  
And stark beauty that lifts up my heart;  
This still life has me crawling the seams,  
The clock is running too fast...  
and I must start.

david lessard

# Choices

I am undecided, whether I should go,  
or whether I should stay,  
I can't make up my mind, too much is in the way.

I want to go, but don't...I want to stay...yet leave,  
Whichever one I choose, it still remains a peeve.

Pros and cons don't matter much,  
Not with this endeavor;  
The choice is rather simple,  
It has to do with weather.

If I wait too long, it will be too cold,  
If I go tommorow, I still have autumn's gold;  
Can't wait to see my children,  
grandchildren, and great-grandchildren too;  
They live so far away, a visit's way past due.

I think I'll leave next week, mid-October's good,  
I'll drive through pretty country, lakes and streams  
and wood;  
I don't like indecision, it's not the thing for me,  
I must be off and going, so many spots to see.

I guess I've made up my mind,  
'Twas an easy thing to do;  
Thanks for sharing with me,  
It was nice to spend some time with you.

david lessard

# Christmas Is A Season...

christmas is a season of the heart,  
a time to cherish family and friends;  
a time to laugh and hug, or start,  
to amplify the joy your prescence sends.

christmas is a season of the heart,  
it knows the love that cannot die;  
it knows the reasons that we part,  
and gladdens, 'tho we know not why.

christmas is a season of the heart,  
it shines it's light to all who see;  
gifts are heaped upon it's cart,  
and we are thrilled, to let it be.

christmas is season full of joy,  
with acts of giving at every turn;  
a child's eyes shine with it's new toy,  
and lessons of love we slowly learn.

christmas is a season of happy sounds,  
carols of praise float on the air;  
the season of love that knows no bounds,  
the season that shows we truly care.

david lessard

# Contented

I am content,  
to be by his side,  
he speaks no words,  
but his thoughts are  
passed along to me.  
When he does speak,  
it's only a word or two,  
and I am content  
to listen and obey.  
Sometimes,  
when we go for a ride,  
I sit in the back,  
my face sticking out  
of the half-cracked window,  
fascinated by the whirl  
of passing cars and people,  
the air feels great!  
Then, stopping somewhere,  
he lets me out and  
I am free to roam and  
to run, to my heart's content.  
No fences, no gates.  
I sprint after real and  
imaginary enemies,  
in the sun  
and the wind,  
in the open countryside,  
I run free, and content.

david lessard

# Cowboys

Cowboys. are a strange and funny breed,  
Some are smart and some can't read;  
Some work hard and some are lazy,  
They make us laugh and drive us crazy.

Some are found atop a horse,  
Some in drugstores, stars of course;  
We see them on the Silver Screen,  
Handsome devils, heir faces gleam!

Cowboys, the name itself is magic,  
At times, their lives are tragic;  
Hank Williams, Tom Mix, Jim Reeves,  
For these cowboys, our hearts bleed.

Cowboys, they're fading, out of style,  
Yet memories hold them on awhile;  
And the pages of a western book,  
brings back the boys that time has took.

Cowboys, without them, would the west be won?  
Their women, their boozing, their outrageous fun?  
To me, they'll never be buried or dead,  
They'll be remembered here in my head.

david lessard

# Cross-Country Skier

I can see my breath before me,  
my moustache is being painted white.  
my arms and legs move in unison  
and I glide gracefully  
over the frozen earth...

Every muscle in my body is moving,  
my pulse in the aerobic range...  
the only sounds I hear are  
those of my skis,  
breaking effortlessly through  
the virgin snow.

Uphill and down, across long,  
flat, expanses of soft powder.  
My physical exertion propels me,  
as labor turns into pleasure and  
soon,  
I am floating,  
silently,  
without strain,  
on a hillside in Vermont.

It's twenty degrees  
and the sun is shining...  
I have a T-shirt, sweatshirt  
and sweatpants on.  
I'm warm.  
I feel as if I could ski  
for a hundred miles,  
In my bare skin.

david lessard

# Cross-Country Skier's Delight

I try to turn like  
I'm a downhill skier,  
but this strategy  
does not work -  
I fall on my face,  
in a heap of snow,  
and I look like some kinda jerk.

After awhile I learn it,  
the right way to turn,  
and after awhile  
I get pretty good,  
as my legs continue  
to churn.

It's called learning  
-as -you -go,  
with work,  
it's O.J. T.,  
and your only as good  
as you are  
no matter what  
that may be.

I was content to  
be intermediate,  
sort of in the middle  
of the road,  
To shoot for expert  
at my age,  
would be too  
much of a load.

Ah! The serenity of it all,  
Racing in the snow,  
Doing it for yourself,  
No one has to know.

The hills were vigin white,



and the air was sharp and cold,  
and I skied to my heart's delight,  
and I was good, if truth be told.

My moustache was  
laden with ice,  
the trees were a  
great, green wall,  
my arms and legs were blurs,  
My God- how I loved it all.

Now my skis are soilitary,  
Upright in my shed,  
Like me, waiting for the end,  
When one of us will be dead.

I'm making plans this winter,  
To give it one more shot -  
The snow is coming soon,  
and I've given it some thought.

I'll go to the hills up yonder,  
and I'll ski them one more time-  
and I won't care if I fall,  
or if this poem don't rhyme.

david lessard

# Dad

Dad, you were a ball of fire,  
I was terrified of your ire;  
There was nothing more  
frightening,  
You were like a bolt of  
lightning.  
And that was your good side,  
Ha, you know I'm joking,  
but you really came out smoking,  
and I would never know, just  
what it was, that made you go...

You could also be a charmer,  
never mistaken for a farmer.  
Your sense of humor was a wonder,  
It made us laugh and forget the thunder,  
She always used to say,  
'That humor made me stay.'

You were a cutup, that's for sure,  
and with that, other things we  
could endure.  
Legendary were your pranks,  
it took my mind off all the spansks.

You were comfortable with social class,  
Kings, queens, hoboes and silly ass;  
You had the common touch,  
all people love so much.

So here's my poem to you,  
Quite new and just out of the blue;  
A small tribute to my dad,  
To all the love, we had.  
To all the joy upon your plate,  
To all the things that  
made you great.

david lessard

# Daily Bread.

What is money,  
when you can't take it with you?  
What is a huge house?  
You can't take it to the grave;  
What are your possessions worth  
when you are dead?  
When you are no longer with us,  
where then, is your cave?

Look instead to things that last forever,  
Like family, friends and the Lord above;  
Like honor, duty and forgiveness,  
and a multitude of everlasting love.

Take in the wonder of the nightly stars,  
Embrace the mystery of any life;  
Shed off the burden of past sorrow,  
Unshackle any signs of strife.

We all go the final destination,  
We all go to the journey's end;  
But what we do will last tomorrow,  
And today is what we have to tend.

Are you prepared for the final chapter?  
Are you content if you die today?  
Or must you turn your life around?  
If that's you, then for you I want to pray.

Lord, take this soul and give it strength,  
Take this life and bless its holy name;  
Let there be a new creation from you,  
One without fear and guilt and shame.

Let your hands transform this body,  
Let your love shine in its place;  
Take away the sins committed,  
And of the old heart, leave no trace.

Thank you Lord, for your forgiveness,  
Thank you Lord, for our daily bread;  
Thank you Lord for our salvation,  
Thank you for all that have been fed.

david lessard

# Death

death, to me you are  
no barricade,  
you are cold arms,  
welcoming me;  
you are cold lips,  
kissing me;  
you are some unknown masquerade,  
silencing me forever with your breath,  
into a world no mortal man can see.  
death, you are  
no wall of stone,  
you are the last slice of  
day old pizza,  
you are the leftover  
from what's left over;  
you are nothing  
that I do condone,  
perhaps you are  
a bed of clover.  
(that'd be nice)  
I do not fear you,  
because I know you not,  
you are the diminishing  
rays of sun;  
you are the last dropp  
of water I drink,  
after my final race is run,  
when I no longer think.  
death, you are a figment  
of the mind,  
yesterday's news, old obituaries  
that one never reads;  
decaying paper,  
blowing in the winds of time.  
nothing that anybody needs.

david lessard

# Depression

There was a time, when I knew no sadness-  
There was a time, when I knew no pain;  
There was a time, when all I knew was gladness,  
I think that was a time, that I will never see again.

If I had not know joy, would I ever know of sorrow?  
If I never had contentment, would I know defeat?  
Now I have doubts and fears of my tommorows,  
Wondering of the loneliness I now must meet.

I was happy, and I was full of wonder,  
I was laughing as I went through life;  
Now I've fallen and it's caused me to blunder,  
Now I face uncertainty and strife.

I never knew that I would face a ugly wall,  
I never saw the losing side of heartbreak;  
Now I feel as if my world's come to a stall,  
I'm in a world of something I did not make.

What's left for me as I keeping sinking down?  
Is there a sun that shines behind that gloom?  
Why do I find hard to smile, but not to frown?  
The light is fading from my closed and empty room.

david lessard

# Did You Think That You Could Break My Heart...

Did you think that you could break my heart,  
Any more than it's been broken?  
Did you think that you could cause more pain,  
By some words that you've not spoken?

You cannot hurt me any longer,  
By the things you do or say;  
The past is not the present,  
Like years, they've slipped away.

But to say that I'm not wanted,  
and my children do not care;  
Then that's a sword I cannot swallow,  
and a load my heart can't bear.

To call me an intruder,  
Is a death blow to my being;  
To say I'm an interloper,  
Then it's me that you're not seeing.

The truth is, I'm their father,  
Not a guy that you call Dave;  
and if it's me that you can't see,  
Then it's my soul you cannot save.

david lessard



# Do With Me, What You Will

do with me,  
what you will.  
I will always love you,  
my soul's for you to kill,  
the past I can't undo.

a word or two can cut me,  
your negligence can destroy;  
but my wounds, you'll never see,  
I'll be your puppet,  
but not your toy.

do with me,  
what you will,  
cast aside my lost emotions,  
let me take the bitter pill,  
of your cold and callow notions.

the hurt runs dark and deep,  
scars are there, 'tho hidden;  
I'm forever in your keep,  
to do as I am bidden.

do with me,  
what you will,  
my love will stand  
the shaking;  
my heart is yours,  
'tho it be ill,  
until the last  
and final taking.

david lessard

# Do You Have A Soul?

You've a great mind,  
and you have got a goal;  
You've a heart of laughter,  
But do you have a soul?

You can take a shot,  
and with the punches roll;  
You are sweetness in a smile,  
But do you have a soul?

Of life's great surprises,  
You've taken a just toll;  
But have you asked yourself,  
If you possess a soul?

The mind is lost without the body,  
It might be blind, as is a mole;  
The heart is fine altogether,  
But it's lost without a soul.

The way of life is not complete,  
You might as well just dig a hole;  
If you don't recognize the light,  
Of a gentle, God-like soul.

david lessard

# Do You Have Your Papers?

You cannot be here without your papers,  
You are brown and you must have I.D.;  
You cannot speak with an accent,  
Then they'd know you were illegal, don't you see?

You cannot speak your your language,  
In this land, an English speaking world;  
They'd suspect you were an alien,  
And insults at you they'd hurl.

Color is a giveaway, white is quite okay,  
You can have a tan, but brown you cannot be;  
You can be a light, light shade of something,  
But not brown and not permanently.

Guess what? We have to carry papers too,  
When we visit your old homeland;  
We have to have a passport now,  
If we don't have ID, why then, we would be canned!

That's what separates a state, or in this case, a country,  
We must follow rule and regulations, to our dismay;  
When in Rome, do as the Romans do,  
Otherwise, you'd better pray!

Pray that you don't get stopped,  
For being white or brown;  
Pray that you have papers,  
Or get out of this town!

david lessard

# Do You Love Me?

Do you love me? I asked.  
Sometimes, she said.  
I wake up each morning,  
to a large and empty bed.

Is today, one of those times?  
(That she'll love me, just as I am) ,  
Or will it be a day, that she'll  
not give a damn?

I'm not much for guessing games;  
a hug and kiss will not suffice...  
I need to hear the words,  
I love you - that would melt the ice.

If I should die, unexpextedly,  
no matter what I attempt to do,  
will she regret her silence  
of never saying, I love you?

I'll know not, but she will,  
Maybe it's better that way;  
For the things that we don't know,  
Can't hurt us...  
least that is what they say.

david lessard

# Dreams And Visions

Somewhere,  
in the deep recesses  
of my mind -  
I knew you were there...  
I didn't know  
when I'd see you...  
or where -  
but you have always been there.

Locked within the  
framework of my dreams -  
I never knew your face or your name,  
Yet the vision never was unshaken,  
Or so it seems...

When I got to know you,  
then I knew -  
That the dreams would end,  
and stop with you -  
No need to search any further,  
The thoughts and visions  
of my dream came true.

david lessard

# Dying When The Time Is Right...

I will die...when the time is right,  
And not prematurely or before;  
I will not give up my precious soul,  
To go through that unknown door.

I will fight to stay the course...  
to navigate that twisted path;  
I won't give in to loser's dreams,  
or give in to the world's great wrath.

I will sail on, up that river...  
going gently with the flow;  
and I'll not harbor lightly,  
to see the last and final show.

I'll spread as much love as I can,  
and touch and hug, all that I can reach;  
I'll see the sunshine, not the darkness,  
When I am rested on that blessed beach.

I will die...when the time is right,  
Not a moment sooner will I fall;  
But I'll fight the dying of the light,  
Until I am aware of nothing else at all.

david lessard

# Echo Valley

Ridng, through the trees of Echo Valley,  
Tired horse, empty guns, got a bundle to carry -  
Riding, though the trees...  
Hear them, can't you hear them coyotes howling?  
Mournful cries, lonesome sighs, like a loved thing dying.

I'm so far away from home, the days, they all get longer,  
Now, I've nowhere else to roam and the heartache's getting stronger;  
just one more thought of you and I'll lay this body down,  
Your face will break on through and I'll turn myself around.

Sleeping, in the sands of Echo Valley,  
Tired man, tired hands, dreams of you there before me -  
Drifting, in the land of dim-lit shadows,  
Sandman comes, closes eyes and I'm set free,

Dying, in the depths of Echo Valley,  
Broken heart, fell apart, just a body dying;  
Hear them, can't you hear them coyotes howling?  
Mournful cries, lonesome sighs...is that someone I hear crying?

david lessard

# End Of The World?

Do you think the end of the world is coming soon,  
or are they all singing looney tunes?  
The cults are preaching right and left, high and low,  
to anyone that'll listen, all you need's a little dough.

Follow me, I have the answer,  
Trust in me, I have a plan,  
If I can't get you your salvation,  
I'll refund your money, 'cause I'm the man.

Glory be to God in heaven, miracles still abound,  
and if you become a member of our little group,  
You'll be blessed by those on high,  
The 'upper classmates' of our little troupe.

We fight for freedom and all it's liberty,  
We strive for financial freedom too,  
We shun those that will not conform,  
We hope to God, that that's not you.

Sing out loud praises to the one above,  
and furnish hymns with your strong pen,  
Do it quickly as the time is coming close,  
The end of the world is June the first, 2,010.

david lessard



# Escape

Let's get out of this lifestyle- I don't like the heat,  
I don't like the noise, of the city's inner beat -  
Let's get out of this place, I don't like the air -  
The traffic is a mess, let's go anywhere!

Let's get out of town -  
I'm tired of desert places -  
I want to see some green  
and some different colored faces -  
Faces that are pink and bright,  
from the crisp, cold, winter's day-  
Where the snow is gently falling,  
I've a need to get away.

Let's go the land of plenty,  
where the seasons always change-  
Let's pack our things and move,  
from this arid ground and range.

Let's see some trees with color,  
in the autumn of the year -  
Let's see some brooks and streams,  
Let's see a few wild deer.

Let's go to a quiet setting,  
and get away from noise,  
Let's sit on a quiet hillside,  
enjoying the peace that it employs.

I have this restless urge to wander,  
far away from city lights-  
Far away from its pollution,  
to the clear and starry nights.

Where I can see the heavens clearly,  
walk down shady, country lanes-  
watch the rain for hours and hours,  
hearing music on the windowpanes.

I have a need for changing seasons,  
I have a need for clean, clear air-  
I have a need for going somewhere,  
It can't be too far, from here to there.

I hear the call of cool winds blowing,  
My needs, I guess, were always so-  
I hear the lure of mountains calling,  
I must not linger, my soul must go.

Go- to where the air is fresher,  
Go- to where the waters flow-  
Go- to where the meadows beckon,  
Go- to where the four winds blow!

david lessard

# Eve

Her name was Eve,  
the mother of us all,  
the lass that did decieve,  
and caused us all to fall.

She gave the apple to  
her friend,  
an act of giving, but  
she knew not its end.

And bingo! They were  
naked,  
A term they never  
heard before,  
and with fig leaves  
shielding them,  
God then closed  
the door.

The lover is bewitching,  
whether it be him or her,  
Lies can wreak much havoc,  
as trouble they incur.

He or she can subtly croon,  
a promise of tomorrow -  
under a lovely moon -  
but they will leave you sorrow.

Thing is, we never know,  
Until it is too late -  
and then we can't accept it,  
the end, the fall, the fate.

The lover is a devil,  
He or she is doom -  
Both sexes are to blame,  
When love ends up a tomb.

So be cautious, my fair friend,  
Be on your toes for danger -  
Make sure it's love you send,  
And never kiss a stranger.

david lessard

# Fall Is In The Air

Fall is in the air, I can feel it,  
Cool and breezy winds are here,  
The summer's sun is getting lower,  
and autumn's color is very near.

The warmer clothes are chosen,  
The sweatshirts magically appear,  
Halloween is right around the corner,  
Stars at night are plentiful and clear.

There is more quickness in the step,  
A hurriedness that was not there before,  
The days are getting just a little shorter,  
and you are on the go as you are out the door.

The holidays are fast approaching,  
and the turkey and old Santa's  
just around the bend;  
These are the days that fly on by,  
and we think that they, will never end.

Fall is in the air, I can sense it,  
The morning's crisp and elegant,  
We wish that we could bottle it forever,  
Instead of wondering, just where it went.

david lessard

# False Cover

You're hard and unforgiving, like concrete,  
cold, and expanding with the rising heat;  
you scare the hell out of me and others,  
and nearly everyone you've chanced to meet.  
I have met the pavement and it's you!  
unyielding, unpliable and too damn hard;  
yet your surface looks unblemished,  
polished, without wrinkles and unmarred.  
Like the cover of a book, you glow,  
in the pages, the real you comes alive;  
and what was love is now destroyed,  
by your bitterness and haughty pride.  
You the devil in disguise I do declare,  
you profess to be a wife, but you are not;  
Lucifer can appear as an angel of light,  
but I can see the evidence of your rot.  
You the kind that can't forgive at all,  
and I am sick of playing your cruel game;  
I leave you to your conception of a life,  
and the grand illusion of your every shame.

david lessard

# Fate

Where were you, all those years?  
You were hidden in my heart;  
Thoughts of you were with me,  
Separate, yes, but not apart.

I thought of you, hoped you were okay,  
I thought to call and speak your name;  
To tell you I was fine and quite all right,  
To let you know that no one was to blame.

Then one day, to meet you by surprise,  
Three thousand miles from home;  
Life happens unexpectedly at times.  
I was on vacation, just to hike and roam.

This is the way it is, God, you and me,  
Revolving through fate's many doors;  
And now I realize that this is true...  
You were always mine and I was always yours.

david lessard

# Father's Day

Here I am...on Father's Day,  
My children, miles and miles away;  
Not a card, not a call, I can only hope,  
They're thinking of me, (I'm such a dope) .

The divorce was more than separation,  
It's like we're in a different nation;  
They have their world and I have mine,  
Far from me, their city lights, do shine.

It's difficult be their dad,  
I can't see them when I want,  
and that's so sad;  
if I think too long about it,  
it drives me mad.

So Happy fathers Day to everyone,  
The lucky ones that see their sons,  
Those that see their daughters, fair,  
You've no lost memories to share.

Happy Father's Day I say to you,  
You did the things I didn't do.  
Your kids are home and happy too,  
Congratulations, everyone of you!

david lessard



# Final Parting

Who are you, to tell me what I am?  
Who are you, to tell me I should care?  
I know that life with you's a sham,  
And you have zero, I would want to share.

Must you hoot and holler till the sun goes down?  
Must you carry on and give me sorrow?  
You don't wear the pants and you don't have a crown,  
And I cannot linger any longer till tomorrow.

I will not war with you again, I lay down my arms,  
I'll leave you to your musings, your meditation;  
You'll not seduce me with your long-forgotten charms,  
I'm going out that door and they'll be no hesitation.

Now you can tell the neighbors that I've gone,  
And tell them just how miserable I'd been;  
They may not know you sing the same old song,  
But I will know and for you, that'll be the end.

Out of sight and out of mind, so the story goes,  
And this time, absence will not heal the heart;  
Like time, this thing called life will ever flow,  
And we'll forget the past and make another start.

david lessard

# For Bethany Kim

It was a snow filled February day,  
John Glenn was orbiting in space-  
and in a small town in Vermont  
you first showed us your smiling face.

You were an awfully good baby  
Didn't fuss too loud or too long-  
When we wanted to calm you down  
we'd put on a Johnny Mathis song

When you were just a babe  
They sent me away for awhile  
and four months later,  
when I returned-  
you greeted me with  
one big happy smile.

We left Vermont that fall  
and headed for the west-  
we didn't want to leave  
but it was for the best.

But then the worst came down  
you were just a child of eight-  
your mother took you all;  
said she didn't want  
to be my mate.

Now your up in Tacoma  
and it's the spring of 2009-  
Thirty-eight years have come and gone  
and nothing is ever just fine.

But we shall go on living  
and perhaps one day we'll see,  
that time didn't wound our space  
and your heart was ever with me.

david lessard

# For Devin

Memories are photographs of the mind-  
they bring your face before me-  
recalling the limited times we  
spent together.

We saw the sun come up  
over the Grand Tetons, by Jenny Lake,  
frost-covered sleeping bags  
in the early mid-June morning.

We sat atop Mt. Mansfield,  
Vermont's highest,  
and soaked up the  
summer sunshine there.

We took a skinny-dip  
in glacier-fed water,  
in the Sierra Nevada,  
overlooking Lake Tahoe.

We walked down  
the snows of Mt. Anderson,  
in the Olympic National Forest,  
'shooing' off a mountain goat  
that was hungry for a handout.

On the upper reaches of the  
Washington state coastline,  
we plunged into the chilling,  
white-capped waters of the  
Pacific, wearing only our  
underwear. (and I saw myself  
as I was, twenty years before)

You were just a babe (two) when  
your mother said goodbye,  
to me...  
It was hard, you being in  
Washington state and me in

New England,  
then Nevada  
and now  
in Arizona.

But I have my memories,  
my photographs of the mind,  
and like age, they get  
better with time.

david lessard

## For Mother...

Ma, everybody celebrates your day, the day of your birth,  
The fireworks light up the night, every soul filled with mirth.  
You were a Yankee Doodle Dandy, a yankee doodle dandy Gal,  
The woman of the year, seventy-eight times in a row -  
No one suspected it...but i know that it was so.

Yours was a heart of gladness, you were everyone's friend,  
A soul of sweetness, a smile of joy, faithful to the end.  
You were everybody's mother, love to all, you'd not deny,  
and I triumphed in my sadness, you caused my tears to dry.

Born on the fourth of July, in a small New England town,  
I can't recall a moment, a place in time, when I ever saw you frown.  
You lit up the room around you, wanting everyone's happiness,  
When you yourself were down, you mattered nonetheless.

If there's a special place for mothers, then I'm sure you have a place,  
I there's a special place for angels, then I'm sure you'll be embraced.  
You were the dearest, loving mother, this boy will ever know...  
and I'm certain now, that God is holding you, in His special glow.

david lessard

# For Rocky

He never floated like a butterfly-  
Nor did he sting like a bee;  
He was a fighter, not a boxer -  
and he made history.

Forty-nine bouts he won (he never lost) ,  
Each fight became a war -  
Forty-four knockouts he posted,  
as all them hit the floor.

He wasn't tall, he wasn't big -  
he was of average height and stocky;  
His last was unpronouncable,  
and so they called him, Rocky.

Long before Mike Tyson,  
and before a man named Clay -  
he was the heavyweight champion,  
no one stood in his way.

Not stylish, graceful or clever -  
but he had thunder in his hand,  
and the will to win was evident,  
throughout the boxing land.

So here's to my boyhood idol -  
Marciano was the name;  
In the world that's known as boxing,  
He was at the top of the game.

david lessard

## For Shannon Kathleen...

You came along in March, of 1963,  
the younger daughter and sister,  
Another beautiful girl  
for your momma and for me...  
You were different from your sister,  
quiet, you kept to yourself a lot,  
and you were God's precious child,  
a delicate little tot...  
You had an iron will,  
not giving any ground at all,  
You were the independent lass,  
heeding no one's beck and call.  
This child born in the desert,  
was a French, Swedish and Irish maid,  
You knew that in the years of growth,  
her beauty would not fade.  
More than you know...I miss you,  
I never got to see you grow.  
The marriage failed, my son was dead,  
it was all... a nasty blow.  
You such a lovely woman now,  
with a life that's all your own,  
So here's my poem to honor you,  
for the love to me you've shown.

david lessard



# For Sharon (My Little Sister And Second Mother)

You were always my little sister, whether you knew it or not,  
Even though you thought differently, when you were just a tot-  
Even way back then, you wanted to take care of me,  
You put on the Big Sister act, it didn't bother me, you see-  
But when I reflect on those early times, I find I am mistaken-  
For those years you stood by me, for granted you were taken.  
You married young in life, your roads were rough, like mine-  
But now your days are treasured, like aged and ripe old wine.  
You've found the one that loves you, that one with the special glow-  
That very special mate...hold him tight and don't let go!  
And here I'm writing verse to you, to give you thanks and blessing-  
For the times that you took care of me, for the grooming and the dressing!  
Thanks for the times you freely gave, thanks for all of the care-  
That was sisterly love, that only a sister could share!

You were my little sister- I was the other brother -  
And now, the secret's out - You were my second mother!

david lessard

# For Shel, George And Me

You crazy little Frenchman!

Do you really have Indian blood in you?

Or is that just a coverup for the way that you get after you been drinking  
firewater?

All I know is that your life revealed to me a deep melancholy, interspersed by  
drinking binges.

Was happiness ever really yours?

And if so, for how long?

We all (the 3 of us) tried to find happiness in a bottle or out of a can.

We faked it for a lot of years.

But ours was an alcoholic happiness and that's not real.

Hey Miller- I never suspected that you were an alky.

Of course you drank too much. (Like Lefty and me)

When they carted you off to the funny farm, I didn't realize that you were 'drying  
out.'

They said that you'd drink anything.

Remember the night you drank a bottle of Vanilla Extract? (You probably don't)

You used to scream that you were a Seneca and drive through plate-glass  
windows. Does Rose know about that?

You can't make love grow and foster,  
with a beer bottle in your paw.

I have Micmac blood in me (A Canadian tribe) .

So the family history goes.

Sheldon claimed that he was an Iroquois.

We're all Inidans of a sort I guess.

Lefty died at age sixty.

The booze got to him.

George, you haven't had a dropp in what, twenty-six years now?

Me? I still drink, but not to excess.

I indulged ennough back then.

So, my friends, here's to you...

new lifes, new loves, and new beginnings.

david lessard

# For Steve

I was your little brother, you were the first in line-  
You got your Father's love and to me that was just fine;  
I followed in your shadow, the years went racing by-  
I never stepped ahead of you, I never really tried.  
You said I wasn't big enough, for you I was too small-  
Suddenly, it came to me...you didn't want me round at all.  
And so I hovered closer, to my sister and my mother-  
When what I really needed, was a big hug from my brother.  
You gave your country twenty years, I gave the Army one-  
You wore the Air Force wings, while I went on the run.  
I took the lonely path and it hasn't been much fun-  
It's so hard to find the balance-when you're the middle son.  
You met a girl named Donna, that marriage was to last-  
I met and married many, and now they're all of the past.  
You always were a 'ham' Steve, singing songs from South Pacific...  
But Dear Brother, know this truth...you always were terrific!  
I hope this poem, you do enjoy, I feel the words ring true-  
It's just a little slice of life and the love I have for you!

david lessard

# For What And For Whom?

And why should they have Eden-like surroundings?  
They who cannot see or feel...they who cannot talk or hear,  
They who cannot take a breath.  
Why the flowers that they cannot smell?

The lawns are carefully manicured and groomed...  
The trees provide more than ample shade...  
For what and for whom?

They cannot see the beauty above them, they cannot feel the shade cool them...  
They sleep without dreams, undisturbed...the wonders of the earth, do  
nothing for them.

Is it for us, the living, that we do as we do?  
Is it for us, the park-like settings, the flowers, the trees?  
Is it for us, the living, the wonders of the earth displayed?

The dead cannot see or feel, they cannot talk or hear...  
The dead are unable to take a breath...  
So, for what and for whom are graveyards for?

david lessard

# For You, My Love

To you, my love, I send you all my tomorrows,  
To you, my love, I give my aching heart;  
Trust me when I say, I'll never give you sorrows,  
Or take your love and tear it all apart.

To you. my love, I bring a box of sweetness,  
To you, my love, I bring a song of joy;  
We must take care because of time's fleetness,  
And not think love as just a simple toy.

To you, my love, I give my treasure box of gladness,  
To you, my love, I give my solemn vow;  
I will not trouble you with nights of empty sadness,  
The days of happiness to you will bow.

You'll know the peace that only love can give you,  
You'll know contentment, only love can bring;  
You'll know of love in everything you do,  
and that will cause your heart to sing.

For you, my love, I'll stay around forever,  
For you. my love, I'll never let you go;  
I will be there for you, in each endeavor,  
Until the closing of the final show.

david lessard

# Frenchie Savoie

my name is frenchie savoie, from quebec,  
I came out west in 1875, with wesley powell;  
he wanted to take a boat down the colorado,  
I told him he was nuts and take along a towel.

I went furthur south, to prescott, arizona,  
not a state back then, just a territory;  
it was wild and wolly place to be in 1875,  
there were fights on whiskey row, quite gory.

the soiled doves also had their places,  
or ladies of the night if you so prefer;  
sisters in the world's oldest profession,  
wrapped up in garments, some made out of fur.

doc holliday was once a resident of this town,  
and wyatt earp, was another, who passed this way;  
but they were ships, passing in the night,  
they were lonesome drifters and they didn't stay.

me, I wound up a miner and did some farming,  
'twas not my nature, to shout and call for fame;  
you can find me in the old town's burial ground,  
a piece of rock-like granite, tells you, my name.

david lessard

# Friends

There is nothing like a friend,  
to share, the heavy load;  
There is nothing like a friend,  
to share the open road.

There's joy in just a smile,  
There's joy in one shared thought;  
There's laughter in a poem,  
There's friendship being taught.

A friend, you'll open up to,  
and they'll not judge your dream;  
You can tell them anything you want,  
and it just makes friendship beam!

So, take some time to share with them,  
Laughter...sorrow...fear...  
That's what friends are there for,  
That's why, my friend, we're here.

david lessard

# Ghost Of Surgeries Past

Through a daze of fog and wonder,  
I awake from way 'down under, '  
And in my drugged, narcotic state,  
Muse and marvel at life's fate.

Eyes that never can stay open,  
Provide to me, just some, small token,  
Of a world half-real, half-dream,  
Is what I see, just as it seems?

In the web of hurt and pain,  
Am I mad or am I sane?  
I lie immobile, in my bed,  
In an ethereal world of dread.

Slowly, realism, grips my hand,  
And forces me to take a stand,  
The pain recedes, but does not go,  
The healing opens its own show.

The surgery is over, now gone past,  
And my recuperation's coming fast,  
And soon the hurt and pain will fade,  
Thoughts growing dim, of images played.

david lessard



# Give Thanks!

Give Thanks! For what?  
The fact that your alive!  
Give thanks for everything,  
man, that ain't no jive...  
The wonder of it all,  
the mystery of life,  
The winds that blow,  
and cut you like a knife.

The fact that you are healthy,  
the fact that your still here;  
the love that you possess,  
for that, stand up and cheer!

Give thanks for friends and family,  
Give thanks for being unique;  
and glory in the God above,  
of which we all do seek.

Give thanks that there's tommorow,  
and be glad that there's today;  
Laugh and be yourself,  
There isn't any other way.

Most of all, thank God,  
In all you say and do;  
He's waiting for your praise,  
He did it all for me and you.

david lessard

# Glory Road

Father, You alone can heal me,  
You alone, can make me well-  
Your power set me free,  
I think no longer, that I will go to hell.

Your word, it's truth sustains me,  
Your strength, it satisfies-  
With your arms, I do not have to see,  
The world and all its lies.

My faith is great and soothes me,  
I stand upon your promises as such-  
I face the adversary and do not flee,  
Because You mean to me so much.

It's in Your beauty that I rest from all,  
It's in Your voice that I have found my way-  
It's in Your heart, I never have to fall,  
It's in Your mercy, that is where I'll stay.

Take my prayers and give me lasting peace,  
Take my burden and lighten up my load-  
I'll take Your cross and let my wonder never cease,  
As I walk along Your Glory road.

david lessard

# God's Presence

He's in a blade of grass  
and in the face of flowers,  
He rules the sun and rain  
of a thousand April showers.

He's present in the smile,  
of a child who is at peace,  
In the laughter of sweet joy,  
His love will never cease.

In the whisper of a lover,  
In the scent of autumn air,  
In the beauty of a sunset,  
He is ever present there.

Look at the sun, as it is rising,  
Look at the stars, how bright thy shine!  
Look at the mountains that surround you,  
It's all God's work, and it is fine!

GIve thanks above to your tomorrows,  
Give praise and glory, to his lofty name!  
Count on his blessings to sustain you,  
His mighty power and strength will never wane!

david lessard

# Goodbye Autumn

Fall's annual striptease show is almost over, her brightly colored dresses lie in a heap, about her feet, stirred by occasional breezes.

Cold, clear nights silently announce Winter's swift approach. Jack Frost leaves traces of his presence on windowpanes everywhere.

Breath makes itself visible in the sharp, crisp, morning air. Once unprotected hands, slide ceremoniously into mittens and gloves.

Sweaters and coats pop up in great array. Swimsuits find refuge in drawers and boxes for another year.

I fight against it (the cold) . It's an exercise in futility. I go without gloves, caps or jackets, prolonging Fall, my favorite season. But, inevitably, the cold creeps into the bones...like a thief in the night. Like Autumn does to Summer and Spring will do to Winter.

If I had my way, I'd have Autumn all year 'round and I'd send Winter to Florida or Arizona, where they'd appreciate it more. I'd send Summer to Alaska and Spring to Hawaii.

But, oh my, what would it be like to not have the four seasons?

So, I say goodbye to Autumn.

When once the leaves are gone and snow covers the earth once again, then Spring will arrive, wet and confused and Summer will dry her hair and you'll be back with your brightly colored dresses, dancing in the wind.

And I will welcome you back like a long-lost friend.

david lessard

# Goodbye To Love

Say goodbye to love, but not to sorrow,  
Say farewell to love, but do not cry,  
You've done your best, just get on with tomorrow,  
No one can say, you didn't really try.

Some things are better, just left undone,  
Some things are better, just left alone,  
You've done the battle, now you must run,  
Why hang you head and softly moan?

You have a life to live, just not with her,  
You have a life to live, just say so long,  
You cannot go back, as once you were,  
You have to learn to sing another song.

You can't live in hurt, you can't live in pain,  
You can't survive and live in hate,  
You must find a source of healing,  
And you must find another mate.

There's lots of fish out in the sea,  
Plenty of people, just like you,  
Plenty of choices for you and me,  
I'd put it all behind me, if that's  
what I had to do.

david lessard

# Grand Canyon

How can you put into words,  
something that takes your breath away?  
How can you capture on film,  
What encompasses the heart?  
How is it possible to paint and reproduce,  
an original work of art?  
How does one describe,  
A walk into time?

Footsteps falling away into  
timeless eras of yesterday.  
Beauty forever changing  
imperceptively, before your eyes.  
Vastness on a scale so great  
that any measurements are  
futile indicators of its true dimensions.

How can you put into words,  
something that takes your  
breath away?  
Something that encompasses the heart?  
An original work of art?  
A walk into time?

It's something that you need  
to experience yourself,  
to understand,  
just what it is I'm saying,  
or not saying.

david lessard

# Gypsies, Tramps And Thiefs

when you and I were young my lad,  
and all the others older;  
we were carefree, full of joy,  
and our minds were somewhat bolder.

when you and I were young, my lass,  
we broke our hearts forever;  
but mended soon and then forgot,  
the moments of our treasure.

when you and I were young, my love,  
we never knew the 'morrow;  
we played at games of chance,  
and now we reap the sorrow.

when you and I were old, my friend,  
we relived old memories;  
we laughed and cursed and wept,  
as we sailed the seven seas.

when you and I are gone, my love,  
they'll be little left to mourn;  
for we were gypsies, tramps and thieves,  
in that world where we were born.

david lessard

# Half The People Agree...

Half the people in this country agree,  
We should be tougher on immigration;  
Half the people cannot see,  
Where we are going as a nation.

Some don't even care, they don't vote,  
Some are much too busy to take the time;  
Some people, will always 'miss the boat, '  
And that, my friends, should be a crime.

If people stand by and do nothing at all,  
Then evil will rear its ugly head;  
If people cough up excuses and stall,  
Think of the alternatives instead.

A land of willing and useless bodies,  
While the others do all the work;  
They sit around and drink hot toddies,  
And care not about the things they shirk.

They take the handouts when they're given,  
Hey, it's free, why dirty up your precious hands?  
While the rest of us are proud and driven,  
And we're not content, the way it stands.

Com'n you people, time's a-flying,  
Feel some pride and do your part;  
There's no need to pout, nor sighing,  
It's not too late to change and start.

david lessard



# Happiness Is Not A Thing Called Joe

Happiness is not a thing called Joe,  
Happiness doesn't have a name,  
If you discovered love and God,  
Then you have happiness and fame.

Happiness is not the wind, Maria,  
Happiness is love with a friend,  
If you have friends and family,  
Then that is happiness to send.

Love isn't sex and a one night stand,  
Love is there for who will take your hand,  
Love is wonderful, and simply grand,  
Love is a heart that takes to understand.

If you have happiness, then you have love,  
If you have love, happiness is also there,  
One does not exclude the other, not ever,  
You will possess both in this endeavor.

david lessard

# He Is Gone (The People All Do Say)

He is gone...the people all do say,  
Shall we bury him today?  
'neath the ground, amongst the clay?

Gone? I cannot say that he is gone.  
Away? Yes. But not gone.

He was ours for just five years.  
Now he's yours. My first born son is yours.

Son, there's a headstone  
bearing your name  
your date of birth  
the date of your death  
Birds are engraved there too.  
Who knows why.  
The body's there,  
but not the boy.  
The boy is in God's memory  
Awaiting a new birth  
and of a day when  
there will be  
no more dying.

They can't bury you...  
Until they bury me...  
Until they bury your mother,  
and your sisters and  
your younger brother.  
Until the last memory of your face  
dies with the last person that remembers.

Gone? No, not gone...Just away.

david lessard

# Health And Faith

Health and faith, do you have them?  
Are you well and do you believe in God?  
Or do you think hamburger's a good choice?  
And do you think Christian's are rather odd?

Do you feel McDonald's has the answer?  
Do people speaking in tongues freak you out?  
Do you like fried food in any manner?  
Does church upset you when people shout?

Do think that what you eat does not matter?  
Do you think that Jesus and God are dead?  
Does soda pop do something for you?  
And religious views are better left unsaid?

Or do you like fruit right off the trees?  
And do you see hope up in heaven's skies?  
Can you relate to a good tomato sandwich?  
And can you see God in other people's eyes?

Health and Faith, they go well together -  
If you possess them, then you are blessed;  
You can have today and want for nothing -  
Your heart and mind need no further test

david lessard

# Health Issues

I can't afford health insurance,  
Thank God for Medicare -  
Retired and in the poor house,  
Does anyone really care?

Now they want to 'put us down, '  
Like the cats and dogs we own -  
That's the power of the White House,  
The 'big guy' on the throne.

The sixties are the forties,  
The seventies are the fifties -  
The eighties are the sixties,  
You see them all at Thriftee's.

Trying to save a buck,  
Riding their old bike -  
Trying to stay fit and trim,  
Lots of them still hike.

I saw a woman, the other day,  
'How old are you? I said -  
A hundred and two she answered,  
I about fell over dead.

She looked like she was fifty,  
No wrinkles and no scars -  
She looked like Meryl Streep,  
You know, like those movie stars.

I asked the secret of her health,  
She said she didn't have one -  
What keeps you young I asked,  
She said she lived for fun.

She didn't smoke,  
she didn't drink -  
and she was 'putting me on, '  
at least, that's what I think.

The nineties are the seventies,  
The one hundreds are who knows what -  
I'll just hold on to what I have,  
It' s not who you are, but what you've got.

david lessard

# Healthcare's Coming...

Obama is the prez,  
and were cool on healthcare.  
or so he sez.  
But at the town hall,  
life's not so simple,  
and peace there's not...  
At all.

Health care's being forced,  
whether or not we like it,  
and to raise our voice an octave,  
why you'd think we caused a riot.

It's un-american they claim,  
to offer our resistance,  
Have the senators no shame?  
As we shout our own insistance.

Have any read the passages,  
of a thousand pages or longer?  
My eyes are not so good,  
I wish that they were stronger.

Death panels for the old,  
The right to die is not denied,  
If you don't want to live,  
Can you say you really tried?

If you need something  
and your ninety,  
Why forget it, it it won't be done,  
You won't live to see tomorrow,  
You'll not see the rising of the sun.

Health care, it's in the making,  
No mistake of that,  
It'll revolutionize our world,  
And that Jack, is a fact.

david lessard

# Hearing Loss

I used to hear just fine,  
but that was yesterday;  
Now I'm going deaf my friend,  
I miss you by the way...

You do not know,  
nor will you ever know,  
what caused my ears  
to fail;  
Should I renounce you  
as my pal?  
Would it do any good  
to weep and wail?

A chance of fate, my buddy,  
You knew not what you did -  
You never meant to harm me,  
And the sceret from you, I've hid.

They say it's getting worse,  
and there's not much they  
can do -  
But I don't hear as bad as that,  
For me, it isn't true.

Maybe I'm deluding myself,  
Perhaps it's worst than I think;  
Perhaps I'm on the edge  
and hovering on the brink.

Only time will tell, my friend,  
it's all that ever matters -  
I've only time to kill, you see,  
Before my reality shatters.

david lessard



# Heaven's Gates...

What is man...but flesh and bone?  
Here to reap, the things he's sown -  
More than just the goods he owns,  
For sins and slights, he must atone.

What is man...but body, soul and minds?  
To answer to the universe he finds-  
He must break free from all his binds,  
To navigate the paths that winds.

The road's uphill to many fools,  
He must make use of all his tools-  
Or else he'll see that someone rules,  
In the rung above him, power fuels.

By himself, he's not a ruling master,  
There's always someone bigger, faster-  
But there's other fields that he can pasture,  
and other walls that he can safely plaster.

Fields of joy, walls of love, that he can know,  
God and all His glory, his peace can flow-  
In heaven's gates, his weary heart can grow,  
It's there that he can bask within its glow.

david lessard

# Here We Go Again

Here we go again,  
The PC is my pen;  
Thoughts on paper,  
Emotions, the shaper.

A ditty to put down,  
A memo for a crown;  
The mind a bender,  
Inside the skull, a blender.

Words come in labor,  
No rhyme or flavor;  
All must sift together,  
To bring forth pleasure.

A liitle bit of food for thought,  
Of things that be or ought;  
Songs of pure lament,  
Money won and money spent.

The world is just a roller-coaster,  
Full of brag and full of bolster;  
What matters is the life within,  
What matters not...what might have been.

Words to make hearts light,  
Words to make souls bright;  
Memories to mull and treasure,  
At your objective, lazy leisure.

david lessard

# Here's To Life!

Here's to you,  
whoever you are,  
and here's to what you can be,  
we may never meet again,  
but that's all right with me.

Here's to the life of one  
well lived,  
and here's to a brighter tomorrow;  
Here's to the girls that  
make life a joy,  
and forget the ones  
that 'cause sorrow.

Here's to the love  
we all must have,  
Here's to the love awaiting;  
Let's hope you and yours  
are happy now...  
Now that you've finished dating.

Here's to the girls with smiles  
in their eyes,  
and spices in their kisses;  
Here's to the ones with  
whom we lie,  
The girlfriends and the misses.

Here's to a life filled with vigor,  
With lives that are filled with hope;  
With wine, women and song,  
With that life, one can cope!

david lessard

# Here's To The Irish (A Happy ck's Day!)

Here's to the Irish, that special breed,  
That race that laughs at sorrow,  
The race that cries when happiness,  
Shows its face tomorrow.

Here's to the Irish, and the blarney,  
To the saucy-faced colleens,  
To the tenors singing Danny Boy,  
To their golden colored dreams.

Here's to the Irish, and to the emerald isle,  
Let's pause and raise a glass or two,  
To the lepercauns and banshees,  
To the corn beef, cabbages and stew.

Here's to the Irish, and wearing of the green,  
To St. Patrick's mighty, thunderous hand,  
When he trod that hard-packed Irish soil,  
And banished snakes throughout the land.

Here's to the Irish, to its music and its jigs,  
To the river Shannon, bright and bold,  
May shamrocks steal your heart away,  
And lead you to that pot of gold.

david lessard

# Here's To The Poets!

The poet is a writer,  
for want of better things to do-  
He/she composes rhymes and prose,  
and then sends them on to you.  
You may like it, or you may not,  
it really doesn't matter-  
It's not you or me that sparks  
him or her,  
it's not him or her  
the poet flatters.

It's the self, the soul, the heart,  
of every word of pen-  
The emotions, the joy, the tragedy,  
of things that may have been;  
It's the tears, the laughter and  
the bitter struggles,  
the mending of the mind,  
that erases all the troubles.

To give the world his/her  
pain or joy,  
The expression of  
a tortured brain -  
The words that must be uttered,  
lest they burst,  
Like dark clouds  
of pent-up rain.

It's a burden lifted gently,  
or a thing of hell-bent fury -  
It's a release of ugly dreams,  
sent into the world unburied.

Don't take them to the grave,  
don't hide them 'neath the rug;  
Give your voice to heaven,  
and give yourself a hug.

Yes, here's to all the poets,  
Male, female, young or old,  
Sing out your songs loudly,  
and with your thoughts, be bold!

david lessard

# He's There

I look out my window and He is there -  
I walk along the avenue, and so does He -  
I converse with Him and say a silent prayer -  
How marvelous it is, that He should welcome me.

How glorious are His mysterious ways -  
How awesome are His lovely sounds -  
No man can match His blessed days -  
Or cultivate His earth-filled grounds.

I listen to His music, songs that only I can hear -  
It's a concert greater than you know -  
But you must be still and lend an ear -  
Then you'll know, just how the song does flow.

How mighty are His splendorous works of Art -  
How strong and powerful His gracious call -  
He works a circumcision of the heart -  
And knocks down, the denseness of a solid wall.

He's everywhere I turn and see -  
Everywhere I hear a laugh, or cry -  
Everywhere there's a soul,  
struggling to be free -  
And He'll be there,  
when I take my final sigh.

david lessard

## He's Waiting For You -

There's too much beauty  
in this world to suffer -  
Too much loveliness to cry -  
Too much wonder for  
hearts to be rougher -  
Too much happiness for  
wounded dreams to die.

There's too much laughter  
in this world for sorrow -  
Too much dazzlement  
to frown -  
There's always something  
better for the 'morrow -  
Too much joy to get one down.

Look at the flowers, how they prosper!  
Look at the stars, how they do shine!  
Gaze at the moon and the love it fosters!  
If you have love, then shout, it's mine!

Your a marvel, a Child of the  
Prince of Peace!  
Under this tent of Heaven,  
'neath this canopy of blue!  
His ways are Wonderful,  
and His Givings never cease!  
The works He does are  
awesome, right and true!

Don't be a doubter...be a lover,  
Be a believer and speak the truth;  
Then His gifts you will discover,  
then in His mansions, you will find a booth.

He's waiting there for you to reach Him,  
Extend a hand and let Him in;  
Before the lights grow soft and dim,  
It does not matter, where you've been.



david lessard

# 'Hey...'

Must you be so warm and lovely?  
Must you be so sweet and kind?  
You drive me to distraction...  
and meddle with my mind.

Why are you so darn attractive?  
Why are you so filled with joy?  
Can't you see me falling?  
Must you be so goldarned coy?

When I see you, I am speechless,  
My tongue is tied, no words come out,  
You have the power to petrify me,  
With a laugh or with a pout.

I'm like a schookid I remember,  
Shy of girls and people too,  
Wringing hands behind my back,  
For want of better things to do.

Must you look at me that way?  
Just seeing it, I blush,  
I want to know you better,  
But I do not want to rush.

If I can get the first word out,  
I'm sure I'll be all right,  
If I can't get it out real soon,  
I may be here all night.

I stand around and try to look cool,  
Not thinking of what I want to say,  
Until, without much thinking on my part,  
I open my mouth and blurt out...'Hey...'

You giggle, I guess you think it funny,  
I blush again and glance at the ground,  
You answer back 'Hey...' and smile,  
Inside my chest, my heart begins to pound.

david lessard

# Hideaway

At times, I like to think,  
That there's a place for me,  
A little spot that's hid away,  
Beside the hill and sea.

Nestled in a valley,  
Beneath the canyon's rim,  
Where stars are coming out,  
As the natural light begins to dim.

I think I know of such a place,  
Not so far away;  
I go there in my mind a lot,  
Some day, I'd like to stay.

I'll watch the moon, play hide and seek,  
Among the dark-filled sky,  
And breathe a sigh of sweet content,  
Gazing up from where I lie.

david lessard

# Higher Plane

You were on a higher plane than me,  
and so I climbed up from where I stood;  
But you climbed higher still, you see,  
but I never went higher, even though I could.

You wanted to know, just what made me tick,  
I was satisfied just knowing, you were mine;  
You wanted to dig and see what made me click,  
I do not know just what you thought you'd find.

We could talk of Rand and Russell all day long,  
but philosophy has no final ending;  
it just goes on and on, even when its wrong;  
and love needs nuturing and tending.

As Popeye said, 'I yam what I yam, ' and  
nothing else much matters,  
I take you as you are, not what what you  
think I want;  
If we don't see the real self, then  
vision shatters,  
and satisfaction never comes,  
and words just taunt.

I'm what I am and not your  
knight in shining armor.  
I bleed, like any other heart, in pain;  
Would you still care for me if  
I was but a farmer?  
Or would you hold be in contempt  
and much disdain?

The questions of old have all been asked,  
and we live on to love, to work to cry...  
The passion of life is in its living,  
We're here but fleetingly and then we die.

So forget the words of Socrates and Plato,  
Com'n and love me, it's getting Lateto;

Forget the passions of the mind,  
And come and love me dear, in kind.

david lessard

# Hikes

Out here, the sun is so much brighter,  
The views are sharper, much more clear;  
The load is not so heavy, much more lighter,  
Out here, there's nothing but God to fear.

Climbing ever higher, the sky is brilliant blue,  
The path is winding upward, a bit too rough;  
But the air, it smells of perfume, it is true,  
and though the trail is hard, your heart is tough.

The mountain calls to you, to climb up to the top,  
The morning is still and cool, not too hot or cold;  
The aches in the knees are gone; you don't want to stop,  
The views are great from the summit, so you've been told.

And they were right, the valley's mist's a postcard's dream,  
The pinnacle has been reached, you feel good and strong;  
The clouds above are lovely, pitchers filled with cream,  
You start the swift descent, you break out in a song.

A song filled with pleasure, a song of bounding joy,  
Your steps are light and bouyant, full of endless pep;  
Your not an old man anymore, your a youngish boy,  
And like the days of early youth, you need not watch your step.

There's magic in a mountain,  
treasure in those hikes,  
There's a beauty nowhere else I know;  
It's at the top of my lists of likes,  
And I find a solace each time I go

david lessard

# His Works, Not Yours

You speak as if you know  
what you are talking about...  
But you don't know God and  
therefore what you say is wrong;  
Because God's ways,  
are not man's ways,  
and your song is not His song.

You can say there is no Lord,  
and you can say, you need some proof;  
I say look around you, look at the stars,  
Can you build such a roof?

Can you create a world,  
And give it the right amount of air?  
Can you create a moon so bright,  
That the whole wide world can share?

You speak as if you know a lot,  
But you need evidence...  
and what you say is lame,  
and not all you say makes sense.

But I had faith in Him,  
Things not evident to you-  
I see His works around me,  
His word will see me through.

david lessard



# Hopelessness

Hopelessness is an anchor,  
settled in a weightless sea;  
It follows no right distinction,  
Doesn't know from you or me.

It stills the raft your floating on,  
It's like a boat without an oar;  
and it terrifies the open mind,  
with doubts you can't ignore.

You're left in empty space,  
In shark infested water;  
You can't get back to shore,  
as your soul begins to totter.

People throw you bouys,  
They try to save the day;  
You anxiously reach out,  
but they're much too far away.

Hopelessness sinks your ship.  
and strips the heart so bare;  
that when you're going down,  
You're too damn numb to care.

david lessard

# Horror Books

I am fed up with vampires,  
and werewolves and the rest,  
Anne Rice has had a change of heart -  
Let's hope it's for the best.

Now if we can get Stephen King,  
to write a slice of fiction,  
without the gore and blood,  
without the horror's friction.

And Dean Koontz too,  
let's not forget him,  
and his scary, gruesome pages,  
But we know their books are  
'money-in-the-bank' and  
them's pretty damn good wages.

So don't look for a turnaround  
too soon,  
and a lovely work of art,  
they'll still be creatures of the night  
and many a goon,  
before we see,  
those devils part.

But I have had enough,  
and with a voice of one -  
I'll read them if there's  
nothing else to read,  
But otherwise...I'm done!

david lessard

# How Are The Children?

There is no pain now, only a numbness...  
There are no tears now, just a sadness...  
There is no anger now, but some unrest...  
There is no hatred now, but some regret...

There is no heartbreak now, just a dull ache...  
There is no bitterness now, just a sour taste in the mouth...

I can assure you...I've forgiven and forgotten,  
You can be at ease, I have 'buried the hatchet.'  
You've got your new life and I've gone on with mine -  
It's ancient history now, water under the bridge...  
I've only one question for you...

How are the children?

david lessard

# How Like A Flower Was Your Love

How like a flower was your love,  
Blooming for a season;  
Then swept away and lost,  
For want of any reason.

Your fragrance - like a rose!  
Elegant and heady;  
Now the scent has faded,  
And my heart, it wasn't ready.

Your lips were soft - like petals,  
Your kiss - a sip of honey;  
But your soul was made of ice,  
You trampled love, for money.

You were bold and beautiful,  
Yet the glitter did not last;  
You showed your own true colors,  
Now the lure and shine is past.

How like a flower was your love,  
Here today, then gone the morrow;  
And my joy was turned to gloom,  
My laughter, turned to sorrow.

david lessard

# How Many?

How many hearts need be broken, before that one heart dies?  
How many harsh words spoken, before God hears their cries?  
How many lives are ruined, by a parent that just leaves?  
How many children must suffer, Before the angels grieve?

How many people must go without, before one sees their needing?  
How many crimes committed, to notice a city's bleeding?  
How many loved ones perish, in the heat of anger and passion?  
When will the empathy come, or is it out of fashion?

How many rules must be broken, before all is said and done?  
We should not speak in plurals my friend...  
The number is...only one.

david lessard

# Hybrid Cowboy

Caught between barbeque and maple syrup,  
I can't tell a branding iron from a stirrup -  
Horses are foreign to me, as is a steer,  
and from rodeos and cowgirls, I stay clear.

But there's something in a Willie Nelson song,  
That hits at home, whether one is right or wrong -  
and the melody of broken love rings through,  
Of what one did, or likely, didn't do.

I'm an Easterner at heart, I like the Red Sox,  
I like football and basketball and men who box -  
I love the scent of Autumn leaves in the air,  
The hint of Spring, with raindrops everywhere.

But then again, the desert keeps a-calling,  
and there's music when the doggies are a-bawling -  
When a man can find so easily, an empty bed,  
With a gazillion stars so close, above his head.

That's when I become a hybrid cowboy,  
That's when I become one with the West -  
Two worlds wrapped in one, two men I've become,  
and I can't decide, inside, which is the best.

david lessard

# I Ain'T No Cowboy

I ain't no cowboy...never was...never will be.  
But at times I'm fond of going out in the desert,  
to watch the sun sink over the horizon.

I ain't no cowboy, never had the urge to be one.  
But on occasion, I enjoy hearing a Merle Haggard tune,  
like the one he sings about in Muskogee, Oklahoma.

I ain't wearing no cowboy boots...tried it...  
too uncomfortable for me. But  
I do like to jump in some old blue-jeans  
and throw on a western-style shirt  
once-in-awhile.

Don't care for cowboy hats neither...  
nor hats in general. But sometimes that Arizona sun  
beats down on you and you gotta wear  
a wide-brim something or other. (for shade)

Don't go for them big wide fancy belts  
with the garish buckles on 'em.  
But I find sporting a bolo tie to be  
agreeable at times.

I just ain't no cowhand. No way. No how.  
But yes, i dig Roy Rodgers and  
Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings.

Me on a horse? Forget it.  
All Yankees in my family tree.  
No horses in my ancestry.  
No rodeos in my memory.  
Nope, I ain't no cowboy,  
nor will I ever be.

But dammit,  
put on a Hank Williams record  
and that's as close  
to country as I'll ever get.

david lessard



# I Am A Deaf Man...

physically speaking, I am a deaf man,  
spiritually speaking, I am not deaf to God's word;  
I praise and honor Him in any way I can,  
and in my silent prayers, I know that I am heard.

man is spiritually blind, wounds he cannot see,  
he laughs off the pain and hurt, ignores the cries;  
and says, for but the grace of God, that might be me,  
he does not see affliction, nor hears the sighs.

I've been deaf for twenty years, maybe longer,  
the way of Jesus, was not always, the path for me;  
but then, I reached life's bottom, and I got stronger,  
the scales, fell from my eyes, then I could see.

because I gave my life to Him, I can stand up straighter,  
because I gave my life to Him, I now can walk in peace;  
I'm satisfied that He came into my life, much later,  
because each day is filled with joys that never cease.

I am a deaf man and to you and others, I cannot hear,  
the hearing aids help out, but they alone are not a cure;  
with the prescence of the Lord, I am without man's fear,  
and there is nothing in this world, that I cannot endure.

david lessard

# I Am Not Dead

I am not dead,  
Just gone away;  
Like a vacation,  
I'm back to stay.

Until I get tired,  
And take some time off,  
To get my s... together,  
To get rid of this cough.

Did you miss me?  
I missed you, I did;  
You've not been far from mind,  
You sweet, lovely, silly, kid.

I have not passed away,  
I haven't been found dying;  
I've been on leave, so to speak,  
And the poetry's been trying.

Trying, to find its voice,  
Trying to find its flavor;  
So that a reader will enjoy the work,  
And its theme, they can savor.

I am not dead,  
Just gone away;  
Like the common cold, I'm back,  
And it's here, that I will stay.

david lessard

# I Am The Blanket That Moves

I am the blanket that moves,  
and covers your every part;  
I am the cover that shields,  
Your anxious and trembling heart.

I am the robe that shelters,  
your body from the cold;  
I am the warmth of summer,  
If I may speak so bold.

I am the blanket that moves,  
to your each and every quim;  
I am the sheet's that there,  
When the lights begin to dim.

I am the blanket that loves you,  
and caters to all of your needs;  
The fire you cannot put out,  
The fire upon which you feed.

I am the want of comfort,  
For all of your earthly care;  
I will be there each night,  
For your body alone to share.

david lessard

# I Can Imagine You

I can imagine you,  
at the age of twelve or so,  
graduating from the eight grade.  
I can imagine you,  
later, dating boys,  
going to your first dance,  
falling in love,  
graduating from high school.  
I can see you,  
getting your first job,  
your driver's license,  
your blossoming into  
a lovely young woman.  
I can pretend to be there,  
at your wedding,  
when your first child is born.  
I can see you growing,  
intellectually,  
physically,  
spiritually.  
Your everything  
your mother and I  
envisioned.  
But unlike myself,  
she saw her vision daily.  
As for me?  
Like I said,  
I've a good imagination.

david lessard

# I Can'T Change

I can't change...  
Not now.  
What's happened,  
Has happened.  
I can't erase it.  
I live with the  
Memories,  
Powerless to forget.

You need release,  
As I need release,  
You need healing,  
As I need healing.

I don't think that  
Things can be made  
New again...  
We're at the end  
Of the rope.

Jesus, it's hard  
To put all of those  
Years, Behind Us..  
To finally declare,  
It's over.

We vowed to  
Be as one...  
Through good times  
And bad...  
In sickness,  
And, In health...  
Till death.

Why does it feel  
as if  
I've already  
died?

david lessard

# I Could Love You, If You Let Me

I could love you, if you let me,  
I could woo you, if you agree;  
I could whisper words of love,  
You could count and trust in me.

I would give you roses weekly,  
I would share my heart with you;  
And I'd love you in the morning,  
And throughout the daytime too.

I'd make you laugh more often,  
With a joke or maybe two;  
Eyes would kiss above the coffee,  
My brown eyes meeting blue.

I would dance away the hours,  
All wrapped up in your embrace;  
And if you get sad and lonely,  
I'd kiss the tears from off your face.

I would bring you flowers for your hair,  
I would bring you chocolates for a treat;  
You'd be my soul's divine delight,  
And you'd smile at everyone you meet.

david lessard

# I Don'T Need You Anymore (If I Ever Did)

I don't need you any more, if I ever did,  
You don't come back to haunt me,  
Nor the words you said;  
Your erased from my memories,  
I don't catch myself flipping my lid.

I don't want you any longer, if I ever did,  
Your no more a shadow,  
No more a presence;  
Sayanora and goodbye, to things you hid.

What things you ask, what did you hide?  
The fact that love was not evident,  
When I stood by your side;  
The fact that you still hurt me,  
And that I can't abide.

i don't hunger for your kiss, if I ever did,  
Nor your embrace, if I ever did,  
Nor your carress, if I ever wanted such;  
You took me down, along with you,  
On that fearsome, final, skid.

Good riddance, that's all that I can give you,  
Good luck to those that know your name,  
This is my last goodbye to all I knew,  
I no longer want to share with you, the shame.

david lessard



# I Don'T Suppose I'll Ever Know

I don't suppose I'll ever know,  
the reason that you had to go;  
I don't suppose you knew yourself,  
Why we put love upon the shelf.

But I will not cry a river,  
nor will I mourn the loss;  
Tis done, with one quick shiver,  
no winners, no slave, no boss.

We join the many others,  
One out of two it seems,  
The sisters and the brothers,  
Shattered hopes and dying dreams

We had our chance and lost it,  
The fire has gone out;  
We lost, bit by bit,  
and wondered what it was all about.

It's vanished, buried in the earth,  
Now no marker can be found;  
Let's strive to get rebirth,  
And hold it next time round.

.

david lessard

# I Don'T Want You Anymore

I don't want you anymore,  
For me, that much is certain;  
I will close that final door,  
and pull that final curtain.

Love is lost and now it's gone,  
I no more will need you;  
I'm weary of the same old song,  
You and I are through.

All memories of you are blank,  
The slate has been washed clean;  
The boat that carried me has sank,  
No more a pair, no more a team.

I'll go my way, as you go yours,  
Let's hope we never meet;  
For we lost the marriage wars,  
A bitter taste, this thing, defeat.

We did our best to make it right,  
We tried to mend and patch things up;  
But all we did was moan and fight,  
Now we're drinking from an empty cup.

david lessard

# I Forgive You And I Still Love You...

I forgive you,  
for breaking my heart;  
I forgive you,  
for breaking us apart.

I still love you,  
but not the way you want;  
I still love you,  
but I'm not yours to taunt.

I forgive you,  
for snuffing out my life;  
I forgive you,  
for all the ills and strife.

I still love you,  
but what now does it matter?  
I still love you,  
though my soul is shattered.

I forgive you,  
for all the pain I've suffered;  
I forgive you,  
though none of it was buffered.

I still love you,  
just not the way you planned;  
I still love you,  
but I do not want your hand.

I forgive and I still love you,  
but the bond was never strong;  
I forgive you and I love you,  
but the words were always wrong

david lessard

# I Give It Up To You...

I thought I could make it on my own,  
Now I realize, it isn't true;  
Now I give it up to you,  
What troubled me, you always knew.

Take my fractured life, and make it right,  
My burdens are too much to carry;  
You make my load so light,  
I've wounds to heal and hurt to bury.

You were there, when I fell from grace,  
I felt your presence in the mire;  
Now, I'm going through your fire,  
Being refined in this perishable place.

Guide me through the world's sweet snares,  
Let me pass, unharmed...guilt-free;  
Open my eyes and let me see,  
Secure from the tempter's many lairs.

I know I cannot make it without you,  
Everything I've done has failed;  
Against everything I've railed,  
Show me where to go and what to do.

david lessard

# I Know Now Where I Left My Heart

I know now where I left my heart...  
I know now where the thing lies -  
It was last seen in your hands,  
Amidst the anger of your cries.

It was bleeding and it was hurt...  
But the pain I could not feel -  
It was only later, that I felt, what  
my mind and soul revealed.

You took the treasured part of me...  
and cut me up, just as a tree -  
now you'll never know the plea,  
of a wounded heart set free.

I will not forget your hate,  
the fact that once,  
you were my mate;  
I wanted to stay,  
but could not wait,  
my bleeding heart,  
was my sad fate.

david lessard

# I May Not Be A Memory In Anybody's Mind...

I may not be a memory in anybody's mind -  
I may not exist for anybody else, but what the hell -  
I have thoughts and dreams that I can muster up -  
and the books I read and the music I like are swell -

Narcissist, is that what you just called me?  
You think I love myself and just myself alone?  
You think I cannot pass a mirror without primping?  
You think my life is something for which i must atone?

Just who are you to say that I am what I am?  
Just let me know what makes you think your right -  
I have some faults like any other human being -  
But i have no trouble sleeping through the night.

Live and let live, that's my heart-felt motto -  
Do unto others as they would do unto you -  
The Golden Rule is not so hard to follow -  
You do not have to be the chosen or the few.

I may not be a treasure in someone's closet -  
And I may not be a thing, worth it's weight in gold -  
But I have souvenirs that bear repeating -  
To recollect and reflect on, when I grow old.

I may not be a memory in anybody's mind -  
But life for me has been a bloodied time -  
I will hold fast to what means most to me -  
A love, of life itself, and hills still yet to climb.

david lessard

# I Missed You Today

I missed you today...you were not around,  
to cheer me up, to make me laugh or frown;  
you were somewhere else, possibly in space,  
I missed your warming smile, and funny face.

I spent the day alone, immersed in rest,  
the time passed slowly by, it was not a pest;  
the leisure hours were nice, a loaf of welcomed joy,  
no clock to 'beat', no errands to run, no hurried ploy.

I kept my distance from you, didn't bother you at all,  
you were so much engrossed, you didn't see me fall;  
I fell out of love somewhat, can't really tell you why,  
you weren't to be bothered, with me, an ordinary guy.

The days became more frequent, what made you go away?  
we used to share such happiness, when did it cease to stay?  
when did the nights become so dark, and days so short of light?  
we used to do things together, we never used to yell or fight.

I missed you today, and perhaps I will tommorow,  
I missed the love that came to me, not this bag of sorrow;  
you were not around, to keep the home fires burning,  
I never liked to be alone, but now, I feel, I'm learning.

david lessard

# I Must Speak Of Love

I must speak of love,  
for love is what you are-  
I must speak of joy,  
for you are its shining star.  
and I must speak of tenderness,  
for your touch, says so much,  
and I must speak of closeness,  
because your embrace is such...  
Such hapiness and gladness,  
a treasure beyond words,  
an overflowing chest of riches,  
an endless stream of bliss,  
supplanted by a lingering kiss.  
I want to tell you of heart-felt things,  
I want to tell you of secret dreams,  
because you are the closest to  
my heart,  
and secret dreams, it seems,  
It seems, you are the bearer,  
of my past, present and future.  
And I must speak of love,  
for that's what you are to me,  
and I must speak of joy, for  
without it, love can't be.  
And I must speak of my desire,  
and to tell you of my trust,  
that you and I shall be as one,  
and our love will be fair and just.

david lessard



# I Thought That I Could Make It On My Own

I thought that I could make it on my own-  
now I know, that isn't so-  
I give it up to you,  
please take it and shape it, into something new...

Your power is forever, not just tomorrow,  
I've nowhere else to turn, you see-  
I trust in you, I think you always knew,  
just what it was, that troubled me.

I've asked for no help,  
and I've not recieved it,  
Now I ask and hope,  
that you can hear my call,  
not just for me, but for everyone  
that suffers-  
so we all can gather strength  
and stand up tall.

So we can know the love and joy  
we're missing,  
so we can share the happiness that's due,  
so we get the peace that passeth understanding,  
so we'll recieve the dreams that generate from you!

david lessard

# I Thought That You Would Be The One

I thought that you would be the one,  
The girl who'd be my mate -  
But when all is said and done,  
Your love turned into hate.

I thought that you would be the one,  
To bury all my sorrows -  
But when all is said and done,  
You took all my tomorrows.

And left me with this present day,  
To mourn what's left behind -  
To face the bleak and barren way,  
To forget those of your kind.

I thought that you would be the one,  
But alas, I know your not -  
And when all is said and done,  
You weren't the one I sought.

I thought that you would be the one,  
Now I know that love's not fair -  
And when all is said and done,  
I alone, am standing there.

david lessard

# I Want To Have It All

I don't like the days,  
when they don't begin with you -  
I don't like the nights,  
when your not by my side -  
I don't like the moments,  
when they go so quickly,  
I feel like an ocean somewhere,  
that has no tide.

I don't like the evenings,  
when your not in them -  
I don't care for sunsets,  
Unless they're shared with you,  
I don't like the weeks,  
that hurry on by me -  
I'd roll them all back,  
If it was in my power to do.

You see, the time, it never  
seems to slow,  
and the times together  
seem so small -  
I want your love forever  
and a day -  
Not just part-time,  
I want to have it all.

It's only right,  
that you should be,  
my lover -  
It's only right,  
that you should be,  
my wife,  
Not for a day,  
Not for an evening -  
But from this moment on,  
and all my life.

david lessard

# I Was A Fool For You (And You For Me)

I was a fool for you...and you for me,  
We loved each other and nothing else-  
We were blinded by love, you see.

You were a fool for me and I for you,  
I spoke of love and happiness-  
But we didn't hear a word,  
Love is deaf, I never knew.

The senses are senseless in bliss,  
They think of nothing, but your kiss;  
The soul is not swift enough to know,  
And the fool in us was hard to miss.

We saw the world as one, big lovely place,  
And of our future, we hadn't any trace;  
It was just to hold you that I wanted,  
Just one more close-up of your face.

I was a fool for you...and you for me,  
I was deaf to all, and I didn't see;  
Love does that, it seems to set you free,  
Then it ends, and once more,  
your'e where you need to be.

david lessard

# I Will Never Be Rid Of You.

I will never be rid of you, memories echo in my mind,  
an emotional roller-coaster, with no end in sight;  
images of a bond that's broke, shattered dreams I find,  
children in confusion, amidst a never-ending fight.

a war, where no one's right and no one's ever wrong,  
broken promises, hateful lies, the list goes on and on;  
torn-up pictures, ugly lyrics of a mournful song,  
waking to face the music, the day that you are really gone.

I will never be rid of you, your words still chill and sting,  
the passages of life move on, but history's not kind;  
and I'm burdened with your past, and what it still will bring,  
the absence of you helps, but it does not calm the mind.

the choices that we made weren't right, they remain the same,  
I was wandering down one path, you took another road;  
and I'm left with all my baggage, and all the dirty shame,  
I've been searching for the nearest landfill, where I can unload.

I will never be rid of you, the hurt we shared is much too strong,  
I cannot shake the slings and arrows of the fearsome battle;  
the pages of the book are never read, they're much too long,  
and my mind cannot find peace, no matter how I rant and rattle.

david lessard

# I Will Not Stop For Death

I will not stop for death,  
He/she must stop for me;  
I'll sing to my last breath,  
and hopefully...in eternity.

I will not bow down to rest,  
Rest will come in all due time;  
I did what in my heart was best,  
And hopefully...there was no crime.

I will not sleep the years away,  
I'll fill them with restless dreams;  
And if illness says it wants to stay,  
I'll banish it with silent screams.

I will not stop for life's sad scenes,  
Life's tragedies will come and go;  
From demons I will gladly wean,  
And see more of God's joyous show.

I will not cease to stop and lay my head,  
For too long a time and sleep;  
The body for me is not some lumpy bed,  
But a flow of energy too deep.

Too deep to say goodnight forever,  
Too strong for me to say adieu;  
I have a bond too tight to sever,  
A link of precious love, too woo.

david lessard

# I Will Stay Where Stars Can Find Me...

I will stay where stars can find me,  
Where sun and shadow always play;  
I will live in great agreement,  
With contentment's golden ray.

I will seek to go no further,  
This is where I'll make my home;  
A land of contrasts deep and rich,  
I need no other place to roam.

I will laugh at autumn's coming,  
And I'll find joy in winter's song;  
I may not live much longer,  
But here it is, where I belong.

I know this is, my last great stand,  
And my final resting place;  
Here you'll find my restless soul,  
Here you'll see, it's fading trace.

I will stay where love has left me,  
Where I rest in your sweet arms;  
Through life's sweet tomorrows,  
And today's, quite pleasant charms.

david lessard



# If I Knew Then, What I Know Now

I know now  
what I didn't know then,  
but it's too late,  
and I have other things to tend.

Now I know  
why things went wrong,  
It's because we sang  
a different song.

Words don't matter now,  
So I'll not speak;  
It's way to late,  
To turn the other cheek.

If I knew then,  
what I know now;  
It wouldn't change  
My feelings anyhow.

You can't change destiny,  
This thing called fate;  
All one can do,  
Is change their mate.

david lessard

# If It Were'Nt For Bad News...

If it were'nt for bad news...  
there'd be no news at all...  
Greed, corruption, murder,  
By the wayside, they would fall.

If it were'nt for gore,  
no good news would be had...  
and what is laughable,  
it wouldn't make me sad.

If it were'nt for beauty,  
the news woud go away...  
but as long as we have movie stars,  
the news is here to stay.

If it were'nt for sports,  
we all would rant and rave...  
We hold dear, the SUPER BOWL,  
in the confines of our cave.

Don't forget the weather,  
The winter woes are news...  
We can see others suffer,  
and watch them sing the blues.

The news isn't very pleasant,  
If it was, it'd be no news at all...  
and we're stuck with CNN or Fox,  
to view results of urban sprawl.

david lessard

## If You Could....

if you could heal the world,  
where would you start?  
if you could save the deaths,  
would you save them all, or just a part?

if you could bring things back,  
and change the way they were,  
what would you change,  
what memories would you stir?

if you could empty hearts of wrath,  
if you could soothe the savage breast;  
where would you begin your chore?  
where would you begin your quest?

if you could mend the broken walls,  
if you could tame the hardest soul;  
where would you begin to work,  
to fill the deepest, empty hole?

if you could sing the highest praises,  
that only sweetest sounds can bring:  
if you could give contentment with a voice,  
to which awesome God, would you sing?

david lessard

# If You Knew How

If you knew how,  
to take the pain away,  
why didn't you?

If you knew how,  
to end this long charade,  
why did you not?

You only pretended  
to be  
what I thought  
you were.

I was a person with  
feelings  
and emotions  
and i loved you.,  
and you gave me nothing  
for all those years.

People all love you  
and think that  
you are wonderful  
(I think  
you think  
your wonderful yourself)  
You are not.

You may fool others  
and you did fool me  
but it's over now  
and I'm rid of you  
and I'll not give you  
anything back either

You played the game  
exceptionally well.  
The injured party.  
But all the time

I was the one injured.  
The one with serious wounds.  
You gave to me,  
a slow death.

How could you be that way?

david lessard

# I'LL No Longer Know You By Your Name

I will no longer know you by your name,  
You've proved to me that it no longer matters;  
You've caused me nothing but misery and shame,  
Now I've respite against your mad and angry chatters.

I will not conjure up the memory that's hate,  
You've shown me that it wrecks true love;  
I will not ponder over why the mystery of fate,  
Left me alone and cast aside, just like a shove.

What's important now, is that I quickly heal,  
That includes the blotting out of all that's past;  
And dreams that I know that are not real,  
The thoughts of you are those that will not last.

I will not bring to mind the images now gone,  
You will not be a thing to be retained;  
The torture that we shared went on and on,  
We had to split apart or go insane.

No, I'll no longer know you by your name,  
The hurt that you inflicted I will shed;  
The sadness you've caused is on the wane,  
After all you have done and all you've said.

david lessard

# I'LI No More Be Grieving

I can forget you! I can end the pain,  
I can stop the bleeding;  
I'll not speak again your name,  
You'll never see me needing.

Too much anger, too much sadness,  
Too many nights of no embraces;  
I had to flee and end the madness,  
To blot out hurt and all it's traces.

I'll never speak your name aloud,  
Your banished from my mind;  
I can lose myself in any crowd,  
And new friends, I can find.

Your out the door, gone from me,  
Your memories are ending;  
Your face is now just history,  
And this message I am sending.

Consider this, my final letter,  
A note of bitter leaving;  
I'm off to something better,  
And no more, will I be grieving.

david lessard

# I'LI Think Of You

As I go to sleep, I'll think of you -  
The things we've done, the things we'll do -  
And my dreams of you will last and love will stay-  
though the slumber hours, until the light of day.  
And daytime thoughts will keep you near,  
and a worried mind, I need not fear -  
For your image walks beside me,  
in all my plans and schemes -  
I wouldn't want it any other way,  
I think we'll make a darned good team!  
And I'll send you all my love-  
Though we're a thousand miles apart,  
and you can store it with the rest,  
deep within your loving heart.  
I'll think of things we've done,  
I'll think of things we'll do -  
and when I go to sleep my love...  
why then, I'll think of you.

david lessard



# I'M A Parent Too...

You said you do not love me,  
You said you did not care;  
You took the kids and left me,  
Was that considered fair?

Must the father give up all,  
Must the father give up his child?  
When you take away the love,  
Why must you go away hog-wild?

I'm a parent too, not just a body,  
I'm a dad, not just a worn out man;  
Must you take away my children,  
Till I've nothing on which to stand?

Life's a two way street, not one way,  
Must you hide them from my sight?  
They're as much mine, as they're yours,  
Doesn't that sound proper and right?

The kids still love me, even if you don't,  
They belong to me as they belong to you;  
We we went our separate, lonely ways,  
That don't mean their life with me, was through

david lessard

# I'M Going To The Grand Canyon

I'm going to the Grand Canyon...  
I've got to get to bed;  
Going to the North Rim...  
Jesus, it's late...I'm tired.

Tomorrow,  
I'll be cruising along, past Ashfork,  
Williams  
and  
Flagstaff,  
My lips sucking on two or three cups of steaming java,  
My mind gathering images of high desert,  
Big mountains and parched landscapes.  
I'm headed for the Grand Canyon.

Damn, I've got to go to sleep,  
Like Frost, I've promises to keep.  
I said I'll be there at seven.  
(Baby, let me take you up to heaven)  
We're going to the Grand Canyon,  
And..she's in for a big surprise.  
(She's never seen the North Rim side up close)

It's going to be so cool when she looks out over  
Vista Encantadora and  
Cape Royal and  
Imperial Point...  
She's afraid of heights, but I'll hold her hand  
And, reassure her as she gapes at the vastness of it all.

We're going to the Grand Canyon...  
In the morning...  
If I ever get to bed tonight.

david lessard

# I'M Sending You Away

I'm sending you away,  
I don't care, where you go -  
Just vanish from my sight,  
Your a cataract, you know.

I do not need your blemish,  
I do not need your face -  
To remind of disaster,  
To remind me of a place.

Take your hurt and leave,  
I'll not beg you any more -  
I don't want you to stay,  
Please, exit thru my door.

Take your anger from me,  
Hurl it at somebody new -  
I'll not wear it any longer,  
Let someone else be blue.

I'm sending you away,  
As if you were not there -  
And you'll be but a memory,  
But not one I'd want to share.

And if they ask about you,  
I'll say, I do not know -  
I'll say, I don't remember,  
it was too long ago.

david lessard

# I'M Your Dad...

Don't say you will not see me,  
Don't say that I'm a stranger -  
I love you with all my heart,  
You don't need to feel a danger.

I'm not an unknown entity,  
You know me and I know you -  
Don't listen to idle gossip,  
Of what may or not be true.

Time will not destroy my love,  
Only death will kill that song -  
and God knows how I love you,  
I'd never wish you wrong.

Please don't turn your back,  
I need to hear you miss me -  
I need love from you, not doubt,  
I miss you, can't you see?

Don't you recall, the fun we had?  
Intermingled with the bad -  
Now we're apart, it makes me sad,  
You say you don't know me,  
But I'm your dad.

david lessard

# Imagine

This earth was made so beautiful,  
Can you imagine what heaven's like?  
Imagine flowers all blooming at once,  
And all the fruit just turned ripe.

Colors never before seen,  
Air that is perfume to breathe,  
Friends and family FOREVER,  
No wants, no worries, no needs.

Angels to talk with at length,  
And Peter and Paul and John,  
Disciples, too many to mention,  
And the list just goes on and on.

No wars, no hate and no famine,  
No anger, no sorrow, no shame,  
Just prayers for those below,  
All given in His name.

Imagine, an earth so lovely,  
Envision a lightning rod,  
Lift up your eyes to heaven,  
Then put your mind on God.

david lessard

# In Dreams

In dreams  
I reach  
for things  
beyond my grasp,  
with idle thoughts  
the hours  
quickly flee;  
I clutch for  
worlds I cannot  
hold,  
I need  
more time,  
I need  
eternity.

An endless stream  
of leisure longings,  
an infinite sky  
of faded bliss,  
To leave  
the earth,  
with its reality,  
to greet  
forever,  
with a kiss.

david lessard

# Into The Sunset

That's me, when I was twenty,  
Good-looking and I knew it;  
Times were ripe and plenty,  
I was strong and I was fit.

That's me when I was thirty-five,  
Still looking trim and good;  
I was happy and very much alive,  
Doing everything I thought I should.

Yep, that's me, at forty-nine,  
A bit paunchy, but not too bad;  
In my eyes there's still a shine,  
Although inside, i'm feeling sad.

Sad to see the fleeting years of youth,  
To watch the strength come tumbling down;  
To know more clearly, words of truth,  
To smile less often, and quick to frown.

That's me again, there I was sixty-one,  
Hard to tell I'm still the same old fellow;  
Over the years, I've had my share of fun,  
Now I seem to just sit around and mellow.

This photo was taken just the other day,  
I'm in the senior bracket, as you can tell;  
Just a few memories ago, I was pitching hay,  
Just a few memories ago, when I was well.

Not that I am feeling down and out,  
Not that I am tossing in the towel;  
But I have no more need to shout,  
And no more need to party or to howl.

david lessard

# It Took Forever For My Heart To Know

should i care, that you no longer want me?  
should i care, that you now, never speak my name?  
it's been a struggle and a heartbreak,  
now we're left to wonder...just who's to blame.

but no one person should take the fault,  
and no one person should say I'm in the right;  
as you may or may not know, it's not one-sided,  
and last i knew, it took two individuals to fight.

the street is not one-way, though it's divided,  
and curves and cliffs align it's winding path;  
it's a road full of misery and sadness,  
where two can vent their rage and wrath.

it's a dead-in street, and the end is hard to see,  
you cannot see it, until the way's too late;  
your brakes are gone and you've no steering,  
the lights are yellow and red, but you were never one to wait.

Headlong in anger, you rushed and carried on,  
you knew no caution, running stops along the way;  
you weren't concerned that i loved you no longer,  
you behaved as if you never meant for me to stay.

and so were parted, and i can rest my head at last,  
catch my breath and still my aching heart;  
say goodbye to you, a total stranger now,  
i'm making me a new life and a brand new start.

i loved you twice and now the show's all over,  
i can't believe we finally let it go;  
i don't hate you, i just don't love you;  
it took forever for my heart to know.

david lessard



# It's Nice To Know That You'll Be There

In this world of toil and trouble,  
In this pit of dark despair;  
In this den of torn up rubble,  
It's good to know,  
that you'll be there.

While I wile away the hours,  
While I sweep away the fear;  
While I fight the shadows,  
It's good to know,  
you'll wipe away a tear.

As I go about in mourning,  
As I try to stem the rising tide;  
As I try to shake off warning,  
It's good to know,  
that you'll be by my side.

Never have I known  
such days of silence,  
Never have I known  
such bitter talk;  
Never have I known  
such utter violence,  
It's good to know,  
that you'll be with me,  
on my walk.

Love like yours is hard to come by,  
Love like yours is scarce to find;  
Love like yours is the reason why,  
It's good to know, that you'll be on my mind.

Love doesn't die, it doesn't fail,  
People go and people falter;  
It doesn't always end up joyous,  
It doesn't always lead to the altar.

In this trail of curves and many bumps,

In this path of narrow, winding roads;  
You'll encounter your small share of lumps,  
and a fair amount of heavy loads.

But it's nice to know you with me,  
it's a balm, that goes with me everywhere;  
It's a bandage on my wounds of love,  
another love is coming,  
and you'll be there.

david lessard

# It's Over

It does not matter, that you no longer care for me,  
It does not matter, what you may say or do;  
I was in prison for too long, now I am free,  
And as far as you and I go, we're now through.

I can't repeat the past again, I did it once,  
I can't give you the love I thought was true;  
I was foolish to want you, consider me a dunce,  
I'm in need of someone else and something new.

I cannot wish you the best, you've taken that away,  
I can only forgive you as you must forgive me;  
There is no point in wanting me to stay,  
We must put aside the veils, so we can see.

There is no satisfaction in our holding on,  
There is no happiness in the place that we now dwell;  
What we once had, we now realize it's gone,  
And we must reach for heaven, not continue in this hell.

It matters not if you hate me and berate me,  
I apologize for everything I've ever done;  
But I'll not bargain or offer up a plea,  
I do not want to fight, but I'll not run.

The papers from the court will say it's past,  
It's finished, officially, the relationship is through;  
We can wonder then, how come it didn't last,  
But I wouldn't waste my time...if I were you.

david lessard

# Jazz On A Summer's Night

Jazz on a summer's night,  
Swinging sounds of joy,  
the moon, bouncing in its flight.

Satin Doll, What's New?  
What Is This Thing Called Love?  
Wailing in the blue.

The Bossa Nova beat,  
the soft, enchanting mood,  
people dancing in the park,  
everyone gay, nobody rude.

Ah, such lovely notes of music!  
Falling on the ear,  
The young, the in-between, the old,  
All the noise, that's sweet to hear!

Long live Jazz, and may the beat go on,  
Blues and pop and classic too -  
Get out and shake your fanny,  
waltz, cha-cha and dipsy-do!

david lessard

# Just Because

Just because you've left,  
Doesn't mean you're gone;  
Just because I insist I'm right,  
Doesn't mean I'm wrong.

Words spoken in anger,  
Seldom mean what they say;  
People leave you cold,  
When they should really stay.

Just because you said goodbye,  
It doesn't mean it's done;  
Just because I was a fool,  
You shouldn't always run.

I was a dud, I must admit,  
A crazy, mixed -up lover;  
I need you back here, in my arms,  
Not for you to flee for cover.

Just because, you left me here,  
It does not mean forever;  
Just because, I'm alone,  
Doesn't mean we shouldn't be together.

I apologize; yes, it was me,  
That said words, that broke your heart;  
I ask forgiveness, here and now,  
Before love dies and falls apart.

david lessard

## Just This Day...

so sweet, the thoughts of you,  
so fine, the dreams of you,  
so grand, the view of you;  
I speak your name  
and you are there -  
I hear your voice  
and I awake;  
my thoughts and dreams,  
my view -  
is always for your sake.  
so beautiful, your words,  
like honey,  
the taste upon my lips,  
like wine,  
intoxicating me;  
words that only I have heard,  
honey and wine,  
like nectar from a tree.  
so great, the image  
that you represent,  
so wonderful,  
it's blessing and intent;  
that I might drown  
and slip away,  
and be content  
with just this day.

david lessard

# Kendrick Peak

The mist was in the meadows,  
The sun was a rising light,  
The roads were wet from rain,  
that came down, during the night.

And I drove thru silent shadows,  
the air now, crisp and clear,  
Only the noise of the tires,  
and the sight of some startled deer.

I got on the trail at seven...  
the only person there;  
that's fine I said to myself.  
more solitude to share.

Eight thousand, five hundred feet,  
at where I started out -  
Up at Kendrick's Peak,  
The views were long and lovely,  
Made me want to shout.  
(and I did, there was no one about)

Vast open landscapes of green,  
Ancient volcanic cones of pine -  
and the magnificent blue of an early sky!  
Made my eyes sparkle and shine.

At ten thousand feet, my legs cried whoa,  
You've gone just far enough -  
You need not reach the summit,  
You need not prove your tough.

The San Francisco Peaks were  
in the distance,  
and I knew there was nothing  
I didn't lack,  
I ate an orange  
and a protein bar,  
took a break...

then headed back.

david lessard



# Kittens.

Kittens are such playful things,  
Bouncing all around -  
A joyful glee, their antics bring,  
Attacking paper mounds.

Jumping here and jumping there.  
They wrestle, to unwind -  
You know they haven't any care,  
Just an inquiring mind.

A flash of color - a streak of fur,  
As they race across the floor-  
And in your lap, they'll sweetly purr,  
Then they'll jump down for more.

Kittens are such loving things,  
Just give them food and water -  
Just sit back and watch their flings,  
As on different spots they totter.

Kittens are like puppies, soft and cute as hell.  
They brighten up most any room -  
Just give them love and treat them well,  
And let them chase your kitchen broom.

david lessard

# Las Vegas

Las Vegas...

Whoremaster of the state!

People running 'round, eager to mate.

Your lights do not fool me,

I won't be nailed to your tree.

Jimmy Reed (Bright Lights, Big City)

knew you well, Ray Price did too,

They recognized your ills, your  
obvious taboos.

You've called the night a day,

and the day a night,

What gives you the power?

What gives you the right?

Your a glittering place of

lonesome fools,

A city without a heart,

A city, that knows no rules.

Now your fleecing children,

How could you sink so low?

The parents go to gamble,

What do children know?

Your a cesspool of deceit,

Not known to wipe your feet,

You have hundreds walk the street,

No place to go, no one to meet.

Your a charade of empty promises,

With nothing left to give,

Your an illusion... a mirage...

Without a life to live!

david lessard

# Last Chance

Last chance to go a-roving,  
far from the city's roar;  
last chance to go alone,  
by the sea's, wet, barren shore.

Last call, to go out camping,  
to where the stars can touch the hand,  
Last call to go away from crowds,  
and tramp the untramped land.

The final curtain's coming down,  
we can't wait any longer;  
The show's about to end,  
We're not getting any stronger.

The last chapter's drawing near,  
The book's coming to an end,  
Let's find out what awaits us,  
as we climb the hills that bend.

Last chance to go a- fishing,  
In a pool that teems with trout;  
Last call to sip that one cold brew,  
Before they count you out.

david lessard

# Lazy Day

I took the day off, yesterday...  
had nothing much to say,  
cast off the worries of the world,  
and relaxed in my own way.

Doughnuts and coffee,  
in the early morning,  
despite the health care warning,  
they knock caffeine and sugar,  
but I still had the yearning.

Once-in-a-while don't matter,  
So my figure I don't flatter,  
but just occasionally,  
won't make me fatter.

Off to the swap-meet,  
where I exercised my feet,  
saw nothing much of interest,  
nothing much to entreat.

One booth had a poodle for sale,  
Only six hundred dollars,  
(enough to make one pale)  
Cute and everything, but  
so costly for one wagging tail.

That was the extent of my journey,  
I relaxed at home that afternoon,  
(after taking a nap at noon)  
It was a laid-back, lazy day,  
I may do it again...real soon.

david lessard

# Lies

'One more time, ' she said...  
I said, 'Leave it alone -  
it's dead.'  
'I can bring it back, '  
she cried;  
She tried...  
but she lied.

'I'm not twenty any more! '  
I thundered.  
'Please don't yell,  
I didn't know.' -  
she blundered...  
I sat and wondered.

'It was great,  
while it lasted, '  
I replied.  
'Yes, it was! ' she cried.  
She lied.

'Can I see you tomorrow? '  
she moaned...  
'Maybe, I'll see, '  
I groaned.  
(I wasn't something that she owned)

From her arms,  
I fled...  
quickly blocking out  
her sighs...  
she not knowing -  
I had lied.

david lessard

# Lighten Up

I went to my Guru and asked  
What's the secret of life?  
He said 'No marriage vows  
my friend, do not take a wife.'

But I'm so alone, I said,  
No one to share my cup;  
He laughed aloud and said,  
'For Christ's sake...lighten up.'

Life's too short to be miserable,  
Love all you know and some;  
Take them all underneath your wing,  
Drink with them, a bottle of rum.

There's good times and there's bad,  
Which do you want to choose?  
Running in the halls of heaven,  
Or a constant string of blues?

You have the choice my friend,  
It's really up to you...  
Nobody need tell you,  
exactly what to do.

Lighten up, he told me,  
Laugh and love and smile;  
The sorrow's always in you,  
Don't make your life a trial.

So, I've decided to lighten up,  
To become a cheerful, funny bloke;  
To smile at life's sweet bitterness,  
With laughter, with joy and a joke.

david lessard

# Live In The Now

I will not stop for Death,  
so he or she will stop for me;  
I can't think about the future,  
the present's enough you see.

Why worry about tomorrow?  
You can't do a thing about it;  
Live for today, that's my motto,  
Day by day, hour by hour, bit by bit

Now is totally sufficient,  
Right here in this minute;  
There's enough to do,  
and you are in it.

Don't fret about next week,  
which you may not live to see;  
be in the here and now,  
you've no other place to be.

You lose your prescence,  
when you forge on and on;  
be in the moment as you live,  
you will not miss a thing when  
you are gone.

david lessard

# Looking For Solid Ground

Like you, I needed space,  
Like you, I needed time;  
You were always in my face,  
It was kind of like a crime.

Your fury and your wrath,  
Burned me, like a fire;  
Now I'm on a different path,  
Away from all your ire.

Away from obscene yells,  
Away from bitter screams;  
Like unpleasant smells,  
Like frayed and tattered seams.

It cumbled all before us,  
And there's nothing more to hold;  
We'll no longer make a fuss,  
For there's nothing left to mold.

I'll bury it with all the rest,  
Under a mountain of silence;  
We couldn't follow its stern test,  
We couldn't amend the violence.

Let it smolder under wraps,  
Let it die without a sound;  
Let's play the final taps,  
and look for solid ground.

david lessard



# Lost Love

I don't want to be the first to say,  
'I told you so, ' but I told you so;  
This love of ours would never last,  
Why was I the final one to know?

Years passed by and you said nothing,  
I thought our love was safe and sound;  
How wrong I was when it all crumbled,  
When I found out, you didn't want me round.

We could have saved ourselves some trouble,  
By being upfront and truthful with our life;  
Now I'm in a world of constant struggle,  
One that's full of misery and stressful strife.

You played along like things were going great,  
But the silences between us grew more strong;  
And we never aired our differences to one another,  
And now, we know too late, that that was wrong.

Divorce is never right, the marriage vows are broken,  
The anguish of all the years, goes down the drain;  
The weary acts of daily living, try our conscience,  
And forever in our past, there lies a ugly stain.

The years of love have flown away in sorrow,  
What's up ahead, God only knows;  
We're up the creek, without a paddle,  
And we're taken where the river flows.

david lessard

# Lost.

do you know the way to San Jose?  
I got lost and can't find the way  
I ended up in Alberquerque,  
hada green chiil burro as a desertie.

now I'm in wandering in Tucumcari,  
and the road ahead looks scary,  
a stretch of flat land goin' on forever,  
a test of hardiness is my next endeavor.

here I am in Arizona, Phoenix straight ahead,  
nothing moving out in the desert,  
maybe everything is dead?  
I write parched notes in my old journal,  
realizing, animals are nocturnal!

it's called the valley of the sun,  
115 degrees, without air-conditioning,  
it's not much fun;  
give me shade and a tall cool, quaff,  
I head north, to milder Flagstaff.

but I'm lost again, now in Showlow,  
how'd I get here? Damned if I know.  
I believe it's here I'll spend the night,  
and think where I am going, tomorrow,  
at first light.

david lessard

# Love

Love is not too high a cost-  
Once obtained...it's never lost -  
It's been known to save a life or two -  
It's better than hard cash,  
there's nothing better in life to do!  
(It beats a mad, impulsive dash)

Love has conquered mountains,  
it's warmed the hardest heart -  
It's not too late to catch it,  
It's never too late to start.

I know of this real fine lady,  
she has that of which I speak -  
I'm in heaven when she tells me-  
'I love you, ' (cheek to cheek) .

Her arms are filled with comfort,  
Her lips are soft and sweet -  
I find myself anxiously waiting,  
until the next time that we meet.

Some laugh and call me silly,  
As off to see her, I go -  
There goes a fool in love they say,  
But they don't know the woman that I know.

I would rather have them laughing,  
and your love right by my side -  
than to walk down halls of emptiness,  
with no companion other than pride.

And our love will be more than plenty,  
and together, we both will share -  
Let the others say, whatever they want,  
When they're gone, we'll still be there.

When their dreams have turned to ashes,  
when their hopes have come to naught,

Our love will still be soaring -  
Our flame will still be hot!

And arm and arm together,  
We'll hear the mountains sing -  
We'll face today with joy,  
And accept what tomorrow may bring.

david lessard

# Love Called To You And I

Love called to you and I,  
not at first sight,  
but on a warm summer's night,  
as we watched the sun sinking,  
in the western sky.

Love called to you and I,  
as we stood and made small talk,  
as we shared a short and quiet walk,  
As we sat on silent swings,  
and tried to keep from being shy.

Love called to you and I,  
as we met in an embrace,  
as my lips, first met your face,  
as our hands found each other  
and the momnets passed us by.

Love called to you and I,  
and we pressed it to our heart,  
and we vowed to never part,  
and we sleep in peace, on  
wings of joy that fly.

david lessard

# Love Is A Fragile Thing...

Love is a fragile thing,  
Love on a broken wing,  
Heart on a spiral, down,  
Smiles like a saddend clown.

Love is a wounded prey,  
The end coming on its way,  
The soul dying deep inside,  
Hurts that one can never hide.

Love is shattered dreams,  
Nothing being as it seems,  
The mind tending to go blank,  
Walking on a pirate's plank.

The final sound is never heard,  
Only the sting of a final word,  
Love's such a fragile jewel,  
Only the strongest here can rule.

Others fall, like autumn leaves,  
The body dies, the spirit grieves,  
They tried their best to carry on,  
But everything they did, was wrong.

david lessard

# Love Is Blind

The sun, was aflame,  
on their shoulders,  
They felt it not...  
The burning disc,  
engulfed their bodies,  
They were unaware...  
Suddenly,  
the huge, golden blob  
was swallowed up by the sea  
behind them -  
They did not notice...  
They were too  
wrapped up in themselves...  
Instead of being blinded  
by the sun,  
they were blinded by their first love,  
blinded by hearts,  
so intertwined,  
and emotions,  
so little understood,  
they could see nothing,  
but each other.  
And so, they wandered on,  
unfearful and ignorant of the  
world around them -  
Content in themselves,  
their love,  
and their bliss.  
The blind,  
leading the blind.

david lessard

# Love Is Not A Weapon

Did you ever wish me dead?  
Or did you want to forget?  
Do you regret the things you've said?  
Am I still caught in love's cruel net?

You shut my voice on down,  
You banished my behaviour;  
I feared to make a sound,  
You called upon your Savoir.

You said, you spoke with God,  
Words with the holy spirit;  
But then you acted rather odd,  
and I think your nothing near it.

If you love the Lord, why curse?  
If you love the Lord, why the anger?  
I never had such thoughts to nurse,  
Why am I now to you, a stranger?

If you love the Lord so much,  
Then you must seal away your hate;  
Don't use Jesus as your crutch,  
Don't use the church at any rate.

Faith doesn't come by ruthless fights,  
Faith isn't grown by noxious screams;  
It can't be had by unsettled nights,  
Or planted by unseeded dreams.

You can say you speak to God forever,  
You can say you have the holy spirit;  
You can't keep our bond on such a tether,  
When I suspect your nowhere near it.

david lessard



# Love, Come To Me

Love, come to me, on a calm, cool wind,  
with the passion of love forbidden,  
Open my heart, to two velvet lips, and the  
secrets in which they are hidden.

Dark eyes afire, caress my soul and  
send that sweet smile to me,  
Voice of an angel, engulf all my dreams,  
with visions of ecstasies.

Dark-haired beauty, give me your hand,  
and touch me with tenderness,  
When feelings of sorrow draw near,  
your head on my shoulder...rest.

Wrap your soft arms around me,  
and gentle be their guide,  
Love come to me,  
on a calm, cool wind,  
and let me be satisfied.

david lessard

# Lovers Forever

I would lasso the moon for you if I were able,  
but I'm just an ordinary man that loves you so;  
I can however, bring you chocolates and flowers,  
and secret gifts that only you would see and know.

I would climb the highest mountain if I were able,  
but for Everest, the tallest peak, it's not for me;  
but I can bring you laughter and love in bunches,  
and we can catch the sun, setting on the open sea.

I would give you a million dollars if I could,  
but I've not money in my hand like that to burn;  
I will though, give to you all that I have got,  
it's for the treasure of your love for me, I yearn.

I would walk my way to China if I were after you,  
but you're so close, I need not make that walk;  
I am content and happy to take your hand in mine,  
if for all we ever do, is to sit, relax and talk.

I would gather all the stars in heaven if I could,  
and scatter them at your feet for you to see;  
but you'll have to be satisfied with just my dreams,  
and the visions of us - lovers, forever we will be.

david lessard

# Love's Renewal

When did we ever say goodbye?  
When did we ever let each other go?  
When did we ever give up our love?  
We never, ever, really did, you know...

Years have passed, yet you've not gone,  
Years have passed, yet we are still the same;  
Years have passed, and nothing's changed,  
There's no one to fault, there's no one to blame.

Today, we pick up, where we left off,  
Today, we continue, what we've begun;  
Today, we celebrate our love once more,  
Under a new moon and 'neath a brand new sun.

Tommorow, that's our final destination,  
Tommorow, our love will again, be strong;  
Tommorow, it's you and me forever,  
A final stanza, in love's old, sweet song.

david lessard

# Maine Trip

Riding the Interstates was a revalation,  
The construction sites were prevalent;  
This is certainly one damn big nation,  
And getting there fast and safe is revalent.

Through New Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma,  
Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia and Wesr Va.;  
I got the travel bug and was anxious to roma,  
I drove 900 miles before I said, I surrender.

Next day, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York,  
Then Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont;  
Nine hundred more miles and I felt like a dork,  
I said to myself, Damn, this is one long jaunt!

Two thousand, seven hundred miles, to see a friend,  
Up by the Canadian border, that's where he was;  
By then I thought the road would never, ever end;  
I had the road willies and a diffrent kind of buzz.

Two days I rested, then I had to leave and move along,  
Just three and a half hours from there to Bethel, Maine;  
The Sunday River Resort was my destination's song,  
I think that next time I just might take the Amtrak train.

There wasn't any moose around, at least not to be seen,  
But the scenery was lovely, beautiful and simply grand;  
And there were a lot of advertisements reading LL Bean,  
I even got to Arcadia National Park and saw Atlantic's sand!

A friend and me went up Mt. Washington by auto road,  
They have the worst weather in the world, or so I'm told;  
I crept up in low gear and moved slow as a damn toad  
It was 70 in the valley and 35 degrees on top and cold.

Coming back, I went through, Ohio, Inidiana, Ill. and Mo.,  
It was cooler and the interstates were smooth and fast;  
I would of stayed longer, but did not have the dough,  
But then again, nothing good (or bad) does ever last.

I'm glad to be back home again, in sunny Arizona,  
The trip was long and I traveled much too quick;  
But the memories I have will stay as long as I'm gonna,  
As long as my mind, as a candle, keeps it's wick.

david lessard

# March Madness.

this March madness is already driving me up a wall,  
I watch my favorite teams compete and strive to win;  
today two of the favored ones have taken their fall,  
reduced to losers, cast aside in basketball's dustbin.

only one safely survives, the one I thought would lose,  
they're from my home state, where basketball's a dream;  
the number one seed they'll face, they cannot choose,  
it will surely bring them back to reality, it seems.

only a miracle can save them now that's what I think,  
a willful act of God, that intervenes with playful glee;  
they are on the cusp of falling, downward, off the brink,  
the odds of losing are mortifying, at least to only me.

stranger things have happened, leastwise, I am told,  
but 100 to 1 shots have won the Derby once or twice;  
yet, reality causes me to think, that they will fold,  
hey, if they make a liar out of me, that would be nice.

I sit intent and watch with popcorn in my sweaty hand,  
and sip a cola to quench and satisfy my hardy thirst;  
it's here, at home, in my easy chair, I'll take my stand,  
and hope for victory, but prepared to face the worst.

david lessard

# Morning Lament

It began, the same as usual, the stubble on the chin,  
Reflecting back to me, the trouble I'd soon be in;  
The hooded eyes like Mitchum, bedroom eyes, say some,  
But sex was not a factor, as this morning became undone.  
It started with stubbing my toe, a little thing you say,  
But a forerunner of misfortune, was lurking in my way;  
Then a nick, then two, from shaving, the razor was brand new,  
But my hand was not yet awake, and it was shaking too.  
Then I dropped the bathroom mirror, I heard it quickly shatter,  
I almost cut my hands from glass as I wondered what's the matter?  
I washed my face, guzzled mouthwash, then I combed my head,  
I checked to see, still half dressed, what side I'd gotten up from bed.  
What was the wrong side by the way, the left or was it the right?  
Or did it have to do with sleep, or dreams, or a tossing-turning night?  
I was almost afraid to get in the shower, perhaps I'd slip and fall,  
But I couldn't pursue my morning care, by wondering about it all.  
The fears I had were fruitless, as I lathered my body with sighs,  
Just a interlude of cold water and a bit of shampoo in the eyes.  
I toweled nice and dry, combed the scalp again, feeling rather funny,  
Spilled a touch of coffee, burnt the toast and the eggs came out runny.  
Got dressed with no problem, checked the face, saw I'd missed a patch,  
the shirt and pants were fine, but my socks just didn't match.  
The hell with it I stammered, who's gonna look and see?  
Certainly not my friends and foes, and certainly not me.  
The way's still clear I said to myself, so have a little heart,  
I jumped into my auto, turned the key, the damned thing wouldn't start.  
I simmered and stewed in fury, the reason began to don...  
I'd left the keys in my car and left my damned lights on.  
Now you may laugh and think it's crazy,  
and your right it surely is..hee hee,  
You must be able to laugh at yourself,  
and say there's a fool, such as me.

david lessard

# Moving

Doncha hate to move? I know I do.  
It could be just across the street,  
new neighbors maybe, hard to meet,  
I think I'd rather have the flu.

I think it's tough to move,  
The U-Haul truck and all,  
The never-ending boxes growing tall,  
It's a rocky road, no easy groove.

Things don't go as planned,  
You lose things as you go,  
Forget things that you should know,  
Overworked and undermanned.

It's hell to move, I've come to find,  
Things get weird and strange,  
Thank God you can leave, the oven and the range,  
People get in your way and are not kind.

This is my last move, I'll make sure of that,  
My body can't take it any longer,  
I'm getting weaker, instead of stronger,  
Now I'm wondering if I boxed the cat.

david lessard



# Moving (With A U-Haul)

Don't you hate to move?  
Even if it's just a mile or two?  
Don't you hate the hassle of it all?  
Don't you hate U-Haul? I know I do.

I once took, from Phoenix, a U-Haul,  
'cross the country,  
The load kept shifting, from here to there;  
I didn't have any side view mirrors,  
and half the time, my tires were leaking air.

I finally got a mirror in Carson City,  
it was nice to see behind me in the lane;  
I got a tire for the truck in Tacoma,  
But then I had a flat on the car, in Idaho,  
in pouring rain.

In Fargo, I had to replace another tire,  
From then on, all seemed just keen;  
and when I dropped the U-Haul off in  
Vermont,  
I went to the state liquor store,  
to see Jim Beam.

It helped to drown out ten days of traveling,  
another shot and it didn't seem so bad;  
another quick one, I started laughing,  
and things didn't seem so sad.

But next time, I'll not haul a thing,  
as I cross this wide, wide land;  
I'll call whoever does that stuff,  
and they can haul it in their van.

(I saw my kids in Washington state,  
that's why I took the long route;  
if you were wondering, what the heck?  
that's why I went the round-a-bout) .

david lessard

# My God, I Know Your There...

my God, I know your there...  
I can hear you in the rain;  
I can sense you in the air,  
It balms my wired brain.

my God, I know your there,  
I can taste you in the wine,  
In the bite of a luscious pear,  
In any place I choose to dine.

my God, I know your there,  
In the touch of my lover's hand;  
In the heat of a fervent prayer,  
In the beat of a rag-time band.

my God, I know your there,  
In the whiff of just brewed tea;  
In the smell of my lover's hair,  
In the hint of the salty sea.

my God, I know your there,  
Sight, sound, taste, smell, feel;  
Your wonders are everywhere,  
You make my senses reel!

david lessard

# My Heart Has No Compass

My heart has no compass,  
I am hopelessly lost;  
Going in all directions,  
My soul's paying the cost.

I need a map to guide me,  
Something to steer me right;  
To find my way, out of this maze,  
Today...tomorrow...tonight.

I'm wandering in circles,  
Coming back to where I began;  
Being chagrined at finding no end,  
It wasn't part of my plan.

Calm yourself, slow down,  
You don't want to lose your mind;  
You must keep your wits about you,  
Or deeper trouble, you'll find.

Settle yourself, my wandering heart,  
Be still and take a deep breath;  
You'll pull through this, as you have before,  
If not...then you'll meet your death.

david lessard

# My Second Home

My second home, is on a high plateau,  
With Joshua trees for guardians all around;  
And canyons rising on every side,  
And miles and miles of barren, desert ground.

Lake Mead is not too far away,  
Jackrabbits run the range;  
I sort of like the solitude,  
Though folks may think me strange.

Isolation and just seclusion,  
But the air is seldom fresher found;  
And blue skies most times prevail.  
Upon this plot of desert ground.

The night-time skies display  
The stars of distant skies;  
With a brightness that is awesome,  
Who under city lights do lie.

It's a little slice of heaven,  
The way that it should be;  
The kind of living life-style,  
Of a vagabond set free.

I've the best of two worlds,  
The water and the sun!  
I'll fish for simple pleasure,  
And take relaxing just for fun!

I hope to be there soon,  
To enjoy the peace and rest;  
On my little plot of desert ground,  
In the open spaces of the west!

david lessard

# My State Fair

My State Fair had no tunnel of Love,  
But they had a dancing bear;  
He spun in circles, quite content,  
as if I wasn't there.

The trainer was a Russian,  
and he spoke, I knew not what,  
It was gibberish to me,  
but not to his hairy mutt...

Was he dancing just for fun  
With his acrobatic zeal?  
Or just looking for a handout  
and the hope of one next meal?

We ate, we drank and we were merry,  
and damn, that bear was hairy -  
and my dreams that night were scary!  
(Nothing like the tooth fairy)

Ah, the great state fair,  
she's a wonder to a child;  
Foreign men that speak in tongues,  
and a bear that's running wild!

david lessard

# New-Found Place

when I can longer read a book that holds me fast,  
or listen to some music that I hold dear;  
then I will know that nothing in this world does last,  
then I will know that nothing sad, makes me shed a tear.

when I can no more walk down paths of solitary pleasure,  
or see a view before me, that doesn't make me cry;  
then I will understand that I've run out of treasure,  
and I will no longer gaze with frank amazement at the sky.

when I can't find a happiness in loving only one,  
or laugh at antics that cause me to yell out loud;  
then I will know, my race is nearly run,  
and soon the sunshine will be covered by a cloud.

when I no longer have the will to live each day,  
when I would rather sleep and stay in bed;  
then I will surely wither and quickly fade away,  
and I will lie where people lie, when they are dead.

then my spirit will be free, as I lay this body down,  
the flames of my cremation will fan the air;  
and in a secret, new-found place will I be found,  
the place that no one knows; I will be there.

david lessard

# No Memories Please...

there's not a memory of you that I want to keep,  
the bumps and bruises of our love has cut too deep;  
I thought the memory of you would surely disappear,  
but you come back to haunt me, forever, I fear.

there is not a song we shared that I wish to cherish,  
whatever songs we shared together, now have perished;  
I thought the songs we listened to were gone and dead,  
but they come back and play within my messed up head.

there isn't any picture of you I want to treasure,  
you've seared my soul, torn my heart beyond measure;  
yet pictures of our relationship stay in my mind,  
and it's useless to try and eliminate them, I find.

when, are you going to let me go and call it finished?  
when, will you let me loose, so my soul I can replenish?  
I want to see no more of our lost, fruitless past,  
can't you let me go, so I can find my peace at last?

there's not a figment of the union that I want to keep,  
there's not a trace of you, that's left, over which to weep;  
we were too foolish, too immature, too much confused,  
we threw the dice at our relationship, and so, we lose.

david lessard



# No Roses Blooming...

There are no roses in this garden blooming,  
Their stalks have all withered and died;  
They died the day that you left me,  
and the feelings I had deep inside.

There are no flowers in this garden growing,  
They're dead from lack of concern;  
Your gone and there's nothing between us,  
and I've literally no place to turn.

There are no roses in this garden blooming,  
Their fragrance has all passed away;  
Their beauty is no longer present,  
You took it with you that day.

When the garden is not tended, it dies,  
And the plants, not noticed, fade from view;  
You'd never suspect that a garden was here,  
It once was green and glowing;  
Now it's color's blue.

david lessard

# Not Everyone Goes Away

Not everyone goes away,  
the memories bring them back;  
and when the memory fades,  
the pictures cut some slack.

Pictures of a bygone era,  
The one that seemed 'just right, '  
To a generation growing up,  
Today's the day and tonight's the night.

For mom and dad, it was big bands,  
For me, it was blues and rock and roll;  
For my kids, heavy metal, I suppose,  
Today, I don't know what; I'd have to take a poll.

Friends never leave you, they just die,  
as all of us must do, in some uncertain time;  
But we remember them as if alive,  
to forget them, as if they never lived, would be a crime.

The mind remembers, the pictures show,  
So you see, not everyone goes away,  
Just the ones that we'll not miss,  
Friends, relatives and the lovers stay.

david lessard

# Nothing Remains The Same...

Nothing remains the same...  
Mountains don't leave you,  
nor streams and lakes,  
The grandeur of Nature stays  
with you always...  
Not like the death of a loved one,  
or the deceitful wife,  
or the womanizing husband...  
Not like your youth,  
or the finely tuned body  
of an athlete.

The stars shine constantly,  
the sun, endlessly;  
The moon's a lover's beacon  
as long as time exists...

But friends die unexpectedly,  
and marriages crash unknowingly,  
and your love ones scatter  
to the four winds...

and nothing remains the same.

david lessard

# Now I Can Bury My Dreams

Let me hear you whisper my name,  
Speak with the tongue of love,  
Do not fear the touch of shame,  
Your heart's pure as a dove.

Tell me you love me and kiss me,  
Hold me and gather me tight,  
Wrap your love around my knee,  
Prevent me from any flight.

I'll be your slave, just say the word,  
I can't deny you whatever you want,  
I'll be the song you've never heard,  
I'll never give you a cause to taunt.

Just say I love you and mean it,  
Hold my head to your breast;  
Inside my heart a light's been lit,  
No joke, no tease, no jest.

We're lovers, not strangers in heat,  
We're meant for each other it seems;  
I knew right away, that we would meet,  
Now I can fold and bury my dreams.

david lessard

# Now There's Only Me

I felt the searing pain,  
as I'm sure you did today,  
Tears rolled down my face,  
but I never looked away.  
And I also wept within,  
where sorrow does not show,  
where the body masks the hurt,  
and there is no apparent blow.  
I must be a man, I thought,  
and 'big boys' do not cry;  
Stop those tears from flowing,  
you can do it if you try.  
Memories last forever,  
locked securely in the mind,  
speak with words of solace,  
let your thoughts be kind.

'This doesn't change a thing, ' she said,  
(only that my son is dead)

Many people grieved that day,  
in the glare of a bright April sun,  
On that day, two people were dead,  
but they buried only one.

And now there's only three...  
to run in and out the door...  
A month ago, you left...  
at that time,  
there was four.

A month ago,  
there were six of us...  
but you wanted to be free,  
And so you stopped your love...  
and now, there's only me.

david lessard

# Now, The Whole World Knows

We'd like to drill offshore,  
It's black gold that we seek;  
We want to make some money,  
And we want to start last week!

It's the liquid dough were after,  
Crude oil that we lust;  
We want the riches now,  
Then we'll let the sea-rigs rust.

What's that's black stuff on that bird?  
The slick stuff on its beak?  
Why's the shoreline so dirty?  
Did you say we've sprung a leak?

Well, we can fix it up,  
Give us six months or so;  
We knew the rig had faults,  
And now the whole world knows.

david lessard

# Number One

You were the first,  
my number one...  
I married you,  
to have my fun.  
I was too wild,  
you had my child;  
I did the right thing,  
and took you,  
under my wing.  
My parent's choice -  
Not mine-  
I conceded,  
Not wanting to be  
Unkind.  
Sex and love,  
don't make a pair -  
Love's forever,  
Sex's just there.  
Young and foolish,  
That was us -  
You got pregnant,  
Dad made a fuss.  
We thought we could,  
Love each other...  
as the years went by;  
you can't say we  
didn't give it...  
the old college try.  
But sex and love,  
they never make a pair;  
Love is wanting her,  
when your not there.  
Sex and love,  
don't make two of a kind;  
They have it wrong,  
Love is vision  
and sex is blind.

david lessard



## Number Three

I could swear,  
you were,  
the one for me...  
you had  
my heart a flutter -  
You smiled at me  
and won my heart,  
and I melted,  
just like butter.  
Lovely, intelligent,  
gracious, kind,  
the sort of combination,  
I couldn't keep off  
my mind.  
And I fell for you hard,  
and I ached for you so -  
you responded in kind,  
and I was lost in the flow.  
We never fought,  
we never had a tiff -  
what's going on here?  
No ands, no buts, no if's?  
But you never raised your voice,  
everything was fine and dandy;  
I gave you flowers...  
jewels and candy.  
Then came the great awakening,  
After all the years of silence;  
after all the years of yes dear, no dear,  
when there wasn't any violence.  
Solitude can kill, you know,  
There's an empty space in love;  
there's an empty hall of sorrow,  
Though you cannot see the blow.  
Seventeen years of what  
I thought was love -  
Has disappeared forever,  
Love can't be one-sided,  
One is not its true endeavor.

Two shall be as one,  
it's written in the Book -  
But your math did not compute,  
as my love from me you took.  
How do you keep a love?  
I ask the question...why?  
You promised it forever,  
but did you really try?

david lessard

## Number Two (And Four)

You were beautiful  
and sexy,  
Lust at first sight;  
Our first date together,  
We had each other,  
that night.  
We told each other,  
it was love;  
We spoke it out loud,  
We lived together  
Twelve more years,  
under a nebulous cloud.  
A cloud of unknowing,  
saying the right things;  
But then, we got hitched,  
funny what a  
piece of paper brings.  
The marriage fell apart;  
In two years, we said goodbye;  
Whatever went before us...gone,  
It caught us living in a lie.  
The world went on without us,  
Without much regret or fuss.

I met you once again,  
After eighteen years  
went by,  
I was foolish enough  
to think,  
Why not give it one  
more try?  
This time, we didn't  
hesitate to marry,  
We thought we knew  
the score;  
and once again it happened,  
the same thing as before.  
You never changed,  
though you said you had;

You didn't take care of  
yourself,  
You looks had vanished,  
It was so sad...  
I still saw the beauty,  
of what you once had been,  
but by then my vision wasn't  
quite as sharp,  
my eyesight not as keen.  
Five years this time,  
a speck in the era of time;  
I saw what I should have  
seen the first time round,  
You were never really  
meant to be mine.  
Love is not fighting,  
cursing, kicking;  
Love knows when to stop,  
and the wounds to begin licking.  
Love isn't meant for war,  
or anything like it's twin;  
We have to lay down our arms,  
and old memories to end.  
It's time to say goodbye,  
it's time to to call it done;  
Nobody lost... and...  
nobody's won.

david lessard

# Ode To An Unknown God

I don't know your personal name,  
Or if you even have one.  
But I do that,  
when I walked today,  
you unfurled to me,  
visions of an earth,  
Too beautiful to see.

I pass the hordes of shoppers  
and they've nothing on  
their minds,  
Why are we in such a rush?  
What is this thing called time?

The flowers are unnoticed,  
The clouds just spell out rain;  
Can't we see the wonder of  
the skies?  
Stop the damn express train.

Take in the mountains,  
and a panoramic view,  
Fill your eyes with gladness,  
Say hello, and how are you?

Give thanks to the God unknown,  
The one you might think you know,  
The one that started it all,  
The one that gave us  
this great, big show.

Tell me, can you make  
the grass? Or just a tiny blade?  
Can you construct an Eden,  
in a cool and shady glade?

Raise up your eyes to heaven,  
God's waiting there, for you,  
But you must take God in,

Whatever else you do.

david lessard

# Ode To Coffee

Here's to coffee! 'Tis such a boon...  
It takes from a stumbling goon,  
awakens me from my cocoon,  
into a more affable baboon.

I stretch and take a great big sigh,  
my eyes widen from the caffeine high,  
and soon I cease to wonder why,  
I look with pleasure on the sky.

I love my lirrle cups of joe,  
It warms my gizzard, it makes me go,  
It takes me from a state so low,  
and now I can...go with the flow.

Yes, here's to java, in any way,  
It's sure to brighten up my day,  
It keeps the doldrums of night at bay,  
and reminds the mind to kneel and pray.

Thank you Lord, for this great life,  
Praise your works, with much Thanksgiving,  
Grant us this morning...without strife,  
Let us savor, our friend and neighbor,  
And get on with the business of living.

Folger's, you've made my day a blessing,  
and sleep is no longer with me messing,  
and soon they'll be no more second-guessing,  
just a few minutes please, and I'll be dressing.

david lessard

# O'Grady

There once was  
this dog,  
named O'Grady...  
who chased  
down the street,  
an old lady;  
But the sun  
was so hot,  
that he slowed  
to a trot...  
and parked  
by a tree  
that was shady.

david lessard



# Olympic Dreams

From all nations they come; hopeful, expectant, full of dreams of greatness.  
Their bodies are honed to perfection, their minds geared to extra fine sharpness.  
For some, it is all over in scant seconds, for others, it is measured in minutes,  
and for still others, it may well consist of hours or days.  
They run, they jump, they soar and glide with majestic beauty.  
They toil and sweat and grunt and groan with awesome power.  
For the gold, the silver and the bronze.  
So many countries, so many different faces, so many skins of varied color.  
Champions in their own homelands, they merge together every four years...at  
some designated spot, to 'strut their stuff', to present to the world, their special  
talents, their unique physical attributes and mental gifts.  
In a magical two week show, they give of themselves,  
That which we ourselves cannot give,  
But can only applaud.

david lessard

# On My Way To Heaven

When I was ill,  
You made me whole,  
When I swallowed  
Life's bitter pill,  
You gave me strength  
and saved my soul.

When I was mad,  
You took away the hate,  
and made my heart glad,  
as I looked forward,  
to my anticipated fate.

You were the only  
friend of mine,  
You were  
the only love I ever knew,  
You made me laugh,  
You caused my sun to shine  
and in my laughter,  
Your touch within me grew.

Now, I look ahead,  
to each new day,  
Now, I smile,  
to think that  
I belong to You,  
Your in my thoughts  
in everything I want to say,  
and in my dreams,  
in all I'm called to do.

We are a pair,  
Just You...just me,  
Two of a kind,  
as through the world  
I go,  
Now I've no shackles,  
Nor any other kind of bind,

and I'm on my way  
to Heaven...  
This I know.

david lessard

# One-Way Street

Do you know why it is, that I come here?  
To write down words, you may not hear?  
To say to you the words I have not said,  
To sort things out, in my befuddled head.

To ease the pain, to soothe the mind,  
to share with others, peace I cannot find;  
to speak the thoughts you did not share,  
to find my soul again, to seek its care.

The words you spoke to me,  
they were not words of love,  
they were barbs of hurt and hate;  
We lost whatever love we had,  
and said things we never meant,  
soon, we lost our treasured mate.

Better this than bitter harvest,  
better this, than wounded pride -  
we still look the same as always,  
but the spark within has died.

I will not walk this road of sadness,  
I have joy and happiness to meet;  
I will walk the boulevard of gladness,  
and not be detoured by a one-way street.

david lessard

# Optimist

I saw a smile  
on the face of the flowers  
this morning,  
as I stepped out the door  
to welcome the morning sun.

A stranger passed by  
and said, 'Hello.'  
It felt good.

I inhaled the air  
and whiffed of its  
fragrance.

I smiled back at the flowers,  
knowing that today was mine...  
and all the tomorrows...

If I wanted them.

david lessard

## Passages Of Time.

there are seventy years of weather etched in my face,  
lines that came from laughter, a few from salty tears;  
some wrinkled skin from the wrath of dreaded cigarettes,  
some splotches from the worn out welcoming of years.

but essentially, I look quite good for all the time,  
for all the seasons spent in cold and sunny places;  
a little arthritis, in my hands and also in my feet,  
but of the ravages of illness, they are no traces.

I work and exercise to keep this old body into shape,  
walking, hiking, biking and I bend to lift up weight;  
I stretch and and wave the limbs to keep me limber,  
and I love the other sex, the one I call my mate.

I will not let the age of time to call my tune,  
I will not surrender to inertia, no matter what I do;  
It's in the woods and the hills that I'll be found,  
I do not want to sit around and slowly stew.

there's a road map, if you could read my sun-burned face,  
there's an atlas to scan and recollection of many trips;  
the best source of it all, the horse's mouth so to speak,  
comes from the telling of the tales, from off my lips.

david lessard

# Peace, That Makes Me Whole.

in the dungeons of my mind,  
in the forests of my soul,  
I have dreams that twist and wind,  
I have fears I can't control.

in the highways of my brain,  
in the roads, that rule my heart,  
I stand in meadows where the rain,  
floods the fields and hills apart.

in the body of my being,  
in the window of my eyes,  
in the mirror of my seeing,  
I know where true wisdom lies.

in the air that stirs the tree,  
in the fire that quickly burns,  
in the winds we call a breeze,  
there's a place, where I still yearn.

in the mountains of my mind,  
in the valleys of my soul,  
I seek people of my kind,  
peace, that makes me whole.

david lessard

# Plain Jane

She's not Mona Lisa,  
what did one ever see in her?  
the strangeness of a smile,  
was all I could endure.

She's not a raving beauty,  
nor a photographer's dream,  
and you wouldn't look twice,  
but things aren't what they seem.

She's a heart of gold and gladness,  
and she wears a winning grin,  
she watches baseball with me,  
much to my chagrin.

Guys will think, what the hell,  
but they don't see what I see,  
perhaps they think I'M odd,  
but I'm sure that she loves me.

And isn't that, what love's about?  
Someone that truly cares?  
Someone that shows her feelings?  
A love like that is rare.

She's plain Jane, it don't matter,  
she mends her soul with mine,  
she doesn't bother me with things,  
does not sob and does not whine.

She's my partner, that's what counts,  
so she's not Marilyn Monroe,  
You can't tell a book by it's cover,  
That, my friends, I'm sure I know.

david lessard



# Poem For Nancy

Hi Nancy-Here's a poem to cheer you,  
as you go about your day,  
whether you are working hard  
or taking time to play.

Imagine yourself, floating down the Nile,  
Servants fan your face to cool you dry,  
Beside you, swims a crocodile,  
The fans ward off, the dreaded Tsetse fly.

The sun is at it's highest point,  
A hundred in the shade,  
But you sip on Diet soda,  
as stress from you...just fades.

You don't care what time it is,  
You've nothing on the shelf,  
You could float like this for days,  
To only please yourself.

Gone away are troubles,  
Gone away, the blues...  
You've checked out from worry,  
Your just on a cruise.

Wants and needs have vanished,  
Like clouds up in the sky,  
and you can't improve upon this dream,  
would you really want to try?

Drifting on the waters,  
Resplendent as a queen,  
We all bow down before you,  
In this imaginary scene.

Too bad, it's all illusion,  
of things that aren't to be,  
Welcome back Nancy,  
to the world of reality.

It was fun, while it lasted,  
It was just a getaway,  
An escape into some fantasy,  
Not really meant to stay.

Just a poem for Nancy,  
to cheer you up a bit,  
Hope you liked the thought,  
and relished the whole trip.

david lessard

# Poem For The Day

A poem a day, that's all I'm after,  
Nothing too slower, nothing too faster;  
A poem to brighten up your mood-  
Not too coarse and not too crude.

Words to lift your mind and soul,  
And take you out of any deep, dark hole;  
Words to make you pause and think,  
To cause your mind and soul to link.

Thoughts that flow, like melted butter,  
Shedding worries from your brain's clutter;  
Hoping you will laugh or cry,  
and wonder at the reason why.

Stirring memories of past events,  
Whether or not most make sense;  
A trip down life's old memory lane,  
A ride on a long-forgotten train.

Lines to cheer you through the day,  
Paragraphs to find your way;  
Despair can come without much warning,  
This poem of joy goes out to you this morning.

Take this poem and share a smile,  
It just lasts a little while;  
Take this cup of pleasant brew,  
And make this day brand-new.

david lessard

# Poem For The Night

The day has ended slowly  
and night wraps you in her shawl  
I hope you offered prayers to God,  
and asked forgiveness for us all.

Let sleep now take your thoughts,  
and may they peaceful be;  
let your dreams be happy ones,  
and bad thoughts from you flee.

Let nothing disturb your sleep,  
Do not fret about the 'morrow;  
Give up to God above,  
Your burdens He can borrow.

Sleep now and don't be troubled,  
Day is done and night is here;  
With God on your conscience,  
You've nothing left to fear.

This poem is for the night,  
To put your mind at rest;  
To satisfy your soul,  
So you can be your best.

A lullaby of sweet serenade,  
A song of love to share;  
From one poet to another,  
To show you that we care.

david lessard

# Poem Without A Name

This poem has no name,  
it hasn't any shame,  
it's neither good, nor bad,  
it seeks not recognition  
or any fame.

This poem is for you,  
whoever you may be,  
whether you live in a cave  
or up a tree,  
I do not care,  
for it's not up to me.

I just want to speak  
my piece,  
I just want to be  
a voice;  
I'd like to count  
for something,  
I'd like to have  
a choice.

So I say in my poems,  
and hope you do agree,  
a spark of dialouge;  
between myself and me.

Poems are pent-up feelings,  
expressions of pure thought,  
stirring the heart with joy,  
telling of battles fought.

I grant this finds you well,  
or perhaps a little better;  
If it pleases you at all,  
then I've written a good letter.

david lessard

# Poetry

Mother says that poems should rhyme,  
I can't concede to that.  
Poetry is a feeling, a passion,  
a written expression of free,  
uninhibited thought.  
These sensations do not necessarily rhyme.  
Does a picture by an artist rhyme?  
It's poetry.  
Does a night at the ballet rhyme?  
Poetry in motion.  
A film -maker can create beauty.  
Poetry on the big screen.  
Have you recently witnessed a lovely sunrise or sunset?  
Visual poetry  
Even the work that you do can be poetic.  
The world is full of people with feelings, passion and free thoughts.  
Could this be one huge, humongous poem in disguise?  
Must you rhyme every word? Then your search never ends.  
If you feel that's not required...then your search is over!  
Poetry, you've never heard before, is now present!  
Just listen...  
P.S. Hope that you enjoyed this poem ma! !

david lessard

# Prayer For The Unbelievers

Father, you see it all before you,  
The sadness and the strife;  
You watch from heaven's portals,  
As we go about our life.

Some deny you Father,  
and claim you are not there;  
but they are not your sons,  
or daughters -  
They know not the meaning of prayer.

They think that life's a crapshoot,  
Some win, some falter, some lose;  
Father, they do not know you gave us,  
The will and the wisdom to choose.

We can choose to follow the self,  
and contend to be number one;  
Or we can give all to you, Father,  
It's yours when the final day is done.

There are some so blind,  
they cannot see,  
some so deaf, they cannot hear -  
They stumble from day to day,  
They live for themselves  
and have no fear.

Father, I know that you forgive them,  
For they know not what they do -  
The prayers of us all, go out to them,  
That they come to know but you.

david lessard

# Prayer For This Day

This day is yours my Lord,  
As each one of them are,  
You watch the world revolve,  
know the names of every star.

I lift my praises up to you,  
I sing my hymns to you;  
I worship at your altar,  
and drink of heavens brew.

I watch the sunrise and I see you,  
I hear the music of your songs;  
I pray that you hear mine,  
and forgive me of my wrongs.

We're a little less than angels,  
And perfect we'll never be;  
But we strive to meet your goals,  
Limited only but what we see.

Your truth is strong and mighty,  
Your word, perfect and alive;  
We ask you for your blessings,  
As toward your gates we strive.

Walk with me this day, Lord,  
Keep me safe from harms;  
Then let me sleep securely,  
In the shelter of your arms.

david lessard



# Pretenders

the James gang is gone, so are the Earps,  
I wonder when the west was really won;  
the Kid is dead and so is Wesley Hardin,  
Hickock was killed in Deadwood, for fun.

the town too tough to die is tourist filled,  
the hills of Jerome lay silent in the night;  
all the cowboys are drunk and rowdy,  
all they want to do is screw and fight.

the singers of the western screens are dead,  
Rogers and Autry, gone the way of dust;  
we've just pretenders in their shadows,  
the heros of the wild west shows gone bust.

the days of Daltons are but memories,  
and cowboys no longer sleep with stars;  
they're found on stage with microphones,  
and someone else will play the band's guitars.

there are no towns too tough to die no more,  
they cater to folks that only want to play;  
and pretend that there might be a tomorrow,  
that resembles the old west in every way.

david lessard

# Pretense Is Over

I cannot pretend, that you,  
are no longer in my arms,  
I can't make believe, that you,  
for me, no longer charm;  
Pretending's just for children,  
we're all grown up you see,  
And what was once thought true,  
is no more reality.

I don't build sand castles by the shore,  
I don't play hide and seek...no more;  
I just pace and quickly walk the floor,  
After I stormed out and closed the door.

I can't deny that you no longer care for me,  
I'd be lying if I said you were still my own;  
It wasn't love, it was pain, that set me free,  
It was ages ago when love was overthrown.

I don't play your games...not anymore,  
I don't stare at your picture, as I used to do;  
We lost the flame of youth and kiddy lore,  
This time we're done, and all that was, is through.

So say so long to love's sweet banner,  
Say good-bye for nothing that ever was;  
I can't be swayed by your proud manner,  
or anything else that anybody does.

david lessard

# Pro Sports

The salaries of pro football players  
are drifting out of sight,  
The rookies make more than veterans,  
now would you say that's right?

Not just football players,  
but baseball and basketball too,  
When you can't make ends meet,  
what's a fellow supposed to do?

If you could sit on the bench  
and make money doing that,  
I say there's something wrong  
and I can smell a rat.

Playing a game for big bucks,  
We used to do it just for fun,  
Now we pay a horrendous fee,  
Just to sit and watch it done.

Sports, I love them, but not the pro,  
The colleges are more my style,  
The steroid chasing superstars,  
Can have their greedy money pile.

david lessard

# Rain

In this land of little rain,  
Suddenly there comes a shower,  
a burst of rain so fast and hard,  
it makes timid ones to cower.  
Thank you Lord for this great rain,  
we know its mighty power.

I run out into the rain,  
and turn my face up to the sky -  
it's rare to see this sight,  
it causes my soul to fly.  
And I know again the truth,  
of the great Lord up on high.

In this dry and arid land,  
an angel sheds a tear,  
a dropp of rain has fallen,  
though the day is blue and clear;  
it's just a trace they say,  
but rain's likely and getting near.

Out here, the rain evaporates,  
before it hits the ground,  
no humidity in the air,  
and we are left with frowns;  
I hear thunder in the distance,  
maybe we'll get some (rain)  
the next time 'round.

On the horizon,  
there's a rainbow,  
the rain has fallen there;  
and we wonder if it'll  
ever come,  
or will we ever care?  
It's up there,  
it's for certain,  
soon...we'll get our share...

david lessard

# Reality And Sanity.

He was drunk  
and her struck out  
at her  
and I saw  
flashbacks  
of myself,  
twenty years earlier.

The pain of  
the world  
is too much to bear  
on one pair of shoulders.  
Drinking and smoking  
to escape the  
reality of it all,  
it's futile  
and fleeting.  
The only way  
to accept reality  
is with reality.  
The only way to  
reject authority  
is to conform to it.  
Fighting's useless.  
They are  
stronger and  
better armed.  
What do you win  
when you go to jail?  
You win nothing,  
but you lose time  
and sanity.  
I see myself  
in young strangers,  
alien adolescents  
who attempt to  
become adults  
before they're ready.  
It took a long time...

but I finally achieved it...  
acquiring reality  
and keeping my sanity..

david lessard

# Restless...

I want to get away, to where the air is brisker,  
To where the mountains climb the sky -  
To where the the mind is frisker,  
and the eagle and the condor fly.

I want to walk in some forsaken spot,  
that doesn't draw a crowd -  
to where a battle's never fought,  
and I can laugh out loud.

To where the river's swiftly running,  
to where the silence fills the wood -  
to where the renegades are sunning,  
It all would do this heart some good.

The vagabond in me is crying,  
To wander where I feel at home -  
The gypsy's blood in me is sighing,  
To get out of where I am, and roam.

The will to go is getting stronger,  
and my feet are restless to begin -  
I cannot sit around much longer,  
To do so would be to me a sin.

So I'll be off, you can bet on that,  
I'll soon be out in that empty space -  
I'll just grab my coat and hiking hat,  
Don't look for me, there is no trace.

david lessard



# Resurgence.

There is a place, to which I do not want to go -  
There is a spot, I do not care to wander to -  
It brings back memories of days gone by -  
Of thoughts I wished and hoped I'd never know.

I left that place, so many years ago, I can still recall -  
I left that spot, yet I cannot keep still the dream -  
Of tortured days and nights of endless stress -  
Of time and circumstances, when I thought to end it all.

To end the strife that came with your daily madness -  
To stop the misery of the unpleasant nights -  
I thought to put a bullet through my unsettled mind -  
And finally end this melody of constant sadness.

But I cowered out and chose instead, to leave you -  
The act of suicide is not the act I'd want to follow -  
To kill one's self, is not the choice I'd want to make -  
In the end, you gone from me and we are through.

There is a place, to where my recycled soul is going -  
There is a spot, to where my broken heart is bound -  
It's far away from you and all the friends you have -  
It's in my resurgent mind and new seeds now I'm sowing.

david lessard

# Resurrection

Do you believe in a resurrection of the heart?  
Or a rebirth of a mind?  
Do you believe in full or just a part?  
Are your eyes wide open?  
Or are you blind?

Do you believe that there's a hope in heartbreak?  
Or that there's still a dream alive?  
Or do you wallow in your heartache?  
And think that hope is just a jive?

Where do you stand when love is shattered?  
Where do you go to start again?  
Are you a woman that's been battered?  
And can you find a loving friend?

Where do you go, when there's nothing left to lose?  
Where do you turn, when you are off the edge?  
Where do you go, when your face is one, big bruise?  
And your left standing on the ledge?

Without tomorrow, there's no future,  
Without tomorrow, there's no hope;  
You must get on with life and living,  
You must not sit around and mope.

The heart and mind can find a new beginning,  
Bruises heal and love can grow once more;  
There's new life coming and an old one ending,  
Heartaches heal and hope's just on another shore.

david lessard

# Retired

I have a bit of beard,  
and my hair is growing long,  
But I don't have to shave,  
or get it cut,  
I sing 'I'm a retiree, ' song...

Don't work for a living now,  
I've done my share of that,  
It only wore me out,  
and left me feeling,  
rather 'flat.'

I get up when I want,  
Take things as they fall;  
I nap in the afternoon,  
and don't miss work  
at all.

I keep active, that's for sure,  
Bored is not a word of mine;  
There's always something  
to be done,  
and now, I can find the time

Retirement isn't for everyone,  
Lots of guys can't 'hack' it;  
But I'm not one of those,  
Free time is more my 'racket.'

Money's not my object,  
and rich is not my style;  
Just need the essentials,  
To make my life worthwhile.

Shelter, food, a loving mate,  
Enough to get on by;  
Health and happiness,  
and an Arizona sky.

david lessard

# Scars

I've several scars;  
three tattoos (left wrist, right forearm, left shoudler) .  
Two I have since removed by laser beams,  
which left me with two new scars.  
I also have a scar from when they removed my spleen (due to a car accident in '66) .  
It almost took my life.  
But here I am. bouncy and happy at the ripe age of 67.  
Some of my other scars are invisible.  
Like four failed marriages,  
a drinking problem,  
a cigarette habit  
and things of another nature I'd rather not divulge at this point and time...  
suffice it to say that they are all past reminders of times in my life when things or  
events controlled me,  
instead of the other way around.  
Yet, on reflection, without some scars,  
how could healing ever take place?  
Without imperfections,  
how could we ever strive for perfection itself?  
I acknowledge my scars, both visible and invisible.  
And I strive for perfection,  
even though I realize that I am imperfect,  
because I know, that in doing so,  
I reach out to God.

And that's always good.

david lessard

# Seasons Of Life

In the Spring,  
I struggled to learn  
how to ride a bike,  
catch a ball,  
throw a ball,  
and to execute  
good table manners.

In the Summer,  
I rode my bike  
without you watching,  
without using my hands,  
I caught and threw balls  
all day long,  
and had the best of  
good table manners.

In the Autumn,  
I rode my bike,  
only occasionally,  
caught and threw balls infrequently  
and didn't dwell on  
table manners much.

In the Winter,  
I shall probably  
not ride bikes at all,  
I will not catch any balls,  
let alone, throw them,  
and I'll likely forget,  
just what  
good table manners are.

david lessard

# Second Hand Smoke

I sit in the non-smoking  
section of the restaurant.

That's a laugh.

The smoke from your  
noxious weed,  
still finds me.

I'm going to ask you to  
extinguish it, or else  
heave in your face.

I'll pursue the former,  
but actually favor the latter.

I could just up and leave,  
but that would be acceding  
victory to the American Tobacco  
Industry and to you -  
the Marlboro Man.

As politely as I am able,  
I walk over to your table  
and ask you to put it out,  
it's made me sick.

You smirk and ask me if  
I'm serious -

The favored response occurs.

david lessard

# Secret Admirer

I am a secret admirer, of her beauty,  
sweet and fair,  
of the tempting mouth, so luring,  
and the curve of her cheek, so bare.  
I am the sole possessor,  
of desire not yet shown,  
I am the passionate dreamer,  
of ecstasy not yet known.

I do not exist,  
not in her thoughts;  
I cannot be seen,  
not in her eyes;  
I am nothing in a world of notes  
and a sigh of inaudible sighs.

Solitary, in silent grief,  
when night wraps me  
in her darkened shawl;  
exiled in fool's paradise,  
the saddened teardrops fall.

Desperately I seek to gain,  
relentlessly at every turn,  
that magic quality of joy,  
to love and be loved in return.

I must make myself visible,  
I must make my existence known;  
I must make my desire felt,  
\and my dream of ecstasy shown...

Then I may have,  
the cheek,  
the mouth,  
the beauty,  
sweet and fair.  
Then i may have,  
what God gave man,



and women alone to share.

david lessard

# Settled In

settled snug in the recliner, endlessly rocking,  
I watch the news religiously, always shocking!  
murder in the schoolrooms, murder in the mall,  
I can't make sense of it, no damn sense at all.

the news at dawn, the news at lunch and dinner,  
I take a break and take a pee, I ain't getting thinner;  
I micro-wave this and zap at that, the easier, the better,  
I walk out to the mailbox, to see if I've a letter.

nothing but bills or ads, and worthless ads it's true,  
businesses wanting your money, when theirs is falling through!  
shop at Safeway, shop at Fry's, shop at any store,  
spend your money freely, be a grocery shopping whore.

buy one, get one free, buy two, then get three,  
the discount prices announce savings merrily;  
even if you can't use it, you can't beat it at this price,  
and when you've spent too much, you don't feel very nice.

I'm just a stay at home, settled in my easy chair,  
bitching over life's travails and what ain't fair;  
throwing out opinions left and right, I complain,  
growing old with with boredom, growing quite insane.

david lessard

# Shadows Of The Past

Shadows of the past reach out -  
and try to bring me down,  
but I'll sever them before they grow,  
and they'll not be around.

Like a surgeon, I'll take a knife,  
and I'll slice them all away,  
nothing will survive my cuts,  
no shadows will live this day.

It's like a cancer, so murder it,  
it must die for you to live,  
You must go on with living,  
Forget it and forgive.

Take what's left and bury it,  
The baggage weighs too much,  
Leave it by the roadside,  
Remove it from your touch.

Shadows of the past, reach out,  
They're just a haunting memory,  
I'll not miss them when they're gone,  
They'll never be a part of me.

david lessard

# Silence Is The Sharpest Sword Of All...

Silence is the sharpest sword of all,  
For when it kills, you never hear the fall.  
When someone dies, you do not feel  
the pain,  
and life goes on, when there's nothing  
more to gain.

The cruelest word is never spoken,  
It's left unsaid...  
The greatest wounds are bloodless,  
After all...we're dead.  
Oh, we walk and talk, and sleep and eat,  
if you can call that living,  
But we've lost the most important thing,  
We've lost the art of giving.

We exist, but yet we don't,  
we're like a waking ghost...  
and when we can't receive love,  
then that's what hurts us most.

Silence is the sharpest sword of all,  
For when it kills, you never hear the fall;  
and when loves dies, then all is gone,  
and one can't tell, the sunset from the dawn.

david lessard

# Snowy Owl

Out of the great, green, grove of trees,  
In the darkness of the night;  
The snowy owl came silently by,  
A graceful poem in flight.

Out of the shadows of the dark,  
When the day is finished and done;  
The swift, hurried flight of the owl takes place,  
Out on its midnight run.

Out of the great, green, grove of trees,  
As fast as any clock can go,  
The wings beat hard and fast,  
And rustles the fallen snow.

The snowy owl, a prince of a bird,  
It's dominance reigns supreme;  
Out of the blackness that covers me,  
Out of my thoughts and dreams.

Out of the great, green, grove of trees,  
It glides with a mystic wing;  
Out of the night that swallows it,  
To see it, would make your heart sing.

david lessard

## So Long Poets-

So long, my fellow poets,  
I'm off on a trip to Maine;  
I expect to see a moose or two,  
and probably...some rain.

It's the New England boy in me,  
That craves the hills and streams;  
The magic of the open fields,  
the green, pastoral scenes.

I'll be gone three weeks,  
But just a week in Maine;  
I'm driving all the way,  
I must be half-insane.

Nah, I don't mind it much,  
It's just one big long drive;  
Interstates make it easy now,  
So much sooner you arrive.

I'll give you all an update,  
Once I've gotten back;  
I'll be leaving in the morning,  
I've just a little more to pack.

Good-bye my poet friends,  
I'll see you in eighteen days;  
But now I have to leave,  
The poem to you...it stays!

david lessard

# Sometimes

Sometimes she loves me,  
sometimes she don't...  
Sometimes we make love,  
most times we won't...  
Sometimes I laugh,  
some days I cry...  
Some nights are lonely..  
but I make it by.

Can't recall when,  
i last heard, 'I love you, '  
Can't remember when,  
I said the same to you...

The bond that was,  
it ain't no more,  
The tie that binds,  
has flown right out the door...

Sometimes she loves me,  
some days,  
she may care;  
Some nights,  
when she holds me,  
I forget  
that I  
am there.

david lessard

# Somewhere...

somewhere, no one knows just where,  
there's a treasure to be found;  
someplace, no one knows just what place,  
there's a paradise, waiting to be found.

sometime, no one knows just what time,  
there's a beauty no artist can ever paint;  
somehow, no one knows just how,  
you'll come to know a person who's a saint.

when you find the place called where,  
when you find the prize called time;  
when you locate that certain saint,  
then your life will be fulfilled and fine.

until then, keep searching for the where,  
until then, keep a lookout for the place;  
until then, keep watching for the beauty,  
the perfect one, the perfect smile and face.

somewhere, nobody knows just where,  
you'll encounter golden, magic days;  
sometime, nobody knows just what time,  
you'll know the meaning of God's ways.

david lessard



# Song For A Lost Loved One

I cannot and I will not, say that you are dead -  
because you live and breathe inside my head,  
because you were my love and always will be,  
because you were a part of me.

I cannot and I will not, say that you are gone -  
when your still with me in each and every song,  
when your still in my heart all day long.

You went somewhere that I will one day go.  
a place reserved for loved ones dear -  
but in my mind you'll never go away,  
you'll always be at my side and near.

I will share your soul with mine,  
and what dreams that I can find -  
I'll take them to my soul to keep,  
and never more will you see me weep.

Tears are shed for them that's dead,  
But your alive, inside my head -  
and I'll not cry, I've cried enough,  
though times be hard and rough.

Some day, we sit and laugh together,  
like the man and son that we once shared -  
we'll have our arms around each other,  
for all the earthly years we lost, but always cared.

david lessard

# Sonnet To Chopin

a Chopin nocturne sets my mind at ease,  
the music makes my soul to soothe;  
piano melodies to play and please,  
enchants the heart, makes the spirit move.  
a feast of joy that quells the restless mind,  
sounds of loveliness, set the ears aglow;  
in its depth, sweet mysteries I find,  
delights, that I did not ever know.  
such, soft and subtle strains of pleasant note,  
caress and comfort me, to no great end;  
around me, the rhapsody does gently float,  
to my subconscious, sweet messages it sends.  
a piece of magic, that speaks its love to me,  
unleashed without restraint, beautiful and free.

david lessard

# Spring

A woman tapped me on the shoulder the other day...  
her touch was soft and tender...her smell warm and rich...  
her face lit up the sky!  
'Where have you been? ' I asked.  
'Sorry I'm late, ' she laughed.  
'Late, ' I said, 'I should say so, over a month late.'  
She laughed again (she was very fickle) .  
'Yes, I know. I can't stay long either. I've many spots to visit and old friends to see.'  
Then as suddendly as she appeared...she was gone.  
She said her name was Spring and that she'd see me again next year.  
In the meantime, I was to keep an eye out for her sister, Summer.  
She was so gracious about it, I said that I would.

david lessard

# Spring's Fancy...

I lied the other day. I said that Spring was here.  
It's not. I see out the window, eight inches of snow;  
I should have said...that Spring is near,  
I jumped the gun, inserted foot in mouth...you know.

Two days before it's officially here. The snow may melt,  
it certainly looks as if it's here (the snow) to stay;  
but that statement was emotion, a thought of what I felt,  
who knows what tomorrow brings, it may be a sunshiny day.

Spring is not here, okay, so don't put your hopes too high,  
we are fools and made for suffering, the wishful seasons;  
whether it be weather fair or foul, we may laugh or cry,  
for whatever comes our way, for whatever reasons.

I'll enjoy the scene at hand, I like the sight of snow,  
I like the sight of rain, and love the sunshine too;  
I think that I could be all right just anywhere you know,  
whether skies are dark and gray or whether they are blue.

But Spring is right around the corner, hiding like a child,  
and the bloom of flowers and the buds of leaves are there;  
whether winter shows its face or not or gets a bit too wild,  
Spring is waiting, just to pounce, releasing perfume in the air.

david lessard

# Spring's Here...

Spring's here...you can smell the blossoms,  
You can sense the perfume in the air;  
People laughing, smiling, joking,  
as if they had no earthly care.

Don't they know that we could die tomorrow?  
Can't they see that death comes quick to all?  
Have they blinders on, are they deaf?  
Don't they know they're headed for a fall?

Spring does that to many people,  
Makes them lovers without fear;  
It masks the heartache hiding,  
It casts aside the lurking tear.

Spring is just a mass deception,  
We're mesmerized by her playful smile;  
We suckered into believing there's a life,  
That one can count on for a lengthy while.

Spring's here...you can see the beauty,  
Flowers running riot everywhere;  
People laughing, smiling, joking,  
as if they had no earthly care.

david lessard

# Stay With Me Awhile

Stay with me awhile and hold me close to you,  
I can't make the nightmares cease;  
It's futile, regardless of what I do,  
I must have you near, that much, dear, is true.

Wrap your arms around me, put your hand in mine,  
They drive away the demons;  
And let the brightness shine,  
You're a remedy for me, any place and any time.

Put your cheek against me, I want to feel your skin,  
It banishes the misery;  
Of what my life has been,  
It wipes away the sorrow, and lets the lovelight in.

Stay with me awhile, and let your sweetness linger,  
Drive away the shadows,  
With the touch of your soft finger,  
You're my angel of delight, and my happiness bringer.

Don't leave me for too long, I couldn't stand the wait,  
The pits of hell close fast;  
I need you at the gate,  
So say you'll stay awhile, be my partner and my mate.

david lessard

## Such A Waste, To Write A Poem,

such a waste, to write a poem,  
try and submit it, then see it vanish;  
I only wish that there was a place,  
where the one's in charge, we'd banish.  
if it continues in this vein,  
I must say my farewell;  
and seek another spot for poetry,  
so long, goodbye, it's been swell.  
it's maddening, to say the least,  
when what you write just disappears;  
a blank replaces hard thought verse,  
your faced with poet's fears.  
fears that this one will not survive,  
it's like the Bermuda triangle out there;  
does anyone hear my outraged voice?  
furthermore, do they really care?  
I'm about to enter the verification code,  
then click on the word...submit;  
here I go my poet friends,  
I hope these lyrics fit!

david lessard

# Summer

Summer waits patiently behind Spring...then she explodes with heat and color...flaunting her beauty everywhere!

Water that was frigid, just a short time ago, now holds promises of pleasure...for swimmers and sailors...for doers and watchers...for writers and artists.

Hot, sultry days dance in and out of June, July and August. Hazy days, muggy days, rainy days, dog days and no school days.

Nights of fireflies, campfires and porch vigils.

Summer laughs at Winter and turns her nose up to Fall.

Hers is the limelight...the unhurried hours...the quiet footfalls of time. She dwells in the primetime of weatherly affairs. She is the Queen for three long months...an undisturbed reign of ninety days and nights.

Then someone else comes to steal her crown.

It's a perfect time for Summer. She knows it and relishes the fact. No back seat to any season now.

Summer stands the first in line. Let the others now wait patiently before her exit is made. The best loved of all seasons. She kisses Spring farewell and embraces Autumn hello. She cares little or nothing for Winter. Cold is foreign to her. She knows not of snow. All her knowledge consists of heat and sun.

New England appreciates her the most. She is loved most here. She plays charades with the people of Florida in January. She overpowers the people of the desert in mid-July.

She's loved most in New England...because we know her for what she is...a season unlike any other.

david lessard



# Summer's Call

Hey, are you ready for the summer?  
Was your winter, like ours? A bummer?  
First we welcome spring,  
Enjoy its little fling.

But summer's what we want,  
The heat, the warmth, the sun;  
Somersaulting in the grass,  
Having loads of fun!

Jumping in the pool,  
Getting wet and cool;  
Sunnning till we burn,  
Sunscreen some will spurn.

The beauty of a summer night,  
A T-shirt for one's dress;  
Bermuda shorts and sandals,  
Nothing more and nothing less.

Summer, where are you hiding?  
You must not hide too long;  
We miss you and we want you,  
Your sunshine and your song.

david lessard

# Take A Number...Please!

They said be patient and take a number,  
I took one and remained cool and collected;  
But an hour and a half passed by,  
It was too long too wait and not what I expected.

I went back to the person giving out the numbers,  
Look here, I said, I can't wait all day my friend;  
She said she wasn't my friend, and not to think so,  
I felt her wrath and that the day would never end.

Finally, they called my number, I jumped to my feet,  
Are you so and so? they asked, I said yes;  
Come right in they said, the doctor will be right here,  
(But when he'd arrive, well, that'd be anybody's guess)

Twenty minutes later, the doc strolled in the room,  
What can I do for you today? He asked loudly;  
(He knew that I was hard of hearing, you see)  
I feel like crap I said, but didn't say it proudly.

Well, here's a pill for you he said, It'll cure your ills,  
Take it twice a day, drink some water with it;  
See me in a month, or sooner if you don't get better,  
(Yeah, if I come down with the flu or have a fit) .

The docs, they keep you waiting, take a number please,  
You read the year old magazines and watch t.v.;  
All about you people cough, belch, cry and sneeze,  
It's the American health care at its best, you see?

david lessard

# Take It All Away

Fine! Take your love and go!  
Take your fake smile and  
let's get on with the show!

You were never what you seemed,  
Not even in your dreams,  
You were just another liar,  
And of you I quickly tire!

Take your laughs away,  
The ones you used to curse me,  
Take away your meanness,  
And those eyes that could'nt see.

You don't know love when it looks you in the face,  
Of those endearing tender charms, there is no trace!  
Take your heart and give it to the poor,  
Give it to another that you adore!  
You don't know what love is, you never know the score!

Take it all away,  
I can't stand what you are doing,  
I want no claim on you,  
Give someone else the wooing!

david lessard

# Tell Me I Do Not Have Tomorrow

Tell me I do not have tomorrow,  
Tell me I have just this day to live;  
I will not dwell on last night's sorrow,  
But I will focus on what I have to give.

I'll spread some joy to those around me,  
I'll say a quiet prayer for you alone;  
I'll hug a friend and let the others be,  
I'll stay right here, no more a rolling stone.

I was a vagabond, Now I'm a root,  
I was a drifter, Now I am at home;  
I've shot all I care to shoot,  
I no more long, to up and roam.

I'll give you all my love, that's for today,  
I'll give you all my joy and all my trust;  
And I will never more, steal off, away,  
I will live just for this moment, as I must.

Tell me I don't have tomorrow,  
Say this day is all I can afford;  
Say I have no more dreams to borrow,  
Your love and God's, is my reward.

david lessard

# Tell Me If You Know...

Tell me, if you can, the road that leads to life,  
Tell me, if you know, the path that leads to love;  
If you can show the way, without any strife,  
Then you can be my mate or perhaps my turtledove.

Tell me, if you can, the trail that leads to joy,  
Tell me, if you know, the way that leads to peace;  
If you can show the way, and not be more than coy,  
Then you can be my girl, and set my heart at ease.

Tell me, if you can, the secret to success,  
Tell me, if you know, the answer to my doubt;  
If you can show the way, I'd straighten out this mess,  
And you can be my sweet, and troubles you would rout.

Just give to me the secret, to any life's great pleasure,  
Just show me how to win, your body, heart and soul;  
If you can grant me this, you 'll I'll always be a treasure,  
Then I'll sing a song of love and your virtues I'll extoll.

Tell me, if you can, just why my life does matter,  
Tell me, if you know, the gift of happy knowing;  
If you can give me these, sorrow you will shatter,  
Then I'll be content to live, my road will need no hoeing.

david lessard

# Tell Me...

tell me...the reason that your living,  
tell me, the reason that you care;  
tell me...if you've ever thought of giving,  
then I will tell you, if I really care.

tell me...what makes your heart beat fast,  
tell me...what you think is true and right;  
tell me...what important things will last,  
then I will tell you, if I want you in my sight.

share with me, the riches that you treasure,  
speak to me, of thoughts that touch your soul;  
tell me...by what yardstick you do measure,  
and I will share with you, what makes me whole.

cry with me and let me share your sorrow,  
joke with me and let me share your laughter;  
let's take this day and forget about tomorrow,  
we'll take this joy and whatever's after.

tell me...what makes your heart beat fast,  
tell me...about the special love you share;  
tell me...if you believe in miracles,  
then I will tell you, yes, I truly care.

david lessard

# Texas Woman

Texas woman - your forever on my mind -  
you came in so quiet-like, as in a dream,  
you liked Robert Frost and so did I,  
I liked you right away, can't say just why...

Texas lady - your a sight for these old eyes,  
Your like a breath of clean, fresh wind,  
You liked my music, whatever I did play,  
I felt your closeness, in more than just an  
ordinary way...

Texas lady, let's be together, you and I,  
let's spend the days we have and seal  
our love -  
Let's share the life, we never had before,  
and open up, a brand new door.

A door that leads, to harmony and peace,  
a door through which our dreams will never cease-

Texas woman - I'll be your man,  
Though I'm a Yankee, through and through,  
Vermont and Texas, they'll go well together,  
Self-reliant, independent, it is true.

What better values for our future?  
What better virtues can we share?  
We'll love each other, that's for always,  
For one another, we'll be there.

Texas woman, your my lady,  
let me share your life -  
Texas lady, your my woman,  
say that you will be my wife.

I'm from Vermont- made out of granite,  
straight out of those New England hills,  
I like things plain and simple,  
Nothing fancy, no fuss, no frills.

Texas woman, say you love me,  
Hold me fast, all through the night;  
and when the dawn of day comes breaking,  
Hold me closer, in the light.

david lessard



# Thank You For The Rain, Lord

The rains, they finally came,  
awesome in it's power -  
the lightning show was super,  
much more than just a shower.

People scurrying to their cars,  
Under pelting, pouring clouds -  
They were witness to God's tears,  
their hands were clasped,  
their heads were bowed.

The thunder cracked above our heads,  
surprising many lovers -  
and made a few jump from their beds -  
throwing back the covers.

We need much more of these,  
A thunderstorm galore -  
When the clouds release their treasure,  
and it really starts to pour.

Lightning, I don't mind it,  
Thunder, I can stand -  
and the rain that falls from heaven,  
saturates a hot, dry land.

Thank you Lord, for rain,  
for the wetness that abounds -  
for making a big deposit,  
as you go about your rounds.

david lessard

# That's Odd

Yes, I am a Christian,  
Did you not know?  
But then I recollect,  
You cannot see my soul.

But can't you see the joy?  
Can't you see the love?  
Can't you see the promise?  
Of the good Lord from above?

But then I recollect,  
You don't believe in God;  
But just because I do,  
Why am I considered odd?

Yes, I am a Christian,  
Can't you see I'm one?  
Can't you see my smile,  
Knowing what He's done?

But then I recollect,  
Fools say, there is  
no God,  
And I am satisfied,  
It's not me; it's you,  
that's odd.

david lessard

# That's The Kind Of Guy I Am

In the haunted castles of my mind,  
Gruesome pictures of a past I find;  
It wasn't very long ago, we wed,  
Yesterday I woke, and found you dead.

You looked so lovely, lying there,  
For several moments, all I did was stare;  
You had a semblance of a smile,  
Stretched out upon the kitchen tile.

As if something you thought had struck you funny,  
You always had a good sense of humor honey;  
Now you getting stiff and growing cold,  
And you'll never have to worry getting old.

The blood has stopped its slow but steady bleeding,  
And paramedics, I'm sure, you'll not be needing;  
I'll take good care of you from here on in,  
Cover up and comfort you from where you've been.

I'll bury you out back with our dog, Sam,  
'Cause that's the kind of guy I really am;  
Then I'll have some coffee, just a cup,  
And afterward, I'll go and I'll clean up.

david lessard

# That's When I'll Come Back To You.

When the sun sets in the east,  
When the grass contains no dew;  
When things disturb me, not in the least,  
That's when I'll come back to you.

When gravity prevents my falls,  
When I cannot find a thing to do;  
When there are no more walls,  
That's when I'll come back to you.

Think of a time the sun's not shining,  
Think of a time, you've not been blue;  
Think of a kid that isn't whining,  
That's when I'll return to you.

Think of a time, when life is easy,  
Think of a time, you never knew;  
Think of a wind that isn't 'breezy, '  
That's when I'll come back to you.

When summer never spreads its wings,  
When skies never had a bird that flew;  
When you never hear a robin that sings,  
That's when I'll come back to you.

david lessard

# The Battle That Rages On

We sent them overseas with rations and smokes. Nineteen forty-two.  
We didn't see any harm in it, smoking was the thing to do.  
They came back, addicted to the weed, their battle never ended, until  
their face turned blue.  
Invisible bullets, inhaled into the respiratory tract. Everyone was doing it, the  
jitterbug and the smoking.  
The war went unannounced until much later. Then we knew...the nicotine wasn't  
joking.  
The assault began in earnest, against this foe. We were advised to quit, any way  
we could...  
After years and years of smoking, they said stop; .it wasn't easy, it was hard, but  
we said we would.  
And some died in the fighting, it was way too long a haul, no medals  
were handed out, no praises sung;  
We were in a battle that was never over, never done...the victims were  
male and female...the winner...a dying lung.  
The war is far from over, it's being fought today. The smoking's caused us all to  
rust;  
The ranks of men and women are falling still,  
corpses of a sinful pleasure, returning to the dust.

david lessard

# The Choice Is Yours

Father, you make the days so bright,  
and the nights are filled with stars;  
You made the earth a feast of sight,  
only man has made the ugly mars.

You made us in your image, strong,  
You filled us with the joy of you;  
We had the choice of right and wrong,  
To recreate ourselves anew.

Some still choose the path to hell,  
Some still choose to be amiss;  
I pray for them to become well,  
And glow in the aura of your bliss.

The earth is passing and so will we,  
What's here one day, is gone tomorrow;  
We must thank whatever is to be,  
We must not linger over sorrow.

Life is but a fading flower,  
Blooming fast, then it is gone;  
We don't know the telling hour,  
When we'll see the final dawn.

david lessard

# The Dead Poets Society Is Alive

Please,  
if your going to publish  
your own poetry,  
Make it your own,  
not someone else's -

The Dead Poets Society  
was a movie,  
based on poets who  
are with us no longer.

I have seen evidence of them  
alive in these writings,  
under a diffrent name!  
I won't say it's you  
or who's to blame.  
But this is serious stuff,  
no silly game.

You probably know who you are,  
if not, I do,  
It's never good to  
speak the words of Millay,  
unless you honor her,  
with her own name.

Sonnet # 2; Time Does Not  
Bring Relief,  
You All Have Lied,  
is a favorite of mine,  
To see someone else's name,  
is just a crime.  
Go back and erase them all,  
if you can find the time.

She Was A Phantom Of Delight,  
is also yours you claim,  
But William Wordsworth,  
was the writer, not your name.

I'm sure there's others,  
that you have penned as yours,  
Please stick with  
your words and thoughts,  
even if your bored.

We all can't be like Dickinson,  
or the giant, Robert Frost,  
But we can give people pleasure,  
At little or no cost.

If we can make one heart happy,  
without being syruppy or sappy -  
Then, by God, we've done it well,  
The rest of you can go to hell.

Don't take offence, I'm joking,  
It must have been something  
that I'm smoking -  
I really mean to please,  
but I'll not get on my knees -  
Pardon me while I sneeze,  
and belch, fart and wheeze.

I take my verse quite lightly,  
especially these last few lines -  
But I'm headed out of here,  
before the next hour chimes.

To go back for just a moment,  
Please, make sure it is your work;  
To copy someone else's,  
just shows that your a jerk.

david lessard



# The Dog (With Apologies To Edgar Allen Poe)

In my bed, while nearly napping,  
Suddenly, there came a yapping,  
as if someone gruesomely rapping,  
Chatting, ... at my chamber door...

Through an open window, I was cussing,  
Foaming...stewing...festering...fussing,  
at the thing, so hideous, so horrific,  
outside my chamber door...

I cursed and cursed and started yelling,  
But if truth be told, it took some telling,  
Then there came that awful smelling,  
Just outside my chamber door.

I ranted, and I raved, ...all full of fury,  
Then I noticed something furry,  
as it stood alone...in no big hurry...  
Just outside my chamber door.

'FOUL DOG! ' I screamed,  
'cut out the yapping,  
When just about I was a napping...  
REMOVE yourself from off my chamber door!

He just glared at me afoul,  
Looking like some long-haired owl,  
Then he set about to yowl...

'From this door I'll not be parting,  
and you must excuse my farting...  
No, never will I leave...no  
NEVERMORE...'

And today, he still is sitting,  
barking, yowling, farting, shitting,  
Foul beast out of nowhere...  
Just upon my chamber door!

david lessard

# The End May Be The Very Best

The trumpet blows -  
You cannot hear it...

The angels sing -  
and no one hears...

We're left in silence,

Our lives pass by,

So fast...the years.

We cannot smell,  
the flowers fading -

We just ignore,  
The sunrise grand;

Now soon, it'll be  
your grave,  
the trees are shading,

And the time  
erodes...  
like shifting sand.

Like the wind,  
it's always blowing -

Like the sea,  
It never is at rest;

Soon the end,  
we'll all be knowing,

and hopefully,

the end will be...

the very best.

david lessard

# The End Of Love

The end of love, is not, the end of you -  
it's just a curtain, coming down;  
the end of love, is not the end of life -  
it's a transitory feeling, a passing frown.

The end of love, is not the end of joy -  
it's the beginning of something new;  
the end of love, is but a dying dream -  
it's the start of change, the change of you.

And we know, that life is ever-changing,  
It doesn't stop and start with just one thing;  
it's constant flow and super slow-motion,  
and we await the change it slowly brings.

Time is gone, before one knows it,  
Your children grow before your eyes;  
People are not the same  
as once they were,  
Life's a basketful of laughs and sighs.

Go with the flow, you cannot change things,  
You may be lucky...or maybe not;  
Go with your heart and not your logic,  
Go with the moral values you've been taught.

The end of love, is not the end of you -  
It's just a corner, you've daylight up ahead;  
Forget the past and never let it linger,  
Charge on the open road that's just ahead.

david lessard

# The End Of War

The end of war is not so far away,  
The Prince Of Peace is closer too;  
Before we kill each other in this play,  
We've much to learn and more to do.

The world's a stage, old Willie said,  
And each actor and actress has a role;  
and though old Willie is now long dead,  
His words live on, as does his parted soul.

Mine is to share a thought or two,  
To spread the love and joy I've found;  
To lift a heart that's down and blue,  
To scatter laughter and happiness 'round.

To sing a song, that calms your fears,  
To still the hurt that you have known;  
To kiss away the turmoil and the tears,  
To tell that your dreams, they have not flown.

To wish away the midnight sorrows,  
and banish demons from your doors;  
To give to you the promise of tomorrows,  
With these small things, we'll end the wars.

Pray to the Prince Of Peace for blessings,  
Give Him the Honor and the Glory;  
Through times of trials and times of testings,  
His will, will be the end and final story.

david lessard

# The Evening News...

The evening news...  
it's downright scary,  
the videos are  
rather hairy...  
I sit there...glued,  
and watch the tube,  
and slowly, I  
become myself...  
a rube.  
Screaming silently  
at people and of places,  
yelling mutely at  
foreign faces.  
That laugh and  
burn our flag,  
as if it were  
just a unwanted rag.  
They spout  
that we are Satan,  
the whole wide world...  
they're baiting.  
They hate us,  
'cause were white...  
and just because...  
we're right.  
They'd like us  
all to die...  
And by GOD...  
they'll surely try,  
I will fear no more,  
For GOD is on our shore,  
and they will not succeed.  
not through our door!

david lessard

# The Givers And The Takers

When I was seventeen...it was a terrible year,  
I quit high school and struck off on my own;  
I bummed around, looking for work and such,  
I did a lot of complaining, like bitch and moan.

I thought the world owned me a living,  
But soon found out that was my first mistake;  
I discovered that there were ones called givers,  
When I all I ever wanted, I thought I could just take.

The givers and the takers, two different classes,  
The ones who show their love and their compassion;  
And the ones that beg, and borrow and steal,  
I wasn't sure, where I fit in, in any fashion.

But time was kind to me and it was fruitful,  
And some lessons that I learned were hard to bear;  
But I found out quick that greed was not my partner,  
That what I had, I could cultivate and share.

And so I share with you my never ending joy,  
My written words to tell you of my present state;  
They are full of sorrow, happiness and wonder,  
All the convoluted paths of what I now call fate.

Drink it in, all the trials and troubles,  
Swallow deep, the love that comes your way;  
Hold onto fortune as it claims you,  
May the sun that shines, be yours today.

david lessard



# The Health Care War.

You said you wanted health care,  
Didn't like it as it was;  
Now Obama has a plan,  
Though it's a bit of fuzz.

Fuzzy to the people,  
Fuzzy to the congress;  
Suddenly, we're voting,  
The thing that's thrust  
upon us.

Have you read it's pages?  
Only a 1,000 and more;  
Who can read that all,  
The healthcare is a war.

A war between the parties,  
That can't decide or just agree;  
The war that's being fought,  
Without troops like you and me.

They'll shove it down our throats,  
Just like they always do;  
And we'll suffer it to pass,  
Before this battle's through.

david lessard

# The Morning After

The prescence of you is in this room!  
The rumpled sheets, where we made love,  
not once, not twice, but thrice!  
The little cries of pleasure,  
I gave to you...are inaudible now,  
but they linger here.  
The sleeping bag I used to cover you,  
'cause you got cold...  
the red pullover shirt,  
my Budweiser shirt,  
the robe I lent you,  
the half-eaten apple,  
the empty coffe cups,  
the photo albums,  
the record albums...  
are strewn about,  
as we left them.  
Your prescence is in this room!  
Where we shared a day of love,  
and held each other tight,  
to stem the lengthening hours  
of the night,  
hoping to slow time,  
before you had to go.

david lessard

# The Move...

I didn't realize I had so much stuff,  
until I moved,  
Then I realized I had too much stuff,  
but I threw nothing away;  
I couldn't get rid of all my books,  
or all my music,  
I'd miss it, if I had to look for it,  
one rainy day..

So I carry a hundred pounds of  
literature,  
Another hundred pounds of records  
and CD's;  
Nothing light it seems have I to carry,  
I'm even weighed down with boxes  
when taking ZZZ's.

It's only four miles from my old place,  
Why does it seem to take so awfully  
long?  
Back and forth, in little trips I move,  
Hoping things stay cool and not  
go wrong.

It's going smooth, I must admit...  
Maybe, I'm getting to be a pro;  
I'm almost done, just a few more  
items left,  
Then I can stop and relax and  
holler...WHOA!

Moving is still a hassle, you all most  
comprehend,  
It' isn't easy, and it's damn hard work;  
Its blood, sweat and tears as you  
well know,  
But nothing worthwhile is ever gained  
by shirk.

And when the move is over and I  
look back,  
I can be satisfied in the long, long,  
run;  
I never called it quits or said enough,  
And I can be proud of that and what  
I've done.

david lessard

# The Next Time

The next time, will be the best,  
I'll love her as I've never loved,  
and I'll forget the rest.

The next time, I'll be certain,  
and the vows I make will last,  
they'll be no final curtain.

This time, love will linger,  
and joy will never leave,  
I'll have her wrapped,  
around my finger.

This time, there will be no tears,  
and laughter will prevail,  
and I'll forget the former years.

This one last time, I'll win,  
and love will be my crown,  
and I'll forget my every sin.

This one last time, will be the one,  
and you'll be mine completely,  
and we will triumph in the end,  
of a love that came so sweetly.

david lessard

# The Pain That Never Goes Away

Here comes the pain...  
the pain that never goes away.  
It may recede, but the damage is there;  
I awake, to another, brand new day,  
They were right, who said, the world  
is seldom fair.

It's not fair, when your son,  
dies suddenly and fast,  
Without warning, your heart  
plunges into grief;  
The body's kept alive,  
but that won't last  
And death arrives  
to crush the hope-filled leaf.

So, I live with the pain,  
the hurt that never goes away,  
the anguish that breaks  
the heart and soul,  
the body numb, the mind like  
weakened clay,  
The circumstances of a world,  
I can't control.

The pain is now a part of me,  
My son will never be a man;  
God...ease the agony  
and let me be,  
Or was this a part of  
your eternal plan?

Reveal to me, the error  
of my ways,  
Restore to me, the faith  
that was so shaken;  
Give me peace and strength,  
now...in my final days,  
Help to understand,

just why my son was taken.

david lessard

# The Right One For Me

Wow - she loves me, just for who I am,  
No silly games, no psycho -analyst;  
She just wants my company you see,  
No crazy questions like from a panelist.

She don't want the names of former loves,  
She don't want to know what makes me tick;  
I can watch a baseball game whenever,  
and she won't care, not one single lick!

She's not the gal I thought I'd match up with,  
But whom am I to complain when it's all right?  
She's not a goddess or a beauty queen,  
But we don't argue and we don't fight.

She's my companion and I am happy,  
She gives what I want and what I truly need;  
She gives comfort and contentment,  
I don't have to whine, beg, borrow or plead.

I guess that you could say, that I'm a lucky joe,  
For I have finally found the mate that is for me;  
I've been so unfortunate up till this time,  
And now I can relax and let the sweet things be.

She's a woman that I thought did not exist,  
She's a woman that loves me for what I am;  
I couldn't ask for more than what I have,  
I call her sugar, babe, sweet and honey-lamb.

They're out there guys, you must keep on looking,  
Let's hope you'll find her, and she will be the one;  
Because, let's face it, otherwise it's misery,  
And why put up with that, when you can have some fun?

david lessard



# The Rodeo

Whoopie ti yi yo...  
get a long, little doogie!

It was a warm and sultry night in June,  
I thought the air was like perfume;  
rather sweet and  
somewhat bitter I thought,  
I swear it smelled like  
mary-jane, you know...pot.  
The bareback riders came out first,  
a hootin' and a hollerin',  
Perhaps (the hootin' and the hollerin')  
it was the crowd,  
All's I know,  
it was pretty golderned loud.  
Eight seconds flies on by,  
when your tossin' and a turnin';  
and your insides feel like jelly,  
and your legs are all a churnin'.  
The cowboys, they did well,  
they gave them hosses hell.  
Then came the barrel racers,  
Their horse's in a run;  
Spinnin' round them barrels,  
Tryin' not to knock over one.  
Then the calf ropers,  
their lariats a' flyin',  
They missed a few  
here and there;  
but it wasn't for  
a lack of tryin'.  
Then came the men  
that wrestled steers,  
Big men they were,  
jumpin' off them saddles;  
They grabbed them horns  
and rode the ground,  
and flipped them cattles.  
Then came the guys

that rode the bulls,  
some didn't last too long-  
But they were applauded  
all the same,  
from a cheering,  
boisterous throng.  
Can't leave out  
the rodeo clown,  
He was quite a dilly -  
He made the night  
much lighter,  
as he had us  
laughing silly.  
Whoopie ti yi yo,  
the rodeo's a treasure-  
an evening out  
and a bunch of pleasure.

david lessard

# The Same People Live...The Same People Die

The same people live, the same people die,  
the same people laugh, the same people cry,  
as they push on through, life's open door,  
the old and the young, the rich and the poor.

The same people love, the same people hate,  
the skeptics of heaven, the mockers of fate,  
some use the gun, some just don't choose,  
the proud and the vain, they win and they lose.

Death takes them all, the end's all the same,  
no one can help us, cause no one's to blame,  
When the door shuts and the bright lights go dim,  
We all follow the same path and we all go to Him.

The same people live, the same people die,  
Some still find wealth, while others get by,  
the weak and the strong, the slow and the fast,  
alone on life's journey, they all stumble past.

It's been this way, since the beginning of time,  
To live...it's a joy, to die...it's a crime,  
and still, we question and still, we ask why?  
The same people live...the same people die.

david lessard

# The Season Of All Seasons...

The heat is here, welcome to summer!  
If you don't tolerate it, that's a bummer!  
Just two more months, then fall will hit,  
and we can don more clothes a bit.

I hope that you have water near you,  
and you can swim beneath the blue,  
Climb out, dry off and then jump in,  
Not just once, but over and over again.

Or take a bike ride, the wind in your face -  
The thrill of pursuit, the spark of the chase -  
Summer's here, school still weeks away -  
The time of your life, is starting today!

Enjoy the heat, autumn's still a dream,  
The days of contentment, make them beam!  
The sun will hang forever, so do not the hours shun,  
The days of longest sunshine, will give you days of fun.

Summer, was there ever a season so great?  
Fall, winter, spring; for them we have to wait.  
So do it all this summer, enjoy it all you can,  
It's the season of all seasons; my goodness,  
Ain't it grand! ?

david lessard

# The Second Time Around

Where were you all those years?  
You were safe and hidden in my heart;  
Thoughts of you were always with me,  
Though not physically together,  
we never were apart.

I 'd think of you and hoped you were okay,  
I'd even thought to call and speak your name;  
To let you know that I was fine and all right,  
To let you know, there was no one to blame.

And then one day, I met you in Vermont,  
Unexpected, beyond my wildest dreams;  
But life and God have many strange surprises,  
And love is never-ending, or so it seems.

This is the way it is, me and you and God,  
Revolving through life's unnumbered doors;  
This is the way it is, and I now know it's true,  
You were always mine and I was always yours.

david lessard

# The Secret's Out

I have a secret,  
I cannot tell you what -  
'cause if I told you,  
then, it wouldn't be a secret,  
much.

You'll not get it  
out of me,  
my lips are sealed,  
or so the saying goes -  
only I know what it is,  
The nose knows.

Some call me a liar,  
tells me, my pants  
are on fire,  
I never saw  
my clothes burn,  
so they must be  
the liar.

Your secret's safe  
with me,  
I'll never tell  
a soul;  
you could even  
bury me,  
in some deep,  
dark hole.

You can't bribe me,  
money can't buy me,  
nothing you say  
or do -  
You can't unravel  
my secret thoughts,  
you can't beg me,  
I will not be untrue.

What's that?  
A hot fudge sundae,  
if I will only spill  
the beans?  
All right,  
ice-cream's my downfall -  
Wait, I'll just change  
my jeans.

david lessard

# The Self-Made Man

You do not need a map,  
to tell your critics where to go,  
You do not need a guide,  
to tell you where the river flows;  
All you need is confidence  
and greater self-esteem,  
You don't need a whopping army,  
or any other team.

You've a mind of your own,  
and it has power -  
You're an individual with choice,  
a mighty tower -  
You've done damn well so far,  
and you'll be more tomorrow -  
You've conquered all your fears,  
you've nothing more to borrow.

And you can face the music,  
'cause you have grasped the ring,  
And there isn't any obstacles,  
against you, they can bring;  
You're a self-made man my friend,  
and there is nothing higher,  
You haven't sold your precious soul,  
as there isn't any buyer.

I applaud you, you've done great,  
I give you your just due,  
You're the pinnacle of success,  
the prize is there, just for you.  
I wish you wealth and happiness,  
you've nothing more to gain,  
Now sit back and enjoy it,  
you've yourself to entertain.

david lessard



# The Six Minute Poem

A poet's mind is seldom still,  
It fluctuates with mood,  
and suddenly the words pour out,  
flowing freely,  
kind thoughts or rude.  
Down on paper, they must go,  
before the burning fire dies,  
He or she must speak the words,  
before the words in silence lies.  
The pen compels the writing hand,  
the brain, the ample fuel,  
feelings and thoughts are etched in ink,  
an artist's sketch, with rhyme its rule.  
A tendency of mood so strong, that if  
ignored, the body would not sleep,  
it must be written down, before it's lost,  
This urge is so compelling, images to keep.  
This is my six minute poem, to say  
whatever comes to mind,  
and when at last the final thought is gone,  
Perhaps then, the poet can unwind.

david lessard

# The State I Am In

In my periods of self-imposed isolation,  
when I am in a state of being,  
rather than that of action,  
when my passiveness, becomes paramount,  
and my ambition is reduced  
to one of apathy,  
when I exist as an inanimate object,  
rather than an object which  
reflects life,  
when I am present,  
but unaccounted for,  
when I suffer from  
sel-inflicted wounds  
and wound others about me,  
becoming a wall of inhumanity  
that no one is able to scale,  
including myself,  
a solid nothing,  
erected by one's own  
faltering ego,  
a state of inertia, that following  
the laws of physics,  
cannot move until acted upon  
by an outside force,  
(and probably not then either) ,  
then I wonder,  
what state is it,  
that I am in?  
Certainly not a vegetative state  
as I would not be able to do  
whatever the hell it is I am  
doing now.  
Certainly not a comatose state  
as I would be unawake and  
unaware of my surroundings.  
It's possible that I could be  
in such a state of mind  
as to not know  
just what it is that I am doing.

But that's ridiculous!  
I do know what I'm doing.  
So, what state am I in?

Why, Arizona, of course!

david lessard

# The Things We Say And Do

I've seen the hurt  
that love can bring  
by an angry word or two,  
I've seen the damage  
done to hearts,  
by what we say and do;  
I've been at fault  
much more than once,  
too many times to tell,  
and I've seen my love  
go down the drain  
and I've put myself through hell.

Slowly, I've learned  
to turn around,  
to follow a path  
that's right,  
I was foolish for  
so long,  
before I saw  
the light,

so, whoever reads  
this verse of mine,  
I beg your pardon  
today...  
I'm sorry for the  
pain I've caused,  
Forgive me,  
if you can  
find a way.

I know the joy  
that love can give  
with a simple word or two,  
and I know the peace  
that it can bring,  
by what we say and do.

david lessard

# The Winter Of '88...

Yes, I know this is winter...but where is the snow?  
The blankets of white, that i used to know?  
Why is it raining? And where is the cold?  
It's forty out there, or so I am told.

One day it's zero, next day, it's not;  
One day I'm freezing, next day, I'm hot.

Where are the blizzards that I used to know,  
Yep, this is winter, but where is the snow?

If this is New Hampshire and I'm in the east,  
What's happened to winter, that cold, savage beast?  
The wind chill factor feels like thirty below,  
But the hillsides are bare, where in hell is the snow?

One day's like spring and the mood is for mating...  
Next day, it's frigid, and in my yard, I'm skating.

There is no rhyme or reason, to this, the winter season...  
And I'd really like to know, just what happened to the snow.

Yes, I'm sitting here in January, and the icicles are dripping,  
And it seems around the corner, we'll soon be maple syrup sipping...

And always I'll remember, as I watch the springtime show,  
That winter in New Hampshire, when there wasn't any snow.

david lessard

# Therapeutic Release

I was taught  
to deny it,  
but I know  
it's there.

I was made  
to suppress it,  
and I tried  
to obey.

Sometimes,  
the only way  
I can express it,  
is this way -  
though the written word.  
A visual healing  
of a sort.

Be a man they said.  
Big boys don't cry.

I think I suffer more  
by camouflaging it,  
than i would by  
declaring it vocally.

If I could just scream  
and carry on  
at the top of my lungs,  
perhaps, I'd feel better.

What that's you say?  
It's okay?

All right. Please excuse me  
while I screech,  
ignore me while I curse,  
and pardon me as I  
release loudly

and vehemently,  
all the pain,  
I've kept hidden,  
in my life!

david lessard



# There Are Dreams That Will Not Ever Die

There are dreams that wil not ever die,  
HIDDEN in the corners of one's mind;  
Dreams that linger and persist,  
That only will and memory can find.

They are tucked away in shadows,  
Sheltered in a lonesome bay;  
Brought to the front when needed,  
Just for the moment will they stay.

They are deep, but buried lightly,  
We can dig them up in record time;  
Like pieces of a puzzle missing,  
Like poetry that will not rhyme.

There are dreams that last a lifetime,  
Safe within the tortured heart, at rest;  
And when we give them to the soul,  
It's when we deem the time is best.

Dreams don't die, they don't know dying.  
They survive, like some we know;  
When the body dies, we'll take them with us,  
High above... or down below..

david lessard

# There Are Tears

There are tears to make one happy,  
and tears to make one blue;  
Tears amongst the laughter,  
and when the gloom descends on you.

There are tears that strike the windows  
and slide harmlessly away;  
There are tears to last a life-time,  
Ever present, with each day.

There are tears that speak of sunshine,  
and of rainbows, far and near;  
There are tears that speak of loving,  
with the ones that you hold dear.

Without tears, there'd be no laughter...  
Without tears, there'd be no rain...  
Without tears, there'd be no loving...  
and things,  
would always stay the same.

david lessard

# There Is A Love, Much Greater Than Your Own...

there is a love...much greater than your own,  
there is a joy...that with you, I've never known;  
it's a peace that passes understanding,  
and disrupts, whatever you've been planning.

it's a state, where all that come are welcome,  
it's a state, where all that come are met with love;  
if you are searching for something with meaning,  
then come along, and put your eyes on things above.

put your eyes on heaven's windows,  
feel the warmth of it's bright, shining light;  
have the strength to face tomorrow,  
sleep with comfort, through the night.

here's a friend that will not leave you,  
here's a friend that never dies;  
He will take your hand and guide you,  
to the land where no one cries.

to the land that knows no sorrow,  
to the state, where no more tears are shed;  
to the place where death has no dominion,  
to the spot where you can safely lay your head.

all you do, is let Him take the lead,  
for in Him, you have no other need;  
it's in Him that you can plant a seed,  
and in His word, your hungry soul can feed.

david lessard

# There Was A Time I Loved You

There was a time I loved you,  
Seems like a hundred years ago;  
There was a time I loved you,  
You were beautiful, you know.

There was a time I kissed you,  
I fell 'head over heels' you see,  
I was young, strong and foolish,  
I loved you and you loved me.

Now, it's just a memory of loving,  
You have changed and so have I;  
We don't share the love and passion,  
I finally gave up wondering why.

But I'll hold you in my dreams dear,  
and for me, you'll stay the same;  
you'll stay young and beautiful forever,  
and I will take the hurt and blame.

You'll be there, my lovely sunshine,  
The love we knew, it will not die;  
I will be your knight in shining armor,  
In my memory of the bye and bye.

david lessard

# There Was A Young Man

there was a young man, from the green hills of vermont,  
he unwillingly went west, his dad suffered a disorder;  
he hated the desert, he missed the hills and streams,  
he was only a hundred miles or so, from the border.

the humongus state of mexico, was directly south,  
the mormon state of utah, two hundred miles away;  
he hoped the time would pass by quick,  
when he could leave and find another place to play.

he was only 12, too young to go a-wandering,  
but at the age of 16, he left for the big city;  
where he would find a job, live alone at last,  
but alas! no work for this young kid, what a pity!

he turned 17 and said to his friend bill,  
let's blow this joint and become a g.i. joe;  
we need our parents signature to join,  
then we'll enlist on the 'buddy plan, ' you know.

that's how he escaped the heat, and the cactus,  
the army was not what he thought it would be;  
he thought he'd get training for a good job,  
instead, he got stuck in the infantry!

he got back to the green hills, in old vermont,  
a young buck, ready to face the hostile world;  
he would triumph, and he would survive,  
in the army, he became a man, and his life unfurled.

he went back to the desert, to see his folks,  
each time he returned, it seemed to be much better;  
but it was fifteen years that passed him by,  
when he thought that it no longer was a fetter.

he settled finally in the west, on high desert,  
where the heat was more moderate and the skies were clear;  
his heart still harbored the green hills of youth,  
but his spirit and soul were in the desert...here.

david lessard

# There's A Devil In My Blood

There's a devil in my blood,  
That wants to run the road,  
There's a hunger in my veins,  
To the road, my heart's been sold.

I'll catch the wind and sail the sea,  
And never will I rest,  
For there's a gypsy in my blood,  
And I have to meet its test.

The test is meeting poverty,  
The war of heat and cold,  
There's a stirring in my legs,  
And I have to run the road.

There's a devil in my blood,  
And a vagrant in my soul,  
It's a nomad's life for me,  
And I must play its role.

And if you see me wandering,  
As I go about my way,  
Bid me cheerful greetings,  
It will bide me through the day.

david lessard

# There's No New Year

There is no New Year,  
There is no yesterday;  
No brand new road to plow,  
Only this moment, only now.

There is no New Beginnings,  
There is no future as we go;  
Only this second feeling by,  
Only this minute to quickly ply.

Nothing new under the sun,  
Nothing that hasn't been said;  
Nothing that hasn't been read,  
Nothing that hasn't been done.

Seasons come and seasons go,  
But time is not their master;  
The river to the sea does flow,  
With age, it runs much faster.

One day, your young,  
The next, your old...  
All songs have now been sung,  
All that glitters is not gold.

The New Year is a myth,  
It's hope that's sprung anew;  
Time matters only to a season,  
Not to me and not to you.

david lessard



# There's Nothing On My Finger

There is nothing on my finger,  
To say that I am yours;  
Nothing to indicate love,  
That's closed its final doors.

The ring was just a symbol,  
Of a once, united pair;  
Now the barren skin looks odd,  
It tells me, we did not care.

God hates a divorce,  
It's written in His book;  
If you don't believe me,  
I suggest you take a look.

Now only grace will save us,  
Let's ask to be forgiven;  
Let's pray for better days,  
And not by pride, be driven.

The band of gold is gone,  
An echo of the past;  
And so we face the future,  
To seek a love that lasts.

A symbol of a bond,  
An expensive, little ring;  
Now that symbol's dead,  
Such a fragile, tender thing!

david lessard

# They Never Jailed My Mind

At 15 years of age,  
they placed me in a jail,  
trying to break my spirit,  
attempting to make me fail-  
At 17, they did the same,  
and put me behind bars,  
I didn't see the sky all day,  
at night, I saw no stars.

At 21, they locked me up again,  
the place just looked familiar,  
a place I once had been.

They thought that they  
could break me -  
to them, I was not kind,  
Oh yes- they jailed my body -  
But they never jailed my mind.  
They couldn't jail my thoughts -  
By any man-made bind.

No, they never jailed my mind-  
Though the air I breathed was stale-  
They never jailed my spirit,  
and they never made me fail.

david lessard

# Things I Like Best...(And What I Hate The Most)

Do you what it is  
that I like best?  
Of course you don't,  
Your'e no different  
from the rest,  
You haven't been put  
to any kind of test.

Here's what I like my sweet...  
Coffee in the morning,  
that's my little treat,  
and ham and eggs,  
are also really neat.

The paper there for me to read,  
my glasses there to see,  
as I munch and feed,  
the slippers on my feet,  
I've no other need.

A glass of juice beside me,  
don't make a fuss at all,  
leave me alone and let me be,  
it's all I ask, it's nothing, you see.

Do you what it is that I hate most?  
It's too much cream in the coffee,  
and an over gracious host,  
eggs that are runny,  
ham that is cold,  
and the burnt toast.

david lessard

# This Day Is Much Too Beautiful...

This day is much too beautiful.  
For one alone to share,  
This day is much too wonderful,  
For just one soul to bear...

And so I pass it on to you,  
Do with it, what you will,  
But no matter what you do,  
Make sure you have your fill.

I wish you all the joy and peace,  
Of a heart that's full of laughter,  
I wish you love that will not cease,  
And all the things thereafter.

Smile a lot and do not frown,  
Hug a friend and kiss a lover,  
Don't let troubles bring you down,  
And misery around you hover.

Take this day and make it yours,  
Relish in it's wonder,  
Let joy be in your daily chores,  
Let it not fall asunder.

This day is much too beautiful  
For one alone to share,  
This day is much too wonderful,  
For just one soul to bear.

david lessard

# Thoughts On A Colonoscopy; (Or The Guy That Thought Asphalt Was Rectum Trouble)

There's trouble down below,  
A place where none can see;  
It's not kosher, I'll have you know,  
But who's to say, what will be?

They have to look again,  
Check me with that scope;  
They'll soon not be my friend,  
Without them, I will cope.

They want to make sure, they got it all,  
Don't want to leave a trace behind;  
I wish that I could make them stall,  
I'm fearful of what they just might find.

But life must stop somewhere,  
And we all go the grave;  
At what point do we stop to care?  
Of one more life to save?

No one is immortal...  
Death's the final letter;  
We go on through a portal,  
Hopefully, to something better.

david lessard

# Thoughts On The Petrified Forest

The Petrified Forest is a lonesome place -  
Wood turned to rock, lie scattered all around -  
The seas have vanned, without a trace -  
and silence surrounds, this haunted ground.

Two hundred and twenty five million years ago -  
It was a different stage, where dinosaurs did roam -  
Now it casts a barren look, a solitary glow -  
Hard to believe that creatures called it home.

Now your lucky to see a lizard, or a coyote on the prowl -  
It's arid land from horizon to horizon, nothing much to see -  
But on the cold and quiet nights, you can hear them howl -  
and you can hear forever, as the wind blows steadily.

Next door, the Painted Desert, echoes of the past -  
Colored rocks of ancient mounds, the eerie badlands -  
Here where large crocodiles once swam, but did not last -  
Now covered fossils lie beneath the ever-changing sands.

A place to ponder, thoughts both deep and wide -  
To wonder at the earth's great varied seasons -  
To gaze up to the heavens, 'neath which we abide -  
And scratch the head, as we search out the reasons

david lessard

# Time Enough

There isn't time enough to hold you closely,  
Everytime I wish I could,  
There isn't time enough to give you kisses,  
Everytime I think I should.

There's not time enough to miss you,  
For all the hours that your gone,  
There's not time enough to touch you,  
No matter how the hours go on.

But there is time enough to love you,  
For all the years I've left in me,  
For all the days within my life,  
For all the moments I have free.

Let me take that time to hold you,  
Fast in my arms, close to my heart,  
Then the time wouldn't seem so fleeting,  
Then the moments wouldn't be so far apart.

david lessard

# Time Is No Friend Of Mine...

Is time such a fleeting thing?  
Who can finish what they start?  
The years flee and seasons bring,  
An age that chills the dying heart.

Time is not measured by the mile,  
Nor the ticking of a clock;  
It's measured by the tear and smile,  
That stands and ages like a rock.

If time could be a friend, not foe,  
Then it would really matter;  
If we gained wisdom, from what we know,  
Then the world we knew, would not shatter.

Time is no friend of mine,  
It races by me, like a blur;  
But it does no good to whine,  
Or berate what instances occur.

Time is not on our side,  
It moves too fast for that;  
And memories we cannot hide,  
When we wonder where at.

david lessard



# Time To Put Down Roots

Here is where I'll stay forever,  
Rooted to this land -  
Though I may wander here and there,  
Right here is where I'll stand.

I've traveled much too much,  
and seen so many sights -  
I've a need to settle down,  
away from smog and city lights.

A little town in Arizona,  
That's where my place will be -  
Not too big and not too small,  
Where stars I still can see.

A mile-high burg, in the hills,  
Where smiles go a long, long way -  
Where people still are friendly,  
in their own particular way.

Where I can look for a hundred miles,  
under heaven's curtain -  
Where I could live for a hundred years,  
of that much, I am certain.

david lessard

# Time...She Is A Fleeting Thing

Time...she is a fleeting thing,  
A rainbow, a bird on the wing,  
A brief shower, a song to sing,  
A picture, a sweet and lovely fling,  
A tortured heart, a wedding ring,  
A poor man, a wealthy king,  
A bow and an arrow that went ZING!

Time...the healer of all wounds, they say,  
The learning tree that makes our way,  
The wonder of the earth and clay,  
The childhood when we were at play,  
The memories that die and stay,  
Drink on the table, food on the tray  
The dreams and nightmares that keep us at bay  
The will to go on...come what may.

Time...that sometimes bitter pill,  
That sometimes scary thrill,  
That sometimes runs uphill,  
That sometimes is against your will,  
That sometimes makes the heart stop still,  
That sometimes words can't fill,  
The hardest thing to take and kill.

Time...she is a fleeting thing...  
and we can't control,  
what she may bring...  
time...the stuff of life that's flowing,  
the stream that carries you,  
and you know not where it's going.

david lessard

# 'Tis The Season

'Tis the season to be jolly,  
even though most is folly;  
Not much to buy, less to spend,  
will this season ever end?

The bells are tolling,  
While we are strolling;  
Don't ask for whom they toll, 'tis true,  
they toll for others...not for you.

As if we had much more to give,  
as if we all had a place to live;  
when all we have is naught,  
what more emotions will be fraught?

'Tis the season to be merry,  
but the season's rather hairy;  
nothing safe and nothing sound,  
only us are still around.

Merry Christmas, hope your happy,  
let's cheer each other up, but don't get sappy;  
In some hearths, the spirits dead,  
better days are still ahead!

david lessard

# To Elizabeth...

Elizabeth Taylor is gone,  
Gone to where we all will go,  
Gone to rest for ever,  
Gone from our memory...never.

I fell in love with her in Butterfield Eight,  
I was just a lad,  
Eddie Fisher was her husband then,  
One of many, she had.

Liz Taylor, was today's Cleopatra,  
The Queen of all the movies,  
An actress without equal,  
No one would be her sequel.

She was that woman...rare and lovely,  
She lived her life with passion,  
She gave of what she had,  
Laughter, tears and fashion.

Liz is gone from sight,  
But never out of mind,  
She was indeed unique,  
A woman of one kind.

david lessard

# To The Victor, Goes The Spoils.

You may not miss me  
when I'm gone,  
And I'll not hold my breath;  
I must leave this forlorn place,  
Or it'll be my death.

I cannot fight you anymore,  
Your will to win is stronger;  
I bow down to your anger,  
But you'll find me here no longer.

The heart can only take so much,  
Before it starts to die;  
The body tends to shut on down,  
Not really knowing why.

I've not far to fall, you see,  
I'm already in the gutter;  
There's nothing you can do,  
No more words to utter.

We've been around this,  
way too often,  
Let's not open wounds  
once more;  
Let's call a truce and  
and end it,  
You've won the battle  
and the war.

The final chapter has been writ,  
The book's too many pages long;  
Too many wounds and blood,  
Too many blames and wrongs.

Your better off without me,  
and I'm better without you;  
I leave to your spoils,  
The ones I never knew.

david lessard

# To The Writers And Poets

to Ayn Rand, who taught me to be an individual,  
before I realized I was one already,  
to Robert Pirsig, who made rides on motorcycles,  
a trip in itself,  
to Bertrand Russell, who told me, why he was not a Christian,  
and to the Apostle Paul, who converted me to one.  
to Edward Abbey, who took me down rivers in the desert  
and opened my mind to it's harsh beauty.  
to Wayne Dyer, who pointed out my erroneous zones and  
what I could do to rectify them.  
to Somerset Maugham, who made me wonder in The Razor's Edge  
and made me see Art in The Moon and Sixpence.  
to Baba Ram Dass who made me laugh with Still Here.  
to Jess Lair, who opened my eyes with I Ain't Much Baby, But  
I'm All I Got.  
to Leo Bascaglia, a big hug, for his book, LOVE.  
to the Monks of New Skete, New York, for The Secret of Happiness.  
to the Dali Lama, for giving me stability in a world lacking it.  
to Robert W. Service, for making the Northern Lights brighter.  
to Edna St. Vincent Millay, for making sorrow bearable.  
to Emily Dickinson, for her illuminating insights in poetry.  
to all the writers and poets that open doors to the mind, body  
and soul, Thank You!

david lessard

# To Think That I Onced Loved You...

To think that I onced loved you,  
to think that I onced cared -  
To recall that it was passion,  
the thing we onced had shared.

To remember lips on fire,  
to remember arms embraced -  
To bring to mind those former days,  
and the happiness we onced faced.

Was it all for naught we loved,  
was it all for naught we laughed -  
Has it all come down to this?  
Up the creek without a raft?

Time's a bitter enemy,  
It steals the glow away -  
And as Frost so aptly stated...  
'Nothing gold can stay.'

What's here today is gone tomorrow,  
and fragments of a memory won't last -  
Broken dreams, like broken records,  
Are thrown aside, like seedy trash.

Where they go, I do not know,  
But like shadows, they still haunt -  
And they stress you with what might have been,  
With the images they still flaunt.

david lessard



# Today, I Am Not Ready

I couldn't come to you, my pet,  
The lights...they were too bright;  
Voices said, 'not yet...not yet, '  
They whispered, I had too much fight.

I couldn't fold, and say, 'I'm done, '  
I have many other fields to wander;  
I could not say, 'Well, its been fun, '  
and accept what's way up yonder.

The time, it is not right for me,  
I wish to stay, a bit much longer;  
There's more in life, I want to see,  
While I am healthier and stronger.

There's more of life to live, my love,  
More of your touch to cherish...  
I'll put on hold, what's up above,  
Before I let this one soul perish.

When He takes me, then I'll be ready,  
Until then, I'll go my merry, little way;  
He is my Rock, and oh, so very steady,  
But not this hour and not this very day.

david lessard

# Tortured Hearts

Tortured hearts - with Love so fleeting,  
Wonder why my heart keeps beating;  
I never wondered that before,  
I never wondered,  
till you walked out the door.

I see refelections of my undoing,  
I see the lives of loved ones ruined;  
Things I can't take back are staying,  
Things I can't take back, words betraying.

Shadows of a life, now ending,  
Thoughts upon a life, now mending;  
Ashes of a love... still lingers,  
I count the memories on my fingers.

Way past ten, I'm out of digits,  
But my mind and soul still fidgit;  
And like a heart that's broken,  
I have no remembered token,

Of the days that are long gone by;  
And in this nightmare I still cry.  
If I could, I'd change the reasons,  
Of all those years and seasons,

And I'd right my many wrongs,  
And I'd sing so many different songs.  
Songs of Love and not of hating,  
Songs of Joy and songs of mating.

But, it's way too late to change the story,  
So for the totured hearts, there is no glory;  
Just a mind that's numb and far from bliss,  
Just a heart that's died and gone amiss.

Tortured hearts, beware of sadness,  
Exercise your mind with gladness;  
Don't let your soul sing songs of woe,

Do not into that darkness gently go.

david lessard

# Transformation

He's there,  
you just  
don't hear him;  
He's there,  
Just take his hand,  
He's there  
when all else  
fails you,  
He's there,  
when you  
must take a stand.

He's reaching out,  
you just can't see him,  
He's reaching out,  
just let him in;  
Turn from the life  
your living,  
Take hold of God,  
and not of sin.

He'll take your dreams  
and make them real,  
He'll take your sins  
and wash them all  
away;  
He doesn't care what  
you have done,  
He cares what you  
will do,  
He's here with you,  
and here to stay.

He'll wash the blood  
from off your hands,  
He'll clean the dirt  
from off your heart;  
He'll give you Hope  
and with it Joy,

He'll help you  
make a brand-new start.

You'll look the same  
But you'll be  
something different,  
But on the outside  
you won't change -  
Instead He'll shape you  
from the inside,  
and your life  
will never be  
the same.

david lessard

# Tribute To Milk

Once there comes along a man,  
Who stands above the rest;  
Who realizes a daring plan,  
and does what he does...best.

Such a man was Martin King,  
Luther, the middle name;  
He saw America with a broken wing,  
Nothing we knew remained the same.

He said 'judge me by my content  
of character, not by the color of my skin; '  
He told thousands that gathered, at the  
Lincoln Memorial, above the din..

'Among the hills, let Freedom ring, '  
He stood tall above the crowd;  
He made both black and white hearts sing,  
He made us whole and proud.

A bullet struck him down, it mattered not at all,  
He was a champion of the oppressed, now past;  
His memory and words live on, after the fall,  
Now you're free Martin, Good God Almighty, free at last!

david lessard

# Tucson...

who can really say what's normal?  
or call someone else insane?  
who can read the damaged mind,  
that works upon another plane?

they may look like you or me,  
but deep inside, they're not;  
their values are not ours,  
not the ones, we were taught.

they don't know right from wrong  
they don't know much of God;  
when we encounter them,  
we think that they're just odd.

they're a danger to themselves and us,  
they don't reflect, to think things out;  
they maim and murder trusting souls,  
and wonder what the fuss is all about.

it's cruel and unseen circumstances,  
Tucson's just another place;  
where people die left and right,  
by a fiend without a face.

david lessard

# Unanswered Questions

I wonder what it was,  
that stood here once before?  
I wonder what became  
of what is now no more?  
It's now a pile of rubble,  
beside the Interstate,  
What stood here once before?  
How did it meet its fate?  
What dreams now lie in ashes?  
What hope lies in the rubble?  
What caused the dreams to die?  
What first began the trouble?  
What lives were thus affected?  
What trails were gamely fought?  
They're now in barren ruins,  
of an empty, vacant lot.  
In what questions did the answers die?  
In what did people put their trust?  
On crumbled rocks the questions lie,  
the faith of people buried in the dust.

david lessard



# Unconcerned

It's of no concern to me, the way it is you dress,  
whether or not your pants fit or your shirt matches.  
It doesn't matter to me, what side of your head, you part your hair.  
It's of no concern to me, whether or not, your shoes are shined, or if you  
wear a tie and it's the right color.  
WHAT AM I? YOUR MOTHER?

It's of no concern to me, if you don't wash your hands before eating, or  
afterward. Or if you bolt your food down.  
SHOULD I CARE? AFTER ALL, I'M NOT YOUR FATHER.

I'm not concerned over the fact that you are loud and arrogant, and swear and  
cuss too much...or that you don't have time for me.  
I'M NOT YOU BROTHER OR YOUR SISTER.

It's of no concern to me, that when we go out somewhere nice,  
you don't wear shirt and pants that match,  
you don't shine your shoes,  
your tie's the wrong color,  
your hair's parted on the wrong side,  
you don't wash your hands before or after eating,  
you bolt your food down,  
your loud, arrogant and rude,  
and you don't have time for me.

You see, I am not concerned.  
I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER, OR YOUR FATHER, OR YOUR SISTER, OR YOU  
BROTHER!

I'm only a person that loves you very much.

'How do I look? ' you ask.

'Great! ' I reply.

You see...I am not concerned.

david lessard

# Under The Blooming Maple Trees

Under the blooming maple trees,  
against a field of emerald green.  
across a meadow of flowers,  
that's where my dreams are seen.  
Along a trail of fallen leaves,  
beside a clear, cold flowing brook,  
you'll see the dreams I have,  
but you must truly look.

You can't just gaze and say,  
'I cannot see a thing.'  
You must know what dreams are for,  
and what a dream may bring.

Look close and you will find,  
the dreams my heart does hold,  
Seize the moment and the dream,  
If you may be so bold.

Under the blooming maple trees,  
Against a field of emerald green,  
Across a meadow of flowers,  
That's where my dreams are seen.

Along a trail of fallen leaves,  
Beside a clear, cold flowing stream,  
Look close! Look hard! You'll see!  
The reality of my golden dream.

david lessard

# Up And Away

what will i do this morning?  
shall i stay in or shall i go?  
it's raining for a change,  
but that won't keep me from a stroll.

i get cabin fever, if in one place too long,  
i can only sit a short, brief time,  
i must be up and moving,  
to waste the day's a crime.

i don't want to be fat and lazy,  
a couch potato, i'll not be,  
i can walk a country mile,  
and it will not bother me.

i just need that cup of coffee,  
to 'jump start' me for the day,  
and i'll be fine and dandy,  
ready for work or play.

it shouldn't be a question,  
whether i'll sit in or not,  
it was just a fleeting question,  
a passing, unsavory thought.

david lessard

# Walk With Me Lord

I walked with you today,  
the day you said to rest...  
but I needed the exercise,  
to look and feel my best.

Saw the sun rise in the east,  
saw the shadows get small...  
and when I turned the corner,  
they weren't there at all.

Felt perspiration start to flow...  
felt the breeze caress my face  
felt my body getting strong,  
the feel of you was in this place.

The cattle grazed in the fields,  
not bothered by cars or people...  
in the distance I saw your house,  
you couldn't miss the steeple.

It's your day Lord, I give you thanks,  
Each day with you's a blessing...  
Whether it be full of happiness,  
or another day of testing.

Whatever happens...happens,  
I take it all in stride...  
Help me deal with arrogance,  
Help me defeat my pride.

Walk with me today Lord,  
Keep me on your path...  
I will not be fearful,  
Only of your wrath.

Help me Lord, to live my life,  
the way that it should be...  
Find your way into my heart,  
and let my soul fly free.

david lessard

# Water Can Sustain Life (But Not For Him)

Water can sustain life, , but not for him,  
Water took his life, he never learned to swim;  
Too many children, too many early deaths,  
Water claimed their souls and dying breaths.  
A fraction of a second, is all it takes,  
Pools, canals and man-made lakes.

The greatest loss, is to the very young,  
Their songs are finished, and left unsung,  
Water refreshes the body no more,  
The spark of life has exited the final door.  
Water can sustain life, but not your daughters,  
There is no such thing as 'our safe waters.'

The greatest loss, is unfinished growing,  
The biggest loss, is always knowing,  
Knowing your boy or girl is dead,  
Wishing it were you instead.

david lessard

# We, Who Cannot Love Freely...

We, who cannot love freely,  
are doomed to exist without it -  
We, who cannot touch without a thought,  
Ourselves, are living untouched.

We, who find it hard to show compassion,  
are suffering from the lack of it -  
We, who sleep separately, die alone.  
We, who cannot express, the deep soul of  
our existence,  
will struggle all of our lives, to be accepted.

We will be misunderstood,  
laughed at,  
ridiculed,  
and left alone,  
to follow pathways of  
our own choosing.  
The roads will be passengerless  
and empty.  
The hills, long,  
inclining upward  
and progressively difficult.

We will always be climbing mountains,  
in fair or foul weather,  
our eyes searching for  
the end of the trail...  
our hearts longing for  
the peaceful destination  
that we know, awaits us.

What God we know,  
will sustain our course.  
What little taste of life  
we acknowledge,  
will ease our burden.

The solitary individual

is forever lonely.  
The life that he or she  
has chosen,  
was never meant to be,  
one of contentment.

Robert W. Service called them  
A Race Of Men That Don't Fit In,  
and The Rhymes Of The Restless Ones.

Where do you fit in?

david lessard



# Weight Loss

Step right up, and try this diet,  
Here's the book, step up and buy it;  
The cure for all your common ills;  
It's the wonder foods and wonder pills.

If you don't lose ten pounds in days,  
We'll offer other magic, in other ways,  
I guarentee that you will lose weight,  
(and you just might meet your true mate) .

Shed all those huge, unwanted pounds,  
Make contented noises, sweetend sounds,  
You'll be the ultimate object of desire,  
You'll set hearts aflame and souls on fire.

You'll see you, the you you did intend,  
You'll move with style and grace again,  
That tummy will mysteriously disappear,  
Your toes will suddenly be quite near.

And if you buy this spiel I'm saying,  
Why then, I'll just stop my braying,  
For twenty-nine, ninety-five, it's yours,  
The way to happiness is though these doors.

david lessard

# What About Poetry?

What happens to the good poems?  
Where do they go to die?  
Do they fade away to nothing?  
Or do they in some hearts lie?

Where do the poems go that are bad?  
And whose to say that they are?  
Why should a critic call it bad?  
Did they not once wish upon a star?

Where do the mediocre poems go to?  
The ones that never really say a thing?  
Where do the words go when they're spoken?  
What makes one weep and one to sing?

Where do the thoughts of poetry drift off to?  
Do they stand in shadows, awaiting dawn?  
Or do they shine as bright as the summer sun?  
Better that, than to go on and on and on.

Poetry, what would life be like without it?  
I think the silence would be profound,  
Poetry, hanging in the air without a word,  
No laughter, no heartbreak, not any sound.

david lessard

# What Color Is The Snow?

what color is the snow?  
for some it's only white;  
piles of slush and grime,  
patterned by the night.

some will swear it's blue,  
I have seen that it is so  
on cold December eve's,  
not so very long ago.

some say that it is golden,  
when the sun reflects on it;  
too bright to see the color,  
blinding you a little bit.

the color depends on mood,  
it could be glowing gold;  
it could be death-like black,  
to some, it's only white and cold.

what color is the snow?  
it's what you think and feel;  
are you joyfully alive,  
basking in the sun?  
or are you in pain,  
and on a downhill reel?

david lessard

# What I Will Do For Love..

Here is what I will do for love;

I will worship the ground she walks on,  
I will treasure the words she speaks,  
I will lay my heart at her doorstep,  
I will curl up at her feet.

But that is all I will do for love;

I will not stand and listen,  
to the ranting and the raving,  
to the insults that she hurls,  
it's not misery, I'm craving.

But I will love her always,  
and I will love her long,  
and I will give her kisses,  
all through the day  
and all night long.

But I will not stoop and cower,  
to a rash of broken dreams,  
to things going in the gutter,  
while the devil in her gleams.

But this is what I'll do for love;

I will keep her close to me,  
I will wipe away her tears,  
I will be right by her side,  
in the ever-coming years.

But I will not take the dirt,  
that she heaps upon my brow,  
not yesterday and not tomorrow,  
and no, by God, not now!

david lessard

# What Is A Word For Sorrow?

What is a word for sorrow,  
that joy cannot erase?  
What is the look of sadness,  
one sees upon a face?  
There's such a thing as lonesome,  
that eyes can never show,  
There's another word for empty,  
what it is, I do not know.

If I knew it, I would tell you,  
you'd be the first to hear...  
If I knew the words  
to mend your heartache,  
I'd yell them in your ear!

I feel I cannot stem your tears,  
or to fill your heart with glee,  
If I knew what constituted happiness,  
It would cure your ills, as well as me.

I carry the weight,  
the feeling of gloom;  
In my suffering mind, i  
n my tortured head...  
Wondering if I'd be better off,  
Six feet below and dead.

The words I want to hear, ,  
I'll never hear from you-  
What I want to hear,  
can only come from me,

The words do not exist,  
they're buried in the void,  
Only I can break the seal,  
Only i can set me free.

david lessard

# What Men (Or At Least This Man) Want From Women(For P. Gale)

Please, no teenage giggling and covering of the mouth as if it were contagious.  
We love laughter that flows and isn't forced, and a smile that radiates happiness.  
We like frank and honest up-front conversation, not the hapless gossip of hen mothers.

We like a kiss that sends love, not a peck that turns love away.  
We like an embrace that speaks joy, not a hug that says, this is etiquette.  
And when you are asked, 'Where would you 'd like to to go? ',  
please tell me... and don't say,

'I don't care. Where would you like to go? '

I believe in kissing on the first date. How about you?

When someone tells you to be ready at seven, please be ready at seven.

Chivalry is not dead.

Holding hands in public is not frowned on.

There is no date for pre-determined sex play. It (sex) is never pre-determined.

Do not expect your partner to dance like Rudolph Valentino.

Do not not expect your partner to look like Brad Pitt.

Do expect your partner to dance and have reasonably good looks.

Do not set goals on your first date.

Enjoy life...if he or she never becomes your live-in life companion, at least you've made a new friend.

Take a chance.

david lessard

# What The Heart Can Take No More

When did it start...?  
I can't remember...  
Was it early June?  
Or was it late September?

When did it fade...?  
When did it become I...  
instead of we...?  
When did we lose the bond...  
and began to disagree?

Memories are shadows...  
Nothing stays crystal clear...  
Time became our enemy...  
To all that we held dear.

Like rain, pelting the sand...  
We lost the tie that binds;  
and fought our endless battles,  
in the corridors of our minds.

We never called a truce...  
and so, we lost the war;  
now we must reap the sadness...  
Of what the heart can take no more.

david lessard

# What Will I Do Without You?

What will I do without you?  
What can I say that's not been said?  
We tried our best, but it was futile,  
I wanted love, but lost my head.

And you lost yours, don't say you didn't,  
We called a truce, but it was a war;  
I don't wish to be in battle,  
That isn't what love is or for.

What will I do without you?  
I have left you standing in the rain;  
But I had to leave, don't you see?  
I was a casualty of your great pain.

I'm sure you felt the same of me,  
Love's not a one-way street;  
But bruised and battered as we are,  
it's better we don't meet.

What will I do without you?  
I won't weep or whine;  
Here's what I'll do without you,  
...I'll do just fine.

david lessard



# When Did We Ever Say Goodbye?

When did we ever say goodbye?  
When did we ever let each other go?  
When did we ever give up our love?  
We never really did, you know.

Years have passed, yet, your not gone,  
Years have passed, yet, we're the same;  
Years have passed and nothing's changed,  
There's nothing to fault, no one to blame.

Today, we pick up, where we left off,  
Today, we continue, what we've begun;  
Today, we celebrate our love, once more,  
Under the same old moon and sun.

Tomorrow, that's the final destination,  
Tomorrow, our love will still be strong;  
Tomorrow, it's you and I forever,  
The final verse in our sweet song.

david lessard

# When First I Woke

When first I woke and saw the light of day,  
and realized that you were miles and miles away -  
I parted the curtains and gazed out at the sky,  
It was a somber-colored blue,  
Who knows just why?  
I think that I expected gray,  
knowing I wouldn't see you that day -  
But soon they turned a polished blue,  
a brilliant hue; as I drove my way out of town,  
just before the evening sun went down.  
My heart felt better somehow,  
knowing life went on as such -  
knowing skies were seldom bluer,  
knowing I have never loved you as much.

david lessard

# When I Once Was Sane

I believed that love would last forever,  
I believed that joy would know no end;  
I saw the world through colored glasses,  
I saw my lover as my best and only friend.

I saw success and never knew a want,  
I reached the the highest I could see;  
I touched the hearts of many all around,  
And never worried over just what I called me.

Each dream I had, was better than before,  
Each goal I set, I met it every time;  
I traveled all around the world,  
And visited each and every clime.

I saw my happiness get ever higher,  
I saw my joy explode with every breath;  
I saw my every wish come true,  
And forgot there's such a thing as death.

I laughed till I had my fill of laughter,  
And from all brews, I drank a cup;  
Then I turned and tossed in wonder,  
And from my dream, I then woke up.

Now reality...it slapped me in the face,  
And sobered up I looked like hell;  
And of the dream, there was no trace,  
My world was just an empty shell.

The mind plays tricks on broken hearts,  
The brain imagines, what's not there;  
And what seems real begins to fall apart,  
And no one seems to see or care.

They say you must endure the living,  
When all you love is down the drain;  
And they insist you must be kind and giving,  
But that was when you once were sane.

david lessard

# When Icicles Last In My Dooryard Formed

When icicles last in my dooryard formed,  
It was March and frigid...  
I had to go to work that day,  
Though my digits all were rigid.

A foot of snow lay on the ground,  
All pure and white and glowing;  
I started up the car,  
Dreading where i was going.

I didn't dread work so much.  
But the roads that all were slippery;  
I had to drive real cautiously,  
So my car wouldn't do a filppery.

When snow last in my yard did fall,  
It was early in the morning;  
It was broadcast on the radio,  
So we did have lots of warning.

I got to work on time,  
Thank the Lord for that;  
It was warm inside the office,  
As I shedded my coat and hat.

When icicles last in my dooryard formed;  
It was March and it was freezing;  
Now that I'm out west at last,  
It's a hellava lot more pleasing!

david lessard

# When The World's Too Hard To Take

When all the world is sad and weary,  
When all the eyes are moist and teary,  
When all one does is mad and leery,  
That's when God's love shines through.

When all the hearts are full of sorrow,  
And nothing bright comes in the 'morrow,  
When all your hopes are there to borrow,  
That's when God's word comes true.

When you have emptiness and heartache,  
When all your wishes lie in your wake,  
When there is nothing else that one can take,  
That's when God's hand will reach to you.

When all the tragic sense of loss is there,  
When you feel as though no one's to care,  
When they tell you that your life's not fair,  
That's when God's voice will only will do.

That's when you'll shed the blues of doubt,  
That's when you'll know what love's about,  
That's when you'll feel the very joy to shout,  
That's when you'll know, the love you thought,  
But never really never knew.

david lessard

# When You Were Gone

When you were gone,  
I started with the pillows;  
Two for the the head,  
one for between the knees  
and one to hug.  
Sometimes, I'd place one behind me,  
as if you were there,  
was that wrong?

It was my love you took,  
and never asked permission to take;  
Funny how one misses the body  
as well as the feelings -  
as well as the arms and legs,  
the kind of love  
one cannot fake.

Now there's no one to  
interrupt my writing -  
to ask me to pick up something from  
the store;  
I can fend for myself,  
though I dislike dusting,  
I can handle everthing else,  
the washing, the vacuuming,  
or any other chore.

The phone, which used to ring  
for you -  
Is gathering dust by the computer,  
I do not hear it ring.  
I'm much too busy to answer anyhow,  
I've too much much on my mind,  
I just got through cleaning,  
I may take an afternoon nap -  
Who knows what the  
evening may bring?

david lessard



# Where I'll Build My Rock...

Father...I thank you for this day,  
For the golden rays of sunshine;  
and whatever comes my way.

Thank you for my health,  
Thank you for my joy,  
In you, I find my wealth.

Father...keep me on your path,  
Shelter me from man's harm,  
I fear your rod and mighty wrath.

Show me light, when there is dark,  
Give me strength to face today,  
Let me receive thy holy mark.

Father, , , in your word, I do take stock,  
My life's guided by its massive plan,  
And that is where, I'll build my rock.

david lessard

# Where Is This Thing Called Love?

where is this thing called love?  
is it hiding in the shadows?  
is it lurking in the mist?  
who will brave its challenge?  
and surrender one soft kiss?

who will seek its pleasures?  
who will gain and who will lose?  
will you become a winner?  
or yesterday's discarded news?

to win, you must sacrifice your heart,  
to win, you must give up your soul;  
for only love can give you grace,  
and make you strong and whole.

you must give of yourself and smile,  
you must surrender your free will;  
but you will never be alone,  
when nights are cold and still.

where is this thing called love?  
it's right before your eyes;  
catching it is hard to do,  
but you must...before it flies.

david lessard

# Where The Stars Touch Your Hand

Out here, where you can see the land,  
Where there's lots of elbow-room;  
The stars come down and touch your hand,  
That's what your senses will assume.

The moon here's a little lighter,  
The sunsets put on quite a show;  
Colors here, seem a bit more brighter,  
The eyes behold, a different glow.

Out here the nights are still and quiet,  
Maybe a coyote's yelp or two;  
It's more serene, you can't deny it,  
The daytime's sky's a bluer blue.

You can look and see forever,  
Nothing there to mar your view;  
Just cacti and clear weather,  
and mountains of a purple hue.

Come see, the desert that awaits you,  
Come be the the honored guest;  
Come to where the lands still new,  
Come see why people love the west.

david lessard

# Where Were You, When I Needed You?

Where were you, when I needed you?  
Where were you, when I suffered pain?  
Where were you, when cold winds blew?  
Where were you, when I went insane?

You were a million miles away,  
Though you were there to see;  
You caused me not to stay,  
You caused me to run and flee.

Where were you, when I was lost?  
Where were you, when time was running out?  
Where were you, when love was tossed?  
Where were you, when I was full of doubt?

You were fuming in your sleep,  
You were a shadow on the wall;  
Your indifference cut me deep,  
As our love began its deadly fall.

Where were you, when I fell from grace?  
Where were you, when it all came down?  
Where were you, when there was no place?  
Where were you, when my smile became a frown?

You were claiming God had talked to you,  
You were hearing words I could not hear;  
Did He tell you that your heart's untrue?  
Did He tell you that I didn't want you near?

The uncertainty was killing me,  
We were a pair no longer;  
Once I was blind, now I can see,  
And the hurt has only made me stronger.

david lessard

# Which Is You?

There were seven of them...  
do you know the one that's you?  
Can you pick the one that fits,  
from this merry little crew?

We can start with Happy...  
full of cheer and full of mirth;  
always ready with a laugh,  
funny guy, salt-of-the-earth.

Or maybe you are Bashful,  
tongue-tied and stuttering;  
Saying darn and shucks,  
blithering and muttering.

Or maybe you'd be Doc,  
the leader of the group;  
the man that speaks for all,  
of this tiny, dwarf-size troupe.

Don't forget there's Sleepy,  
he hasn't slept a wink;  
he's got insomnia,  
he's so tired, he can't think.

Then there's plain, old Dopey,  
his mind is not quite right;  
He's foolish and he's stupid,  
not too sharp and not too bright.

If you cough and blow your nose,  
you could be a man called Sneezy;  
you can't mistake this fellow,  
his lungs are rather wheezy.

And finally, there's the pessimist,  
better known as Grumpy;  
he's no fun to be around,  
he makes other people jumpy.

Snow White, I will not mention,  
for about her, there's nothing wrong;  
she's perfect in every way,  
and sings such lovely songs.

So, which dwarf are you my friend?  
Is it something else that you extol?  
Your secret's safe with me -  
I shall not tell a soul.

david lessard

# Who Speaks For The Indian?

Who speaks for the Indian?

The Indian himself is not allowed to speak.

The white man attempts to do that for him.

How can one race speak for that of another?

Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, Geronimo, Chief Pontiac...

They all spoke for their race, but they were ignored and silenced forever.

Who speaks for the Indian now?

Those that died at Sand Creek, Little Big Horn, on the Plains, and in the Florida swamplands did not perish because of less skilled warriors.

But because the whites had superior arms and there were so many of them.

The Indians were just as valiant, their hearts were just as strong, their wills, just as determined and their souls just as noble.

Anything that the whites could take away from them, to de-moralize them, they took away.

Their land, their religious views, their way of life. Nothing was left untouched.

They slaughtered them, as surely as they did the buffalo, as they did their hunting grounds, as they are doing even now.

Do you wonder why the Indians don't like us?

If you were a red man, would you trust them?

Would you trust a people that can't even get along with each other?

That make empty promises?

The record, as they say, speaks for itself.

They first brought us food...we gave them back smallpox and a host of other deadly diseases. When their population diminished, we finished them off with rifles, cannon and swords. With knives, pistols and forced religion.

We gave them what we thought they should have...and they died from it and they die from it today.

Now they suffer from alcohol. drugs, diabetes, cigarettes and malnutrition. The Indians don't exist because we refuse to see them. They are non-people (like some blacks and Mexicans) .

Their way of life is gone forever. We did that to them.

And so it is, that I ask once again...

Who speaks for the Indian?

david lessard

# Who's To Say, What's Right, What's Wrong?

Who's to say, what is, is best?  
Who's to say, we'll win or fail?  
Who's to say, we've come too far,  
To blaze a brand-new trail?

Who's to say that we'll survive,  
or fall off by the wayside,  
Who can say, we've done our best,  
or whether our egos will coincide?

Who's to say, that's right,  
that's wrong,  
or whether we'll have it all?  
Who's to say, we'll climb the heights,  
Who's to say, we'll scale that wall?

david lessard



# Who's To Say?

Who's to say, whether or not we live or die?  
Is it the man with the gun, or the Lord, Most High?  
Who decides, whether to kill or maim?  
Who in the end, is the one to blame?

The Creator gave us choices, it's called free will,  
He gave us values and morals, high upon a hill;  
Moses brought them down, ten simple rules to follow,  
But the way that some of us mock them,  
Why, it's a bitter pill to swallow.

If it feels good, do it; if it can't be done, screw it,  
We; we no leaders any longer, the men have gone away;  
The women wanted to be free, they said, you cannot stay.  
So the mother's now the man, a single mom to boot,  
She works, she slaves, she cooks;  
Her tune is hers to toot.

It's a sad state of affairs, when one in two divide,  
Due to miscommunication and an avalanche of pride.  
The children have no voice, and they can only stand aside,  
The way to hell is paved with good intentions,  
and we take it all in stride.

Conception is the life beginning,  
Abortion is the life just ending.  
Can you not perceive the shame?  
Can you not see whose to blame?

david lessard

# Will You Love Me, When...

will you love me when I'm old and gray?  
when my hairline is receding?  
will you flee or will you stay?  
when Viagra, I'll be needing.

will you love me, when my teeth fall out?  
when my skin starts sagging?  
when I've no breath left to shout,  
when my motivation's lagging.

will you love me, when my hearing's gone?  
when my vision needs repair?  
when the pounds start piling on,  
will you be around to care?

will you love me, when my joints all ache?  
when my youthful looks are past?  
have you the love of which it takes,  
to make the moments sweet and last?

will you love me, when the roof caves in?  
when things don't seem quite bright?  
if you've no regrets, for where we've been,  
then surely we can win the fight.

david lessard

# Winter's Sun

Early morning's winter sun,  
filters through the shades,  
birds enjoying goodies,  
as the frost of morning fades -  
Moisture on the pavement,  
makes patterns in the light,  
and reminds us of the rain and snow,  
we encountered in the night.  
Darkened, silhouetted trees,  
frame themselves, against the sky -  
For the moment, for the season,  
they have gladly died.  
Still they stand, proud and tall,  
leafless since the late, late fall,  
taking each day as it is done,  
waiting...watching...for the sun,  
to bring them warmth as they stand mute,  
in time to bud...in time, to fruit.  
Winter comes and winter goes,  
as fast as any clock can run,  
the seasons come,  
the seasons go,  
and spring awaits old winter's sun.

david lessard

# Wishes

I wish you health,  
and love and laughter,  
to cheer your weary heart,  
and all good gifts that  
come thereafter,  
and I hope that I'm a part.

I wish for you a  
thousand rainbows,  
with never a stormy  
sky above,  
and at night a  
thousand moonglows,  
and my arms and lips  
to give you love.

I wish for me,  
you'll always be there,  
when I'm lonely,  
cold or blue,  
I will wrap you  
in my dreams,  
Just me, just love,  
and you.

david lessard

# You Can'T Escape Love

Love, you can't escape it,  
There is no hiding place;  
When you close your eyes,  
You still can see her face.

When you cover your ears,  
You still can hear her laugh;  
And if you do not speak,  
The silence makes you daft.

If you do not taste her lips,  
Or the whiff of her perfume;  
Your day is not complete,  
Least, that's what you presume.

Love, you can't evade it,  
It follows you about;  
A shadow you can't see,  
It makes you want to shout!

You're another fool in love,  
Smitten with a fierce desire;  
And there's nothing you can do,  
To put a damper on that fire.

So, accept the fatal bond,  
and play the Cupid's knave;  
Stumble down that zigzag path,  
and be someone else's slave!

david lessard

# You Couldn'T Make Me Cry

you couldn't make me cry.

I'm a big boy now and I don't do that any longer -

you cannot make me sad,

I've been sad and refuse to be any more,

I think I'm much more stronger.

you can't make me do, anything at all,

I did it once, and it didn't work out,

no, I didn't moan or bawl,

I just yelled, screamed and shout.

I was once your boyfriend, but I'm not now,

you thought you were better than me -

but I left you, you silly old cow,

and I'm happier, can't you see?

you can't make me weep or or go

without sleep,

I sleep just fine and dandy,

I count all the sheep.

I'm a man now and will not dwell in sorrow,

I'm not a little kid, and I won't run away -

from the arrows that you sling,

I'll live to face another day,

and take whatever life will bring.

I left you, because you were not true,

you never said or did, the things, most women do -

you never said the things, I wanted most to hear,

now I turn away from you and give you a deaf ear.

david lessard

# You Were The Best...

You were the best,  
that ever happened to me;  
you were the one, the number one,  
but you never stopped to see.  
You never stopped to really see,  
the way my heart fell for you,  
the way I loved you,  
the way I once loved you.

The best wasn't best for me,  
when what we had fell swiftly,  
from a sightless tree,  
like a rotted apple,  
it all came tumbling down,  
and when it reached the earth,  
it died, without a breath,  
without a sound.

The best for me was over,  
and now I search my heart,  
wondering what happened,  
what drove us two apart,  
what happened to the love,  
it was there at the beginning,  
at the start.

The best is long ago,  
it's dreaming dreams  
of better times,  
it's mulling over,  
broken vows and ringing chimes,  
and dealing with  
.unseen and present signs.

david lessard

# You Weren'T What I Expected...

You turned around in bed and I went numb,  
How could I be so foolish and so dumb?  
You weren't the gal I thought you was,  
My mind was blank...my head...all fuzz.

Too many margaritas, too many shots of booze,  
I now was petrified, after my long-lived snooze.  
The woman I thought was as cute as pie,  
Now shocked my weathered, sober eye.

I looked about the room, to see if it was mine,  
It didn't seem familiar and that was just fine;  
It gave me cause to blurt and 'jump the gun, '  
'Hey...it's been great, but now I've got to run.'

Be careful what you drink, in bars, my friend,  
Those drinks can cause your mind to bend;  
I was fooled by who was in the sack,  
I left her without even turning back.

I let myself get good and drunk,  
Put myself in a low-down funk;  
And when the last call  
came around,  
I went straight home,  
and laid this body down.

david lessard



# You Will Be Missed

no matter what they say about you love,  
you set a thousand hearts a-racing;  
with your sexy, stunning smile,  
it's you we were a-chasing.

I know, you knew, the camera loved you,  
your subtle winks, your pouty lips;  
your pin-up looks, your throaty sighs,  
have sunk a hundred thousand ships.

the innocent face, the little girl lost,  
these images were a collage of you;  
you weren't taken seriously as an actress,  
you couldn't please the critics; it's true.

but I loved you anyway, you were the star,  
we worshipped your body and your beauty;  
your love affair with life and movies,  
you were one red-hot-mamma, quite the cutie!

you took your life, like Sylvia and Vincent,  
people misunderstood, they're on the list;  
talented, lonely, not taken positively,  
my sweet Marilyn, you'll be sorely missed.

david lessard

# You'D Know That I'D Be Lying...

I will not keep you long,  
The time, she is a'flying,  
And if I wanted here to stay,  
You'd know that I'd be lying.

Just want to say goodbye,  
To all my kin and friends,  
I'm going far away,  
to where the river bends.

I travel fast and travel light,  
You'll not miss me when I go,  
We haven't hit off so well,  
But you were nice to know.

Two ships passing in the night,  
Going seperate ways,  
One keeps going further,  
Not much for lengthy stays.

I just wanted to see your smile,  
and the beauty of your face,  
just wanted to take, along with me,  
some memories of this place.

I will not keep you long,  
For time, she is a a'flying,  
I'd ask you to come with me,  
But you'd know that I'd be lying.

david lessard

# Your Gone From Me...

Your gone from me,  
not by chance,  
but by choice;  
don't know why,  
don't know when.

Out of my life,  
no mate of mine;  
your far from me,  
can't call you wife.

I left you first,  
Shut you out;  
My heart went numb,  
Fit to burst.

We're done, you and I,  
A pair, we won't be;  
We'll share no more,  
and I'll not cry.

It's now the end,  
so close the door;  
Your gone from me,  
and I've a soul to mend.

david lessard

# Your Love's A Feather In The Wind

Your love's a feather in the wind,  
blown here and there by shifting air,  
It's up, it's down, it's blowing all around,  
and you don't even care...  
Your love's a leaf, floating in the breeze,  
chaotic movement in the blue,  
Your changing, moment to moment,  
which one of these is really you?  
Your love is vague and formless,  
like pebbles in a stream,  
Like rocks skipped across a pond,  
not real, but in a dream.  
I don't know where I stand with you,  
I must have lost my way,  
I know your too flighty for my arms,  
and so I will not stay.  
I like stability and roots,  
I like to know just where I'll be,  
I don't like puzzles, riddles or confusion;  
nor do I like movement of the sea.  
So we must say goodbye my lovely -  
this is where our story ends,  
Take your love and fly away from here -  
like a feather in the wind.

david lessard

# Your Mad And That's No Laughing Matter...

It's no laughing matter,  
This life your're living;  
Your crazy as a hatter,  
Taking this and never giving,

You do not bad,  
Or a common sense of shame;  
I say you're going mad,  
and breaking your good name.

You laugh, as I knew you would,  
You've no concept of what's right;  
You never do just what you should,  
Out partying every single night.

I'm your friend, but you don't hear,  
Your on a different street;  
I'll not go on and bend your ear,  
Your fate your doomed to meet.

I only hope that you survive,  
And come out without a scratch;  
I want to see you still alive,  
Not in some cabbage patch.

david lessard