

Poetry Series

Drew Engman
- poems -

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Drew Engman(09/02/1958)

Hello friends,

I've been writing poems, songs, and short prose since about 1969, when I was ten. That is also when I started playing guitar, harmonica, saxophone, autoharp, recorders, and a few other instruments. I plan on being an avid musician and 'word man' until I die at or lose my mind, whichever comes first!

My teacher resume follows:

Drew A.G. Engman
P.O. Box 720130
Pinon Hills, CA 92372-0130
Classroom 760-244-6131 ext.209
Email:
drew_engman@
engmand1@
drewster58@

OBJECTIVE

To be the most caring, competent, and effective teacher I can now, and to become the experienced, professional educator I know I will be. I want to help young people succeed in school and in life. This is my heart's desire. All my energy is committed to achieving this goal.

QUALIFICATIONS

Have worked very successfully for many years in different groups and one-on-one with students from preschool through 12th grade, and their parents and other teachers. Love kids and patiently do all I can to reach them where they are at, on their level. Time-tested and proven people skills, keep cool in a crisis, and can think on my feet. Enthusiastic and eager to excel as a teacher, and confident that the potential in me to become a great teacher will grow and thrive with new opportunities and challenges.

EDUCATION

Victor Valley College, A. A.1982
CBEST, passed 1999
California Baptist University, B.A. Liberal Studies 5/4/01 Cum Laude Graduate
Chapman University, K-8 Multiple Subject Teaching Credential Program 2001-2003 4.0 GPA

MSAT passed 2002 (90th percentile)
RICA Passed 2002 (90th percentile)
CSUSB ECSE Credential 2008
MA Special Education 2009
Moderate/Severe add-on credential 200 in progress

WORK HISTORY

8/2002-Present: Teacher, Early Childhood Special Educator
San Bernardino County Superintendent of Schools.

Teaching moderate to severely disabled preschool students in a self contained classroom; help write appropriate goals and objectives based on a variety of assessments within an IEP team approach; plan and implement well structured, targeted, and effective lessons, instruction, and a cooperative learning environment.

3/2001-6/2002: Teacher, Lime Street Elementary School, Hesperia Unified School District.

Taught 4th grade for the 2000-2001 school year. Successfully transformed a very difficult group of title 1 students into an organized, cooperative, and motivated classroom. Taught 1st grade for the 2001-2002 school year very effectively, incorporating CA state standards into an engaging, student-centered curriculum.

1980-present: Music Teacher. Personal Tutor

Teaching music theory and instrumental performance privately to children, teens, and adults. This includes planning lessons, testing progress, and modifying approaches to fit different learning styles. Many students have been helped to excel in difficult high school and college music courses.

1993-2002: Associate Music Director, Calvary Chapel of Phelan

Assisted with all music programs. Directed the children and teen music programs 1994-1998, organizing studies, selecting materials, leading rehearsals, and conducting performances.

1994-2001: School bus Driver, Snowline School District

Began as regular route driver, but on recommendation of supervisor, for several years transported and actively worked with the severely handicapped, SED, DD, and medically fragile students, and their caregivers and teachers. Volunteered and observed in their classrooms frequently.

1998-1999: Tutor, VISTA 'Everyone Reads! ' program

Tutored fifteen K-5 students at Pinon Hills Elementary, who went on to have some of the most improved reading skills and test scores in the first year of the

program.

1980-1992: Professional Guitarist/Vocalist

Played in Rock and Roll, Country, Oldies club bands and college jazz bands, pursuing an active career in music.

AWARDS RECEIVED

Alpha Chi National Honor Society 1999.

Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities 1998

Top ten percent of class CBU 1998

Honor Roll, VVC 1982

Dean's List, VVC 1981

RELEVANT VOLUNTEER WORK

Since 1992 have led biblically-based drug and alcohol 12-step recovery meetings weekly for teens and adults. Have served as a lay counselor doing private interventions and family counseling intermittently. Since 1994 have been a Prison Fellowship volunteer weekly, leading church services in prisons, teaching bible studies, guiding drug and alcohol recovery groups, and leading the music. Do many special concerts and outreaches in prisons, at missions, and soup kitchens each year. Currently lead worship and teach bible studies for Sunday services at the Village Church in Wrightwood on an occasional basis.

COMPUTER SKILLS

Advanced user of Windows and Macintosh computers and operating systems, and most software programs and peripherals. Using computers since 1984, since 1996. Interested in incorporating technology and computers into the curriculum. Have designed several beginning web pages. Currently using Intellikeys and a Touch Window with special education software to enable my multihandicapped students access to computer time daily.

SUMMARY

I am an asset to my current school district and community. I have experience and many useful skills now. I have finished the coursework for my K-8 multiple subject regular education credential and just earned my ECSE credential. I am now working on a moderate/severe SE teaching credential and an MA in special education.

I realize how hard the tasks are that face me: I have repeatedly demonstrated I am up to the challenge. I know how difficult teaching can be: I have proven myself and improved with each opportunity.

MOTTO

One hundred years from now it will not matter what my bank account was, the sort of house I lived in, or the kind of car I drove. But the world may be a different and better place because I was important, because I made a difference, in the life of a child.

Childhood Is Calling

Childhood Is Calling

Childhood is calling and summer is here
School let out this week; it's the end of the year
I'm ready for business as usual to end
It's time to play and it's time to pretend

To walk in the mountains and down in the valleys
Stay up late and sleep in and take time to dally
Beside every flower, and stream, and sunset
And know all the best things have not happened yet!

Drew Engman

Creature Of Habit

I used to think of myself as forsaken,
Then Jesus called me His own.
My every decision seemed doomed or mistaken,
Trying out my wings alone.

Then He came and I changed some, for better or worse,
But my flesh never gave up the fight.
I make a sow's ear out of every silk purse,
As I look to the wrong from the right.

I hear the beginning of wisdom is fear
Of The Lord and His mighty conviction.
I mostly feel angry, or my eyes fill with tears,
At my life's unresolved contradictions.

When I see His face, will I fall in disgrace,
Or throw my soul over the edge on His mercy?
I'd like to be strong, but I'm weak and I'm wrong,
And I feel like I'm only rehearsing.

So, what's the deal, all these years, He's more real
Than all my vain imaginations.
I cry 'Don't forsake me, Your answer might break me,
Jesus, make my life Your own creation.'

Jesus, make my life Your own creation.
This gift is too much for my choices.
I'm awakening to a rude revelation,
That I listen to all the wrong voices!

It's not just my ears, it's my aim,
And the attitudes that desecrate me.
Where's the guilt for the one who's to blame,
In the Grace that should come recreate me?

Jesus, please come recreate me

Drew Engman

Dad

I look down at the hands I've used
For forty-something years,
And see the man who picked me up
When I ran home in tears.

I look down at the legs that
I walk out on every day,
And see the feet I'd stand on, dancing,
While the music played.

I look out on the new day
With the same old blue-gray eyes,
I used to see light right up
Over me, with love, and pride.

I look up in the mirror
At a face I recognize,
So much like the one I've known
'Long as I've been alive.

We are so much alike, and now,
I don't think it's all that bad.
From baby, child, boy, to man,
I've always loved you, Dad.

Drew Engman

Death Dares Life

' Death Dares Life '

The nightmares I might dare try and remember to forget

Get found inside these daydreams I cannot wake up from yet

Sorrow's close acquaintance, grief, sees all ends white or black;

Love shines down forgiving us all color sins we'll still commit,

Too uncomfortably numb from death to live inspired by regrets.

Love and learn, win or earn, take then throw away. The

Truth is life just lets us all lose everything, and all get lost.

Yet No dark nights of our soul enshadows any of God's light or life,

And Every living soul passed death will live to see His day.

Why is it so hard to look after we leap, not count His cost?

When we know God's living truth and see Christ's way?

Drew Engman

Dream

Dream

Twilight Priestess

Aurora Princess

Full moons shining through your eyes

Warm night breezes

All that pleases

What is it that you fantasize?

Crashing white waves on black sand beaches

Lightning on mountain peaks

The screaming of Eagles

Warm feather beds

In a castle of dreams

Every wish you've never seen?

Sunrise on some distant

Place with no name

All new and beautiful

Nothing the same?

Reach out sweet child

I am there by your side

Not ready yet to

Awake or arise

Drew Engman

Eleventh Hour

I'll always miss those magic moments
Stolen in my misspent youth
Nights of almost holy torment
Spent believing lies for truth.

Left in disillusioned ruins
To be played out on guitar
Songs as old as fallen angels
Coming down like shooting stars.

Landing hard on my naive heart
I just assumed my pain was part
Of how I'd have to live my life now
Like a ghost that won't depart.

But in the bright stage lights and barrooms
Turned up loud and stoned as hell
I tried to sing and play my soul out
As if more poison makes you well.

So many years of fog and feedback
Hidden in a mushroom cloud
Lost and left in desolation
To the cheering of the crowd.

Until one day it was over
And I limped away, undone
By all the years of self-indulgence
That I used to think was fun.

Now what's left of me recovers
What I can of all the days
Left to count the cost of choices
And debts I can't repay.

I've learned most things the hard way
Slowly earned back self-respect, for
Once the Grace of God's accepted
What He will, He'll resurrect -

...Now I can live with that.

Drew Engman

Headaches!

It wasn't quite freezing and it wasn't quite midnight
But it felt cold and it was dark.
I was old and needed a spark, and
Nothing came easy and nothing seemed right.

I blamed me, and you, and them,
But truth be told, it's a little of each.
We all stretch, and we all reach,
Playing that same old game again.

God, sometimes I want to tell her off,
And put them in their place,
But making a scene would be a disgrace,
It'd all end up for naught.

I'm fighting for my soul here,
In case you didn't notice.
A frost blew in to coat us,
How'd the world turn out so weird?

Wrong is right and right is wrong,
If I don't agree with them!
Why do I pretend?
This has gone on much too long.

But the answer's not "Get in their face, "
Any fool could tell you that
A wise man doesn't tip his hat
Or take steps he can't retrace.

Like it or not, it's not our right
To demand a thing from love.
We'll forgive and pray that that's enough
And surrender our side of the fight.

Drew Engman

I Turn Away

I Turn Away

Walking on the shore away from the beach
The tide keeps rising higher
Than my footsteps can reach,
And I'm washed away uncertain
But remembering I can swim,
I'm just never really sure how
I ended up down here again.

It's like a living thing, that ocean,
That reaches out to drown me.
Even here up in the desert,
It's like I can't change a thing.

So I give it up for Jesus
He says 'Don't give it up for me!
I gave myself for you, man!
And that's not some righteous dream.'

So I fall down broken, humbled;
Left without excuse, but in His Grace:
I turn away so frightened
To look in to His eyes, His face,

And I come away uncertain
But somehow clean and new
Every day's one more unique day
And I can choose what I will do

Drew Engman

Not 'All, ' But A Start

All I want is someone to hear me
Someone to really understand

All I want is someone to hear me
Someone to come near me
Someone to be a friend

All I want is someone to hear me
Someone to listen
Someone to think
Someone to appreciate

All I want is someone to hear me
Someone to see
Someone to get it
Someone to be
Someone to let it

All I want is to share

Drew Engman

Once, For All (For Dad)

After time takes my memories...
And my words are all gone...
Then what will I be?

Nothing less than
A loved and blessed
Child of Eternity!

So if I forget,
With my last breath,
To say I love you so,

I hope the way
I lived my life
Was enough
To let you know

Drew Engman

Paradox

PARADOX

So strange this vast unlonely solitude;
Primeval force in every wayward mood;
A land not clothed with grass, not graced by wood.

Man cries, "O Desert, by what unknown art
Do you ensnare and thrall the human heart? "

His voice is lost in boundless windswept space;
Blank, burning mystery enshrouds the face
Of naked rock and blinding, sun-struck sand.
Man prays, "O Desert, let me understand! "

Sphinx-like the Desert smiles as it unlocks
Its open secret found in paradox:
Passionate calm and a silence that sings
Of the peaceful conflict of growing things.

Pastels of beauty wrought in harsh design;
Raw youth deep-scarred by age in every line;
Eternal drama, patient, fierce, serene,
With Life and Death co-starred on cosmic screen.

Man laughs, though tears are in his light-hurt eyes.
He whispers, "Desert, you have made me wise!
Your lure is my own yearning in disguise.

"I know from this one glimpse behind your mask,
My answer is the question that I ask."

By NINA PAUL

Coachella, California in Desert Magazine Dec.1937

Drew Engman

Playing With Excuses

I have a headache
My computer just died
I might make a mistake
What if I lied?
There's no rhyme for purple
There's no rhyme for orange
Cats don't like their fur pull'd
Or tails caught in the door-hinge
Sheesh!

Drew Engman

Right Here

I didn't give up on miracles
When I stopped trying to bargain.
I haven't run out of gas yet,
I just turned off the car then.
But who knows what I'll do,
If I never see you again.

So don't take away my falsehoods
If it strips me of my dreams.
I won't make it a day by myself
If I ever stopped believing.
It would break my heart right out
If you told me you were leaving...

...There used to be this little girl
Who started sweet, but grew up hard.
A little too soon, a little too fast.
I believed first love would last,
But that wasn't the way life dealt her cards.
Being seventeen was like a different world.

I bought my first old good guitar
Way back then, and learned to play,
A little too drunk, a little too stoned,
No hair on my chest, just skin and bones.
Jam all night and sleep all day.
Too many bands, too many bars.

Now it's been about thirty years
Since that little boy broke up with her.
He never did get very far
But he still plays his old guitar.
We can't go back to what we were:
Just sing your songs right now, right here.
...Sing your songs right here...

Drew Engman

Seed

I have this really firm suspicion
That I'm not all that I could be,
And I'm not all full of ambitions
To get that much more out of me.

But I've been told a little secret,
And I believe that it's the truth:
The more I strive to fight and keep it
The less I have to show to you.

It's not in me, or how strong I am,
It's not how smart I am in my plans,
It's not something to grasp in my hands,
It's not my life to keep or demand.

It's something greater than the world
That came from Heaven like a pearl
Of great price that wise men still seek.
Some called Him the Prince of Peace.

But what a peace at what a price!
It cost him heaven and cost him life.
Now that atoning sacrifice
Gives grace enough to turn wrong right.

And I need to be turned.
Accepted and not spurned.
Oh God, don't leave me here just so,
Allow your love in me to grow,
Then reap what you have sown.

Drew Engman

Seventeen Years

From the back of her throat
She sings a note out
Low, and sad.
It's only life, she's just so young
To feel so bad.

So I ask her 'Why? ' as I
Walk up and hold her hand.
She just cries and says
'I wouldn't understand.'

So I stand there reeling,
How I want to share her feelings,
Now the tears are shining bright
In both our eyes.

I want to say 'It's just me,
Don't you know that you can trust me? '
But the fear's too hard to fight:
Somehow I whisper 'Try.'

From the back of her heart
She pours out memories dark and lost.
When something dies it gets too cold
To count the cost.

But I believe she sees in me
A man after her own heart.
And we might be together
Until death do us part.

So the story goes on,
Sometimes slow,
And sometimes
Much too fast.

Now it keeps getting so good,
It must be meant to last.
It just keeps getting so good,

It must be meant to last!

Drew Engman

Spring

The flower is on the heather and
The bloom is on the rose
The bird, on scented air, is winging
Toward the summer road

The bee is hunting pollen and
The fawn sleeps in the wood
Winter's over, time for singing,
The world is new, and life is good

Drew Engman

Tell Me Why

I know that words can't change the truth
I know, because I've lied.
I see that just pretending things just doesn't work:
I've tried.

I hear that you don't like the way things are
Because they're hard.
I feel those wounds, some old, some new,
Some fresh, some only scars.

I get confused on what to do,
All duty or all pleasure.
And in between that balance beam
Lie lots of weights and measures.

What adds up, and what subtracts,
And just who's keeping score?
If you want me to play by rules,
Then tell me what they're for.

Drew Engman

The Passion

What is this the season of?
More sweetly salted tears?
Mixed and mingled by a wind,
That blows with hopes and fears

Within my head, within my heart,
What do I feel or know?
My faith's the first place I should start,
The last place that I go,

Yet I can tell, and touch, and taste,
And know that I am loved
By wife, by family, by friends,
But most of all ... Jesus.

Now most of all I want to
Give back some of what He gave.
Tho' I strain against the yoke
And make the worst of slaves.

(Intermission)

Every moment stretches, like the sea,
Forever, to the sky.
I am one grain of sand upon that shore.

Every day, another thing I love
Passes away, good-bye.
I still cry, like a man,
For one day more.

I must not be meant
To feel my way out of the night;
Tho' I can't see,
I can still sing my song.

Just when I think love's spent,
And I have fought with all my might,
I fall into the

Loving arms of God.

Drew Engman

The Way

I fall behind, I run ahead, I go off to the side
Sometimes I drop my fig leaves and don't even try to hide
Why in the world would You take all my sins upon yourself?
Then tell me you still would, If there were no one else!

How can I get that through my head, alive, inside my heart?
My best day on earth still pierced you like a dart
And I'm too old and obvious to fake it like a kid
Jesus, take me, here and now, in spite of what I do, or did

I know I'm one more stumbler in this gilded world of sin
Not some grievous angel who can simply fly back in
But death is not our destination, just the valley we all dread
Before we face The One who gave us Living Wine and Bread

So please know me, Lord, look deep, and see my hopes and fears
I share them with you now in faith and love and tears
In this world I fall, I fail, I stumble, and I stray
But I look up from my failures and I know You are The Way

Drew Engman

This Is The Poem That Waits

This is the poem that waits
in the imagination.
That sees into the future
because it longs to be,
because it whispers urgently

And when satisfaction
tells you, at last, 'well done.'
His is the poem that spoke thru' you,
once hidden within you restlessly,
that now lives outside you hopefully.

Drew Engman

Vicki

Did you think that you had lost
Everyone you called a friend?
Was it so hard to leave behind
When they all let it end

Don't forsake your soul for solace
Or think you have one choice only
In the dark you can't see us all surround you
But I can hear you, and I know you're lonely

Now it's time to realize – you are not a child
The woman that I see in you
Has just struggled from behind
What a wonder to watch you try
To free the fear and anger
From your mind

Drew Engman

Why Does He Sing Farewell To The Sun?

Why Does He Sing Farewell To The Sun?

Why does he sing farewell to the sun
Jumping at shadows that settle
Around every once bright agile eye
Who's day has gone and come?

When she worships in silence and stars
Under cool shadows overlooked
Out of windows by dreamers undreaming
Slow to fall off on sleep's watchful arms.

Where I am taken by risings and settings
Of twilight's changing dusks to dawns
Walking on cracks between, hearing, and seeing,
Tasting two worlds which touch only one.

Some beginnings feel like others ending
This last day came too close to that first
How time idles off fast and forever
Before knowing what we had was worth.

* * * * *

What were we, a family of strangers
Afraid of the sting of good bye?
Glad to be a part of what was provided
Ashamed of the ease of not having to try?
Loving and fighting, fire and freeze both skin deep,
Angry at our easy uncaring.
Enjoying the won and lost struggle toward teamwork,
Laughing because we're so human
it hurts.

Drew Engman