

Poetry Series

**Justin Reamer**  
**- poems -**

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## Justin Reamer(2 October 1993)

Justin Reamer is a writer who lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and lives with his family.

{1}

Sitting in a meadow,  
Waiting for night to come,  
I look upon the forest,  
To see my lover waiting for me,  
For ti is time we meet.

Justin Reamer

{2}

Excitement in the air  
As two lovers—  
Once far apart—  
Come closer together  
And bond as they interact  
And share stories, becoming intimate.

Justin Reamer

{3}

Vehemently pursuing me,  
My murderer tries to kill me  
As I run for my life,  
For I have seen him  
Perform his obscene act.

Justin Reamer

{4}

Who is my enemy?  
Are you my enemy?  
I know not.  
If so, then who's my friend?

Justin Reamer

{5}

What is morality?  
Universal or relative?  
Does it govern us,  
Or do we govern it?  
Does God make us subject to it,  
Or is the universe lawless and chaotic  
According to the modern atheist?  
Who will ever know?

Justin Reamer

{6}

Is human life valuable?  
If so, then why do countries  
Murder people without hesitation?  
And what about animals?  
Do they not have their  
Own thoughts and emotions?  
If so, why do we kill them?  
Are they not valuable?  
Maybe yes, maybe so,  
But they have not a voice to speak,  
So they are eternally condemned.

Justin Reamer

{7}

Faith and Reason  
Go hand in hand,  
One complements the other—  
Reason allows investigation,  
Observing the matter,  
Understanding the results.

Faith is morality,  
Belief in something more,  
Submitting to a Higher Being,  
Developing a deeper understanding,  
Realising one's insignificance,  
Humbling oneself before the Divine,  
And believing it without proof  
Or any sort of doubt.

Reason is logic,  
Filled with algorithms,  
Guaranteeing solutions,  
But faith balances the scale;  
It is not mere examination  
But taking the solution,  
And understanding it  
Through the gift of the Spirit  
By the grace of God.

Justin Reamer

{8}

God is here, God is there,  
God is everywhere.  
He watches us now as  
We love each other,  
And He loves us with  
His own heart.  
We are His children  
And His kindred.

Justin Reamer

{9}

Hatred? What for?  
Is it necessary?  
We need not hate,  
For 'tis no reason to.

Justin Reamer

1/2

I am a fool in this world, he said,  
Not knowin' where I'm goin',  
Travellin' down tah nowhere.  
I'm all alone in the world,  
Ain't got nobody to share my bed,  
Ain't got nobody to hold my hand,  
I don't got a woman.

Big Jim shook his head and said,  
Trouble with you, sir,  
Is you ain't got a head.  
You is half-stupid, half-deaf and dumb.  
You don't pay attention to nothin',  
So ya end up hurtin' yoself in the end.

Georgie said, Then what do I do,  
To get a woman, Big Jim?  
I ain't got no clue.  
I feel so alone,  
So sad and so down.  
What the hell am I to do?

Big Jim responded,  
Well, whatcha gotta do is  
Clean yoself up,  
Look nice,  
Get a nice disposition,  
Set your attitude straight,  
Take a woman by the hand,  
Share your money,  
Share your love,  
And share your bed.

Justin Reamer

# 1

The number you seek is the first,  
The number '1, '  
Or 'one, '  
Which means you are unique in the world,  
For you are #1,  
Or Number 1 if you will,  
For you are the best in all the world,  
And you just know it  
Because you are number 1.

Justin Reamer

## 11: 11

It's 11: 11 pm!  
Make a wish is all!  
For that is the greatest thing  
That you can do,  
Is making a wish that is  
Meaningful to you,  
For it is sacred,  
Do it now,  
Before another minute passes by!

Justin Reamer

# 2012

Time of darkness,  
Time of change,  
Who knows what the Mayans speak of,  
When the big flood comes in range.

For the end of the world  
May be near,  
But if so,  
Do not live in fear,  
Rather,  
Just lend your ear.

Justin Reamer

# 40 Yesses

Have you ever figured out ways  
To say things in the affirmative?  
Well, I have ways to say 'yes' fifty times over,  
So come with me now.  
Here we go.

Yes.

Sí.

Oui.

Ja.

Da.

Po.

??.

??.

Ano.

Jes.

Jah.

Oo.

Kyllä.

Si.

???.

Repons lan se wi.

I.

Igen.

Já.

Sì.

Etiam.

Ja.

Taip.

Ya.

Iva.

Ae ra.

Tak.

Sim.

Áno.

Haa tahay.

Ndiyo.

Evet.

Vâng.

Ie.  
B??ni.  
Yebo.

And these are the affirmative, my friend. They offer you  
The way to speak to people in a positive light.  
Go out and use them wisely.

Justin Reamer

# 50%

Honestly, ma'am,  
I must say that I despise work,  
For I put only 50% into it,  
And I know that is mediocrity for you,  
But that is my full effort to me.

Now, I cannot stand working  
Behind a cubicle,  
With people telling me what to do,  
For I hate being bossed around,  
And it is so boring in here.

I would rather work in a place  
Where I could work with my hands  
Or use my brain to do something creative  
And innovative unlike  
All of the paperwork we do here,  
But since the work is so boring here,  
I cannot help but give my 50%,  
And I know it is half of  
What you want from me,  
But I rest my case.  
Good day, ma'am.

Justin Reamer

# 9/11

'Twas a beautiful day,  
One morning in the middle  
Of September,  
On 11 September 2001,  
When nothing was  
Going wrong,  
And everything was  
Fine in New York City.

All of the people,  
In the city,  
And across the nation,  
Were all going about their business.  
But, I remember what happened,  
So vividly and so ominously,  
That even though I was  
Only a little child,  
Of eight years old to say the least,  
I could still remember the horror.

People were going about  
Their own business in NYC,  
And at 8: 00 am,  
A plane  
Was flying a little to low,  
And crashed into the middle  
Of one of the Twin Towers,  
And caused a major gaping hole in the  
Building, and the plane  
Fell apart,  
Crashing to the ground,  
And killing all of the passengers within.

People everywhere in the nation,  
Watched in horror as the TV screen  
Portrayed the 'accident'  
That had happened only moments ago.  
The Left Tower was smoking,  
And there was a plane head still stuck in it,

And no one realised that al Qaeda had made their plans.

A half-hour later, a second plane  
Came into view,  
And it crashed into the Left Tower,  
And, this time, the Tower collapsed,  
And the Towers fell down,  
Spreading debris and rubble everywhere.

The towers collapsed,  
And many people got caught  
In the trap,  
And they were crushed by the debris,  
Or incinerated by the explosion,  
And their lives were taken instantaneously.

Some of the victims tried to jump,  
But their fall came to no avail,  
And they eventually lost their lives,  
Just because of the crash.

Emergency units were sent out,  
By the city of New York,  
And they were sent out to rescue the  
Victims,  
But some of their rescues came to no avail.

Some of the firemen were engulfed in flames,  
And some fell beneath debris,  
And others lost their lives because of the heat,  
And yet they kept pushing onward.

Some of the victims were rescued,  
But they kept going on into the night,  
And they did not stop until they  
Found everyone,  
Whether they be alive,  
Barely living,  
Or dead altogether.

By this time, everyone knew  
That something was wrong,

For it was no 'accident'  
That happened,  
For there was plotting behind it,  
And there was terrorism involved.

They tried to figure out  
Who the terrorists were and  
Who they could possibly be,  
And what they would possibly want.  
They were not any Communist terrorists,  
For they would want money,  
So they figured out it was  
Osama bin Laden and al-Qaeda,  
Who did this dreaded thing.

At 9: 00 am, another plane  
Was flying to Pennsylvania,  
And was headed for DC,  
But a man stopped the pilot,  
And overtook him,  
And took the plane,  
And crashed it,  
Taking his own life  
And the passengers on board  
Instead of killing more people.

At 10: 00 am, another plane  
Was headed for DC,  
And, when it arrived,  
It crashed into the Pentagon,  
Taking away some of the office buildings,  
And killing some of the military within.

With this, the destruction ended,  
For bin Laden did his damage,  
And then President Bush  
Delivered a speech,  
In front of an angry American people.  
He said he would start the War on Terror,  
And would invade Afghanistan,  
And he would find bin Laden  
And the terrorists,

And would win the war.

The Bush Doctrine began,  
And it was preemptive strike,  
And the War on Terror began,  
And we went to Iraq and Afghanistan.

We found bin Laden in Afghanistan,  
But he fled the scene,  
But we went to Iraq,  
Searching for 'nuclear weapons, '  
And overthrew Saddam Hussein,  
And started to restructure Iraq.

France became mad at us  
And thought that we were idiots,  
And we started calling foods  
'Freedom' fries (although they're chips) ,  
'Freedom' toast,  
And everything else.

Europe did not like us, either,  
For they thought we were hotheads,  
But Great Britain, our ally since WWI,  
Fought alongside us for the longest time.

The 'war' lasted ten years,  
Until we finally found bin Laden,  
And we killed him on 2 May 2011,  
When President Barack Obama was in office,  
And nearing his last term.

Bin Laden met his fate,  
And the Arab Spring has begun,  
And the Middle East is in revolution,  
And everything is won.

11/9 will always live in our hearts,  
And we will not forget it,  
For it is part of our history,  
And we will always remember those  
Who gave their lives to our country.

Peace be with us all,  
And may we always remember 9/11.

Justin Reamer

# A

'Do you know any  
Words that begin with  
The letter 'a'?  
Because I don't know any.'

I do,  
But let me think a minute,  
For I have to think of some.  
Oh, I have it.

'Will you do it for me? '

Yes, I gladly will.  
Here goes.

a  
an  
apple  
apricot  
Alabama  
Arkansas  
Alaska  
Argentina  
America  
arson  
arsonist  
aardvark  
Armenia  
allow  
allowed  
allowance  
aversion  
avert  
aversive  
aware  
awareness  
atrocious  
atrocious  
ableism

ableist  
able  
ability  
abstinence  
abstain  
abrupt  
abhor  
abhorrence  
abhorrant  
aberrant  
any  
anyways  
anyway  
arrogant  
arrogance  
adamant  
adamance  
admit  
admittance  
adversary  
adversity  
amoral  
amorality  
ant  
anteater  
ants  
avoid  
avoidant  
antisocial  
aghast  
again  
away  
Africa  
ardent  
absurd  
absurdity  
absurdism  
absurdist  
arse  
anus  
arrow  
a\$#

anal  
angry  
anger  
animal  
antonym  
arraignment  
arraign  
apply  
applicable  
application  
app  
Apple, Inc.  
ardour  
arbour  
Ann Arbour  
aloud  
a-rarin'  
ample  
adequate  
ambivalent  
autism  
autistic  
art  
artist  
actor  
actress  
asinine  
approach  
approaching  
addition  
attraction  
adhere  
adherent  
add  
attract  
attractive  
addict  
addicting  
addiction  
alcohol  
alcoholism  
alcoholic

anonymous  
anonymity  
anthropomorphism  
allusion  
allude  
around  
aback  
ajar  
attain  
Amtrak  
Amway  
Animagus  
Animagi  
artistic  
agree  
agreeable  
agreeably  
argue  
argumentative  
arguable  
argumentation  
aggressive  
aggression  
aggravate  
aggravating  
annoy  
annoying  
annoyance  
aggravation  
abide  
abiding  
abidance  
ascent  
ascension  
assume  
assumption  
assumptive  
ask  
askance  
as  
are  
Abraham

Allison  
Antarctica  
Arctic  
Australia  
Asia  
anvil  
aggregate  
apology  
apologise  
Apollo  
Artemis  
Ares  
Aron  
Aaron  
ascend  
arduous  
attend  
attentive  
attention  
Alexander  
atone  
atonement  
ankle  
Achilles  
answer  
assort  
askew  
assortment  
awkward  
aphid  
amorous  
acknowledge  
acknowledgement  
accuse  
accusation  
abroad  
aboard  
abort  
abortion  
apathy  
apathetic  
approve

approval  
aperture  
amplitude  
amp  
amplify  
amplifier  
aviator  
aviators  
aviation  
Aleve  
Advil  
Avi  
amorphous  
and  
anagram  
anagrams  
antonymous  
assimilate  
assimilation  
apostrophe  
Apatasaurus  
avid  
acute  
admission  
affect  
affection  
afferent  
afford  
affordable  
affordability  
awkwardly  
account  
accountant  
anime  
animate  
animation  
animator  
array  
accouter  
afraid  
apparent  
apparently

afore  
assail  
assailment  
assault  
Asgard  
anytime  
automobile  
automatic  
autopilot  
automation  
anthole  
alarm  
alarmed  
alarming  
avast  
after  
appease  
appeasement  
applaud  
applause  
awesome  
awful  
android  
antidisestablishmentarianism  
astronomy  
astronomical  
astology  
astrophysics  
astronomer  
astrologist  
astrological  
astrophysicist  
astronaut  
Astro the dog  
asteroid  
Argo  
Argonauts  
Argonautica  
Apollonius  
assuage  
assuagement  
agreement

adult  
adolescent  
adolescence  
adulthood  
abrasive  
abominable  
abomination  
appoint  
appointment  
appointer  
appointee  
approachable  
Armenian  
Argentinian  
African  
American  
Aussie  
Australian  
Arctica  
ascertain  
acoustic  
acoustical  
acoustics  
Anglophile  
Anglophilia  
Anglo-Saxons  
audio  
audiophile  
audiophilia  
aural  
acoustically  
avidly  
abortive  
abreast  
awe  
award  
appraise  
appraisal  
anaphora  
antithesis  
alliteration  
assonance

assonant  
alliterate  
articulate  
articulation  
articular  
atmosphere  
atmos  
atom  
atoms  
atomic  
A-Bomb  
Afro  
afro  
absolve  
absolvant  
absolution  
absolute  
absolutely  
abbreviate  
abbreviation  
acronym  
about  
autonomic  
archery  
archer  
Asian  
anemic  
anemia  
allergy  
allergic  
asphyxia  
anaphylaxis  
anaphylactic  
artery  
adjacent  
adjacence  
algebra  
arithmetic  
arachnid  
arachnophobia  
algebraic  
angle

angular  
anteroom  
abuse  
abusive  
Alzheimer's  
ADD  
autism  
Asperger's Syndrome  
atrium  
apprehend  
apprehensive  
apprehension  
anxious  
anxiety  
ambivalent  
ambivalence  
ambidextrous  
ambiguous  
ambiguity  
ambulance  
accord  
accordance  
according  
all  
affirmative  
affirm  
affirmation  
always

Wow, that was exhausting,  
And those were only some  
Of the words I knew,  
But there are many more,  
If you want to  
Expand your vocabulary  
You can look them up.  
But, my head is exhausted,  
And I may do one in another day  
Or two,  
But that is all.

'Thank you

For sharing.'

Justin Reamer

# A Bus Ride

The bus is packed with people,  
And filled with body heat,  
And, in fact, it's quite cramped,  
And we cannot make ends meet.

Justin Reamer

# A Conversation

We all sit around the table,  
My family and me,  
Talking amongst ourselves,  
Having a conversation.  
The convo flows with frequency,  
Reaching different pitches,  
Different frequencies,  
Different wavelengths,  
And different amplitudes,  
And the volume rises and dwindles,  
Depending on the mood.

We all sat outside,  
On the deck in our backyard,  
I sat on the far side,  
Out in the sun,  
And Sean, Elyse, and Mum,  
Sat among the shade.

Sean sat opposite me,  
Talking with his quick tongue,  
And his incestuous, slandering language,  
And his slang and his innuendos,  
And his impudent language.  
He insults everyone,  
He mocks them,  
And shows his arrogant attitude,  
And shows off his dreaded pride,  
Making himself look like a buffoon,  
With his buck teeth,  
And his alcohol-like Mountain Dew,  
And his Nike cap,  
And hsi plumb muscles,  
And his Al Capone-wannabe language.  
He looks like a complete fool,  
And laughs like a horse,  
So he looks like a wannabe gangster.

Elyse sits next to me,

Feeding the dogs,  
And speaking calmly.  
She is relaxed and easygoing,  
Yet she presses herself a little bit,  
Pushing a little abrasively.  
Yet, she is relaxed,  
And she is fairly calm.

Mum is pretty quiet,  
Yet she speaks her mind,  
She spoke with honesty,  
And she always broke the ice,  
And she also provided guidance,  
And spoke wisely with others.  
She is respectful,  
And kind,  
And attentive,  
And she offered advice,  
Whenever she managed.

The conversation continues,  
And it shows intimacy,  
With every character involved,  
The communion is entertaining.

Justin Reamer

# A Daemon In My Heart

Dark and sordid,  
A being lives in my heart,  
Tearing the atrium and the ventricle,  
Eating the tissue,  
Slowly devouring every piece  
Until I die of cardiac arrest.

My mind, focused, does its best,  
But then the memories resurface,  
And the daemon has control over me.  
It eats my flesh,  
Flaunts my desire,  
Kills everything within me,  
Giving me pain,  
Excruciating pain,  
As I cope with the reality  
I have repressed for so long.

Nothing can stop it;  
It found my demise.  
The pain consumes me;  
I weep as the memories  
Come winding back,  
Polluting my mind with  
Sordid, torturous memories  
As I slowly die from within.

Justin Reamer

# A Drop Of Water

Remember, just a drop,  
And it will all be cleared away,  
As if nothing ever happened.

Justin Reamer

# A Flower In The Rain

My dear, you are so sweet,  
For you grow in a field,  
Like a flower with  
Beautiful petals,  
And a rose that has  
Many red spirals  
And petals that  
Make you all the more unique.

But, my dear, I know  
Not whether I will always  
See you, for many men  
Try to chase you,  
And you feel so cold,  
As if you were a flower in the rain,  
And that the meadow was not large  
Enough for you to keep you  
Warm and safe.

But, I promise,  
That I will be there for you,  
No matter the circumstances,  
For you are my flower,  
And you are my flower in the rain,  
For you will grow with every drink you take.

Justin Reamer

# A Fool, Am I

A fool am I, I believe,  
For thou hath taken my heart away,  
And though I feel this love for thee,  
I know not why I still long for thee,  
Whilst thou expresth thy hatred to me;  
Though hatred, 'tis not,  
But misguided error, and nothing more.

Yet, I still see thee,  
And thou art the most beautiful woman  
The world has ever had,  
And lives now and on till the end of time,  
And thou art God's most beautiful daughter,  
For He made thee wonderful and perfect,  
To the point where thine own faults and imperfections  
Mean nothing to me but rather bring out  
Thine own strengths and positive attributes  
More and more,  
Making thee the more beautiful by the hour.

I see thee and notice thine wonder and pristinity,  
For thine strengths and weaknesses  
Make thee beautiful altogether,  
And to mine eye, I see a wonderful woman  
I wot of the brightest summer day,  
And notice how she is more beautiful  
Than the goddess Aphrodite,  
Much wiser than Athena,  
Much craftier than Artemis,  
And the favourite pupil of Apollo,  
And one who makes Dionysus appear a fool.  
Thou art special, and even though I see thee,  
And thou knowest not me in full,  
But can seeth only a part of me,  
I know thou canst see me for who I am.

Thou art beautiful and special,  
For thine hair expresses the traits of the sun,  
Thine eyes bring out the grace and glory of the sea,

And thine smile maketh the angels jealous in the heavens,  
And makes Satan mourn over how he can never  
Experience such beauty as thou possess.  
Thine intelligence and wisdom make a man desire thee,  
For every topic thou knoweth,  
And every argument thou art familiar with,  
And this makes a man wonder because  
Thou art a woman who thinketh for herself,  
Pervicacious and independent,  
Yet thou art kind and compassionate,  
Loving and thoughtful,  
Selfless and empathetic,  
Pious and creative,  
Giving and helpful,  
Amiable and understanding,  
Loyal and trusting,  
Reliable and helpful in all ways,  
For thou art pious and pure,  
Making thee more beautiful than any woman  
In the entire world.

Thou, my dear, make the torches burn bright  
With the way thou pranceth everywhere thou travel;  
Thine eyes make them envy,  
For they do not shine as bright as thine,  
Which art luminescent down to the core.  
Thou art more beautiful than a warm, summer's day,  
Making the sun envy thy beautiful hair,  
Thy beautiful, luminescent smile,  
And thy everlasting lovingkindness.  
Thou art beautiful, and that, no one can deny,  
Albeit he's a fool.

My dear, I know thou giveth me the deepest scorn,  
For what reason I know not,  
And for this reason of confessing mine love  
And my selfless, sacrificial desire,  
For a fool, am I,  
And I know this truly,  
But I know we both want the same thing-  
An everlasting, trusting, emotional relationship  
In which we rely on each other

And understand what the other wants.  
Trust twain us is greater than all the other  
Desires of the world,  
And I want no more than thy love and thy trust,  
As thou wouldst expect from me.

Fornication, fear not, wanting, not I,  
For 'tis foul and serveth no purpose  
In truly exploring the heart's desires  
And its wanton depth of emotion;  
For this part of creation,  
God's magical, beautiful gift for creation,  
Is meant for matrimony, wedlock,  
Not for the casual recreation that  
Some mongrels would have it,  
For chaste, I shall remain,  
And chaste, thou wantest also,  
I know this well,  
So fear not what I tell thee,  
For thine purity, I respect completely,  
And thy virtue, I shall protect,  
For thine purity is of significance to me.  
The gift of carnation is meant for wedlock,  
And this shall always be so,  
For a child is a gift from God,  
Meant to be loved,  
Not thrown away as many monsters do  
In their lifetime,  
For your virginity, I respect,  
And your virtue, I shall protect.  
Fear not, for 'tis not passion I want,  
But compassion and dedication I desire.

My dear, I want thine happiness to be great,  
For if thou art happy, then my heart is satiated;  
Thine happiness is most important to me,  
Pertinent in every sense,  
And I shall do everything to make thee happy,  
Everything to make certain thou art well and joyful,  
For thy mirth is great above all,  
Not the body thou haveth,  
But the love thou expresseth.

I, as thou doth, want a relationship  
In which I can love thee,  
Share my emotions with thee,  
Show thee compassion and selflessness,  
Hold thee tight whenever Death threatens,  
Or whenever we are close,  
Cherishing every moment of our love;  
Listen to thee and help thee;  
Love thee and cherish thy presence,  
Look upon thy beauty every day  
And see the princess I shall marry,  
Who shall become my queen,  
Whom I shall never stop loving even unto the day I die;  
Provide for thee and give thee rest;  
Help thee in whatever way I canst;  
Marry and devote myself to thee,  
And procreating in wedlock,  
And creating children,  
And raising them to be wonderful as they are;  
To love thee for who thou art,  
For the individual,  
Lovely, beautiful, kind, caring,  
Pious, and pure,  
Thou art everything in the world to me,  
And sharing my life with thee is perfect notion;  
And I wot of the great things God wills to have.

My love, leaveth thee I never shall,  
Nor wilt, no matter the circumstances,  
For even if courtship we were in,  
Leaving thee I never shall,  
For thou art wonderful, and thou deserveth  
The perfect man;  
Devoted to thee, I shalt always be,  
For thou art magical and beyond measure,  
Incomparable to any woman I have ever met;  
Thou art unique, and if I were to love thee,  
I wouldst spend every day and every night with thee,  
For the rest of my life and all eternity.  
No one is greater than thee,  
And thou art wonderful,  
For thine beauty, spirituality, thought,

Intelligence, wisdom, and wit are incomparable  
To anyone that liveth on this earth;  
For thou art the only one for me,  
And thine happiness is all the more important.

And though thou may hateth me for a reason I know not,  
I promise thee I am not the man thou thinkest of,  
For I will give everything.

And though now thou hath seen my protests  
And mine own supplications,  
A fool I know I am,  
For thou shalt never love me,  
But thou seeth how much I love thee,  
And shall know I'd give anything for thee,  
And my heart beats for thy song,  
Thine flowers and thy beauty,  
And consider, I ask of thee,  
For my heart yearns for thee,  
But thou needeth not oblige,  
But consider where thy heart taketh thee;  
For I would give thee everything, and everything  
Thou shalt always have,  
For God is with us always.  
And He always would be.

But thou needeth not requite my love,  
For I love thee, but thou feeleth nothing,  
But let me tell thee,  
I will always love thee,  
And my heart yearns for thee,  
And wants to provide for thine happiness,  
And promises happiness always.  
And though thou needest not requite,  
I ask thee please consider,  
For love I always shall,  
Though but a fool, am I.

Justin Reamer

# A Lost Gift

To whomever seest this note,  
This letter is for thee,  
Lookest thou in thine hand,  
And thou shalt see a key.

Wherefore this key in thy hand?  
To what doth this tool go?  
Take it to thy mind, my dear,  
Unlock it, and soon thou shalt know.

Looketh thou upon the great field,  
Covered in a blanket of snow,  
Upon the window thou hath known,  
For 'tis here it will truly show.

Now, keep in mind that this poem  
Is not the work of John Donne  
Or that wretched Andrew Marvell,  
For seducing thee 'tis not  
The narrator's intent,  
For he respects thy purity,  
As for I am he,  
I direct thee without a startle.

As thou looketh upon the snow  
From thy windowsill,  
Be sure to look carefully  
And to be very still.

When thou seest it in front of thee,  
Mark the great arbours on thine estate,  
Where rodents and porpentines reside,  
And the harts of old cooperate.

Look thee upon the forest,  
And travel to thy anteroom,  
Where thou shalt travel out thy door,  
Go to the firs and marvel at them,  
So nature may know thee more.

Then look across thine estate,  
Where a grey river, hard as rock,  
Lies dividing thine property;  
Go toward it and traverse it,  
For findeth thou an estate  
Similar to thine  
Filled with opportunity.

Mark thou the white castle  
With a carriage road leading  
To the great grand entrance,  
And thou shalt find in  
The very castle  
A cavern like a transit.

Enter the cavern,  
And thou shalt find a gift of grandeur,  
Take the utility in thy hand,  
And mystery is never more.  
Have a great Christmas!

Justin Reamer

# A Thought

A voice spoke to me and asked, Sir, what do you think  
Of this beautiful universe that you see  
Before you? Does it have any limits?  
Do you think you can manipulate it?  
What is its point? Don't you ever wonder?  
Can you control what you see in front of you?  
Or do you think you can do nothing?  
That's for you to find out,  
But, men of earth, you will see your limits one day.

Justin Reamer

# A Toy In Blood

You amuse me,  
You silly boy,  
For you amuse me with passion  
Like a toy in blood.

Justin Reamer

# A Tribute To My Best Friend

Here is a tribute to my best friend,  
Whom I've known for nearly ten years,  
Here are the reasons I love him,  
In the Greek philia sort of way.

My best friend and I met in fourth grade,  
His name was Peter Triezenberg.  
We discovered we had similar interests,  
And we were best friends ever since.

At the time, we were into video games,  
Mario Bros. and Pokemon,  
Nintendo and its games,  
The Legend of Zelda,  
Writing stories,  
Girls and their interests,  
And talking in general.

All the time when I met him,  
Pete was into reading lots of books,  
But I, however, abhorred them,  
For I could not comprehend them at all.

But then Pete, the good ol' guy,  
Took a book and shoved it in my face.  
'Read this, ' he said;  
'You'll like it, or otherwise I'll tear  
Your throat out.'  
After all, Mr Amante had DEAR,  
(Drop Everything and Read)  
and he was sick of me slacking off,  
So Pete had a point,  
And I listened to him intently.

After that, I loved reading,  
And my speed sped up over time,  
And my comprehension became better,  
And it was all thanks to Pete.

I read lots of books for the first time,  
Like 'Eragon' and 'Harry Potter, '  
And I loved all of them when I  
Read them for the first time.

Peter was also a therapist,  
A great listener at that;  
He helped me with my problems  
Whenever I was down.

I helped him with his problems, too,  
Whenever he was forlorn,  
I felt ultimately bad for him,  
So I listened to and helped him  
As much as I possibly could.

He was my 'bro' in Scouting,  
For we were in the same group,  
We advanced together and saw the years,  
As time kept passing us by.

Then I became an Eagle Scout,  
And Peter congratulated me,  
We hugged for the very first time,  
And we promised each other brotherhood.

This is why I like Peter,  
For he is a good friend to me,  
I will always be there for him,  
And he'll always be there for me.  
Thanks, Pete, for all you've done.

Justin Reamer

# A Vacant Room

A vacant room lies before me,  
Nothing stirring in it whatsoever.  
Emptiness finds its peace here,  
Forever resting in its place.

Justin Reamer

# A Version Of Insanity

She has always lived in a separate reality,  
This I swear to you,  
She has accused me of many things,  
Things that are a part of her imagination.

She claims I am a criminal,  
One who stole many things from her,  
She claims I am insane,  
For I rave at the top of my lungs.

She proclaims me a paedophile,  
For I hurt very little children,  
She claims me a stalker,  
For I follow her everywhere.

She proclaims me a molester,  
For I kissed her, apparently,  
She proclaims me a rapist,  
For I apparently committed sexual assault.

I swear to you I did none of these,  
I never laid a hand on her,  
But otherwise I would die,  
Even if I dared hurt her.

So she lives in insanity,  
Her insanity proclaimed,  
I don't know her reality,  
But it's not this universe.

Justin Reamer

# A Word On Trust

When it comes to trust,  
Only trust those who are close to you,  
Or don't trust anyone at all.

Justin Reamer

# Aba

That woman is strange.  
Why does she wear a shawl  
Made of camel hair?  
I wouldn't want to wear an aba  
If I were she.

Justin Reamer

# Abhorrence

Hatred corrodes the heart,  
Destroying it gradually, bit by bit,  
As it eats away at its Faculties,  
Blinding the host to anger  
As love, once a virtue held true,  
Eventually becomes a forgotten memory.

Justin Reamer

# Abrogation

Slavery is officially over;  
I declare it unconstitutional!

Justin Reamer

# Absurdity

Out of whack,  
We are what we are,  
Going crazy in the head,  
As nothing seems to make sense,  
For we know nothing of  
What is out there but  
In here is where we are safe.

Justin Reamer

# Accession

I approve this notion,  
And I will pass it forward  
To the president himself.

Justin Reamer

# Acclivity

This incline is so harsh for me,  
I cannot stand to walk up it.

Justin Reamer

# Accordion

Accordion is an interesting fellow,  
For he likes to keep all sorts of paces,  
But he sounds good all by himself.

Justin Reamer

# Act Of Contrition

O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended you and I detest all my sins, because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell. But most of all because I have offended you, my God, who are all good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve with the help of your grace, to confess my sins, to do penance and to amend my life. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Act Of Reparation

O sweet Jesus, Whose overflowing charity for me is requited by so much forgetfulness, negligence and contempt, behold us prostrate before Your alter (in Your presence) eager to repair by a special act of homage the cruel indifference and injuries, to which Your loving Heart is everywhere subject.

Mindful alas! that we ourselves have had a share in such great indignities, which we now deplore from the depths of our hearts, we humbly ask Your pardon and declare our readiness to atone by voluntary expiation not only for our own personal offenses, but also for the sins of those, who, straying from the path of salvation, refuse in their obstinate infidelity to follow You, their Shepherd and Leader, or, renouncing the vows of their baptism, have cast off the sweet yoke of Your Law. We are now resolved to expiate each and every deplorable outrage committed against You; we are determined to make amends for the manifold offenses against Christian modesty in unbecoming dress and behavior, for all the foul seductions laid to ensnare the feet of the innocent, for the frequent violations of Sundays and holidays, and the shocking blasphemies uttered against You and Your Saints. We wish also to make amends for the insults to which Your Vicar on earth and Your priest are subjected, for the profanation, by conscious neglect or terrible acts of sacrilege, of the very Sacrament of Your Divine Love; and lastly for the public crimes of nations who resist the rights and teaching authority of the Church which You have founded. Would, O divine Jesus, we were able to wash away such abominations with our blood. We now offer, in reparation for these violations of Your divine honor, the satisfaction You once made to Your eternal Father on the cross and which You continue to renew daily on our altars; we offer it in union with the acts of atonement of Your Virgin Mother and all the Saints and of the pious faithful on earth; and we sincerely promise to make recompense, as far as we can with the help of Your grace, for all neglect of Your great love and for the sins we and others have committed in the past. Henceforth we will live a life of unwavering faith, of purity of conduct, of perfect observance of the precepts of the gospel and especially that of charity. We promise to the best of our power to prevent other from offending You and to bring as many as possible to follow You.

O loving Jesus, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, our model in reparation, deign to receive the voluntary offering we make of this act of expiation; and by the crowning gift of perseverance keep us faithful unto death in our duty and the allegiance we owe to You, so that we may one day come to that happy home, where You with the Father and the Holy Spirit lives and reigns, God, world without end. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Act Of Spiritual Communion

My Jesus,  
I believe that You  
are present in the Most Holy Sacrament.  
I love You above all things,  
and I desire to receive You into my soul.  
Since I cannot at this moment  
receive You sacramentally,  
come at least spiritually into my heart. I embrace You as if You were already  
there and unite myself wholly to You. Never permit me to be separated from  
You.  
Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Additament

There is something about this soup  
That makes it very special,  
But I am not sure what it is.  
Did you add something to it  
To make it taste even better,  
Or has it been always like this?  
I think you added something to it,  
But I'm not sure,  
But I am sure this is the case  
Because it only makes sense.

Justin Reamer

# Adjective

Describing things could never be cooler,  
Such as a green man,  
An impatient woman,  
A frisky dog,  
Or an exceptional person.  
It's pretty cool.

Justin Reamer

# Adjudication

I will help you settle your matter,  
Because that is the right thing to do,  
Now tell me what do you need?

Justin Reamer

# Adoration

Dear Lord,

You are the greatest being  
To ever live in this universe,  
And You are the greatest person  
To ever come into my life,  
And You have provided me  
With so many gifts that  
I cannot thank you enough  
For in my life.

I adore You so much, Lord,  
For You love me even though  
I do not deserve the  
Gifts You have given me,  
For I am imperfect,  
And I am a sinner,  
And I do not deserve Your blessings,  
But I adore You,  
For You are forgiving,  
And Your forgiveness is  
Greater than all else,  
For You show mercy on  
All those who are truly  
Sorry for the things they  
Have done,  
And Your forgiveness  
Is like liberation  
In the heart,  
And You have forgiven me  
For all that I have done,  
That I am happy to be  
In Your midst.

Dear Lord,  
Your Love is unconditional,  
And it is greater than  
Anything that I have  
Ever experienced,

And I cannot say how much  
You have done for me  
Through Your love,  
For it is like joy  
In my heart  
And electricity  
In my veins,  
And is the greatest  
Thing I could ever experience  
In my body,  
For it feels like  
Dopamine is running  
Through my own soul,  
Giving me the ecstasy to live.

Lord, You have  
Given me so many gifts,  
For You have purified me  
From sin through my Baptism  
Under Your Son, Jesus Christ,  
And You have reconciled me  
With the rest of Your children  
Through my confessions  
In the sacrament of Reconciliation,  
And You have confirmed me as a part  
Of Your family in the Catholic Church  
And in the whole of Christianity,  
No matter if one is Catholic,  
Protestant, or Eastern (Greek) Orthodox,  
Through the sacrament of Confirmation,  
And have brought me spiritually  
Closer to You through all  
Of my deeds, thoughts, and words.

Lord, You gave me Your love,  
And You gave me Your wisdom,  
And Your sagacity which is  
Above all else,  
And You gave me Your Word  
In Your promise that life  
Would be better as I moved on,  
And You gave me and all of us

Your Son, Jesus Christ,  
To forgive us of our sins  
And to give us salvation in the afterlife.

Lord, You helped me in times of trouble,  
And You protected my family from  
My Father's evil intentions and his malice,  
And You provided us with a home,  
Shelter we live in,  
Clothing that we wear  
To keep us warm in the winter,  
And to keep us modest  
With our nudity in the summer,  
And shelter to keep us safe  
From the outer world,  
And food to eat  
So that it will nourish us  
And keep us satiated throughout  
The years,  
And water to keep us healthy  
And hydrated for the  
Many years to come,  
So that we may survive in  
This very world,  
And so that You have kept it  
Clean so that we are protected  
From disease and poisonous infection.

Lord, You have done even  
Greater things than that,  
For You have given my family  
An extended family that  
We could always count on,  
Even when our father  
Tried to throw us out  
Onto the street and  
Make us starve  
And die like rodents  
Living in sewers  
Or like a fox on the run,  
And You provided us with  
An extended family that cares

About us,  
No matter what crisis  
We or they went through,  
We supported them,  
And they supported us,  
For it is a family with  
Faith that is founded  
Upon You, Dear Lord.

And, Lord,  
You helped Mum with  
All of her problems with  
My father and all of the  
Wrongdoings he intended to  
Do away with,  
No matter what it was,  
And You helped Mum  
Through her troubles at work,  
And You helped her through  
Her troubles with her co-workers,  
Such as Lou Deschane,  
Who was an ardent sexist,  
And Sheri Bronkema,  
Who always picked fights with her,  
And Andrea,  
Who thought Mum was incompetent,  
And Ron Huber,  
Who was a strong anti-Catholic,  
And Armine,  
Even though he is idealistic,  
Who frustrates everyone,  
No matter who is what,  
Or no matter who is doing what,  
And You helped her with  
Her boss,  
Who is unappreciative of  
Her own help,  
And her new boss,  
Who is incompetent beyond  
All belief,  
And You helped Mum with  
Dealing with all

Of our own problems  
When we needed her most.  
And for that, Lord,  
I thank You.

You also helped Elyse, Dear Lord,  
Through all of her troubles,  
Including her troubles with her father,  
Her friend problems in high school,  
All of the break-ups with her  
Ex-boyfriends she went through  
In high school,  
And Lydia who picked on her  
In middle school  
And exam stress in high school  
And in college,  
And her molestations she suffered,  
And her boyfriend's immaturity,  
And her problems at work,  
And those times when she doubted You,  
And those times when she  
Had trouble with her own faith,  
And those times when she needed You most,  
You were always there for her,  
And for that, I thank You, Lord.

You also helped my brother, Sean,  
When he was going through his moodswings,  
When he was having troubles with friends,  
And when he tried to cheat on tests,  
And when he had troubles with his family,  
You helped him,  
And I thank You for that,  
And thank You, Lord,  
For helping him.

And You also helped my sister, Stef,  
With her troubles and all of her issues,  
And You helped her with her illness,  
And You helped her when she needed friends,  
And for everything else,  
And for that,

I thank You, Lord.

Lord, You also helped me,  
For You helped me through  
My own depression,  
You gave me the will to live,  
You gave me the strength  
To stand up for what I believe in,  
And You saved me from death four times,  
And You helped me become happier.  
I thank You for that, too.

And, Dear Lord,  
I thank You for all  
Of Your gifts and Your blessings  
That You have given to me,  
Including my mentor, Bruce Sturring,  
My Mum who has helped me,  
My brother and my sisters,  
My aunts, uncles, and cousins,  
All of the friends that  
You have blessed me with,  
And all of the opportunities  
That I have had,  
And all of the love  
That You have given me,  
And the forgiveness  
You have shown me,  
And all of the Service trips  
That You have given me,  
And the education that  
I am receiving to  
This very day,  
And all of the blessings that  
You have given me in general.  
Thank You for all of that, Lord.

I adore You for everything You have done,  
And I love You greatly, dear Lord,  
And You are my Father in Heaven,  
And I am Your servant,  
And will always serve You,

No matter what the cost,  
For You are my Lord and my Creator,  
And I will always be in Your debt.

I will always express my gratitude,  
Dear Lord,  
For everything You have  
Done for me,  
And I just want to say  
This one more time,  
Before I get busy again,  
And I just want to say  
Thank You for everything  
That You have done,  
And You are the greatest being  
In my own life,  
And I will always remember You,  
And I will never forget You.  
Thank You for everything.

In Your name, I pray.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Adverb

Describing the verb in the best way possible,  
The adverb is a friend to the verb,  
Such as quickly, wonderfully, and periodically.  
But it also describes how, where, and when,  
Such as downtown, afternoon, and meekly.  
It is pretty cool.

Justin Reamer

# Adz

It's an axe,  
You lumberjack,  
Yet it's not really that,  
For it's used for chiselling instead.

Justin Reamer

# Aerie

The eagle's nest is very high up,  
With the two marvellous birds hanging up  
In the very high tree,  
Showing each other such love.  
Their young show the beauty of nature,  
And they love one another forevermore.

Justin Reamer

# Aery

The huge fortress stands on the mountains,  
A nest for the king to reside,  
For he has conquered many lands,  
Bravely seizing them to his liking,  
And his fortress fits him,  
Making him look mightier than ever before.  
No wonder he does so well,  
For no one can reach the fortress in the mountains,  
Except for the dragons he rides with gallantry.

Justin Reamer

# Afghanistan

I play video games  
On the  
Television screen,  
Thinking little  
Of the  
Violence  
That

Comes on them  
As Mario throws  
Bob-ombs  
Or as soldiers kill  
Each other in  
A way that players don't  
Think,  
For 9/11 meant  
Nothing  
To any of us  
And we

Throw it  
Away  
As if

Nothing  
Ever  
Happened.

Yet I grow  
Older,  
And I realise  
That war  
Is  
A horrible  
Thing.

Every step I take  
Sand shuffles in  
An American soldier's boot,  
With every  
Heartbeat

Another soldier's  
Heart beats  
Faster than  
Mine  
Can ever

Imagine.

My strides  
Are like  
Smoke,  
Welling up

From all the read bombs  
Detonating  
All over the field.

I try to do good  
But nothing I  
Could do  
Would ever  
Change  
What was happening there.

As my pencil writes,  
A man's throat is slit,  
Blood pouring  
Out of his wound

Like a crimson waterfall  
Out of a fountain.

As I try to do good  
Things  
My hands  
Are  
Like

Guns,  
Ready

To take  
Aim  
And

Ready to kill

However innocuous

As I type,  
Bombs burst,  
Banging with every click,  
And the sweat on my brow  
Is the sweat

Of the man,  
The tortured man,  
The man,

The man in Afghanistan.

My cut is his cut,  
My vision is his,  
My bruises are his bruises,  
And it gets worse.

Every time I write  
Of the beach and sand,  
Another city is

Demolished under my feet.

Justin Reamer

# Agape

Agape,  
The greatest love,  
For what human is the master  
Of it in today's world,  
Besides my own mother,  
Whom I love with all of my dear heart.

She has shown the world what she can do,  
For she clothed her children,  
Fed them when they were famished,  
Gave them drink when they were parched,  
Gave them shelter when they were sick,  
Cared for them when they were suffering,  
And so much more.

She showed Elyse a lot of compassion,  
For she guided her when she needed help,  
Saved her from her father's wrath,  
Helped her go through her father's cruelty,  
Endure through her peers' persecution,  
Work hard to get where she is today  
And eventually become a doctor.

She showed me, Justin, kindness  
When I broke my head,  
For she helped me convalesce,  
And she gave me milk to drink,  
Changed my diapers when I pooped,  
Taught me how to use the toilet,  
And helped me walk.  
She taught me how to talk,  
And helped me learn compassion  
And generosity and sacrifice.  
She was kind to me,  
And she helped me when I was depressed,  
Helped me when I was persecuted,  
And helped me when I was in need most.  
She gave a lot to me, too.

She helped Sean in a lot of ways,  
Teaching him how to ride his bike,  
Playing with him when he wanted to,  
Calming him when he was angry,  
And helping him become a better person.  
She showed love to him by showing tough love,  
Yet compassion at the same time,  
For she wanted to see Sean grow,  
And wanted to help him expand his love for others.

She helped Stef in multiple ways,  
By being at her side when she was a child,  
And helping her become a great girl,  
And guiding her when she fell into depression,  
Which was hard for all of us to bear.

She sacrificed everything she had  
When our father tried to take everything  
Away from us,  
And she fought hard to keep the  
Things we had so that  
We would not get thrown out  
Onto the street,  
And so our home would not  
Undergo foreclosure,  
And we wouldn't go bankrupt.  
She fought hard for everyone.

Mum is the greatest person I know,  
And I love her with all my heart,  
And there is no one greater than her,  
For I know that she is good.

Justin Reamer

# Agent Orange

I walk through the Jungle,  
Treetops lying overtop me,  
Monkeys swinging above my face,  
But I continue,  
And then a plane flies over me,  
And a huge chemical-  
The colour orange-  
Comes into the field,  
And the foliage above me begins to  
Shrivel and die.

I wonder what the heck  
It could be until I begin  
To swallow it,  
And I begin to cough,  
Cough louder and harsher;  
And I can't stand on my own two feet  
Any more.  
I drop my gun,  
And my friends,  
Who are wearing gas masks  
Come to my aide,  
And they see that I suffer.

They take me over their shoulders,  
Drag me down to Base Camp,  
A 50 mile stretch from out in the Jungle  
Where we were,  
And they take me to surgery,  
To where I am still barely hanging on,  
And I wonder if I am going to die.

I am weak,  
My head is dizzy,  
My heart beats constantly,  
Faster and faster,  
Struggling to stay alive.  
I wonder whether I am ever going to live,  
Whether I will ever stand on my

Own two feet anymore,  
For I cannot stand at all.

I then begin to feel faint,  
And I pass out,  
Unconscious on the bed  
Of the hospital ward  
Of where I am staying.  
I cannot help but rasp.

When I wake up,  
I have a hard time talking.  
I figure out that the thing  
That did this to me,  
In the Nam,  
Was Agent Orange,  
And I knew I would probably be back home.

They sent me home, they did,  
And I was doing all right,  
Until I realised I had throat cancer,  
And I could speak no more.  
Agent Orange took my voice,  
So I can no longer laugh or sing,  
Or talk to people like I used to,  
But instead just be me.

Justin Reamer

# Agriculture

As I stand out here in the cornfield,  
I use my scythe to cut down what's before me,  
And I work hard to collect the harvest that  
My family has invested so much time in  
Over the past year.

The corn is to be collected, to be sold,  
And eaten as our food source,  
And to be given to animals as food, also.  
This farm is the way we make our profit,  
So we must work hard to make sure that it  
Stays in good health above all.

So, we work hard to feed the people who will eat it,  
To feed ourselves and our livestock.  
We need it to get by, so we will continue to work  
Hard, no matter the cost it may have.

Justin Reamer

# Ailurophilia

I knew an old woman,  
Who had a liking for cats,  
She let them crawl all over,  
And eat from her vats.  
She had them over for dinner,  
And fed them her food,  
And they accepted her invite,  
When they were in the mood.

She had the time of her life,  
With them day in and day out,  
They sometimes threw parties,  
With felines who loved to shout.  
The old lady was friendly,  
As friendly as could be,  
But one day, she became lonely,  
And could no longer see.

She began to deteriorate,  
And her cats along with her,  
For her health was going,  
And she began to wither.  
Soon, Death came to her door,  
With a loud band and a knock,  
And the woman, surprised,  
Jumped with a shock.

Death opened the door  
To greet her quite kindly,  
And she noticed him,  
And waved at him blindly.  
Death took her on her feet,  
And she began to dance,  
For the first time,  
She felt great to prance.

Death took her away,  
And she disappeared,  
And no one noticed,

As the cats reappeared.  
The cats soon went,  
And nothing was left,  
But everyone assumed,  
It was quite a theft.

Thus, the house is empty,  
Cleaned out of disease and ailment,  
But the cat lady lives on,  
In the absence of death and derailment.

Justin Reamer

# Alabama

Oh, great state of the South,  
How you will always be remembered,  
For you have a long history,  
Just as the other states do,  
For all of you Alabamians  
Have many histories, indeed,  
For you can all remember the  
History you have always had.

Alabama was a slave state,  
And it had its many troubles,  
And it had its uprisings,  
And its troubles.  
The masters owned the slaves,  
And they had them work,  
Yet the plantations ran well,  
Especially for the South's economy.

Slavery contributed to racism,  
Especially in the South,  
For the whites thought they were better,  
And smarter,  
And that their ways were better.

Alabama was formed after the American Revolution,  
Around the time when Jefferson  
Did the Louisiana Purchase,  
And those who lived in Alabama continued  
To grow in prosperity.

Alabama was mainly Republican  
(On Jefferson's terms, anyhow) ,  
And they were involved with the Nullification Crisis.  
When the Sectional Crisis came around,  
The Alabamians hated the abolitionists,  
And they wanted them kept out.

Eventually Alabama joined the secession from the Union  
That was involved in the Civil War,

And they joined the Confederacy of America,  
Which failed to win the war.

When Abraham Lincoln, the 16th president,  
Began to wage war,  
The Civil War began,  
And many Americans died.

Alabama lost many men,  
Just as the rest of the Confederacy,  
And every other state in the country,  
And they lost the war with the Confederacy  
To the Union,  
And the country stayed together.

Because Alabama lost the war,  
The slaves were freed in the state,  
And Alabama, having lost,  
Was in economic decline.  
After the Civil War,  
The Republicans in the North  
Wanted to 'reconstruct' the South,  
And the Democrats who protested,  
Did not get very far.

Alabama was one of the victims  
Of the Reconstruction Era,  
For they were left to the caprices of the  
Northerners and whatnot.  
Alabamians despised carpetbaggers and scallywags,  
Who would come to the South for treasures,  
And they made African Americans work as sharecroppers,  
And pay off their 'debts' as they called them,  
And made them live the same lifestyle over again.

However, Reconstruction did have its good things,  
Such as bringing a better economy to the South,  
And Alabama prospered because of that,  
Yet, the Ku Klux Klan ran amok,  
And many African Americans suffered,  
Especially when they had to pay  
A poll tax and try to pass

A literacy test.

Reconstruction ended, however,  
And segregation began,  
When blacks got all the bad stuff,  
And whites got all the good stuff,  
And African Americans were poorer than poor.  
This was the way it was for many years to come.

When World War I came around,  
Alabama joined in the fight,  
And they fought to protect the world,  
Just as the rest of America did.

When the 1920s came around,  
There was a growing conservative group,  
And the KKK was a political party  
Representing it.

When the Depression hit,  
Alabamians fell victim to the Dust Bowl,  
And poverty hit them hard  
As it did the rest of the country,  
But FDR helped them out,  
With his New Deal,  
And everything worked out for the better.

When World War II came around,  
Alabama sent in their men,  
And they all went in to fight,  
And everyone in Alabama worked to preserve energy.  
They won the war,  
And they came back cheering.

The 1950s were great,  
And Alabama also prospered,  
And all the white folks were happy,  
And it was a time of prosperity,  
But the blacks were not to happy,  
And the Civil Rights Movement would begin.

The 1960s were infamous for Alabama,

Especially Birmingham,  
Which the blacks called 'Bombingham, '  
Because the Civil Rights Movement was repressed  
By the racist safety commissioner Eugene 'Bull' Connor.

Yet, Dr Martin Luther King, Jr,  
Fought for the rights of his people,  
And he never stood down,  
And JFK and LBJ all passed the Civil Rights Act,  
Making things better again.

And after that, Alabama has been for better,  
And, now, they are home to one of the largest  
Colleges in America,  
The University of Alabama,  
Which is the home of the Crimson Tide.  
And they continue to do well today,  
And everyone lives in peace.

Justin Reamer

# Alacrity

I am ready for whatever comes my way,  
Whatever it may be,  
I am prepared. :)

Justin Reamer

# Alaska

The Yukon,  
The Home of Jack London,  
Alaska is a great place,  
Marvelling with beauty,  
With the great wildlife,  
And the great wilderness,  
There is no place like it.

Justin Reamer

# Albumen

I guess it's rather pretty,  
The white of an egg;  
It's actually quite scrumptious  
When it's hard-boiled.

Justin Reamer

# Algebra

How I remember the maiden!  
The maiden Algebra!  
How she solved equations,  
Like the sun god Ra.

We had to solve for 'x, '  
The letter of the unknown,  
And how she knew it very fast,  
Like a teenager's ringtone.

She knew how to graph her lines,  
Like a mathematician,  
Some freshman were amazed,  
At show she performed like a magician.

Math was her music,  
Her very passion,  
'Twas her instrument,  
And of her great ration.

Math was her art,  
For she knew all equations,  
Math was her specialty,  
For she had no lacerations.

She knew every great parabola,  
She knew every line,  
She knew every variable,  
To every stinking shrine!

She knew all equations,  
Even every  $x$ ,  
She knew all persuasions,  
To even the Latex.

She worked like a computer,  
Like a motherboard,  
She never had a telephone,  
With a chain and chord.

However, I know nothing,  
For she has passed,  
She went onto college,  
Where she has her mast.

Justin Reamer

# Allegory

We will only get to our vacation spot  
If we follow the road of glory.

Justin Reamer

# Ally

Ally, you are my dear friend,  
And I am thankful for all that you do,  
For you are very special to me.  
You are a very good friend,  
And I cannot forget what you've done.  
You are a great friend and  
A superb person.

Your hair,  
Long and blond,  
Shines in the sun as it waves  
Within the wind,  
And your eyes,  
As blue as Lake Michigan itself,  
Sparkle like stars  
When your smile reveals  
Your big shiny teeth  
That illuminate the night  
Like a flashlight  
And contaminates everyone's thoughts  
Contagiously so,  
And you speak with great repartee.

You are very friendly and kind,  
Giving to everyone who needs help,  
And you are careful to listen,  
Slow to judgement,  
And you help everyone in need.

You are ferocious with a soccer ball,  
Running across a field like the Flash,  
And kicking it with all of your strength,  
You hit it into the goal  
To help your team win the game.  
You practise constantly,  
And you are a valuable asset to your team,  
For you want to work hard to do well,  
And I commemorate you for that.  
Yet you are not just a team player on the field,

For you are also a team player off the field as well.

You give to people constantly,  
And you want to help them succeed.  
You try to help people smile,  
With all of your gregariousness,  
And all of your vivacity,  
You show people the good in life  
And make them laugh.

You work very hard in school,  
And you do well in helping other people,  
For you are a great tutor now,  
You will eventually become a great teacher one day  
For you are one of the most helpful people I know.  
You want to help people,  
Which is great,  
For you are compassionate,  
Kind and thoughtful,  
Sweet and savoury,  
And much more,  
And you help people no matter what.

You are a great scientist,  
Loving the way the world works,  
And yet, you love God,  
For He has done a lot for you,  
And has blessed you all the same,  
And you want to help other people  
See Him in their lives as  
You see Him in yours.  
You are a gracious person,  
Listening to people when they have troubles,  
And guiding them in whatever way you can.  
When people feel downtrodden,  
You lift them back up.  
When they are happy,  
You laugh with them.  
When they are angry,  
You mollify them.  
You are Christ-like in many ways.

When people are hungry,  
You give them food;  
When people are thirsty,  
You give them drink;  
When people are tired,  
You let them rest;  
When people are naked,  
You clothe them;  
When people are sick,  
You nurture them in whatever way you can;  
When people are conflicted,  
You console them;  
When people are in trouble,  
You try to help them out;  
When people are uncertain,  
You guide them;  
When people seek help,  
You help them in whatever way you can.

Ally, you are a wonderful person,  
And a great, amazing friend.  
You are beautiful and smart,  
Intelligent and loving,  
And a faithful Christian at best.  
You will become a great teacher,  
A wonderful mother,  
A charming wife,  
A valuable grandmother,  
And a magnificent scientist.  
Your compassion knows no bounds,  
And the athlete in you will strive to succeed.  
You are a wonderful person,  
For you have shown me compassion  
And great love,  
And I reciprocate the compassion you've shown me,  
For we are siblings in Christ,  
And I am glad that I can call you my friend,  
Since there is no stronger bond than family—  
The family of the Church.  
Thank you for all that you do, Ally,  
There are not many who know compassion,  
And there are certainly not many like you.

Keep up the good work,  
And may God bring peace to you  
And bless you all of your days.  
God bless you!

Justin Reamer

# Altercation

We argue and we quarrel,  
Get into fistfights and whatnot,  
But it doesn't matter  
Because we always end up tying  
Till we fight again.

Justin Reamer

# Amb Vostè

El meu estimat, vol fer-li saber

Una cosa que és molt important per a mi,

I una cosa que pot ser

Molt important per a vostè, també,

Si el valor només el meu amor

Tant com valoro la teva.

El meu estimat, han estat amb tu per

Sempre que puc recordar.

Recordo quan érem infants

I els nostres pares eren veïns,

I érem veïns, també,

Per descomptat,

I els nostres pares a programar '-dates de joc'

Com s'anomenaven a ells en aquest llavors i encara ho fan ara,

I hi havia molt més que això.

Vostè, el seu germana i el seu germà vindria a sobre,

I vols sortir amb el meu germà, la meva germana i jo.

Recordo que vaig pensar que les nenes eren bruts,

I m'agradaria evitar que,

I pensava que tenia una malaltia,

Així vols evitar mi, també.

Però, després d'un parell de setmanes,

Ens vam fer amics,

I ens vam adonar que teníem en comú, molt

I que podia confiar en els altres.

Ens vam fer molt a prop,

I volem jugar a Super Mario Brothers junts,

I volem jugar a Pokémon,

I ens vols veure els dibuixos animats de Disney,

Amb Mickey Mouse, ridícul i Donald Duck,

I ens agradaria mirar Looney Tunes junts,

Amb Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,

Sylvester el gat, Tweety l'ocell,

Wile E. coiot, el correcamins,

Marvin el Marcià,

I ens agradaria mirar Tom i Jerry junts,

I veia el gat boig rep una pallissa per

El ratolí molt elegant i enginyosa.

Va ser molt divertit.

Recordo que l'escola primària,  
En el primer grau,  
Quan vols tenim altres amics,  
Però érem inseparables,  
Perquè ningú podria fer-nos seure a distància  
Els uns dels altres,  
Per a nosaltres van ser millors amics,  
I ningú que no podia aturar.

Recordo que en el segon grau,  
Quan érem els dos en la lectura,  
I llegim molts dels mateixos llibres,  
Incloent-hi Junie B. Jones,  
Stanley plana, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest i la sèrie de Harry Potter.

Recordeu que quan estem acostumats a parlar  
Harry Potter tot el temps,  
I Recordeu que quan estàvem tots molt contents  
Sobre la nova pel·lícula de Harry Potter que surt?  
Va ser genial.

Vam ser grans amics.

Recordeu que l'escola mitjana?

Estàvem tan maldestres llavors,

Per que pensem que seria

Mai no data a tots,

Perquè pensem que era repugnant,

I, encara, va actuar com un parell,

Però, vam començar a participar en els millors llibres,

Com Pendragon, les cròniques de Underland,

I molt més.

A continuació, et recordes l'escola secundària?

Fer, el meu estimat, i he de dir,

Era impressionant,

Per això era quan em vaig adonar que tenia sentiments

Per vostè i vostè tenia sentiments per a mi, també,

I arribem junts,

I el major parell mai.

Ens vols estudiar junts, recordes?

I parlem sobre clàssics

Com els escrits per Charles Dickens,

Lleó Tolstoi, William Shakespeare, Fiódor Dostoievski,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (un dels seus favorits) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald i John Steinbeck,

I Virginia Woolf i Mary Ann Evans (dos dels quals

Van ser alguns dels seus favorits personals) .

Recordeu, que estaven també en filosofia, també,

Especialment quan parlem de

Plató i Aristòtil,

Sòcrates i Sant Justí,

St. Joan i St. Paul,

St. Tomàs d'Aquino,

St. Agustí d'Hipona,

Sant Pere apòstol,

Immanuel Kant,

Sòfocles i Virgili,

Homer i Eurípides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

René Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Confuci i Sun Tzu,

Laozi i Siddhartha Gautama,

Sant Francesc d'Assís,

I Bertrand Russell.

Recordo que ens va encantar totes les seves obres,

I que hem tingut un gran temps parlant d'ells.

Llavors recordo que tots els balls,

Per Homecoming era una dansa maldestre,

Per la gent de mòlta i whatnot,

Bola de neu va bé,

Però no era el més gran.

No obstant això, prom era l'experiència més gran,

Durant dos anys van molt bé amb vostè, estimat,

I em va encantar com va ballar i tenia un bon temps,

No importa el que el DJ estava jugant,

Fins i tot si era la música crappy rap,

Hip-hop fora de control,

Impressionant rock-and-roll,

Música pop fresca,  
Una cançó lenta,  
Música Country de qualsevol tipus,  
El ritme enèrgic ballant,  
O fins i tot ballar a la salsa  
O la Macarena,  
O YMCA,  
O fins i tot el can-can.  
  
Vaig tenir un gran temps amb vostè,  
Fins i tot quan bevien els nostres amics  
El cop de puny va broquetes amb laxants,  
I quan va trencar vestit del seu amic,  
Que revela una mica massa per gust propi.  
  
Després de recordar la nostra graduació,  
I que va ser gran,  
Per allà estàvem junts,  
I llavors va dir que ens estimem,  
I sé que ho fem,  
Perquè pot sentir en el meu cor.

Després vam anar a la Universitat junt,  
I l'experiència ha estat gran per a  
Els últims tres anys,  
I, ara som gent gran,  
I sóc encara feliç d'estar amb vostè, estimat.

No obstant això, tinc alguna cosa a dir-te,  
Perquè estic segur que voleu escoltar-lo,  
Desitjo fer-li saber abans de fer qualsevol  
Grans decisions en les nostres vides, estimat,  
Perquè t'estimo més que res,  
I sé que estem en l'amor,  
Però la nostra relació tindrà amb compromís,  
I molt més que això.

El meu estimat, my sweetheart,  
T'estimo,  
I saps que,  
Però el que vull dir és que  
He passat tota la meva vida amb tu,  
I vull estar amb tu

Per a la resta de la meva vida,  
Per a vostè és la persona més gran  
En tota la meva vida,  
I no hi ha ningú com tu.

Vostè és la persona que sempre pot riure amb,  
Somriure a cada vegada que estic tenint un bon dia,  
Mirar de parlar amb quan tinc problemes  
O problemes de qualsevol tipus,  
Buscar ajuda quan estic estudiant alguna cosa  
Boig com la biologia molecular,  
Química orgànica,  
O càlcul, finances, macroeconomia  
(Que és una classe horrible, per cert) ,  
O estadístiques, la física quàntica,  
O fins i tot administració d'empreses,  
O una mica boig com comptabilitat,  
Mirar per consolar-me quan estic trist,  
Buscar ajuda quan estic deprimit,  
Veure programes de televisió com sobrenatural  
I Family Guy i South Park

Cada nit,  
Practicar la meva fe amb cada dia,  
Per tant creiem en Déu,  
I ell ens ha proporcionat amb tanta,  
Parlar sobre els llibres i les coses acadèmiques  
I fins i tot política i filosofia  
I els problemes del món amb  
I fins i tot la ciència amb  
Perquè tots dos són becaris,  
I la persona que em casaria  
Perquè t'estimo molt,  
I m'encantaria per sempre.

Vull estar amb tu,  
Per sempre,  
Fins i tot quan vam anar al cel junt,  
Vull estar amb vostè llavors,  
Per que vull passar la meva vida amb tu,  
I mai deixo per a ningú,  
Perquè vostè és la noia perfecta  
I la dona perfecte per a mi.

Tu ets la meva nòvia ara,

Però vostè podria ser la meva xicota

Al dia següent,

I vull que siguis la meva dona.

Vull casar-me amb tu,

I tot i que el seu pare

Realment no aprovar de mi,

Estic segur que podem treballar-ho,

I el meu sogre,

Pot ser un gran home per a mi,

Com el meu pare és molt aficionat a vostè,

I la seva mare és aficionat a mi,

I com la meva mare és aficionat a vostè.

Vull casar-se a vostè,

Per al matrimoni és una cosa Sagrada,

I matrimoni realment a expressar el nostre amor,

Per com Jesús va dir,

Quan dos casar-se,

' L'home i la dona seran una sola carn '

I vull viure la paraula de cada dia segons de Jesús,

I sé que tots dos ens encanta igualment, Jesús

I anem a viure al seu nom.

Anem a ser una sola carn,

I mai no es de divorci,

Per l'altre hem sabut durant vint anys,

I sabem que l'altre a tot el nostre rigor,

I no necessitem un diccionari

Saber que l'amor és,

Perquè som millors que la

Parella de mitjana que es va casar amb un any després.

I, podem tenir nens si voleu,

O, no hem de tenir fills, si no vol,

Per això és totalment de vostè,

Ja que vostè és el que dóna a llum.

Si vostè vol tenir fills, naturalment,

Això està bé,

O si voleu adoptar-los,

Això és bo, també,

Perquè podem tenir tants nens que vostè desitja,

Ja sigui un únic fill,

Dos fills,

Tres fills,

Quatre fills,

Vuit fills,

Una dotzena de nens,

Quinze nens,

Vint anys,

1.000 (mil) ,

O fins i tot 4,000,000 (quatre milions)

Nens,

No importa, per a la decisió

És fins a vostè,

I pots decidir

Què voleu fer amb el seu cos.

Pel que fa a noms de nens,

Els I tenen només una limitació:

Que no ser cap nom boig

Com 'Gir' o 'Chupacabra'

O una cosa així com 'La-a' o 'Femenins'.

No obstant això, podem discutir aquests termes quan arribi el moment,

Per que és quan estem realment casar-se,  
I això és per a nosaltres d'acord o en desacord en el futur.

No obstant això, estimada, vull dir

Que vull en la meva vida,

I t'estimo més que res,

I si vostè no vol que jo,

Això està bé,

Però will always love you,

I, ara que estem a punt de graduar-se,

Només vull dir que vol casar-se amb vostè,

I no durant la Universitat,

A partir d'ara mateix,

Però després hem llicenciat,

I tots dos han començat a carreres,

Però vull dir,

Que m'agradava passar la meva vida amb tu,

I vull seguir la meva vida amb tu, la despesa

Per a la resta de la meva vida,

A través de la veritable i sagrat sacrament del matrimoni.

Vull estar amb tu per a la resta de la meva vida,

Per a vostè és el són l'únic que vull ser

I la cosa és, no hi ha res més a dir,

Però que t'estimo, estimada,

I que vol estar amb tu.

Justin Reamer

# Ambivalence

It is something of question,  
These emotions that I feel,  
They are all conflicting,  
And my mind is going blank.

You see, I happen to like a girl,  
A girl who is happy and pure,  
And she is a good friend of mine,  
A friend that I hold dear to me.

She is a blond, a beautiful blond,  
Who is cuter than any other,  
And her humour is great,  
Better than slate,  
That it is, in fact, so contagious.

She cares about others,  
Before all else,  
She is accepting of everyone.  
She is always happy and friendly,  
With everyone that it goes to show,  
That her optimism is long-lasting.

She is a kind one,  
Always good to her friends,  
Whether they are boys or girls,  
Blonds, brunettes, or redheads,  
White or black,  
Native or foreigner,  
Christian, Muslim, Jewish, Hindu, or Buddhist,  
Atheist or agnostic,  
Liberal or conservative,  
Creative or logical,  
Artistic or uncreative,  
Orthodox or outsider,  
Conformist or rebel,  
Radical or reactionary,  
Realist or empiricist,  
Intellect or buffoon,

Abled or disabled,  
Rich or poor,  
Realistic or dreamer,  
Mature or puerile,  
She treats them all the same.

The girl is kind to all,  
Selfless in every way I have seen,  
She is accepting to all,  
Unlike commonstream that goes around.

She does have her troubles,  
She does experience her pain,  
But she is always happy,  
Whenever she's around me.

The girl is very artistic,  
Creative in every sense  
She knows what  
She does with 3-D Design,  
Knowing perfectly well  
What she can do.

She also likes to sing,  
With that beautiful  
Voice of hers,  
And she also likes to dance,  
With that childlike energy of hers.

As you can see,  
She is good company,  
Especially to have around your life,  
And I admire her candour,  
Just like that of Enjolie.

She is a good friend,  
As we confide in each other,  
It was just like Enjolie and me,  
Who also grew very close.

But, I have a problem,  
My emotions, as you see,

Let me explain them,  
For you know they cannot be.

The girl is very easy to talk to,  
Whenever I see her,  
She makes me smile,  
Her smile is her biggest trait,  
For it makes my heart leap.

Her body does not matter to me,  
As it would to a normal horny teen,  
And though she has a nice one,  
I cannot stand to be mean.

Impertinence, I hate,  
That I cannot stand for,  
But let me be loud and clear,  
Because I have great candour.

The girl is easy to laugh with,  
She is always filled with fun,  
I know this because of my emotions,  
Whenever my heart skips a beat.

But that is the positive side of it,  
Of which I made very clear,  
There is also a negative side,  
Of which I contemplate.

The girl is like someone I knew,  
Just like the brown-eyed beauty,  
She has the same sense of humour,  
Always laughing at everything.

She has the same qualities  
As the maiden I once loved,  
She has the same characteristics  
As the girl I thought was beautiful.

They both laugh at everything,  
With their contagious laughs of theirs,  
They both are always happy,

Unlike anyone I'd seen.

They both care about everyone,  
Which is unbelievable,  
They are accepting to all,  
Which is quite crazy to the eye.  
They both like to sing  
With their great voices,  
And they hum with  
Their beautiful voices of theirs.

They both like to sing,  
With their beautiful voices of theirs,  
They both reach the octaves remarkably,  
And they have their vibratos to add to it.

But that's what makes me hurt,  
For I don't want *deja vu*,  
I do not want to hurt my friend,  
As I hurt the brown-eyed beauty.

The maiden was innocent and pure,  
Just as my friend is,  
And she was hurt so badly,  
Just because I wronged her.

I did not want to hurt my friend,  
I did not want her aching,  
That's why I'm ambivalent,  
With an ongoing internal war  
Inside of my heart.

I did not want to hurt her,  
For I would feel so guilty,  
But she was like an angel,  
And the girl is just as pure.

Justin Reamer

# Ambling

The trees are green with love  
As I walk beneath the canopy,  
The sun shines from above  
While all of this is happening.

Here, in the woods is desire  
For the creatures as they sing,  
And love is a passionate fire,  
Showing its immaculate ring.

The waterfalls are blue in the distance  
As they crash onto the ground,  
And in an instance,  
The wheel in the sky turns round.

Justin Reamer

# American Family

In a room of pristineness to the naked eye,  
The young lion roars because he has not been fed  
In quite a long time and longs for  
The stork's attention,  
But she cannot manage because she has been  
Busy for such a long time,  
For she cannot support everything at once.

The Banshee screams because something  
Has not gone the way she has wanted it to,  
Because she feels like she has been left out,  
And the mouse feels like she cannot  
Take it anymore,  
Because the problems were caused by  
The Monster who had done what he did,  
Very long ago,  
Who is now back to torment them again,  
And the twain who scream and yell,  
Have suffered the loss of their sense.

Justin Reamer

# American Inferno

A European captain came,  
An Italian at that.  
He was a rather rude chap,  
An egoist, egomaniac, and sociopath;  
He was an opportunist seeking new opportunity,  
Trying to find a route to 'India, '  
As he called it,  
For he, the man named Christopher Columbus,  
Knew that the world wasn't flat.

He convinced the king and queen of Spain  
To let him sail across the world,  
And so he sailed,  
And sailed he did,  
As he sailed across the Atlantic Ocean.

He sailed across the Atlantic Ocean  
And landed in the Caribbean Sea,  
To find the Bahamas,  
Which he called the 'West Indies, '  
Convinced it was India.  
Little did he know,  
Inhabitants lived on the island,  
And he came in and saw them all,  
Noticed how they were 'unhuman, '  
'Savage-like, ' and 'primitive.'  
He decided then to make them his slaves,  
And the Native Americans were tortured.

Columbus, that jerk,  
Made the Americas Slaughterhouse 5,  
And he killed every Native American  
He called an 'Indian, '  
Every man, woman, and child,  
Taking many men as slaves,  
Raping many women and  
Taking them as sex slaves,  
And making many children slaves also.

He established the encomienda system,  
Screwing everyone over,  
And the king and queen of Spain were proud  
Of what old Columbus had done.  
Yet, the jerk could never find his gold,  
For he never found one ounce of it,  
Nor did later explorers ever find 'Florida, '  
The Fountain of Youth everyone spoke of.

Eventually the Reformation came to Great Britain,  
And Oliver Cromwell won the English Civil War.  
He ruled the nation as a Puritanical state,  
A commonwealth, that is,  
But he soon fell after he died.  
Then the king came back,  
And he began to persecute people all  
Over again,  
Even when they weren't Anglican.

Many Anglo-Saxons were exiled to  
The Americas where they could find refuge.  
William Penn founded Pennsylvania  
So that the Quakers could have a refuge  
From the king who ruled in Great Britain,  
And Lord Baltimore founded Maryland  
So that English Catholics could have  
Refuge, too.  
The Puritans and the Pilgrims  
Migrated to the Northeast  
To start a more perfect society  
Among the colonies.

Other Englishmen then came  
And began to establish colonies for  
The sole purpose of making money.  
And the world began to spin.

The fire soon began,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't like this inferno,  
But we tried to fight it  
So the world could turn.

Eventually, the French came over and gave  
The English a hard time,  
And they were allied with the Huron,  
The Iroquois, and so many more.  
The French and Indian War,  
Or the Seven Years' War began,  
And things changed for the better.  
The English won the war,  
After losing many soldiers,  
And the French fled to Canada.

They began to get involved in the colonies,  
After the colonies had become independent,  
They soon began to tax the hell out of them,  
And made them subject to tyranny.

The fire soon began,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't light the inferno,  
But we tried to fight it  
So the world could turn.

Due to English tyranny,  
The revolutionaries sprang,  
Washington, Franklin, Jefferson,  
And many more wrote the  
Declaration of Independence,  
Which the king and Parliament soon  
Disregarded.  
They then began to strike,  
And the American Revolution began,  
And they fought for their freedom,  
And win it they did after  
A long and difficult war.

The fire soon began,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't light the inferno,  
But we tried to fight it  
So the world could turn.

Long after that,  
The government tried to form its role,  
So they made the Articles of Confederation,  
So that they could rule themselves.  
The states had more power  
Than the Federal Government itself,  
But it didn't work out  
Because the whole thing was a sham;  
The whole thing was a sham.

The feds could not tax the states,  
And the states had their own currency,  
Making everything confusing,  
The state militias could not do much,  
There was little law and order,  
And Shays' Rebellion threw everything out of whack.

So what do we do now  
That the Articles are not working  
What on Earth can we do?  
God knows what we do,  
So we just keep on going.

The fire soon began,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't light the inferno,  
But we tried to fight it  
So the world could turn.

The Congress then gathered again,  
And they formed the Constitution  
After many long years of debating,  
And they formed the Bill of Rights  
To make the Anti-Federalists happy.  
George Washington became the first president,  
And Benjamin Franklin was happy on his deathbed,  
So they were pretty good for all it was,  
And nothing went wrong.

Yet, there were more troubles to pursue,  
As it was implied,  
For slaves were all over the board,

And they were taken from their homes,  
Tortured, beaten, and treated inhumanely.  
They compromised the slave trade,  
Saying there would be no more slave trading  
From other parts of the world,  
But the Africans who came there were under  
Tyranny in the South for the next fifty years.

Women still suffered, too,  
But they were not quite ready,  
But there would be a time  
When they would stand to fight,  
And would take out the men in charge.

The fire soon began,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't light the inferno,  
But we tried to fight it  
So the world could turn.

John Adams became president,  
And everything was swell,  
But the Quasi-War  
And the XYZ Affair  
Made everything go out of whack for him,  
For people did not like his idea of  
Trying to commence peace.

But Adams did what he had to do,  
So he maintained the peace.  
He never went to war with France,  
So he succeeded in his office.

Adams then served one term,  
And Jefferson took office,  
And Jefferson did what he had to do,  
To make the place seem great.

The fire soon began,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't light the inferno,  
But we tried to fight it

So the world could turn.

Jefferson purchased Louisiana,  
Bombed out pirates over in Africa,  
Failed on his embargo,  
But was a pragmatist the whole time.

During his reign,  
Crazy things appeared,  
Like the Shakers who believed in 'free love, '  
And the Utopians that believed in  
The perfect society.  
Of course,  
It didn't work out,  
So it didn't matter anyway.

Jefferson got his Republican cabinet  
Angry with him because he  
Did not stick by Jeffersonian statutes,  
So they tried to get rid of him  
By giving him opposition.

Jefferson, however, served two years,  
However successful it may be,  
But he did everything he could to  
Serve his country well,  
To serve his country well.

The fire soon began,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't light the inferno,  
But we tried to fight it,  
So the world could turn.

John Madison became president,  
And did whatever he could  
To help the U.S. stay afloat,  
But the War of 1812  
Tore everything apart,  
And it was the weirdest thing anyone  
Could have ever seen,  
Especially when the Brits burnt

Down Washington, D.C.,  
Making the place a hellhole,  
But Madison still prevailed.

The fire soon began,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't light the inferno,  
But we tried to fight it  
So the world could turn.

James Monroe then took office,  
And he had a relatively good year,  
But there was a depression quickly in that year,  
And he established the Monroe Doctrine  
That made the whole world laugh,  
For he was just doing something crazy  
That would make now sense,  
But he, all in all,  
Had a good term, too.

The fire soon began,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't light the inferno,  
But we tried to fight it  
So the world could turn.

John Quincy Adams took office,  
Nothing new here,  
But people did not like him much,  
For he was kind of a truant,  
Strange, eccentric, and quixotic,  
Irresponsible and lazy,  
For he served only one term,  
And not much else happened after that.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light,  
But tried to fight it,  
So the world could turn.

Andrew 'Jackass' Jackson then took office,

Killing off many Cherokee Indians  
Because he wanted to make room for  
White settlers.

The Trail of Tears took many lives,  
And the Cherokees suffered greatly from it.  
He also sent many African Americans  
Back to Africa where they were poor  
For the rest of their lives.

He was the leader of the Democrats,  
And those jackasses were capable of nothing  
But their own damned self-interest,  
Doing nothing good for the minorities.  
Jackson served two terms,  
And then he left office thereafter.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light,  
But tried to fight it,  
So the world could turn.

The next couple of years began  
The Era of Manifest Destiny,  
Beginning with James K. Polk,  
And many other presidents,  
And so forth.

The people wanted to settle the land,  
So they pioneered West,  
And took advantage of the opportunities there,  
And many Native Americans died because of  
The pioneers' cruelty,  
Including the Sioux, the Lakota, the Cheyenne,  
The Crow, the Hopi,  
The Chippewa, and so on.

The Gold Rush took place in California,  
And many people died of greed,  
So people suffered greatly  
From Manifest Destiny.

The abolitionists,  
In the meantime,  
Had the slaves in mind,  
And tried to do everything they  
Could to help them throughout the land,  
Gain their freedom  
And their independence.  
And that they tried to do.  
But the abolitionists suffered an  
Even greater amount due to persecution  
Throughout the nation.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light it,  
But tried to fight it,  
So the world could turn.

Soon, Lincoln took office,  
And the South threatened to secede from the Union,  
And that they did,  
But Lincoln would not let them,  
And soon the Civil War began,  
And many people died after five long years of fighting.

But after many casualties,  
The North won,  
And the slaves were set free,  
From Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation,  
And things changed after that.

John Wilkes Booth then came by  
And shot Lincoln in the back of his skull  
While the President was watching  
A theatre show in Ford Theatre,  
And Booth assassinated the President,  
Through and through,  
And the President died that night.

Booth jumped off the balcony and ran,  
And he got away until the cops caught him  
After limping into a bar,

Where the man shot himself with a musket.

After Lincoln was dead,  
People tried to steal his body,  
And succeeded,  
But the Feds managed to recover it,  
In no time at all.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light it,  
But tried to fight it,  
So the world could turn.

After the Civil War,  
Reconstruction began in the South,  
And the government did not do so well there,  
But they passed the Thirteenth Amendment  
Abolishing slavery for good;  
The Fourteenth Amendment,  
Saying every man has a right to vote,  
And the Fifteenth Amendment,  
Saying they have equal treatment under the Constitution,  
For they are American citizens.

But Reconstruction failed,  
And Hayes let it go back to the South,  
Where the South went back to Jim Crow laws,  
With segregation and shit like that,  
And with the Ku Klux Klan running wild  
Everywhere they went.

Meanwhile, in the West,  
General Custard and company led a  
Campaign to kill all the Native American tribes  
In the West,  
And he was defeated at Little Bighorn,  
Which made the government go out and kill  
Many Native Americans who were deemed 'Savages, '  
And the West became a slaughterhouse of genocide,  
Killing many Native Americans across the land.

The West was genocidal,  
And the South was going to be Jim Crow for  
The next century or so,  
Ignoring the importance behind it.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light it,  
But tried to fight it,  
So the world could turn.

Later came the Teddy Roosevelt years,  
When the Industrial Revolution came,  
And big business became rampant in the land.  
John D. Rockefeller,  
Andrew Carnegie,  
And J.P. Morgan became big in the land,  
Becoming more powerful than the government,  
And they ruled it like crazy,  
Treating their employees like crap.  
But out of it,  
Came new industries,  
Such as electricity,  
Steel, trains,  
Cars, and so forth.  
America was modernising.

Yet, there was imperialism,  
When the U.S. took over the Philippines,  
Cuba, Guam, Puerto Rico,  
Panama, Nicaragua, Hawaii,  
And so on.  
They screwed over China,  
Made a heated compromise between  
Russia and Japan,  
And made many more angry.

Women also tried to start fighting for their rights,  
But they were battered down everywhere  
They went,  
And were humiliated,  
No matter what it cost them.

But Teddy and company  
Made everything 'perfect'  
For the United States,  
And he loved the office he ran,  
And man did he love politics.  
Screwed people over,  
that is.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light it  
But tried to fight it,  
So that the world could turn.

In the 1900s,  
The Progressive Reform came,  
And Rockefeller and Standard Oil,  
And Carnegie and U.S. Steel  
Began to lose their power  
Because they lost their monopoly,  
And people were having safer working environments.  
The unions won the case,  
Something Walmart could never suppress.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light it,  
But tried to fight it,  
So that the world could turn.

World War I came around,  
And we went against Germany,  
And we crushed them,  
Despite many casualties,  
And we went to the Treaty of Versailles,  
Which made everything worse.

Yet, women got the right to vote  
In the year 1920,  
And they began to express their freedom,  
Which was a success to them.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light it,  
But tried to fight it,  
So that the world could turn.

The 1920s were crazy,  
Making many Americans drink  
And party in their time of prosperity,  
But then the Great Depression came in 1929,  
Making everyone look for work,  
And America was in despair.

Then Franklin Delano Roosevelt came into check,  
And he offered America a second chance,  
And that chance came,  
When people found success  
In a depleting and recovering economy,  
For they were finally in love with FDR.

FDR served four terms,  
And he ran them well,  
Doing the best he could to  
Serve his people's interests.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light it,  
But tried to fight it,  
So that the world could turn.

World War II came around,  
After Adolf Hitler was seeking revenge,  
And the Japanese were in a depression,  
For Pearl Harbour got us in,  
And we went in and took them out,  
And we won the war.

The Germans surrendered easily,  
And Adolf Hitler killed himself,  
Even after mistreating all the Jews

And the Gypsies,  
Bohemians, homosexuals, criminals,  
And disabled.  
The Holocaust was over.

The Japanese suffered the wrath of the A-Bomb  
After Truman let its lease go,  
And they surrendered soon enough,  
For they did not want to see their people suffer.

But people back home suffered,  
Including the German Americans  
And the Japanese Americans  
Who were persecuted and put into internment camps,  
Even after FDR died.  
They suffered all,  
And gained expiation for it.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light it,  
But tried to fight it,  
So the world could turn.

Things far worse began,  
For the Cold War started,  
And there was Joseph McCarthy,  
The Cuban Missile Crisis,  
The Korean War,  
Vietnam,  
The Berlin Wall,  
Josef Stalin and friends,  
Khrushchev and friends,  
The children of Phelidomide,  
The Civil Rights Movement,  
Which succeeded in the end,  
Roe v. Wade,  
The Gay Rights Movement,  
Which did not end well,  
And a lot of persecution to come.

In 2001,9/11 happened,

Killing many people,  
But the Iraqi War came and went,  
And did not end until 2011  
When Obama ordered the termination  
Of Osama bin Laden.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn,  
But we didn't light it,  
But tried to fight it,  
So the world could turn.

The world continued to turn,  
Long after the Inferno keeps burning,  
And the world keeps crumbling,  
But the world is getting better,  
For we are beginning to work together  
To put out the flames of history,  
And to save the world we live in,  
For may God bless the Earth and all His people.

The fire ignited the land,  
Making the world burn;  
We didn't light it,  
But tried to fight it,  
So the world could turn,  
And turn it did.

Justin Reamer

# Amorphous

It has no form,  
For it's like a blob!

Justin Reamer

# Ampersand

Barnes & Noble,  
Pretty cool, huh?  
I guess I like it a lot  
& it makes a lot of sense.

Justin Reamer

# Amusement

Insanity embraces them both,  
Whether they like it or not;  
They fail to realise the signs  
That are right in front of them.

In all honesty, it is very amusing,  
To see them do what they do,  
Whether it's averting her gaze  
Or a conspiratorial whisper,  
I cannot help but laugh.

They fail to realise that  
I am in love with the seraph,  
And they fail to realise  
That my feelings for them are gone.

One speaks in conspiratorial whisper,  
Hating my presence,  
And I cannot help but recall freshman year,  
When she did the same thing again.  
I cannot help but laugh,  
For she ignores the signs,  
For I don't feel for her anymore;  
I feel for the blond-haired seraph.

The other is a resultant of fear;  
One who looks at me fearfully,  
And then averts her gaze;  
And it's the same thing that happened  
Sophomore year, only a year ago,  
When she did the exact same thing.

I cannot help but laugh as well,  
For she fails to realise the signs;  
I walk past her with the seraph every day,  
And she fails to recognise who she is,  
And she does not even notice how  
I even tend to behave with her,  
Or even my behaviour around her.

I cannot help but laugh at her  
Own version of reality,  
The one where I'm the bad guy,  
Or the villain, as a matter of speaking.  
I cannot help but laugh.

They both are delusional in  
Their own perceptions,  
For they fail to recognise the truth,  
And they fail to recognise where  
My true feelings lie, if anything.  
And this is why I laugh,  
Amused at the very sight.

Justin Reamer

# An Affair

An affair of awful proportions,  
A lover's quarrel of darkness and deceit  
Ruining my reputation and, most of all,  
My relationship with my wife.  
Contamination in a putrid dish,  
A stain irremovable from clothing,  
A blotch of ink in my soul,  
Shame overcame me,  
Ruining what I stood for.

Stupid, I was; delusional, in fact,  
To commit such a vile fling,  
My wife and I in despair,  
A vile, putrid man, I am.  
My wife, I love more than anyone,  
And to her, I am devoted.  
To wrong her was my greatest pain,  
An arrow searing through my heart.

Sunk in the dark abyss,  
Shielded from the saving light,  
Pain and guilt consumed my soul,  
So I tried to set things right.  
Speak, you shall, a voice said,  
For love lies in your heart.  
Let your conscience be your guide,  
So you can set everything aright.

And speak we did, a conversation unforgettable,  
Followed by an accepted apology,  
The fragrance violets give when stepped upon.  
Redemption reinstated its vows,  
And Forgiveness rained down from the heavens,  
As Love reclaimed her birthright,  
Enduring through all the trials.  
Tears of joy filled my eyes as the realization appeared:  
I had a dream, and it was a dream come true.



# An Idiot

I guess I can be an idiot,  
I just don't know why,  
If you could tell me,  
That would please me,  
Then I would know the reasons why.

Justin Reamer

# Ana

A collection of miscellaneous stuff,  
Something I will not know  
Why my mother decides to collect,  
But the ana is there for a purpose,  
For which I am not sure why,  
But it will be there always,  
And that I am sure.

Justin Reamer

# Anachronism

What is Lincoln doing in the Vietnam War;  
That is not right at all!

Justin Reamer

# Anacoenosis

So, what do you think of this issue, my friend?  
Do you think abortion is a good thing to have?  
Is it okay to take a child's life  
Just because the mother decided to get pregnant  
And irresponsibly fornicate,  
Or just because she doesn't want to have it  
Because she got raped in the first place?  
Do we really have a choice to take someone else's right to life?  
That baby can live, right?  
The mother doesn't have to kill a human being  
Just to make things right, right?  
Can she not put her child up for adoption  
So that a better-suited parent can  
Take care of him or her?  
What do you think?  
I want your opinion,  
So that my peers and yours  
May know what the matter is about.

Justin Reamer

# Andrew

Andrew,  
I want to tell you something,  
Which means a lot to me.  
You are with the woman I love,  
And I am happy you are with her.  
You are a good man and a great servant,  
So I just ask that you take care of her;  
Never falter in anything that you do.  
She deserves a great man like you,  
And deserves your support.  
Just watch over her,  
And make sure she is okay  
So that she will be okay.

Justin Reamer

# Angel Of Honesty

When I look at you,  
My insides writhe together,  
My stomach has a lurching feeling,  
Butterflies fly around it,  
And my heart beats faster,  
Often skipping a beat.

When I look at your blond hair,  
I think of the sun,  
And its radiance,  
And its beauty that it possesses.

When I look into your eyes,  
I think of the lake and the sky,  
And all its refreshing radiance.  
I see your vibrant soul through them,  
And I see the vivacity,  
Singing ballads through your blue irises.  
And I know that affection is in them,  
In some way or another,  
And I see the eyes of Guinevere,  
Which are very like your own.

But when you smile,  
My mood is uplifted,  
And my heart races,  
And I feel as light as a feather,  
As if I'm flying through the air,  
Free with you,  
And feeling everything great,  
For your smile brightens everyone's hearts.

I will tell you, my angel,  
I care about you,  
And I know you have had rough times,  
But I will stand by you.  
I know what you are going through,  
For I have been there myself,  
And I am aware of the healing process,

And I will be there always.

I know you are recovering,  
And I understand that,  
But due to the nature of my good heart,  
I will help you stand your trial.

However, I know I am a fool,  
For I know you don't feel the same,  
But I would be a fool not to say it,  
So, I will openly admit it,  
I love you,  
In every way possible.

I am but a buffoon,  
And I understand that,  
But a girl will never fall for me,  
Especially you, my angel.  
I don't have much to offer,  
For 'tis why there's not interest,  
And many of them hated me,  
So there's not much left unsaid.

But, as a loyal friend,  
And because of my own heart,  
I will stand beside you,  
No matter what it takes.

I will counsel you whenever necessary,  
And I will be there for you,  
And I will always be there,  
No matter what the cost.

Justin Reamer

# Angelic Trisagion

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

V. Lord, open my lips.

R. And my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

V. O God, come to my assistance.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,

R. As it was in the beginning, is now and will be forever. Amen.

The decade below is recited three times, once for each member of the Trinity.

All: Holy God! Holy Strong One! Holy Immortal One, have mercy upon us.

V. Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

The following part of the decade is repeated nine times

V. To Thee, O Blessed Trinity, be praise, and honor, and thanksgiving, for ever and ever!

R. Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of hosts. Heaven and earth are filled with Thy glory.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,

R. As it was in the beginning, is now and will be forever. Amen.

End of Decade

Antiphon

God the Father unbegotten, only-begotten Son, and Holy Spirit, the Comforter; holy and undivided Trinity, with all our hearts we acknowledge Thee: Glory to Thee forever.

V. Let us bless the Father, and the Son with the Holy Spirit.

R. Be praised and exalted above all things forever.

Let us pray,

Almighty, ever-living God, who has permitted us Thy servants, in our profession of the true faith, to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the

power of that majesty to adore the Unity, grant, that by steadfastness in this same faith, we may be ever guarded against all adversity: through Christ our Lord.

All: Amen

All: Set us free, save us, vivify us, O Blessed Trinity!

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

V. Domine, labia mea aperies.

R. Et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

V. Deus in adiutorium meum intende.

R. Domine, ad adiuvandum me festina.

V. Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto,

R. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

The decade below is recited three times, once for each member of the Trinity.

All: Sanctus Deus, Sanctus fortis, Sanctus immortalis, miserere nobis.

V. Pater noster, qui es in caelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum. Adveniat regnum tuum. Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in caelo et in terra. Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie, et dimitte nobis debita nostra sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

The following part of the decade is repeated nine times.

V. Tibi laus, Tibi gloria, Tibi gratiarum actio in saecula sempiterna, O Beata Trinitas.

R. Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus exercituum. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.

V. Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto,

R. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

End of Decade

Antiphon

Te Deum Patrem ingenitum, te Filium unigenitum, te Spiritum Sanctum Paraclitum, sanctam et individuum Trinitatem, toto corde et ore confitemur, laudamus, atque benedicimus: Tibi gloria in saecula.

V. Benedicimus Patrem, et Filium cum Sancto Spiritu.

R. Laudemus et superexaltemus eum in saecula.

Oremus.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui dedisti famulis tuis in confessione verae fidei, aeternae Trinitatis gloriam agnoscere, et in potentia maiestatis adorare Unitatem: quaesumus, ut eiusdem fidei firmitate, ab omnibus semper muniamur adversis. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

All: Amen.

All: Libera nos, salva nos, vivifica nos, O Beata Trinitas!

Justin Reamer

# Anger

Brother, may I ask you a question?  
I hope it's not too much for me to mention,  
But I hope I can get your attention,  
Before you get suspension.  
Well, I have an important question of you,  
So, I hope you will be quaint,  
Because patience is a good virtue,  
And I know you're not a saint.  
Why, dear brother,  
Why do you feel so stingy?  
Why do you hold so much stress,  
That you must possess,  
That it makes you so angry?  
I see your short temper  
Every time someone does something stupid,  
I see your stress and your pain  
Whenever someone teases you of cupid.  
I see the pain in your eyes  
Whenever someone wrongs you,  
I see the frustration in your veins,  
For this is so true.  
I see that you are hurt,  
That you cannot escape the pain,  
I see that you are rampant,  
Wanting to escape the rain.  
But why, brother,  
Why do you hold on to your anger?  
Why do you not talk about it,  
Instead of putting people - and yourself - in danger?  
Your anger is a mystery,  
For someone, I know, has wronged you,  
But you know that holding pain  
Will only hide what's true.  
Why do you let loose anger on your family,  
Even though your sister may be irksome?  
Why can you never be happy,  
Even when your family isn't jerksome?  
Why, brother,  
Why do you have to fight?

I understand you hurt inside,  
But you have to know what's right.  
If there's anything you need to talk about,  
I am always here;  
For I know you need consoling,  
There is no need to fear.  
So, brother, try letting it go  
And give some lease,  
Do not let it bother you,  
And try to be at peace.

Justin Reamer

# Anima Christi

Soul of Christ, sanctify me  
Body of Christ, save me  
Blood of Christ, inebriate me  
Water from Christ's side, wash me  
Passion of Christ, strengthen me  
O good Jesus, hear me  
Within Thy wounds hide me  
Suffer me not to be separated from Thee  
From the malicious enemy defend me  
In the hour of my death call me  
And bid me come unto Thee  
That I may praise Thee with Thy saints  
and with Thy angels  
Forever and ever  
Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Animus

Enemies we are,  
So we have loathing for each other,  
Hatred like no one has ever seen.

Justin Reamer

# Antidisestablishmentarianism

Don't you dare tear down these walls,  
You mangy folk of scorn,  
For you are a bunch of infidels,  
With backs that are full of thorns.

How can you be so evil,  
As to tear down these walls of this Church?  
How can you obey them,  
When you know that it's all mirth?

Don't you get it?  
Religion is important here,  
And you will let it happen.  
I don't give a damn for  
The Communist Regime,  
Even if they chappen.

No matter what you do to these walls,  
The Church will always stand,  
The Bible is infallible,  
And God will claim His land.

You damn Communists will never  
Eliminate this faith,  
For we will stay in worship,  
And you loom over us like a wraith.

Tell Stalin damn him,  
And damn him for all he's done,  
Look at what he did to Russia,  
And to everyone.

We have the right to worship,  
To God Himself Almighty,  
You do not have to follow the tyrant,  
Who is quite so plighty.

The Empire did not work,  
That I will admit,

But imagine all the people starving,  
That I won't acquit.

Stalin is a villain,  
A man of tyranny,  
No wonder why Lenin refused  
Such a man of criminy.

Trotsky should have replaced our father,  
For he believed in our Father,  
But Stalin had him put to death,  
For being such a bother.

Remember what Tolstoy said,  
Back in 1910;  
Remember what he tried to do  
When he educated his men.

He said that peace was achievable,  
With passive resistance;  
But what I've seen so far,  
Is your lack of consistence.

The Church shall not fall,  
No matter what you try;  
You'll regret all you do,  
And let me tell you why.

Scripture states that Christ is there,  
Always and forever,  
And no matter what you do,  
You are not that clever.

Christ can stand infallible,  
Even in the gates of hell;  
Stalin can easily fall,  
With his sacrificial bell.

You know not what you do,  
you don't know what you brought,  
But let me tell you you will experience,  
What God has wrought.

If you collapse these walls,  
You will fall in turmoil;  
For unbeknownst to you,  
You will fall to the soil.

You will have many decades  
Dealing with starvation,  
And you will be battered senseless  
By Stalin's soldiers' concentration.

You will all work the land,  
Days and days on end,  
And you can do nothing,  
For the government is not your friend.

The writers and intellectuals  
Will all be oppressed;  
And the newspapers will be censored,  
For optimism is oppressed.

You will all be persecuted  
By leaders decades on end,  
And you know you'll have trouble,  
For no one is your friend.

You will have days of torment  
Wrought with sick and ailments,  
You will die eventually  
From your recent jailments.

But one day, there'll be a symbol,  
When your country will fall,  
For it will come out clean,  
With the collapse of the Wall.

Hear me out,  
As you put me to death,  
But remember what I said,  
As I take my last breath.



# Antithesis

I am a man who loves different things,  
Yet I have a lot of internal conflict,  
Because I tend to contradict myself,  
So many times that I cannot believe it.

I am very extroverted,  
And I love people,  
But yet,  
I am very introverted,  
And I would rather be alone,  
For people bother me,  
And are very irritable.

I am a happy man,  
And I love to smile and nod,  
And yet,  
I am very depressed,  
Because I do not know how to live life,  
And yet,  
I am angrier still,  
Because the world has betrayed me,  
And my life is a wreck,  
Thus making it a hellhole.

I am very mysterious,  
For I am unpredictable,  
And no one really knows me,  
For that is why they like me,  
But yet,  
I am predictable,  
And I am all too familiar,  
So I am not exotic in the least,  
And people do not like me at all.

I like to play sports,  
For they are very fun,  
And I am an all-star athlete,  
So that makes me all the more popular,  
But yet,

I hate sports,  
And I hate being active,  
And I cannot stand to see people playing,  
And being competitive  
Over stupid shit like  
Football, American football,  
Baseball, cricket, croquet,  
Golf, tennis, basketball, hockey,  
Volleyball, track and field, cross country,  
LAX (lacrosse) , badminton,  
And whatever damned sports there may be.  
I cannot stand them in the least.

I am very artistic,  
For I draw, paint, write,  
Play music and act,  
Sing and sculpt,  
And do so much more,  
But yet,  
I hate art,  
For I think it is boring,  
And I cannot stand looking at it,  
For it makes me sick,  
So, yes, I hate that, too.

I am very fun,  
For all my friends love me,  
And they love hanging out with me,  
Because I always know what to do,  
But yet,  
All of my friends are not my friends at all,  
For they only pretend to like me,  
For I am very boring,  
And I do nothing but sit on the couch  
And watch TV,  
And I cannot even make my own decisions.

I am very honest,  
And I will tell the truth,  
And I will help people in whatever  
Way I possibly can,  
No matter what the circumstances,

But yet,  
I am not honest,  
For I lie,  
And try to flatter people,  
For I think telling people  
The truth about them  
After they ask obnoxiously  
Over and over again  
Is such a petty thing,  
So I hate people  
And trying to be honest toward them.

I am very smart,  
And I study hard,  
And I work hard,  
And I get A's in school,  
For I have a good work ethic,  
But, yet, I am quite dumb,  
And I do not study at all,  
And I am very lazy,  
And I have been getting grades  
From C's all the way to F's,  
So I am not so good at school.

I am very confident,  
And I articulate my words clearly,  
And I am always calm when speaking,  
And I am a great public speaker,  
But yet,  
I hate public speaking,  
And I have a very low self-esteem,  
And when I talk in front of a group,  
I get nervous and anxious,  
And I begin to stutter,  
And I begin to stammer,  
And I articulate words poorly,  
So I hate public speaking.

I am very polite,  
And people like talking to me,  
For I do not interrupt people  
When they are speaking,

And I know that I am not  
The centre of attention,  
And I have good manners when  
I eat at the dinner table,  
And I am courteous  
And do not say bad things to people,  
And I am very generous with my gifts,  
And I volunteer my time for  
Those who are less fortunate,  
But yet,  
I am very impolite,  
And people cannot stand being around me,  
And I am very rude,  
For I interrupt conversations,  
Insult people during their moments of stupidity,  
Am very impertinent,  
Stuff my mouth,  
Eat with my hands,  
Have food dripping down my face,  
Say many bad things about people,  
Never give my time to anyone but myself,  
For I am a narcissist,  
And I am the centre of attention,  
And I am impertinent,  
And I never give any money away,  
And I hate volunteering my time for  
Those who are less fortunate.

In all reality,  
I do not really know who I am,  
For there are so many different truths  
To me,  
That I need to figure myself out,  
For I am not sure at all who I am.

Justin Reamer

# Apathy

I am a victim of your apathy,  
And you know it is true,  
For I know what pain feels like,  
And it is hard to believe  
That it can possibly be real.

Whenever I approach you,  
You pretend that I do not exist,  
And whenever I try to talk to you,  
All you do is shrug your shoulders,  
Nodding all the way.

Truth is that I love you so,  
And yes, love you, I did,  
But your heart,  
I know not,  
Why you are so cursed  
And hateful inside.

Your apathy is painful,  
For it sticks an arrow in my heart,  
As if hatred and abhorrence put it there,  
And aggression was the intention,  
But clearly 'twas not,  
For there were other reasons besides that.

The reason for this pain is your apathy,  
For your indifference  
And your nonchalance and negligence  
Are the reasons I suffer so.  
You are not painstakingly evil  
Or hard to be around,  
Nor are you the worst person  
In the world;  
The truth is that you have  
No conscience,  
Or you are oblivious to the world around you,  
For you do not seem to see  
The pain you cause those who love you.

I love you, my dear,  
But your apathy has harmed me,  
And it has harmed me to the point  
That I have almost surrendered,  
And that giving up will  
Be the only liable option,  
Since quitting has been circumspect  
With someone like you,  
Whereas I have received abhorrence  
From so many other people who were like you,  
Yet they are not you at all.

Justin Reamer

# Aphorism

An apple a day  
Keeps the doctor away.

Justin Reamer

# Apocalypse Fluked

As it seems today,  
On the Winter Solstice of 2012,  
That the Mayans proclaimed and predicted,  
That the world was supposed to end,  
Yet the problems we face  
Are not present,  
And so we keep on living,  
As I look into the mirror,  
And see my reflection gazing at me intently,  
And I put my index finger on my neck,  
Next to my coronary artery,  
And I feel my pulse beating,  
Not rapidly,  
But calmly,  
And I feel lungs breathe  
With every breath I take,  
For I know that I am still alive,  
And the Mayan Apocalypse  
Of the Winter Solstice has not come,  
Even on the shortest day of the year,  
Of 21 December 2012.

All I know is that I can  
Keep on living,  
For I know I am not dead,  
With my brain still thinking,  
My sight still working,  
My hearing all the more sensitive,  
My touch still functioning,  
My heartbeat calmly pulsating,  
My breath calm and smooth,  
And no sweat on my brow.  
God has not called the world to end,  
And those who believe in the Mayan Apocalypse  
Have made a mistake.

God knows when the hour of the end times come,  
And we will never know for sure,  
But we do know that He will always be there,

And whenever that time comes,  
We will be ready for Him.

So, we must keep on living,  
No matter what,  
For the end is not yet at hand,  
And the Apocalypse is not here,  
And Armageddon is a long way off.  
May we all have a merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year.

Justin Reamer

# Apostate

He renounced his religion  
Just for his share of chocolate? !  
That's crazy! I would never do that.  
Wait, he did it because he doesn't believe  
In God in the first place;  
For I am sorry for him.

Justin Reamer

# Appeasement

I was so angry,  
But this TV show  
Brought me some peace.

Justin Reamer

# Apposition

How well-adapted is he for his position;  
I am so glad I hired him!

Justin Reamer

# Apprising

Thank you for apprising me, dear sir,  
I commend you for it greatly.

Justin Reamer

# April

the month of spring,  
when showers are famous,  
when trees are at their greenest,  
and the grass are happy  
to be alive in general,  
and the animals are awake,  
and the birds are chirping,  
and new life begins,  
for good and for all.  
the month of Easter,  
usually as it goes,  
when Jesus rose from the dead,  
to ascend into heaven,  
to save us from our sins,  
and the month of my sister's birthday,  
when she turns 23 this year,  
and will keep getting older  
with every year to come,  
and the month of so much more,  
for life has just begun.

Justin Reamer

# Arabesque

That's a beautiful ornament you have there.  
Is it of any value?

Justin Reamer

# Arbour

I walk along the trees,  
In the sweet summer,  
When all is warm and bright,  
And all creatures sing in the distance,  
For there is nothing to fear.  
Birds sing their melodious tunes,  
And deer walk quietly among the bushes.  
Frogs croak in the ponds  
And toads make their resounding guttural noise  
Coming from the base of their throat.  
The ducks swim around the pond,  
Searching for their food,  
And the geese swim,  
Guarding their young,  
As one major family.

As dusk comes about,  
The forest gets darker,  
And my eyes begin to adjust to the night,  
And more creatures come out,  
The nocturnal ones that one sees.  
The owl hoots as the night progresses,  
Calling if anyone can hear him.  
The coyotes and the wolves  
Howl at the moon,  
Asking it to mourn their troubles,  
Mourning their woes and their troubles, as well.  
Crickets chirp in the grass,  
Making beautiful songs for all to hear.  
A skunk skitters by me,  
Paying no attention to my presence  
As I stood there watching it.  
A moose looks at me,  
And wonders what I am doing,  
And then goes about its business.  
Rabbits rush past me,  
Trying to make it into their den,  
And the fox chases them,  
Looking for its evening meal.

The porcupine goes about its own business,  
And makes sure that it is safe,  
And mice squeak as they rush past me,  
Knowing it is okay  
To be where they are.

I walk around all night,  
And soon dawn comes about,  
And then I go home,  
To where I can sleep,  
And get some rest.

I come back to the forest in the winter,  
When I have progressed through the business of life,  
And I see snow has covered all the trees,  
And the trees' branches are bare,  
With no leaves covering them at all,  
Except for the conifers,  
Such as the pines and the spruces,  
And the firs and the elms,  
Which keep their needles throughout the year.  
There is no song which the birds sing,  
And the pond is frozen over.  
Fish probably swim throughout it,  
But the frogs have disappeared,  
Going into hibernation.  
The geese and the ducks migrated,  
Long ago in autumn,  
In which many people call 'fall, '  
And the deer are not present, either,  
Anywhere to be seen.  
Raccoons walk around,  
Scrounging for food,  
As do opossums,  
And the occasional white-tailed deer.  
There are no bears from what I could see,  
For they are in a long rest,  
Waiting to be awakened.  
Songbirds fly around,  
Looking for whatever food they can find,  
Which is very unlikely.  
The air is cold,

And the snow is brisk,  
For everything is frozen from what I can see,  
For all the trees have snow and icicles  
Hanging upon their branches,  
And ice covers the ground I walk on.  
There are no insects buzzing past my ear,  
For the mosquitoes are gone,  
Fruitflies and deerflies,  
Horseflies and spiders,  
And the butterflies,  
The dragonflies,  
And the bumblebees are all gone,  
For they have all passed,  
And others are dormant for the winter.  
The arbour is silent,  
And I cannot here a sound,  
Except for the voice of my own thoughts,  
Which I hear constantly whispering,  
As I think to myself in this winter wasteland  
I see here in front of me.  
The winter is like solitude,  
For nothing is hear but me,  
And no one dares walk out here but I,  
In which I can see no one else,  
And it is as silent as death,  
For everything is lifeless,  
Barren and desolate,  
And the morose raven caws during the day,  
As it takes the souls of its fellow animals,  
That of animalia,  
Away to their afterlife,  
And Death,  
As morbid and morose as he is,  
Takes the lives of the Aged,  
And fears no one but his own solitude,  
But he does his duty, anyhow,  
And he fulfils it in whatever means necessary.

I stand here,  
And I know it is not my time to die,  
But I wonder how the others are,  
The ones who sat here in the spring,

Who lived a livelihood,  
And now are gone with it.  
I know not what happened to them,  
But I know that things have changed,  
And life changes inevitably,  
And I know it will always go on.

One day, I will die,  
And I will have  
To face the fact,  
But it is not my time yet,  
Even as the absence of life  
Sends chills down my spine,  
For the aged are gone,  
Childhood over,  
Adolescence askew,  
And adulthood goes on,  
And I know not what Death  
Has done here.  
But, I will move on with life,  
And will live to see another day,  
For Death has not come for me yet.  
I know I will live on.

I walk back to my house,  
And seek the warmth of my fire,  
And I go to sleep to wake to another day,  
Continue the business of life,  
And then come back here to reflect in the summer,  
Where life will return at once.

Justin Reamer

# Ares

I am Ares,  
And I am the god of war,  
For it is very  
Nice to meet you,  
My dear friend.

You may hear otherwise from  
My family,  
But I am  
The manliest god around.

I mean,  
I know how  
To fight  
And how to take  
People on,  
And I am the strongest  
Of them all.

However, to the other gods,  
I am a pain in the arse,  
But that is okay,  
Because I am a brave warrior,  
And I can impress anyone,  
Even the lovely Aphrodite.

I guess my problem  
Is that I have a bit  
Of a temper issue.  
I have a bit of a problem  
With anger management.

My family says that  
I need to take anger  
Management classes  
In order to take care  
Of my horrible temper,  
But, hey, I don't have  
A terrible temper,

Do I?

I mean, c'mon,  
I'm a nice guy;  
I am nice to people,  
I am great company,  
And I am great to  
Have around in sports.

Okay, so maybe I get frustrated  
With video games,  
And maybe I smite people  
When they tick me off  
Or outsmart me,  
And maybe I get a little angry  
When people cheat at discus  
Or fencing,  
Or even swordfighting,  
But that doesn't mean I am  
A bad guy, right?

Of course it doesn't!  
It doesn't mean I have  
A Type A personality,  
And I don't hurt people  
On purpose,  
And, hey, it's cool, right?  
Yeah, I guess you're cool  
By me.  
Thank you for that.

Now, my family thinks  
I am really irritating  
When it comes to war,  
Because I have no strategy,  
And I always screw everyone up,  
And it makes everyone angry.

Now, I don't know  
What their deal is,  
But I don't need a plan,  
Or even a strategy,

Because I just go out  
And do what is required of me,  
And I improvise on the spot,  
Doing the best performance ever.

I mean, I am the best warrior  
In my family,  
So it would only make  
Sense that I don't need a strategy,  
But then again,  
Whenever I get stabbed,  
It hurts like hell,  
And I hate it.

Pain is death to me, man,  
And I guess all I can do is cry  
Because it hurts so much,  
So even though I am a warrior,  
I try to avoid pain as much as possible,  
For pain is my worst enemy,  
And, yes, it makes me cry.

However, Mother and Father  
Always hate me.  
(In case you  
Did not know,  
Zeus is my father,  
And Hera is my mother.)

My mother says I act  
Like a toddler,  
Like a child,  
Because I am impulsive,  
Rude and obnoxious,  
A crybaby,  
And foolish.

My father says I act  
Like an infant,  
And I am a bane  
To all the heavens above,  
And that I should have

Never been born,  
And am a fool,  
If anything.

But, hey,  
Screw them!  
I have my own life  
To live,  
And you know what?  
I am the toughest out  
Of all of them,  
And I know what I am doing,  
So they can just  
Suck my @\$%^@.

So, yeah, I am tough,  
And I know it,  
So that is what matters to me,  
Because I am the god of war,  
And you shall hear my cry,  
No matter where you are,  
So you better watch out,  
Because I may come after you,  
And I will show you  
Just how tough I am.

Justin Reamer

# Argal

You will do as  
It is written accordingly.

Justin Reamer

# Arie

I remember a woman,  
I had met long ago,  
A sweet woman with long blond hair,  
And beautiful eyes.  
She had a pretty smile,  
And a great heart.  
She loved to read  
And had great aspirations.  
She continues to do well  
In all that she does,  
Because she is the girl  
I once knew.

Justin Reamer

# Arras

What an interesting tapestry you have,  
Bearing your family's insignia,  
Its name,  
Its illustration,  
And all the embroidery around it;  
It's wonderful!  
Who made it for you?  
I would love to see who did,  
For he would be of great help to me.

Justin Reamer

# Arrears

Oh, man!  
These bills are long since overdue,  
And there is not enough money to pay them,  
So let's pay them quickly,  
Or else I will sink into the sand.

Justin Reamer

# Article

A, an, the.

We use these to clarify,

Such as the stop sign

Instead of a stop sign.

Do you notice a difference?

Justin Reamer

# Artistry

The thing we do, they call it chemistry,  
But we call it artistry.

We painters, painting pictures like photographs,  
Contributing to our culture's artistry.

We photographers, capturing moments of history,  
Showing our contribution to artistry.

Writers we are, illustrating the world around us,  
All showing the characters in definite artistry.

We sculptors, sculpting things grand and lifelike,  
Showing the greatness of artistry.

Weavers and knitters, people making clothing for children,  
Express their creation through wonderful artistry.

Sketchers drawing beautiful drawings like black-and-white photos,  
Contributing to the wonderful works of artistry.

Embroiderers showing great tapestries,  
Contributing to wonderful artistry.

Sewers making great quilts passed on from generation to generation,  
Showing the wonderful works of artistry.

Illustrators forever more,  
Showing great artistry.

And Mr Roberts notices the wonders,  
All belonging to artistry.

Justin Reamer

# As Death Waits At My Door

I sit there, waiting, listening,  
Aging, decaying, corroding,  
Decomposing,  
As the Silence overtakes me,  
Slowly devouring my body,  
And incapacitating my soul.

Silence, which has been here  
For so long, the sound not  
Of peace and harmony,  
Not of the sounds of serenity,  
But the sounds of despair  
And desperation,  
Have been with me for a long time.

The vacuum overtaking my mind,  
Blindness overlooking my pupils  
Like a light, blinding veneer,  
Covering my face like a façade,  
Deafness trying my eardrums  
As old age creates the regrets  
Of my own life, tearing my flesh  
As old memories kill my soul.

Alone, I have sat here in solitude,  
For far too long as my mind,  
Now a brittle baseball from  
Alzheimer's Disease deteriorates  
Into the vacuum which began it  
So long ago.

Like a black hole,  
My corpse, which is almost as I am,  
A quadriplegic with no hope in life,  
Implodes as I deteriorate,  
Slowly fading from existence  
As the veil of illusion  
Covers my eyes and takes my life.

A long, hard knock resounds  
Through my room as I await  
A visitor I have expected  
For such a long time.  
My time has come,  
And in my despair and desperation,  
Perhaps I can find peace  
In an eternal slumber  
As Death waits at my door.

Justin Reamer

# As The Rain Falls

The man walks through the wasteland,  
Looking throughout with his eyes,  
He had survived the Apocalypse,  
Which along came a drought.  
The bomb that hit the soil,  
Descended from outer space,  
Destroyed everything in its path,  
As humanity was wiped from the Earth.  
Yet, the man had survived,  
And he was all alone,  
And like Hamlet,  
He fought for sanity,  
Looking for other survivors.

The man looked all around,  
Looking at the wasteland,  
For the drought destroyed everything,  
Leaving only a sandy desert.  
The man saw nothing and no one  
As he followed the lonesome road,  
He just waited for someone,  
For someone to show his face.  
The man had on him  
A gun, water, and a backpack,  
And in his pack,  
He carried his life support.  
In his pack, he carried  
Food, water, a revolver, a machete,  
The Bible, the Works of Shakespeare,  
The Catechism, a crucifix, a rosary,  
Two pairs of clothes,  
And an extra pair of hiking boots  
To push him along his trek.

The man looked around,  
Looking for a sign of anyone,  
He continued his lonesome trek,  
Without stopping for miles.  
By the time he reached a tree,

The only living tree he found,  
He sat beneath its shade,  
Taking quite a resh.  
His feet ached,  
His head soaked with sweat,  
His hands shook rapidly,  
His legs ached with cramps,  
His body full of fatigue,  
He sat down and began to rest,  
Looking up at the sky.

Clouds gathered before his eyes,  
Turning the sky a deep grey,  
Then the rain- the cleansing rain-  
Began to fall for the first time.  
The man got on his feet again,  
And he washed away the stains,  
The sand fell off his clothes,  
And he smiled at the rebirth.

It had not rained for so long,  
And life was back again,  
But as the rain falls,  
The man had company,  
But when it stopped,  
He would begin his trek again,  
Searching and searching,  
For any sign of humanity,  
All by himself.

Justin Reamer

# Asperger's Syndrome

My disability  
Is a very  
Real thing,  
My dear friend,  
And I must say  
That it is rather  
Hard living the way  
I do,  
For I cannot really  
Tell what people want  
Sometimes,  
If I am not on  
My medication.

Yes, if you want to  
Know,  
I have ADD,  
Tourette's Syndrome,  
And Asperger's Syndrome,  
But none of them is far worse,  
Than that of Asperger's Syndrome,  
That form of autism that I have,  
That is not low IQ,  
But is much like Savant Syndrome,  
Which makes me very smart,  
But I must say,  
It is hard  
To be who I am today.

It all began with a head injury,  
When I fell from a merry-go-round,  
In 1994,  
When I broke my skull,  
And had surgery on me,  
And had a metal cap placed  
In my skull.

I had damage to my frontal lobe,  
My cerebellum,

And my cerebral cortex;  
I had bad balance,  
And could not walk,  
Until I was age two.

When I started school,  
I had a problem,  
For I had a learning disability,  
For I was diagnosed  
With ADD,  
Tourette's  
And Asperger's Syndrome,  
Which made it hard for me to learn.

ADD took my attention away,  
So I could not focus on  
The teacher when she talked,  
And Tourette's was fidgeting,  
Sound making,  
And seizure-like,  
Whenever I was too stressed out.

The worst was Asperger's Syndrome,  
Which is the one I carry,  
It is my form of autism,  
Which makes it hard for me to learn.

Asperger's Syndrome limits me,  
For I cannot do certain things  
That others can,  
And I must say that it is hard,  
Having a fool like me.

I could not communicate well to people,  
For it gave me Selective Mutism,  
For I could not talk to people  
That I did not know,  
And I was extremely shy.

I could not understand  
Social situations,  
So if someone was angry at me,

I would not be able to understand,  
Unless he or she  
Started yelling at me.

I could not understand  
Or even comprehend my environment,  
For if something changed around me,  
I would not realise it  
Unless someone told me.

I could not understand  
The things that people said  
To me,  
For I was rather slow,  
With the information I picked up.

I did not have vicarious learning,  
For I could not tie my shoes,  
And I could not understand  
How to throw a baseball  
Or how to shoot a  
Basketball through  
A lay-up  
The right way.

Sports were a challenge for me,  
For I had no hand-eye  
Coordination,  
And the gym teacher would yell at me,  
For I threw the ball way far off.

And learning was a challenge,  
For I could not comprehend reading,  
It was almost as if I had  
Dyslexia,  
Instead of autism in general.

And, yes, I was challenged,  
And I made it through,  
For I am going onto college,  
After graduating high school,  
With a 3.75 GPA.

I am no prodigy,  
But I am doing a lot better,  
With being on medication,  
Helps me quite a lot.

I cannot wait for college,  
For it will be great,  
And my disability is under control,  
Better than it was before.

I am sorry if I hurt anyone,  
For I do not mean to do so,  
And I hope you are fine,  
Even with my disability.

My disability makes me unique,  
And that is always true,  
I know I will be great,  
And so will you.

Justin Reamer

# Asperity

Watch your tone,  
Young man,  
For it is too harsh  
For anyone to hear,  
For you must calm down,  
Or your temper will get  
You nowhere in life.

Justin Reamer

# Asterisk

There is something missing \* if you  
Just don't happen to know.\*

Justin Reamer

# Astringence

The boa can constrict so tight;  
I mean, look at what he's doing to my arm!

Justin Reamer

# Atoms

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Justin Reamer

# Audacity

You have the audacity to say that?  
You're brave son, but not that brave;  
Recklessness will get you nowhere.

Justin Reamer

# August

the month of late summer,  
when the climate cools down,  
which was founded by Augustus Caesar,  
to put in the Roman calendar,  
and yet there is not much  
going on at this time,  
yet 'tis the time before school,  
that is great in general,  
cuz 'tis the month before school,  
that is the greatest of all,  
in which one can relish his or her memories,  
and go on with life.

Justin Reamer

# Aunt Gail

Oh, Aunt Gail,  
How I miss you so,  
For you have always been  
Good to us;  
We miss you so much,  
We wish you were here,  
To see us succeed in all that we do.

You were so good to your family,  
Helping Uncle Rick with whatever problems  
He happened to have,  
Holding Michelle closely in  
Her times of need,  
Helping Chris when he got in trouble,  
Helping Ben when he needed help,  
And listening to Laurel when  
She felt down in the dumps.

You were good to all of us, too,  
For you were funny and sweet,  
Loving and kind,  
Good to all of us here,  
But we miss you so much.

Aunt Gail,  
Why did you die?  
We wish you were back here with us,  
For we miss you so much.  
I hope you are in heaven now,  
And I'm sure you are,  
For you were such a good person in life,  
But, since you're up there,  
Please tell Jesus to watch over us,  
And tell our Heavenly Father  
How much I love Him  
With all my heart,  
And that I hope to join Him someday.  
Please tell Him and let Him know,  
Even though He may already.

But, Aunt Gail,  
I know we miss you now,  
But I know I will see you again  
One day,  
And we will be family all over again,  
But with the power of Christ on our side.

Justin Reamer

# Austerity

The roughness is so harsh;  
I can't believe it.

Justin Reamer

# Autism

Conspicuous to society,  
Eccentric, estranged, an outcast;  
A leper among the Hebrews,  
An imbecile among the intelligent;  
Noticeable, but insignificant,  
Nothing of merit whatsoever.

A muzzle disabling speech,  
Chains bolted to the wall,  
Manacles restraining manipulation,  
A cage to quarantine its subject.

Seen by all, he knows not;  
To see everyone, he knows.  
To interact, he cannot,  
Though compassion he desires.

The mind is the prison,  
Holding him to misunderstanding.  
His struggle for liberation,  
Endless for eternity,  
While the bonds and chains,  
Reinforced and holding strong,  
Prevent the progress of breaking free.

Justin Reamer

# Autistic

I am sorry, sir,  
But I must admit  
That I cannot understand you,  
They say my IQ is extremely high,  
But my abilities for 'social cues, '  
Whatever those are,  
Are extremely low,  
For I have a disability called autism,  
Which is a condition I have,  
And I confess if I annoy you,  
For I do not wish to harm you  
In any way whatsoever.

I just want to let you know,  
Before you judge me outright,  
That I have Savant Syndrome,  
A form of autism  
With much intellect.

My IQ is  
Approximately 198,  
But when it comes to social cues,  
There is nothing I can do  
To help me with it.

If you raise your voice to me,  
I probably won't understand,  
For I am not ignoring you,  
I just don't understand your meaning.  
I may just keep talking,  
And I must admit it's hard,  
For I am not trying to make you angry,  
But merely living my life.

If you were sad,  
I probably wouldn't  
Be able to tell,  
For I am not good with  
Body language,

Unless I see you yell.

If you were nervous,  
I might not be able to tell,  
For I cannot tell stress  
From relaxation,  
Or your problems  
From mine.

I confess, sir,  
That I am not much  
Of a people person,  
That I must admit  
I have it hard,  
And I am sorry that  
It is that way.

I try my best  
To get better  
At what other people  
Are capable of,  
But,  
I am sorry to say,  
It is my condition,  
That limits me to what  
I can  
And cannot  
Do.

So, please forgive me,  
Sir,  
If I upset you,  
In any shape,  
Way, or form,  
For I try to help it,  
But I cannot help myself,  
And my disability holds me back.

Thank you for your kindness, sir,  
For I really do appreciate it,  
For I try my best,  
And you know it, too,

And I hope you have a good day.

Justin Reamer

# Autocrat

The autocrat rules the society.  
He is Josef Stalin,  
Adolf Hiter,  
Attila the Hun,  
Alexander the Great,  
The king or the emperor,  
The Soviet Premiere,  
The Fuhrer, the Kaiser, or the Tsar,  
Or whatever else it may be.  
For the autocrat rules all.

Justin Reamer

# Autumn

The leaves change colour,  
Rainbow in the canopy,  
Beauty everywhere.

Justin Reamer

# Autumn Leaves

Rainbows on the branches of trees,  
Burning embers the colour of flames,  
Dance with the wind as  
The campfire in the forest  
Sways and dances with each  
Push of moving gust.

They burn slowly,  
The kindling beneath them  
Empowering their beautiful  
Flames to burn brighter,  
Tempera unfathomable to man.

Then slowly they fall,  
Turning brown as the  
Fire begins to go out,  
Embers descending to the underbrush,  
The only remnants of the flames  
To be remembered by the  
Bright burning leaves of autumn.

Justin Reamer

# Auxiliary Verb

A verb used to describe mood,  
Which is pretty cool,  
And it describes tense,  
And it expresses the distinction.  
It is pretty awesome!

Justin Reamer

# Avarice

I want everything, and I want it now,  
And I want everything, and I want it now,  
And no one can stop me,  
For I want it now! ! !

Justin Reamer

## Avec Vous

Mon cher, je veux que vous sachiez

Quelque chose qui est très important pour moi,

Et quelque chose qui peut être

Très important pour vous, aussi,

Si vous appréciez mon amour juste

Bien que j'apprécie beaucoup vôtre.

Mon cher, j'ai été avec vous pour

Aussi longtemps que je me souviens.

Je me souviens quand nous étions enfants,

Et nos parents étaient voisins,

Et nous étions voisins, aussi bien,

Bien sûr

Et nos parents pourraient planifier « play-dates »

Comme on appelle à l'époque et encore maintenant, de faire

Et il y avait beaucoup plus que cela.

Vous, votre sœur et ton frère viendrait plus,

Et vous serait passer du temps avec mon frère, ma sœur et moi.

Je me souviens avoir pensé que les filles étaient flagrantes,

Et je voudrais éviter de vous,

Et vous pensiez que j'avais une maladie,

Pour moi, serait trop éviter.

Mais, après quelques semaines,

Nous sommes devenus amis,

Et nous avons découvert que nous avons beaucoup en commun,

Et que nous pouvions faire confiance mutuellement.

Nous sommes devenus très proches,

Et on pourrait jouer Super Mario Brothers ensemble,

Et nous jouerait Pokémon,

Et nous aurait regarder des dessins animés de Disney,

Avec Mickey Mouse, Dingo et Donald Duck,

Et on pourrait regarder Looney Tunes ensemble,

Avec Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,

Sylvester le chat, Tweety l'oiseau,

Wile E. Coyote, le Roadrunner,

Et Marvin le martien,

Et on pourrait regarder Tom et Jerry ensemble,

Et j'ai vu le chat fou get tabassé par

La souris très intelligente et pleine d'esprit.

C'était très amusant.

Je me souviens à l'école primaire,  
En première année,  
Quand nous aurions d'autres amis,  
Mais nous étions inséparables,  
Car personne ne pourrait nous faire s'asseoir loin  
Les uns des autres,  
Car nous étions les meilleurs amis,  
Et personne ne pouvait arrêter que.

Je me souviens en deuxième année,  
Quand nous étions tous deux en lecture,  
Et nous avons lu beaucoup des mêmes livres,  
Junie B. Jones, y compris les  
Clément aplati, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest et la série Harry Potter.  
Rappelez-vous quand nous avons l'habitude de parler  
Harry Potter tout le temps,  
Et rappelez-vous quand nous étions tous excités  
Au sujet du nouveau film de Harry Potter qui sort?  
C'était génial.

Nous étions de grands amis.

N'oubliez pas d'école?

Nous étions si maladroits,

Car nous avons pensé que nous serions

Jamais jour du tout,

Car nous avons pensé que la datation était dégueulasse,

Et, pourtant, nous avons agi comme un couple,

Mais, nous avons commencé à s'engager dans les meilleurs livres,

Comme Pendragon, les chroniques de Underland,

Et bien plus encore.

Ensuite, vous vous souvenez de lycée?

Je le fais, mon cher, et je dois dire,

C'était génial,

Pour qui a été quand j'ai réalisé que j'avais des sentiments

Pour vous et vous eu des sentiments pour moi, trop,

Et nous sommes arrivés ensemble,

Et nous étions les deux plus grands jamais.

On pourrait étudier ensemble, n'oubliez pas?

Et on se parle classiques

Telles que celles écrites par Charles Dickens,

Leo Tolstoy, William Shakespeare, Fedor Dostoïevski,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (un de vos favoris) ,

Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck et F. Scott Fitzgerald

Et Virginia Woolf et Mary Ann Evans (deux d'entre eux

Étaient certains de vos favoris personnels) .

Rappelez-vous, que nous étions aussi en philosophie, aussi,

Surtout quand nous avons parlé de

Platon et Aristote,

Socrate et Saint-Justin,

Saint-Jean et Saint Paul,

Saint Thomas d'Aquin,

Saint Augustin d'Hippone,

St. Peter l'apôtre,

Emmanuel Kant,

Sophocle et Virgile,

Homère et Euripide,

Sir Francis Bacon,

René Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Confucius et Sun Tzu,

Laozi et Siddhartha Gautama,

Saint François d'Assise,

Et Bertrand Russell.

Je me souviens que nous avons aimé toutes leurs œuvres,

Et que nous avons eu un grand temps de parler à leur sujet.

Puis je me souviens de toutes les danses,

De retour au pays était une danse maladroite,

À cause de gens meulage et autres joyeusetés,

Et boule de neige a été tout droit,

Mais ce n'était pas le plus grand.

Toutefois, le bal a été le plus d'expérience,

Pour ces deux années ont été formidables avec vous, mon cher,

Et j'ai aimé comment nous avons dansé et passé un bon moment,

N'importe ce que le DJ jouait,

Même si c'était la musique rap meridienne,

Hip hop hors de contrôle,

Roll génial,

Musique pop fraîche,

Une chanson lente,

Musique country d'aucune sorte,

La danse, du swing énergique

Ou encore danser la salsa

Ou la Macarena,

Ou du YMCA,

Ou même le cancan.

J'ai passé un bon moment avec vous,

Même lorsque nos amis bu

Le coup de poing qui a été dopé avec des laxatifs,

Et en encliquetant robe de votre ami,

Révélant un peu trop à son goût.

Ensuite, je me souviens de notre diplôme,

Et c'était génial,

Car nous y étions ensemble,

Et nous avons alors dit que nous aimions mutuellement,

Et je sais que nous faisons,

Car je peux le sentir dans mon cœur.

Nous sommes allés ensuite au Collège ensemble,  
Et l'expérience a été formidable pour  
Au cours des trois dernières années,  
Et, maintenant, nous sommes les personnes âgées,  
Et je suis toujours heureux d'être parmi vous, chers.

Cependant, j'ai quelque chose à vous dire,  
Car je suis sûr que vous voulez entendre,  
Car je veux que vous sachiez avant de nous rendre tout  
Grandes décisions dans nos vies, ma chère,  
Car je t'aime plus que tout,  
Et je sais que nous sommes dans l'amour,  
Mais notre relation va prendre l'engagement,  
Et beaucoup plus que cela.

Ma chérie, ma chérie,  
Je t'aime  
Et vous savez que,  
Mais ce que je veux dire c'est que  
J'ai passé toute ma vie avec toi,  
Et je veux être avec vous

Pour le reste de ma vie,  
Car tu es la plus grande personne  
De toute ma vie,  
Et il n'y a personne comme vous.

Vous êtes la personne que je peux toujours rire avec,  
Sourire à chaque fois que je vais avoir une bonne journée,  
Chercher à parler quand j'ai des ennuis  
Ou des problèmes de toute sorte,  
Chercher de l'aide lorsque j'étudie quelque chose  
Fou comme la biologie moléculaire,  
Chimie organique,  
Ou calcul, finance, macroéconomie  
(Qui est une classe horrible, soit dit en passant) ,  
Ou statistiques, physique quantique,  
Ou même administration des affaires,  
Ou quelque chose de fou comme la comptabilité,  
Regarder pour me reconforter quand je suis triste,  
Chercher de l'aide lorsque je suis déprimée,  
Regarder des séries télévisées telles que Supernatural  
Et Family Guy et South Park

Tous les soirs,  
Pratiquer ma foi chaque jour,  
Car nous avons tous deux croient en Dieu,  
Et il nous a fourni avec tant de choses,  
Parler des livres et des choses savantes  
Et même politique et philosophie  
Et les problèmes du monde avec  
Et même avec la science  
Parce que nous avons tous deux sont des chercheurs,  
Et la personne que je voudrais épouser  
Parce que je t'aime beaucoup,  
Et je t'aimerais pour toujours.

J'aimerais être avec toi  
Pour toujours et à jamais,  
Même quand on va au ciel ensemble,  
Je veux être avec vous, alors,  
Car je veux passer ma vie avec toi,  
Et je ne vous laissera jamais quelqu'un d'autre,  
Parce que tu es la fille parfaite  
Et la femme parfaite pour moi.

Tu es ma copine maintenant,  
Mais vous pourriez être ma fiancée  
Le lendemain,  
Et je veux que tu sois ma femme.  
Je veux t'épouser,  
Et même si ton père  
N'approuve pas vraiment de moi,  
Je suis sûr que nous pouvons travailler dehors,  
Et mon beau-père,  
Peut être un grand homme pour moi,  
Comme mon père est très friand de vous,  
Et ta mère est amoureux de moi,  
Et comme ma mère vous aime.  
  
Je veux me marier à vous,  
Pour le mariage est une chose sacrée,  
Et le mariage sera vraiment exprimer notre amour,  
Pour que Jésus a dit,  
Quand deux se marier,  
« L'homme et la femme deviennent une seule chair »  
Et je veux vivre mot de chaque jour selon Jésus Christ,

Et je sais que nous avons tous deux aimé Jésus même,  
Et nous allons vivre son nom.

Nous serons une seule chair,  
Et nous ne serons jamais divorcer,  
Car nous avons su mutuellement pendant vingt et un ans,  
Et on se connaît dans nos limites,  
Et nous n'avez pas besoin d'un dictionnaire  
Pour savoir ce que l'amour est,  
Parce que nous sommes mieux que le  
Couple moyen qui se marie après un an.

Et, nous pouvons avoir des enfants si vous le souhaitez,  
Ou, nous n'avons pas à avoir des enfants si vous ne souhaitez pas,  
Pour qui est entièrement à vous,  
Puisque vous êtes celui qui donne naissance.  
Si vous voulez avoir des enfants naturellement,  
C'est très bien,  
Ou si vous souhaitez adopter  
C'est bon, aussi,  
Car nous pouvons avoir autant d'enfants que vous désirez,

Que ce soit un enfant unique,

Deux enfants,

Trois enfants,

Quatre enfants,

Huit enfants,

Une douzaine d'enfants,

Quinze enfants,

Vingt ans,

1 000 (mille) ,

4 000 000 (4 Millions) , voire

Enfants,

Il n'a pas d'importance, pour la décision

Incombe à vous,

Et vous obtenez de décider

Ce que vous voulez faire avec votre corps.

En ce qui concerne les enfants d'appellation,

Je n'ai qu'une seule limitation:

Ne pas être des noms de fous

Par exemple 'Twist' ou 'Chupacabra'

Ou quelque chose comme « La-a » ou « Féminins ».

Pourtant, nous pouvons discuter de ces termes lorsque vient le temps,

C'est alors que nous sommes réellement mariés,  
Et c'est pour nous d'accord ou en désaccord sur l'avenir.

Cependant, ma chérie, je veux dire

Que je vous veux dans ma vie,

Et je t'aime plus que tout,

Et si vous ne voulez pas de moi,

C'est normal,

Mais je t'aimerai toujours,

Et, maintenant que nous sommes sur le point d'obtenir son diplôme,

Je veux juste dire que je veux t'épouser,

Et non pas pendant le Collège,

À partir de ce moment,

Mais après nous obtenir un diplôme,

Et nous avons commencé des carrières,

Mais je veux dire,

Que j'ai aimé passer ma vie avec toi,

Et je veux continuer ma vie avec vous, les dépenses

Pour le reste de ma vie,

Par le sacrement du mariage véritable et sacré.

Je veux être avec toi pour le reste de ma vie,

Car tu es le seul que je veux être avec, sont

Et la chose est, il n'y a rien d'autre à dire,

Mais ce que je t'aime, mon chéri,

Et que je veux être avec vous.

Justin Reamer

# Averance

It is true, I tell you;  
I do believe in God,  
For He is real,  
And He is true,  
And I feel you should all know that!

Justin Reamer

# B

How many words  
Do you know that  
Start with the letter 'b'?

Well, I will tell you all  
That I know,  
So here it goes.

be  
bee  
been  
bag  
big  
beg  
bug  
bog  
bah  
baa  
bad  
bed  
bid  
bod  
bud  
ban  
Ben  
bin  
bun  
Bic  
bat  
bet  
bit  
bot  
but  
butt  
butte  
back  
bab  
Babs  
baby

bib  
bub  
Bert  
bar  
bur  
bartender  
buff  
brawn  
Buffy  
brawny  
brown  
black  
blue  
barn  
born  
burn  
barf  
bark  
Bard  
bard  
bumblebee  
bite  
byte  
biter  
bitten  
battery  
bass  
base  
bassist  
bird  
bear  
bare  
beaver  
badger  
bobcat  
bob  
barb  
barbwire  
beetle  
bundle  
barber  
Barbara

barbarian  
Barbary  
barbarianism  
brave  
bravery  
bravely  
bold  
boldness  
boldly  
bunt  
bore  
bored  
boredom  
boring  
Boris  
band  
bury  
burial  
buried  
berry  
blackberry  
blueberry  
bonbon  
butt  
behind  
bottom  
before  
because  
beseech  
betray  
betrayal  
Beatitudes  
betrayed  
betrayer  
befuddle  
befuddling  
bedazzle  
bedazzled  
Bedazzler  
between  
betwixt  
brief

brevity  
brick  
batch  
bi@#%  
butch  
butcher  
butchery  
biff  
baffle  
befriend  
become  
bath  
bathtub  
bathroom  
bedroom  
bubbler  
bubble  
babble  
bluegill  
brook  
break  
brake  
broker  
Brontosaurus  
Brachiasaurus  
book  
bookstore  
bookworm  
biology  
biologist  
biological  
bionics  
bionic  
biography  
biographer  
biomedicine  
biomedical  
biographical  
biohazard  
biochemistry  
biochemist  
biochemical

bio-terrorism  
bicycle  
biped  
bipedal  
binomial  
bisexual  
bi  
bye  
by  
Bible  
bibliophilia  
bibliophile  
bibliography  
bibliology  
bipolar  
border  
borderline  
basil  
bike  
broken  
brother  
breach  
breech  
beach  
beech  
beachcomber  
beachhead  
bum  
bumpkin  
babbler  
brag  
braggart  
bone  
brain  
bile  
bromine  
boron  
bro  
bra  
brassiere  
brazier  
bizarre

bazaar  
botany  
botanical  
botanist  
battery  
benefit  
beneficiary  
benefactor  
benevolent  
benevolence  
bistro  
bouquet  
boutique  
booth  
bell  
ball  
bull  
bordeaux  
bureau  
bureaucrat  
bureaucracy  
bowl  
bean  
brat  
bran  
branch  
bake  
beaker  
buy  
buyer  
buying  
boar  
baboon  
bamboo  
borne  
bueno  
buena  
bien  
brass  
bassoon  
beat  
beatnik

boat  
Boatnik  
beet  
broccoli  
bend  
bond  
bender  
bind  
binder  
blind  
blinds  
blinder  
blond  
brunette  
Britain  
Borneo  
Babylon  
Brazil  
Bolivia  
Belgium  
Bulgaria  
Boston  
beside  
besides  
booky  
bookie  
brand  
branding  
brander  
brandish  
bakery  
baked  
boom  
bang  
boombox  
bank  
banker  
blithe  
blithely  
Blythe  
bazooka  
barracuda

bonanza  
butane  
brute  
brutal  
brutally  
bash  
babe  
battle  
bulimic  
bulimia  
bronchitis  
boob  
breast  
breasts  
bumble  
bumbler  
birdbrain  
bonkers  
bonk  
bullfrog  
bunch  
bench  
bunk  
bunkbed  
bead  
bacon  
beacon  
bliss  
blissful  
blissfully  
blindly  
booby  
bratty  
brittle  
barnacle  
Barbie  
Bob  
Bert  
Bartholomew  
Bartimaeus  
Bart  
blaze

bleep  
beep  
beeper  
beaker  
boil  
boiler  
buoy  
buoyant  
buoyancy  
bipolarity  
brutality  
brotherhood  
blood  
bloodbrothers  
Bolivian  
Brit  
Briton  
British  
Brazilian  
Belgian  
Bulgarian  
Babel  
borrow  
borrower  
borrowing  
burrow  
burrowing  
burrower  
briar  
briarwood  
bush  
baker  
bumblebee  
boca  
brainy  
brains  
borer  
bread  
blame  
blamer  
blemish  
bruise

blemished  
blemishing  
bland  
blend  
blender  
blip  
boy  
boyish  
boyishly  
bribe  
bribery  
briber  
blackmail  
blackmailer  
blackmailing  
board  
boarding  
beauty  
beautiful  
beautifully  
braze  
brazen  
brooch  
bide  
bode  
bidden  
blinded  
bap  
bop  
blitzkrieg  
burnt  
beseecher  
beseeching  
bloom  
bulb  
bulbous  
bells  
bowling  
basket  
basketball  
baseball  
big-boned

bubbly  
bright  
brighter  
brightest  
brightly  
braver  
bravest  
better  
best  
Bonnie  
Borg  
brindle  
buggy  
blade  
bladerunner  
Batman  
Borculo  
bay  
bey  
bent  
bruised  
Blondie  
bamboozled  
bamboozle  
bane  
Bane  
bade  
bait  
burp  
belch  
barf  
bodice  
boot  
booty  
bail  
bailer  
bale  
baler  
beam  
beamer  
ballet  
betrothed

betrothal  
banquet  
bucket  
backseat  
Buick  
breakfast  
brunch  
beak  
bill  
blaspheme  
blasphemy  
blasphemous  
brokery  
bankrupt  
bankruptcy  
biomechanism  
biomechanical  
biopsychosocial  
border  
borderline  
brandish  
behave  
behaviour  
behaviourist  
behaviouristic  
behaviourism  
behaving  
behaved  
bald  
belt  
balding  
baldy  
Baldy  
buffoon  
Bose  
bother  
bothering  
bothersome  
blimey  
boogie  
boogies  
boon

bow  
bow  
breed  
breeder  
breeding  
brood  
brooding  
brooder  
beckon  
beckoning  
bewilder  
bewildering  
bewilderment  
becoming  
bearable  
barbiturates  
breeze  
banter  
bicker  
bantering  
bickering  
babbling  
boner  
bloodbourne

And that is  
All I have for today,  
For my mind is tired,  
And I am foresaken,  
And that is all I have,  
For you will have to wait  
Another day.

Justin Reamer

## Ba T?

Tình yêu của tôi, có rất nhiều điều trong thế giới này

Tôi có thể nói và làm cho bạn,

Nhưng có một điều mà thế giới này không thể có được đó,

Điều lớn nhất trên thế giới,

Đó là món quà tốt nhất của thế giới:

Nhưng ba mẹ mà tôi nói thế đôi khi của tôi,

'Tôi yêu bạn.'

Tình yêu của tôi, bạn có thể nghĩ rằng tôi nói đùa,

Đôi khi một người bạn thân bạn biết tôi,

Và bạn có thể nghĩ rằng đó là một sự lo lắng của tôi đó,

Một cái gì đó vô giá trị,

Nhưng tôi nói với bạn điều này là sự thật,

Đó nói với bạn, 'I love you '

Là điều lớn nhất tôi có thể nói với bạn

Bởi vì nó mô tả tất cả những cảm giác,

Tất cả những cảm xúc,

Tất cả những suy nghĩ,

Tất cả niềm đam mê,

Tất cả lòng tin,

Và tất cả tình yêu tôi có cho bạn.

Nó mô tả làm thế nào nhiều tôi sẵn sàng

Để làm bất cứ điều gì cho bạn,

Không có vấn đề gì chi phí là.

Nó mô tả tất cả các hành động và

Tất cả những cảm giác tôi sẽ làm cho bạn.

Bạn có thể nghĩ rằng đó là điên,

Em yêu cả anh

Nhưng đó là sự thật những gì tôi nói cho bạn,

Đôi khi tôi không bao giờ có thể nói đôi khi bạn,

Và tôi không nói đôi khi bất cứ,

Cung không phải tôi sẽ bao giờ đánh lừa bạn vào

Tôi tin rằng bất cứ điều gì cho bạn.

Điều này tôi nói cho bạn không phải là một scam,

Không phải là một vớ bợ bời,

Không falsehood

Cung không phải một lời nói dối trong đó chúng ta sống.

Nếu ai ta có thể nói rằng tình yêu là một lời nói dối,

Nhưng tình yêu cả tôi cho bạn là chính hãng,

Và yên tâm,

Điều này là đúng sự thật.

Thân yêu c?a tôi, tôi có th? nói, 'I love you '

Hon và hon n?a,

Liên t?c,

D?ng th?i,

Và liên t?c,

Và tôi s? luôn luôn m?m cu?i lúc b?n

B?i vì có r?t nhi?u y nghĩa d?ng sau

Nh?ng gì tôi nói cho b?n.

Nó mô t? t?t c? các hành d?ng mà tôi đã th?c hi?n

Và s?n sàng d? di,

Mô t? nh?ng suy nghi, c?m xúc,

Và c?m xúc mà tôi đã cho b?n,

Và t?t c? m?i th? m?i quan h? c?a chúng tôi d?a trên,

D?i v?i nh?ng ba t? là co s?

B?t k? m?i quan h? d?ng tru?c Thiên Chúa.

Đó là s? th?t, và tôi hy v?ng b?n

Có th? hi?u di?u đó.

I love you, sweetheart,

D?i v?i không không có ai là lo?i,

T? bi nhu, nhu s?i n?i,  
Là chu d?o, là tuy?t v?i,  
Ho?c là yêu thuong nhu b?n.  
B?n dang d?p v?i  
Mái tóc dài vàng c?a b?n phát tri?n vai c?a b?n,  
Và t?a sáng trong ánh sáng m?t tr?i nhu dài  
S?i ch? v?a m?i thùng t? các m? vàng.  
Tôi yêu d?i m?t sáng màu xanh c?a b?n mà t?a sáng  
Thích Michigan và nh?c nh? tôi v?  
B?u tr?i xanh tuoi sáng vào mùa hè  
Khi th?i gian ban trua là g?n.  
H? sáng lên m?i khi b?n n? cu?i,  
Ti?t l? các c?ng d? linh h?n c?a b?n,  
Và hi?n th? t?t c? m?i ngu?i nh?ng gì ? đó là v? b?n.  
N? cu?i c?a b?n là d?p,  
Cho nó chi?u sáng m?t phòng khi bóng t?i ho?c dimness  
N?m r?t g?n, không r?t xa,  
Còn nh?ng n? cu?i truy?n nhi?m,  
Lan r?ng d?n t?t c? m?i ngu?i nhu m?t b?nh,  
Làm cho h? n? cu?i, quá.  
Tôi thích cách b?n cu?i,

D?i v?i nó là đáng yêu và hùng vi,  
Cho b?n cung c?p cho ti?ng cu?i hài hu?c c?a b?n m?t ly do  
D?i v?i nh?ng ngu?i khác d? cu?i, quá,  
Và t?t c? m?i ngu?i yêu thương d? nghe nó,  
D?i v?i nó là d? ch?u ? tai.  
Co th? c?a b?n là m?nh và n?c,  
Cung c?p cho b?n m?t hình d?p.  
Vú c?a b?n cung gi?ng nhu trái cây trên m?t cây d?a,  
Nhu nhà thơ King David c?a Israel,  
Con trai c?a vua David c?a Israel và Jerusalem,  
Đã t?ng nói,  
Khi ông đã vi?t bài thơ c?a ông, các bài hát c?a bài hát,  
D?i v?i vú c?a b?n là gi?ng nhu qu? chín,  
Bosoms l?n và d?p,  
S?n sàng d? nuôi du?ng m?t d?a tr? có th? di vào th? gi?i.  
H? là d?p,  
Tang cao và roi xu?ng v?i m?i hoi th? ch?m b?n di,  
Làm cho con s? c?a b?n d?p.  
T?m c? c?a b?n là hùng vi,  
Cho b?n di b? cách duyên dáng b?t c? noi nào b?n di,  
Không bao gi? stumbling hay té ngã,

Nhung di b? nhu m?t d?p,

Ngu?i ph? n? th?ch h?p v?i nhi?u tinh t?.

Tuy nhi?n, c? nhi?u hon v?i b?n r?ng t?i y?u.

B?n l? m?t nh?c si tuy?t v?i

Nh?ng ngu?i ch?i nhi?u nh?c c?.

B?n l? m?t ngh? si vi c?m tuy?t v?i,

M?t ngh? si duong c?m tuy?t v?i,

V? m?t tay guitar tuy?t v?i.

B?n ch?i violin d?p,

Bi?t t?t c? c?c cao l?n d?u v? decrescendo,

Ch?i di?u t?t,

Di?u ch?nh t?t v?i ng? di?u,

Kh?p n?i ghi chú t?t v?i mui c?a b?n,

L?m b?ng ?m nh?c ? kh?p m?i noi b?n di,

Kh?c bi?t gi?a nh?p nhu v?y

Allegro, andante, presto, largo, v? moderato.

B?n bi?t t?t c? ritardando v? rallitendo,

M?i caesura staccato, marcato, fermata,

Gi?ng, v? tenuto.

B?n ch?i c?c giai di?u t?t,

Và tu th? c?a b?n là tuy?t v?i,

Và b?n không c?n lo l?ng v? embouchure.

Choi piano, nh?ng âm thanh là tuy?t v?i khi b?n chơi,

Cho b?n âm thanh như Ludwig van Beethoven khi ông b?t d?u chơi,

Ho?c Johann Sebastian Bach,

Ho?c Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

B?n chơi tuy?t v?i,

Như n?u b?n là m?t nh?c sĩ ngu?i M?.

Khi b?n chơi guitar,

B?n là m?t thiên nhiên,

Cho b?n chơi m?i strum như

Không có gì d? nó,

Và b?n làm cho nó âm thanh tuy?t v?i,

G?n d?p,

D?i v?i nó là làm hài lòng cho đôi tai c?a tôi,

Trong m?i y nghĩa âm thanh.

Tôi là m?t trombonist,

Và tôi là don gi?n so sánh

Cho ph?c t?p tuy?t v?i c?a b?n

Và tài năng,

Cho b?n có năng khi?u,

Và k? nang âm nh?c c?a b?n là duy nh?t.

Tôi thích kh? nang âm nh?c c?a b?n.

B?n là m?t outdoorswoman tuy?t v?i,

Cho b?n không ph?i là s? b? u?t,

Tr? thành b?n và s?ng sót hoang dã kh?c nghi?t.

Ngoài tr?i là m?t noi tuy?t v?i,

Và b?n tình yêu d? xem t?t c? m?i th? xung quanh b?n,

Cung gi?ng nhu tôi làm.

Tôi có v? b?n,

Cho tôi bi?t b?n mu?n đi c?m tr?i,

Đi b? du?ng dài, đi xe d?p, bơi l?i,

Ca-nô, chèo thuy?n kayak, Tru?t ván,

Waterboarding, Tru?t tuy?t,

Rollerblading, bang tru?t bang,

Backpacking, Lu?t sóng, L?n,

Thuy?n bu?m, chèo thuy?n, ch?y, ch?y b?,

Khách, d?ch, ng?m cá voi,

Chèo thuy?n, máy bay ph?n l?c tru?t tuy?t, Câu cá, xây d?ng l?a tr?i,

N?u an k?o d?o, đi b?, leo núi,

Và t?t c? m?i th? khác nhu th?.

Tôi biết bạn yêu thích thiên nhiên, các loài động vật, và các nhà máy.

Bạn là một sinh vật học tự nhiên,

Một nhà động vật học tự nhiên,

Một nhà thực vật học tự nhiên trong nhiều cách,

Và tôi vui mừng thấy rằng bạn yêu ngoài trời rất nhiều.

Tôi tình yêu mà,

Đôi khi tôi là một Nam Hướng đạo và một Eagle Scout,

Và tôi không biết nói tôi muốn nếu bạn gái của tôi

Không muốn ở bên ngoài trong thời gian mùa hè

Và hơi nghiêng đi vào khi lặn

Có một buổi tối rõ ràng,

Rất nhiều tuyết,

Và một ngày tuyết rơi mùa đông.

Tôi đang hình phúc bạn thích hoạt động ngoài trời,

Đôi khi bạn là tất cả các thứ bạn làm.

Tôi thích làm thế nào bạn là một ca sĩ tuyết rơi,

Đôi khi giêng nói của bạn là tuyết rơi và hài hòa,

Và làm cho những âm thanh tuyết rơi bất cứ nơi nào bạn đi,

Cho bạn hát rất nhiều bài hát tuyết rơi,

Bài hát như rock của các nghệ sĩ rock cũ đi

Ch?ng h?n như The Beatles, Rolling Stones, và nh?ng ngu?i;

Ngh? si duong d?i dá vui v?;

Các ca khúc nh?c pop c?a ngu?i ch?ng h?n như Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,

K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson và Carrie Underwood;

Th? lo?i soft rock bài hát do folks như Billy Joel và Johnny Cash;

Christian bài hát c?a ban nh?c như ngày th? ba, Chris Tomlin,

MercyMe, Britt Nicole, d?m Crowns, The Newsboys, và nhi?u hon n?a;

Bài hát tôn th? mà nhi?u ngu?i đã vi?t,

D?c bi?t là bài thánh ca và whatnot vi?t b?i Thánh m?t thiên niên k? tru?c;

Tôi thích làm th? nào b?n hát nh?c jazz giai di?u ch?ng h?n như

Hát b?i Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.

Gi?ng nói c?a b?n là d?p, sôi n?i và c?ng hu?ng,

Euphonious, làm hài lòng, và nhi?u hon n?a.

Nó là d?p như m?t ca hát chim trong tán lá c?a r?ng.

Tôi không bao gi? có th? có d? c?a nó.

Nó làm cho tôi m?m cu?i t?t c? th?i gian tôi nghe gi?ng nói c?a b?n alto,

Làm th? nào nó bi?n d?ng gi?a các tông, nh?a, và ghi chú.

Nó là hoàn toàn tuy?t d?p.

Tôi hát, quá,

Và tôi thích hát

Và d? bi?t r?ng tôi có th? có th?

Làm m?t b?n song ca v?i ngu?i khác nh?ng ngu?i thích

Hát nhi?u ngu?i trong s? nh?ng di?u tuong t?, tôi làm

Là m?t di?u tuy?t v?i tôi không bao gi? có th? quên.

B?n là m?t ngh? si tuy?t v?i,

Cho tôi tình yêu ngh? thu?t c?a b?n,

Và tôi thích cách nó trông.

B?n v? nhu b?n nhìn vào m?t b?c ?nh,

B?n v? nhu n?u nó du?c th?c hi?n b?i m?t máy ?nh,

Và b?n t?c nhu n?u b?n ch? c?n th?c hi?n cu?c s?ng,

T? c?a riêng b?n ghi bàn tay.

B?c tranh c?a b?n, tác ph?m điêu kh?c c?a b?n,

B?n v? và b?n phác th?o, c?a b?n

C?a b?n tapestries, quilts c?a b?n;

H? là tác ph?m ngh? thu?t tuy?t v?i t?t c?-

Sinh d?ng và r?ng r?,

Sôi d?ng và d?y màu s?c,

Do không có nghĩa là glib ho?c diffident,

Nhung mirthful và t? tin,

Hi?n th? ra kháng cáo c?a h? cho m?t,

Và chưa hề từng trung,

Vì vậy đây đây các ý nghĩa,

Ai không thể ngăn chặn suy niệm họ.

Bên là một nghệ sĩ tuyệt vời và một tài năng như không có khác;

Đặc biệt của bên là một không

Những gì ngu ngốc đã làm được.

Bên là một da Vinci hoặc một Michelangelo,

Với các loại quà tặng, kỹ năng và tài năng

Một bên có.

Tôi yêu nghệ thuật của bên,

Và tôi không thể giúp đỡ, nhưng suy niệm họ,

Và nhận thấy về đáp của họ.

Tài năng của bên là tuyệt vời.

Và bên của bên cũng là tuyệt vời,

Đi với bên là một nhà văn vĩ đại,

Và một nhà thơ lớn,

Cho tôi đã đọc những bài thơ của bên,

Đặc biệt là những du ca gì là

'Tôi đã học được về các Trinity hôm nay '

Đó là một di sản tuyệt vời mà làm cho tôi cuống,

Nó nh?c nh? tôi v? Anh trai c?a riêng tôi

Khi tôi d?c nó.

Tôi cung nh? bài tho 'Dom dóm trong Ch?ng v?ng '

Cho nó làm cho tôi xem xét t?t c? m?i th? b?n

Đã c? g?ng d? cho tôi bi?t,

Và tôi yêu thích d?c nó,

D?i v?i nó là nhu v?y sâu

Và nhu v?y d?y d? y nghĩa;

Tho c?a b?n là gi?ng nhu âm nh?c d?n đôi tai c?a tôi,

B?ng và d?y d? các giai đi?u,

Tôi không th? giúp d?, nhưng nghe các

Nh? nhàng gi?t gân c?a sóng,

Gió thì th?m t?i willows,

Đi?p âm và ám ch?,

Assonance và dissonance,

?n d? s? d?ng majestically,

Similes s? d?ng sagaciously,

D?i v?i t?t c? h? thêm d?n ngh? thu?t tham gia.

B?n là m?t nhà tho l?n,

Và bài tho c?a b?n là duy nh?t;

B?n không th? t? ch?i cho mình mà.

Tôi thích r?ng tài nang, quá,  
D?i v?i tôi là m?t nhà van b?n thân mình,  
Và tôi vui m?ng d? đáp ?ng ai đó nhu tôi.

Bibliophilia c?a b?n cung là r?t l?n,  
Cho tôi tình yêu mà b?n mu?n d?c,  
Và tôi nh? t?t c? nh?ng cu?n sách tuy?t v?i  
B?n gi? trong thu vi?n c?a b?n,  
Và tôi nh? t?t c? nh?ng di?u b?n nói v?i tôi  
V? t?t c? các tác gi? và nhà van mà b?n yêu thích,  
Nhà tho, ti?u thuy?t gia,  
Các essayists, và t?t c? m?i th? nhu th?.

Tôi vui r?ng tôi có th? nói chuy?n v? van h?c v?i b?n,  
Và vi?t d?c bi?t

K? t? khi b?n mu?n d?c sách,

Lu?t bài tho

Và d?c là lui c?a b?n.

Tôi vui r?ng tôi có th? chia s? m?t ni?m dam mê c?a tôi v?i b?n.

B?n cung là m?t Kitô h?u tuy?t v?i,

Dành cho mình vào Chúa Giêsu Kitô,

Cung gì?ng nhu tôi c? g?ng d? làm,

Cho dù tôi là m?t ngu?i công giáo,

Và b?n m?t lành c?i cách Hà Lan,

C? hai chúng tôi tin vào m?t cái gì đó chính hăng-

Ấn s?ng c?a Thiên Chúa Himself đã cho chúng tôi

T?t c? m?i th? chúng ta th?y tru?c khi chúng tôi,

Và không có gì có th? du?c l?y di t? chúng tôi

Mi?n là chúng tôi tin tu?ng vào anh ta.

Cho chúng tôi dang ? dây d? giúp d? ngu?i khác và giúp d? l?n nhau,

Và tôi ngu?ng m? c?a b?n s?n sàng d? cung c?p cho,

Cung gì?ng nhu tôi đã s?n sàng d? cung c?p cho.

It's tuy?t v?i d? nhìn th?y D?c tin c?a b?n phát tri?n r?t l?n,

Cho b?n tin tu?ng vào ông đã lưu trên th? gi?i,

C?u Chúa Jesus Christ chúng ta Messiah.

Tình yêu c?a tôi, tôi s?n sàng làm b?t c? di?u gì cho b?n,

N?u b?n dang bu?n, tôi s? an ?i b?n,

N?u b?n dang h?nh phúc, tôi s? cu?i v?i b?n,

N?u b?n dang g?p r?c r?i, tôi s? tu v?n b?n,

N?u b?n dang hu?ng liên, tôi s? l?ng nghe và giao di?n di?u khi?n c?a b?n.

N?u b?n dang t?c gi?n, tôi s? c? g?ng mollify c?a b?n.

Nếu bạn đang lo lắng, tôi sẽ trấn an bạn;  
Nếu bạn đang lo lắng, tôi sẽ ? đó cho bạn.  
Tôi muốn bạn được hạnh phúc  
Vì hạnh phúc của bạn là điều quan trọng nhất  
Vui tôi trong thế giới này.  
Tôi sẽ mua cho bạn hoa bất cứ khi nào cần thiết,  
Giúp bạn có một chiếc nhẫn kim cương đẹp hơn thế sẽ đánh giá cao của tôi,  
Viết một bài thơ tương tự như một,  
Có thể cho bạn và gia đình của bạn bất cứ khi nào  
Bạn cần tôi phải có;  
Tôi sẽ ? đó cho trẻ em của chúng tôi,  
Đi với bạn là đặc biệt với tôi.  
Tôi sẽ đưa bạn đến những bộ phim,  
Và làm bất cứ điều gì tôi có thể để giúp bạn biết  
Rằng tôi sẽ yêu bạn luôn luôn.  
Chúng tôi sẽ có các trẻ em như nhiều như bạn  
Muốn có,  
Đi với nó là cơ thể của bạn, tôi đang sẽ đến,  
Vì vậy, tôi sẽ cho bạn quyết định những gì bạn  
Muốn sẽ đến nó cho,  
Vì vậy, bạn có nói trong nó.

B?n là b?n gái c?a tôi,

Quan tr?ng khác c?a tôi,

S?m d? là hôn thê,

Cho chúng tôi là s?m d? du?c h?p,

Và s?m d? là v?,

Cho chúng tôi s? có Thánh hôn nhân

Trong m?i quan h? này tru?c khi Thiên Chúa.

Chúng tôi s? có con trai và con gái c?a riêng c?a chúng tôi

Tr? em chúng tôi s? luôn luôn yêu thương,

Và chúng tôi s? nâng cao chúng d? là ngu?i l?n,

Và chúng tôi s? là cha m? tuy?t v?i.

B?n s? có m?t ngu?i m? tuy?t v?i,

Và tôi s? là m?t ngu?i cha tuy?t v?i.

B?n có tình yêu c?a cu?c s?ng c?a tôi, sweetheart;

Tôi mu?n b?n bi?t di?u này.

Tôi là công ch?c c?a b?n,

Và b?n là b?c th?y c?a tôi;

Tôi s?n sàng cung c?p cho b?n thân mình cho b?n

Vì v?y mà tôi có th? đáp ?ng m?i nhu c?u c?a b?n

D?i v?i b?n d? du?c h?nh phúc.

Tôi supple và submissive,

Cho tôi gửi cho bạn cho hình phúc của bạn.

Tôi yêu tất cả mọi thứ về bạn,

Và đang sẵn sàng để làm điều đó tất cả cho bạn.

Tôi muốn bạn biết điều này.

Bạn có mặt linh hồn của tôi,

Một tình yêu thật sự của tôi,

Và không có ai khác gì bạn

Những người bạn sung cho tôi.

Tôi vui mừng khi biết bạn

Và tình yêu bạn về tất cả trái tim tôi.

Vì vậy, tình yêu của tôi, những ba t?

Cho bạn biết tất cả mọi thứ bạn cần phải biết,

Cho họ mô tả tất cả mọi thứ tôi cần mô tả,

Tất cả mọi thứ tôi cảm thấy cho bạn,

Cho khi tôi nhìn thấy bạn, trái tim của tôi palpitates,

Tôi serdtse trở thành arrhythmic,

Tôi glubina dusy trở thành hình phúc khi nhìn thấy bạn,

Ruột của tôi xoay và khuỷu;

Nếu cuối của tôi trở thành không thể ngăn,

Tôi cuối uncontrollably,

Tôi sigh dài và m?m.

I love you, sweetheart,

Và tôi s?n sàng d? làm b?t c? di?u gì cho b?n.

B?n có mate linh h?n c?a tôi,

Và nh?ng ba t? mô t? t?t c? m?i th?

M?i quan h? c?a chúng tôi du?c thành l?p sau khi:

Tình yêu, lòng t? bi, selflessness, b?n thân, và Thiên Chúa Himself.

Hãy nh? r?ng nh?ng t? ba,

Và khi tôi nói

Nh? t?m quan tr?ng c?a h?,

D?i v?i nh?ng ba t? là tuy?t v?i,

Và tôi ph?i nói h? cho b?n m?t th?i gian,

'Tôi yêu b?n.'

Justin Reamer

# Back In The Mist

On a dreary day such as this,  
When the fog surrounds the Earth,  
I go out into it,  
As the rain has stopped.  
The rain had been falling an hour before,  
Patting against the ground,  
Wiping the dirty ground of grime,  
And cleansing it of its impurity.  
It had been raining very hard,  
And the water fell from the sky,  
And then it stopped suddenly,  
And that's when my step came out.

The world in front of me was foggy,  
As I stepped outside of my garage,  
I could only see a few inches in front of me,  
And my surroundings were unclear.  
But as I stepped into the mist,  
The world changed drastically,  
It had been an alternate dimension,  
The world of my past.  
As I looked around me,  
I had gone back in time,  
Though the world was still unclear,  
For the fog surrounded me.  
I did not understand this place,  
Even though I was still on Earth,  
The fog surrounded me,  
Like a horror movie set,  
And the sky was a murky grey,  
As if it was going to rain again.

The things I saw made no sense,  
For they were all vague,  
But I could make out shapes,  
For they were all part of my past.  
The foggy world, I realised,  
Was like an art gallery,  
And these were the barracks of my mind,

And on each wall were videos  
Of my entire life itself.

There were different videos,  
That I could not remember,  
That showed up within the clouds,  
Such as my birth and my infant life,  
Which I could not remember.  
There were memories when I was three,  
With Tot Time, Amy, Doug and Shar,  
And things like Vacation Bible School,  
And there were the four-year-old ones,  
With Aunt Betty, the family,  
Disney World, and everything else.  
But then there were elementary years,  
The good and, sadly, the bad,  
But whatever this world was,  
I knew not but its intent, I knew,  
Was trying to torture me.  
The world showed every bad highlight  
Which I had tried to forget.  
It showed kindergarten,  
When I got spanked every night,  
My father losing his temper constantly,  
Exclusion in the first grade,  
Steven Hayward,  
Constant solitude,  
Depression,  
Bullying in middle school,  
And great despair.  
These were the memories I suppressed,  
For the past few years,  
And now there was a daemon,  
Who was tormenting me,  
Trying to make me go insane.

The a voice spoke and said  
'So you are James,  
The one saved from the Abyss,  
And now you live in happiness,  
With your great success.  
But you forget who you are,

The son of a sociopath,  
For you were never meant to be happy,  
And you were meant to experience pain.'

I said to him:  
'Come out, daemon!  
Show yourself!  
You cannot be a coward,  
You are just another fool,  
Trying to tear me apart,  
And you shall not succeed.'

Then the daemon came out,  
And he had a horrid grin,  
And he said to me,  
'I am no coward,  
But I will bring you down,  
No matter what I do.'

I said to him,  
'You will not bring me down,  
For God's love prevails,  
And I have happiness,  
And you cannot touch me.'

The daemon smiled and said,  
'We will see about that, you fool,  
You know you cannot live,  
I will reach out for you and  
Destroy you bit by bit.'

I urged him on,  
And he did just that,  
But then the Hand of God,  
Went down by him,  
And the daemon was destroyed.  
The fog cleared up around me,  
And I was back on Earth again,  
The Light had saved me yet again,  
And for that I was thankful.  
I thanked God for ridding me  
Of the daemon,

And I thanked Him for His help,  
When He watched over me yet again.

Justin Reamer

# Balast

You will be our balast,  
For you will stable us  
In our times of trouble.

Justin Reamer

# Bang

I hope you know this,  
Because it's freakin' awesome!  
Exclamations are so awesome!  
Dude, it's freakin' cool, bro!  
It goes up in a BANG!

Justin Reamer

# Banjo

Banjo is the guy who likes  
To have fun with those around him,  
And he does a good job with it, too,  
For he plays quickly and energetically,  
Making him a cool fellow to hang around.

Justin Reamer

# Baritone

Instrument of equity,  
The baritone sings low,  
Hand-in-hand with the trombone,  
Shy but not afraid,  
Introverted but not cowardly.  
Like its slided cousin,  
It is not afraid to do its  
Best when it has to.

Justin Reamer

# Bass

Bass is a great man,  
For he can sing very low,  
And he can keep the beat  
For the rest of his family  
In the orchestra set.

Justin Reamer

# Bassoon

Bassoon is a big guy,  
And he cannot be forgotten,  
Though he is very, very shy,  
He still exists  
Despite what people may think.  
He is there,  
And people love him just the same.

Justin Reamer

# Batten

I have too much that I can handle,  
For it is beyond my expertise.

Justin Reamer

# Beach

Oh, how wonderful  
The beach is,  
For it is so beautiful,  
Especially to be able to  
See the lake from this kind  
Of distance.

The air is so beautiful here,  
And you can feel the breeze  
Coming from the lake,  
And the lake is so blue,  
And the waves are so big,  
And the crash against the shore  
So wonderful,  
And the sky is blue,  
And the sun is shining,  
And there is not a single cloud in the sky,  
For it is the most wonderful thing.

There are so many people here,  
And they all love it,  
For there are girls in bikinis,  
Each in groups hanging out  
And tanning on the lakeshore,  
Lying down on towels,  
Or simply walking in  
The water,  
And there are men in trunks,  
Working out in the lake,  
Swimming like  
There is no tomorrow,  
Friends jumping off the pier  
Together,  
And having fun swimming in  
The waves  
And climbing  
The ladder together,  
And families  
All wandering

And relaxing,  
And playing with  
Their children  
And digging in the sand,  
And burying each other,  
And making sand castles,  
And couples standing close together,  
Walking along the shore,  
And holding each other's hands,  
Experiencing romance,  
And others playing games in the water,  
Chasing each other around,  
And flirting,  
And men playing volleyball  
In the nets,  
And others playing newcome,  
Where the volleyballs are,  
And others playing catch  
In the water.

The people are having so  
Much fun,  
That it makes me happy  
To see this,  
But I must say  
That I am here for a different reason.

I am a thinker,  
And the lake helps me think,  
For it inspires me for creativity,  
And it gives me chances to reflect.

Here, I can think  
About the past,  
About the present,  
And about the future.

I can think about my relationships,  
And about famous people,  
And about other things.

However, as I stand here,

I think about my novel  
That I am working on,  
And how I am going to write it,  
For I am connecting everything  
And trying to make it work.

While at the same time,  
I think about my past,  
Such as my father  
Who left me long ago,  
And my family I live with now,  
And my future that I am uncertain of.

I still do not know what to think,  
But I do enjoy the beauty of the lake,  
For I love to here it  
And see the great beauty  
Of the large blue water,  
That expands across the horizon.

There is nothing that gets  
Better than this,  
Being able to see the  
Beauty of the beach first hand,  
And I love it all the more.

Justin Reamer

# Beachhead

Wind blowing the air,  
Waters splashing against rocks,  
Sunset welcomes night.

Justin Reamer

# Beautiful Woman

I know who you are,  
For you are ever present in my life,  
For you are the beautiful woman  
I have known throughout my life,  
For you are the one I love,  
And you are the one I care about most,  
The one I would give everything to,  
For you are special  
And like no other woman I have known.

You are my friend,  
And, even though we have had a rough past,  
We still rely on each other,  
And you trust me,  
And I trust you,  
For you are the one I will always  
Care about,  
No matter what.

Yet, there are so many things  
That I like about you,  
Since I have known you  
Much longer than any other  
Woman I have met in this world.  
I can describe you very well  
To this very day.

In truth, I love your golden blond hair  
That falls down to your lower back  
And waves every time that wind blows in it,  
For it represents your vitality,  
And the sunshine that  
Emanates from your inner soul,  
For your soul is pure and happy,  
And joyous and rejoicing,  
For that is what your hair represents to me,  
And I love how it is so soft to the touch,  
For it makes me happy to feel it.

I love your beautiful hazel eyes,  
And how they change colour with every emotion,  
For when you are angry,  
It turns into a dark brown,  
And I know that I must agree with you,  
Otherwise, you will be mad at me;  
And when you become sad,  
Your eyes turn into a deep green,  
And that is how I know I need to comfort you,  
For I would hold you until your posture changed,  
And your eyes changed colour;  
And when you are happy and joyous,  
Your eyes turn a bright green,  
And I know that you are happy,  
For I am happy to rejoice with you,  
For you are so warm and joyous then,  
And I know how you feel,  
Along with your body language,  
And I know when I can be happy with you.

I also love your beautiful slim body,  
But I will not get into that,  
For that is quite inappropriate,  
But it adds onto your beauty nonetheless.

I also love your liveliness  
And your vivacity,  
And your sense of humour,  
And your happiness.

I love the way you smile,  
Because I know it makes me smile, too,  
And I will never feel happier when I am around you,  
For I know that I will always smile whenever I see you,  
For you are a great person,  
And no one can ever be like you, my friend.  
Whenever you smile, you light up  
The world around you,  
And your smile is,  
After all,  
Quite contagious.  
Whenever you laugh,

You make others laugh, including me,  
And, of course, your many friends that you have.  
You are that great.

You also have a great personality,  
For you are selfless,  
Lively and vivacious,  
Kind and loving,  
Caring and devoted,  
Loyal and reliable,  
Helpful and amiable,  
Friendly and cheerful,  
Wise and intelligent,  
Responsible and thrifty,  
Creative and sensitive,  
Empathetic and sympathetic,  
And loving in every way.  
I love those things about you,  
For I know whomever you marry  
Will be the luckiest man in the world.

Your hobbies are great, too,  
For I love how you have a nose in a book,  
How you perform so well  
With your clarinet  
And your oboe,  
For you are a great musician,  
And I love how you write like the dickens,  
Just like I do,  
And I love how you draw so well,  
And yet you are so modest about it,  
For you are great at drawing,  
Much like I am,  
And you are a great painter,  
A great sculptor,  
A great sketch artist,  
A great cartoonist,  
And great at so many other things,  
For you are so creative,  
I can relate to you  
For I am very creative myself.

Yet, my friend,  
I care about you more  
Than anything else,  
Besides our Father in heaven,  
Our Saviour who died for us,  
And my family and our mutual friends,  
Yet, the earthly beings  
Could never compare to the feelings  
I have for you,  
For I would devote myself to you,  
For I would help you when you needed help,  
And I would love you in all your forms,  
And I would help you in times of trouble,  
Comfort you when you were depressed,  
Console you when you were troubled,  
Listen to you when you wanted to talk,  
And rejoice in our happiness together.  
I would be there with you  
In our times of happiness and joy,  
In our times of sadness,  
And in times of misfortune and misery;  
I would never leave you,  
For you are special to me.  
If we were to marry,  
I would always be with you,  
Because God set us together,  
And He wants us to keep our  
Sacred relationship,  
And Jesus loves us,  
So we should always love each other,  
No matter what happens.

Yet, my friend,  
You are a beautiful woman,  
And there is no reason to be modest,  
For you are the greatest person  
I have ever met,  
For you are special to me,  
And you will always be special.  
I care about you,  
And I always will.  
I hope you do well in school,

And I hope we both get to where  
We want to be in life.  
May God bless you,  
And may you keep on pushing harder.

I love you,  
And I will never  
Stop loving you,  
And I hope you do the best  
In your life time.  
God bless you.

Justin Reamer

# Beauty

Eyes of a great hue,  
Looking directly at me,  
Ignite the beauty you have.

Justin Reamer

# Bee

I am beeing around,  
Obsessed with some idea  
About astronauts in space,  
For I love NASA,  
And I will do anything to go there,  
I just need to apply first.

Justin Reamer

## Beetle O'Er

It's quite weird in the overhangs,  
Seeing people all like this,  
But it works,  
For the best is to be expected.

Justin Reamer

# Before The Storm

Grey clouds cover the skies like white drapers;  
Winds blowing harder, making trees dance violently;  
Plants being uprooted by the strong gale;  
Preparing the way for the storm.

Justin Reamer

# Bemusement

I am a bit confused as to what  
You are trying to tell me.  
Did she fall off the cliff,  
Or did the cliff fall on her?  
If you could clarify that for me,  
That would be great,  
Because I am not understanding a word  
That you are uttering incoherently.

Justin Reamer

# Betoken

This symbol  
Must signify something.

Justin Reamer

# Bezoar

What a weird organ  
In the intestines.  
Does it happen to be poisonous?  
I don't know.

Justin Reamer

# Bilboes

The prisoner had shackles on his feet,  
So he is unable to move,  
So thus, he is a prisoner true,  
And no one can save his guilty,  
Mortal soul.

Justin Reamer

# Bildungsroman

I am writing a book,  
A book that is great,  
And it is in the concern  
Of educating the protagonist  
So that he is developing over time.

It is a bildungsroman,  
A great thing  
I will accomplish,  
And people will learn  
With the protagonist in hand.

It will be a great book,  
And I am sure you will love to read it.

Justin Reamer

# Biliousness

I am feeling irksome  
Because someone made me mad  
And annoyed and everything of the like  
For I feel so stupid,  
And they are annoying to me,  
That they should just die.

Justin Reamer

# Birdsong

Scaring in the sky,  
Calling everyone by name,  
Singing songs of joy.

Justin Reamer

# Birth

I am in complete darkness,  
And my eyes are closed shut,  
And I am sensitive to all of my surroundings,  
And I can hear everything in this vacuum that I am in.  
I am in a curled ball,  
And I am surrounded by fluid,  
And something is attached to me,  
For it feeds me everything I need.

Then, I hear something break,  
And I feel my cord disconnect,  
And I feel myself moving.  
Yet, I do not want to move,  
And I still do anyway.  
I try to fight,  
But I keep getting pushed,  
As if I were an infection,  
Or as if I were the nerd in school.

Then I open my eyes,  
And I see the first sign of light,  
And I realise that I can 'see, '  
An experience that I have never had before.

I had never opened my eyes before  
In my entire life,  
But, as I came closer to the light,  
I could feel some pressure on my head,  
And I could see a blurry face  
Looking down at me,  
And it is so strange,  
And very scary,  
For it is some kind of thing  
With glasses,  
A mask and hairnet,  
And some weird clothing.

I cry because of the scary sight,  
And I want to wail,

Because my safe grounds were gone.  
And yet, I am 'breathing' for the first time,  
Taking my first breath,  
And realising that I can breathe,  
But, yet, I do not focus on that,  
For the scary sight is unimaginable,  
And I cannot stand it.

I then see a beautiful face,  
A face that reminds me of an angel,  
Something that I can still remember to this day,  
For it calmed me as I saw it.  
It was my mother's face,  
And it calmed me to see her smiling at me,  
As if she were God Himself.

And I smiled back,  
For it was such a pretty sight,  
And the face was so loving,  
And she was not wearing anything scary  
Like the other things in the room.  
I knew that I could trust her.

She held me for some time,  
And she held me in her arms,  
And it comforted me,  
And it helped me relax,  
For I was glad to see her.

Then there were some voices I could not understand,  
And my mother and the 'things' were talking  
About something that I did not understand.  
Then one of the things took me in its arms,  
And they took me to a room,  
And they did something very painful to me  
Around my genitalia,  
And I could not stand it.

I cried in pain,  
And I howled with horror,  
And as they took me back to my parents,  
I was still very upset.

But my mother relaxed me,  
And I felt better,  
And I went to sleep,  
And I was good after that.

Justin Reamer

# Blank

Sometimes life feels so empty...  
From such a long time ago...

Justin Reamer

# Blank Slate

Sometimes life is a blank slate,  
For you cannot read my face...

Justin Reamer

# Blessed Be Your Name

Dear Lord,

You are the greatest Being to  
Have ever existed in all  
Of Creation and in the history  
Of our world,  
And I must say that  
You are Holy and Almighty,  
And because of You,  
Your name is beyond all others,  
So blessed be Your Name.

Your Name is so great that  
It echoes throughout the universe,  
And everyone who lives  
In the mountains,  
And everyone who lives near the shore,  
And every living thing in the volcanoes,  
And in the oceans,  
And in the forests,  
And the taigas,  
And the tundras,  
And in the rainforest,  
And in the desert,  
And in the swamps,  
And in the bogs,  
And anything that lives in outer space,  
On a different planet,  
Whether it be something like Mars or Jupiter,  
Or a fictional planet (which would be  
Surprising if it was real)  
Like Klingon or Vulcan  
Could hear Your Name cried out among  
The many stars in the night sky.  
Blessed be Your Name.

You love us all so much,  
That You gave Your Son to us,  
To save us from our sins,

So that we may reunite with You  
With the Salvation You provided us.  
Blessed be Your Name, Lord.

You created us all in Your own Image,  
By giving us the capacity to love,  
And giving us free will  
To know the difference between  
Right and wrong.  
You loved us so much,  
That You let us make our  
Own decisions,  
Whether it be with Your  
Guidance or not, O Lord.  
Yet, because of Your love,  
We thank you so much.  
Blessed be Your Name.

Lord, You love us so much,  
That Your love is unconditional,  
For if we make a mistake,  
Whether the sin is mortal or venial,  
And whether it be assault,  
Murder or rape,  
Or embezzlement,  
Or petty selfishness,  
You still love us unconditionally.  
Your love is Agape,  
And I love Your Love, Dear Lord,  
For Agape is the greatest thing  
In the entire world,  
For it is selfless, sacrificial love,  
And that is what Your Love is.  
I thank thee, O Lord,  
For Your unconditional Love,  
And I praise You for all You have done for me  
And for all of us human beings around the world,  
Whether they be my family or my friends,  
Or foreigners in different countries,  
Or people of a different faith,  
Such as the Jews or the Muslims,  
Who both believe in You strongly,

Or the Hindus or the Buddhists,  
Or the Confucians or Taoists,  
Or Rastafarians, who also  
Believe in You strongly,  
Or the Zens or the Shintos,  
For I thank You for all You have done  
For all of us in this world,  
Since You love us unconditionally,  
And Your Love is the greatest thing in this life.  
Blessed be Your Name, O Lord.

You are also very merciful,  
And Your mercy is above all else,  
For since You love us unconditionally,  
You will forgive us no matter how  
Great our sin is,  
No matter if it is  
Lying,  
Greed,  
Sloth,  
Pride,  
Vainglory,  
Anger,  
Wrath,  
Vanity,  
Narcissism,  
Self-centredness,  
Lust,  
Hatred,  
Abhorrence,  
Envy,  
Jealousy,  
Coveting someone's possessions,  
Coveting someone's wife,  
Coveting someone's property,  
Saying something bad behind someone's back,  
Gossiping,  
Spreading rumours,  
Committing adultery,  
Embezzlement,  
Assault,  
Mail fraud,

Theft,  
Larceny,  
Fraudulence,  
Dishonesty,  
Disloyalty,  
Cheating,  
Physical abuse,  
Sexual abuse,  
Verbal abuse,  
Homosexual practises  
(Not the love portion,  
But the lust) ,  
Selfishness,  
Self-centredness,  
Self-absorption,  
Erotica,  
Watching pornography,  
Committing sexual acts outside of marriage,  
Bullying,  
Harrassment,  
Teasing,  
Robbery,  
Burglary,  
Profanity,  
Worshipping in another religion,  
Hit-and-run,  
Getting into an accident,  
Paedophilia,  
Rape,  
Molestation,  
Leaving one's family,  
Murder,  
Sacking a city,  
Prejudice,  
Discrimination,  
Persecution,  
Not keeping the Sabbath Day,  
Disobedience towards one's parents,  
Bearing false witness against one's neighbour,  
Taking drugs or alcohol,  
Gluttony,  
Eating everything in excess,

Doing everything in excess,  
Or anything like that,  
You are very merciful and  
Will grant us forgiveness  
If we are truly apologetic  
For what we have done  
And are willing to change,  
And because You love us so much,  
You are the greatest Father anyone  
Can ever have, Dear Lord.  
Blessed be Your Name.

You are also giving,  
For You have given us all many gifts,  
All to utilise and to help  
Make the world a better place around us,  
For You have given me  
The ability to read people,  
The gift of empathy,  
The gift of kindness,  
The gift of charity,  
The gift of wisdom,  
The gift of bravery,  
The gift of the arts,  
The gift of my strength,  
The gift of intelligence,  
The gift of selflessness,  
The gift of forgiveness,  
The gift of listening,  
The gift of piety,  
The gift of fortitude,  
The gift of courage,  
The gift of faith,  
The gift of strength,  
The gift of joy,  
The gift of happiness,  
The gift of friendship,  
The gift of friends,  
The gift of amity,  
The gift of an education,  
The gift of a home and shelter,  
The gift of clothing

To keep me warm,  
The gift of food,  
The gift of water  
That is clean and safe to drink,  
The gift of Your Son,  
Whom You have given to all of us,  
And, most importantly,  
The gift of my kinsmen,  
My family,  
Whom I love so much,  
For they have done so much  
For me,  
And I do everything I can to help them,  
And because they have supported me  
In everything that I do,  
And because I will never forget  
What they have done for me,  
And I will never stop loving them,  
And even though they are mad at me,  
Currently, anyway,  
I want to let them know that I love them,  
And that I am sorry for being incompetent,  
And that I will always love them  
And miss them every day of my life,  
And I hope that they can find it  
In their hearts to forgive me.  
Yet, Lord, You are the greatest gift  
In the entire world,  
So Blessed be Your Name.

Thank You for all You have  
Done for all of us in our lives,  
So blessed be Your Name.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Blessing Of The Meal

Bless us, O Lord,  
For these thy gifts,  
Which we are about to receive,  
From thy bounty,  
Through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Blue

ocean,  
sky,  
water,  
blue whale,  
blue jay,  
blue raspberry,  
blueberry,  
calm,  
cool,  
relaxing,  
soothing,  
pleasing,  
U-M,  
Or Michigan Wolverines.

Justin Reamer

# Blue Water

Waves tumbling around,  
Going at the speed of sound,  
Blue water hath ceased.

Justin Reamer

# Blue-Collar Man

Working every day and night,  
On a schedule that seems endless,  
Working past midnight  
And into early dawn,  
I work the factory day and night  
On a schedule that seems like 24: 7;  
Something that I have become accustomed to,  
Something that I feel is just another part of life.

I work day in and day out,  
With an endless schedule  
That feels like I don't  
Get a single hour's rest.  
It feels as if I live there,  
With no sleep to help me  
Make the day.  
But somehow I push on,  
And my metabolism perseveres,  
Although my energy is drained,  
And I must push hard to work.  
I know not how I do it,  
But my body fights against me  
As I fight against it,  
And the hours seem like days,  
Which pass by slowly,  
Which I cannot understand,  
For fatigue is at my doorstep,  
And the factory is my home.

Do I even have a home? I ask myself,  
Wondering whether this to be true;  
I have never gone anywhere called  
'Home' for what seems like days or weeks  
Or months,  
Or years, perhaps;  
It seems I have lost track of time,  
Although I must push to keep working,  
And the working is my concentration,  
My main focus in life.

I do not remember the day or the month,  
Or even the year,  
For all I know is that the factory  
Is where I am,  
And the work is what I do,  
Day-in and day-out.

The equipment is so large and heavy,  
And they are noisy at that,  
The environment is permissible,  
Since I have become so used to it.  
The noise is not so bad,  
For I learned to drown it out;  
It is absent in the background,  
As I continue on my work.  
The equipment is dangerous,  
From what I can see,  
For it can take lives,  
Like the beast of 216.  
My co-workers call it '666, '  
This machine that lies within the factory,  
For it tears people apart,  
When it gets angry.  
In truth, I believe one can lose his life  
To that dreaded machine,  
But only if one is not being mindful  
And careful of what it is capable of.  
I have grown accustomed to it,  
And I am careful when I am around it,  
For I do not let it shred me to pieces,  
And I do what I need to do,  
In order for the factory to prosper,  
And for the manufacturing to go well.

I work day-in and day-out,  
I am the Blue-Collar Man,  
And I work the machines,  
With fatigue at my doorstep.  
I gain a low wage,  
A wage that is almost nothing,  
Something like \$0.50,  
Which gets paid to us every hour.

This wage I don't know,  
Which is almost next to nothing,  
Is something I can only bare,  
To come to share,  
That it is not much for a living.  
The only thing I can use it for,  
Is to pay for the morning coffee,  
Which is so expensive,  
I cannot attest,  
That it robs me of my living.  
I have that coffee for my energy,  
So that's how I know I push through the day,  
Working day and night,  
Without an ounce of sleep,  
Or a single moment of rest.  
And this coffee is the only thing that keeps me alive,  
For I have no meals,  
For the factory gives us none,  
And because I cannot afford food of my own.  
I still wonder to this day,  
Whether or not I have a house,  
Or even a home to go to,  
Since I spend every night and day in the factory.

When was the last time I saw my family? I ask myself,  
Wondering whether it was true.  
I was pretty sure I had a family once,  
And that they all were somewhere,  
But I was unsure whether they were existent,  
And if they lived in the same place.  
I thought they existed,  
From what I knew,  
I know I married someone;  
I know I dated someone, too.  
I knew she was a woman,  
A very beautiful woman,  
With dark brown hair,  
And bright blue eyes,  
But I could not remember her name.  
I know I married her a long time ago,  
But I cannot remember where she resides today,  
And I do not know whether or not she is still alive.

I know I have children, too,  
For I remember them being happy and merry,  
But I do not know what happened to them, either,  
And I cannot remember their whereabouts.  
Do I have a family? I wonder,  
Yes, I do,  
But where are they?  
What ever happened to them?  
Are they still alive?  
All these answers are unknown to me,  
Since I do not even know where my own home is,  
And this factory is my own prison,  
And that I do nothing but work all the year round.  
My family is unknown to me,  
And I know nothing else.

What has happened to my co-workers?  
What has happened to all of us that we work here, nonstop?  
Why do we fight to make a living?  
I do not know any of these answers, either.  
I sit in the assembly line and screw machinery,  
And the thoughts keep running through my head,  
Since I knew that my life was rough.

Who were we, the factory workers?  
Why do we fight for our living?  
Why do we fight for our time to survive?  
Why do we work until we are tired,  
With Death alluring we near his embrace,  
With our corpses nearly snagged into the Earth,  
With Satan grabbing at our remains,  
And Death taking our souls to our judgement,  
Only to know that we are not dead,  
And that we rise again,  
Mere corpses of the Undead,  
Pushing forward to work the factory,  
To make sure it thrives,  
And that we fail to survive.

Why are we here?  
Does anyone care about us?  
They say there are managers of this place,

This place that has dehumanised in every possible way,  
In which I cannot describe,  
But which we are mere robots performing jobs,  
With the flames bursting in the distance,  
And the pools of blood and fire tear apart  
Every shred of life.  
Who are the managers of this place?  
Rumours say that they are daemons,  
Willing to take our blood on any circumstance;  
Others say they are executive officers,  
Such as the CEO, the CFO, the President, and the VP,  
Who don't care about their own employees,  
And only care about their monetary gain;  
Others say it is that man from Germany,  
The man they call the 'Führer, '  
Who is reigning over all of us,  
Directly from the Undead,  
And his party,  
The one with the officer suits,  
The black outfits,  
And the red flag with the black spider,  
Will tear us down in order to oppress us,  
And to take over the world;  
Others say they are gods,  
Who have ruled the Earth for centuries,  
And have come back to claim their reign on the planet,  
And have enslaved all humankind to their own disposal.  
However, I know not who they are,  
Or what they are  
Or whence they ever came,  
But I live my life,  
Working overtime,  
Trying my best to keep up with the work,  
And making sure that I get it done,  
In order to make it the next day.

I think as I work,  
For my mind is disengaged from  
My muscles' actions,  
For my body works like a machine;  
I fight my fatigue,  
And I fight my own body,

Pressing forward with my own volition.  
My mind thinks  
And wonders  
And tries to remember,  
In order to understand where I am.  
Where do I work?  
Why am I here?  
What ever happened to my life?  
What ever happened to my family?  
I don't know,  
And I keep working,  
Until the day is out.

I keep working,  
Until the alarm sounds,  
Saying that we are allowed a break.  
My body disengages,  
And I am in control again,  
And I step out of the working form  
I was in,  
And finally I collapse onto the ground,  
And I close my eyes for the first time in days,  
And I have the longest slumber I have had in days,  
And I feel that I could never wake up.  
I am the blue-collar man,  
The one who works day and night,  
Working the factory 24: 7,  
And I am finally tired.  
I have finally given in to my fatigue,  
And I may have met my eternal slumber.

Justin Reamer

# Bodkin

This is my sword Excalibur,  
Once owned by King Arthur himself,  
As I am now king,  
I use it to my own wielding,  
And I shall rule fairly and justly,  
And that I will promise you.

Justin Reamer

# Bombasticity

This is so cool-sounding,  
But so meaningless at the same time.  
What is it you're trying to tell me?

Justin Reamer

# Bonnie Jo Campbell

A woman of quick wit and understanding,  
Blue eyes filled with vivacity and knowledge,  
An empathetic smile filled with enthusiasm and warmth,  
Bonnie Jo Campbell looked at me with excitement.  
'So, you're a writer?' she says to me, looking at me curiously,  
'Why you're so young, it's hard to believe.'  
'Why, yes, I'm a writer, ' I tell her, 'I have  
Been working on my first novel for over a year now-  
A historical epic, maybe, but still,  
It's quite something.'  
'You're writing an historic novel?' she asked,  
'That's amazing. Let me know how you are doing,  
And I will be glad to look it over for you, '  
And she smiled at me and signed my copy of her work.  
She then winked at me and smiled, saying,  
'Keep on writing, my friend.'

Justin Reamer

# Brain Music

Music is the state of somber serenity,  
The way the birds sing euphonious tunes as  
The sun rises over the horizonline at dawn,  
The images and sounds mixing together to  
Form a motion picture never-before-seen,  
Meant only for the purpose of meditation.

It is the language of heartfelt desires,  
Playing in my head with rhythmic resonance,  
A euphonious melody an orchestra performs,  
Violins and violas with vibrant visual vibes,  
Trumpets and trombones with tenor tendencies,  
And daring drums with dauntless demonstration.

It is the tapping of my foot at work,  
The low hum fluctuating from my trachaea,  
The whistle from my lips as I snap my fingers,  
Lyrics resounding at full volume from my heart,  
Igniting my soul with joy and passion as  
Sound and language unite in perfect harmony.

An heirloom from my grandfather,  
Music is the voice of Calliope in my ear,  
Synchronising my heartbeat to God Himself.  
Listening closely, I hear Grandpa's banjo,  
Playing blissfully as he smiles at me,  
Beckoning me to play with him as the  
Music in my veins becomes perfect poetry,  
Honouring Earl's best friend forevermore.

Justin Reamer

# Brains

My sister, Elyse,  
How she is ever so smart,  
She could do anything right,  
If you had the might,  
That she would never grow tart.  
She knew the simplest principles,  
Such as one and one equals two,  
Then she knew philosophy,  
Such as "to thine ownself be true."  
She knew the meaning of scientist,  
She studied the theory of space,  
She knew Galileo's accomplishments,  
And perhaps met God's own face.  
She understood Darwin's evolutionism,  
And Newton's gravitational pull,  
She understood Plato's "Forms,"  
And why the dirt was so dull.  
She understood the definition of unity,  
For she knew it was so true,  
She probably knew the meaning of life,  
To every shade and hue.  
She was curious of everything,  
Even the books,  
She was never precautious,  
Even about her own looks.  
Elyse, with her brains,  
Was better than a Proctor,  
She was so educated,  
That she became a doctor.  
She took care of the sick,  
And treated the dying,  
She knew the whole truth,  
Which she was not lying.  
She was good to the world,  
As we know it already,  
We will only know,  
When things are quite steady.  
Elyse is a saint,  
Unlike any other,

Truth be told,  
She was inspired by her mother.  
Even when Dad left,  
Elyse still held strong,  
She knew life wasn't perfect,  
And here `twas not wrong.  
She kept her goals straight,  
And her head intact,  
She knew as of late,  
There was nothing she lacked.  
Elyse held strong,  
No matter the cost,  
She stayed on the path,  
And was no longer lost.

Justin Reamer

# Braying Out

Let's celebrate your birthday today,  
My dear friend,  
And we will have a splendid  
Old time, won't we?

Justin Reamer

# Bread On The Table

Bread on the Table,  
Is the only food I have,  
'Tis a loaf, I know,  
But it's not from the lab.

When I look at this bread,  
I see Christ,  
Who suffered for our sins;  
I see Him in heaven,  
So pleasantly,  
And I see those grins.

When I eat this bread,  
I see Christ in my front yard,  
He smiles at me,  
And beckons me,  
For He has no card.

I linger for a moment,  
Only to see Him smile,  
I walk out to Him,  
And smile back,  
Knowing He is worth the while.

We converse ever so pleasantly,  
Meditating through His teachings,  
I ask Him multiple questions,  
Searching and beseeching.

He laughs pleasantly,  
And says I have a lot to learn,  
And I laugh with Him,  
And I know what I have to earn.

I tell Him I believe in Him,  
And I know He will always guide me,  
He says He is the Light of the World,  
And He will always be the Olive Tree.

The Olive Tree is the symbol of life,  
This is what He tells me,  
He is the Light and the Way,  
So it is clear for me to see.

He embraces me,  
And holds me in His arms,  
For He is my Saviour,  
I know that He is there for me,  
And that I owe Him a great favour.

He says that I'm not in His debt,  
For He already paid it,  
He says I should know my faith,  
For it will never split.

I thank Him greatly for coming here,  
And I say farewell,  
He says good-bye and adieu to you,  
And I know I rang a bell.

On the days following,  
I see Him in my life,  
I pray to Him no matter what,  
Even in endless strife.

I thank Him for this loaf of bread,  
That provides me with nutrition,  
For this is His body,  
That gives me my contrition.

I am imperfect,  
But I depend on Him,  
No matter what shall happen,  
I know that I have a lot to learn,  
When it comes to lessons.

I go to bed that night,  
Thanking Him for coming,  
I know that He will be there once again,  
In the next bird's musical humming.



# Breath Of Air

A breath of air,  
So beautiful it is,  
The refreshing taste on my tongue,  
Which I ravish so much,  
For when I feel the air on my tongue,  
I feel refreshed all the more.

Justin Reamer

# Brianne Czyzio

Brianne, you are a wonderful person  
That I will never be able to forget,  
For you are so devout and good to people,  
That I cannot forget who you are.

You are a wonderful person,  
And a great friend,  
For you are thoughtful,  
Kind, and sweet,  
And you always are there  
For the people that need you most.

You are Christlike in every way,  
And you help people in whatever way  
That you can,  
And we love you  
And appreciate you for who you are.

Thank you, Brianne,  
For all that you do,  
For you have done so many  
Great things for us,  
That we cannot thank you  
Enough for all that you have done.  
May God bless you in all that you do!

Justin Reamer

# Brittany Gardner

There was once a woman I loved  
who is still alive today,  
per chance admit it,  
but I know not what happened to her,  
which makes me wonder altogether.

She was Brittany, my first love,  
whom I dated for a month.  
A pauper, she was,  
and a writer like I am,  
was somewhat pretty,  
but rather plain.

Her family, a mess,  
the mother, the wife of a truck driver,  
gorging herself as the food is scarce,  
and the children eating the  
sparse leftovers, which usually  
were the crumbs off the ground.

The truck driver,  
her stepfather,  
a nice man by nature,  
giving, caring, wonderful,  
works hard to provide for  
his very own family,  
but the mother feeds  
gluttonously and ravenously  
as her own children starve,  
suffering from anorexia  
and malnutrition.

The father- Brittany's father-  
a lunatic, burning the Bible,  
worshipping Satan, casting spells and hexes,  
burning live children alive for sacrifices,  
incinerating any stray animals to the gods,  
drinking alcohol to waste away,  
abusing his children in mad intoxication,

raping them as part of a fertility ceremony,  
taking drugs for the effect,  
turning mad with rage as he ingests them,  
committing arson, pyromania, vandalism,  
homicide, murder, incest, paedophilia, etc.  
He is daft, not knowing reality;  
thick, lacking proper knowledge;  
empty, knowing no sanity.  
Gone, he is, out of her life,  
but interesting.

The girl herself,  
quirky and interesting,  
somewhat pretty,  
but rather plain and homely,  
knowing no bounds at all.  
I lost her, but it's all right,  
she's a lost memory to me,  
so I seek no further for her.

Justin Reamer

# Bro

Happy 16th Birthday, bro,  
For today is your special day,  
Since you were born on this day,  
You deserve it,  
And you deserve everything you get.

Well, my dear brother,  
Let me tell you something,  
Do not let this day bother you,  
Even though it was 11 years ago,  
And it is hard to forget.

I can still remember missing your birthday,  
When you were not able to go to McDonald's,  
Just because of the tragedy on the television,  
But let me tell you that  
I hope you understand,  
That today will not hinder you,  
Even with the bad events that happened.

Do not let them hold you back,  
And always strive to succeed,  
Because I know you can do great things,  
And keep on fighting forth.

I hope you do well, brother,  
And do well in life,  
Keep those grades up, no matter what,  
And you will be as happy as can be.

Good luck in your junior year,  
And have a good time,  
I just hope you will be happy,  
No matter what happens at all.

Justin Reamer

# Brosef

Sitting on the couch all day,  
Refusing to do any work like a truant,  
Checking out his Facebook page,  
Updating his status every hour,  
Playing yardball games and  
Failing to pay any attention to work,  
My brother smirks at everyone around him.

My brother is a truant,  
Someone who hates working  
And is good at shirking his responsibilities,  
Making people clean up after him constantly,  
And his laziness makes people frustrated.  
He says, 'No, ' if you ask him to help you,  
Refuses to do any work,  
Refutes you for getting after you,  
Defies everything you tell him not to do,  
And denies he has any problems in the least.  
He is problematic in every way.

My brother is irritating,  
Obnoxious to say the least,  
He and his cabal like to plot  
Things that would make people  
Lose their alacrity and go insane.  
Mirth for him is  
Misery for others.

My brother is a coxcomb,  
Combing his hair every time  
He walks past a mirror,  
Doing a 'butt-check' after  
He goes to the bathroom,  
Making sure his clothes are on straight,  
And always giving in to his foppish ways.  
He is insecure about his looks,  
Asking people if he should wear one  
Outfit or the other so  
He can 'impress the ladies.'

He takes hour-showers,  
Making his entire family wait for him.  
The fop makes everyone frustrated  
Because he is no more than dandy.

My brother is a jerk,  
Thoughtless to other people,  
Unconcerned about their problems,  
And only concerned about himself.  
He fails to have empathy,  
And succumbs to his self-centredness.

My brother is a knave,  
Giving people insults,  
Using profanity,  
And hurting people to  
The best of his ability.  
He is a flibbertigibbet,  
Not aware of anyone else's  
Thoughts or emotions.

Yet, he can still be a good man,  
Despite what people may say,  
For he does show compassion at times,  
And sometimes shows love.  
He isn't perfect,  
But he's still my brother,  
And I will love him forevermore.

Justin Reamer

# Brotherhood

Fraternity is like the  
Warm feeling someone has  
From doing good to others;  
The sun as it beats down on you;  
Like the sweetness you taste in  
Ice cream when you have it  
For the first time,  
Like the love from your spouse  
In a honeymoon stage;  
It's ultimately beautiful.

Justin Reamer

# Bruit

When I shout in the mountains,  
I hear my echo,  
And it speaks to me,  
Letting me know that he  
Is here with me,  
As a sort of doppelganger would,  
Making me feel comfort and safety.

Justin Reamer

# Bullies

Bullies are quite stupid,  
Making every stupid gesture,  
They think they are so cool,  
Picking on everyone there is.

They like to be a bother,  
Because they are so insecure,  
They think they are so special,  
Because they pick on everyone.

They like to pick on people,  
Because they feel so timid,  
they think that they are funny  
Because they like to harass.

The question is ever-present  
Of why they do what they do,  
But it is quite simple,  
It's insecurity.

Let's face it,  
It is quite stupid,  
Bullies should not know know what they do,  
Because they are so rancid.

Justin Reamer

# Bursar

I trust you with my money  
Because you are my keeper of funds,  
I know you will not fail me,  
So I will give them to you,  
For you are a stockbroker,  
An accountant,  
And a banker all in one.  
Thank you for your help.

Justin Reamer

# C

How many words  
Do you know  
That start  
With the letter 'c'?

I guess I know a few,  
But I guess I can start  
Right now,  
For here it goes.

cat  
can  
car  
cab  
cub  
calf  
court  
cake  
curd  
cap  
cop  
copper  
cup  
cum  
cock  
con  
can  
cam  
cu#%  
core  
cut  
coat  
cancer  
cone  
coke  
cocaine  
cornea  
crap  
crappola

catch  
catchy  
con-artist  
can't  
cannot  
corpus  
cubbie  
cad  
caddie  
cube  
cubic  
centimetres  
centennial  
century  
cent  
cents  
censure  
censor  
cinquain  
cinco  
catastrophe  
catastrophic  
come  
cancerous  
cargo  
cool  
continent  
country  
city  
capital  
capitol  
consonant  
consonance  
Constance  
constant  
consistent  
consistency  
cape  
crusade  
crusader  
cruel  
crayon

Crayola  
cockroach  
carbon  
control  
controlling  
controller  
cavity  
cavities  
care  
caring  
careful  
carefully  
comely  
compliment  
complement  
complimentary  
complementary  
corset  
cajole  
cajoling  
cajoler  
criticise  
criticism  
cynical  
cynicism  
cynic  
critic  
criticising  
cynically  
command  
commander  
commanding  
commandment  
Commandments  
courage  
courageous  
courageously  
cynically  
cinders  
catatonic  
corporal  
corporeal

corporation  
corporate  
check  
checkout  
Chekhov  
Charles  
Cheney  
cranium  
cranial  
cerebrum  
cerebral  
cortex  
cerebellum  
cerebellar  
corner  
clutch  
clutches  
clutching  
concern  
concerned  
caper  
casket  
Connor  
corridor  
collaborate  
collaboration  
collaborator  
cooperate  
cooperation  
cooperative  
collaborative  
cooperator  
co-pilot  
co-author  
co-editor  
co-worker  
corroborate  
corroboration  
corroborative  
corroborator  
cooperatively  
collaboratively

charge  
charger  
circumcise  
circumcision  
circumcising  
colour  
corn  
carnivore  
carne  
conquer  
conqueror  
conquering  
croquet  
create  
creator  
creative  
creation  
creatively  
creationism  
Creator  
converge  
convergence  
convergent  
clinch  
clincing  
clincher  
clash  
clashes  
clip  
clipper  
clipboard  
cupboard  
cabinet  
character  
characterisation  
Christ  
Christianity  
carburettor  
corpse  
carcass  
carcinogen  
carbonate

cart  
carbonated  
canyon  
caterpillar  
core  
capillary  
cardiovascular  
cardiac  
Clive  
Cussler  
cringe  
cringing  
cringer  
caution  
cautious  
cautiously  
courtly  
congratulate  
congratulations  
conglomeration  
conglomerate  
conglomerator  
carnival  
caribou  
cod  
codfish  
catfish  
cab  
cabal  
cabaret  
cabbage  
cable  
cord  
chord  
cabin  
captain  
co-sign  
co-signer  
cosine  
cotangent  
cosecant  
circle

circular  
circumference  
capillary  
cache  
cachet  
chuckle  
Chuckie  
chuck  
chortle  
cackle  
crackle  
conceal  
concealer  
concealed  
criminal  
crime  
criminy  
cupid  
criminality  
cork  
chat  
chatter  
chatting  
chatted  
chats  
chatterbox  
camera  
camcorder  
corny  
cheese  
cheesy  
chap  
chick  
chisel  
cylinder  
cylindrical  
chapel  
chapped  
challenge  
challenger  
challenger  
challengee  
chip

chipping  
chin  
cheek  
cheeky  
cheekily  
chafe  
chafing  
church  
cheap  
cheaper  
cheapest  
cheaply  
carpool  
carnage  
canny  
cordial  
curtail  
curb  
cease  
cacophony  
cacophonous  
cactus  
cacti  
caddy  
cadaver  
cadaverous  
cleave  
cleavage  
crinkle  
cliff  
cliffhanger  
crate  
Crete  
Cyprus  
Chile  
China  
California  
Colorado  
Canada  
Connecticut  
Commanche  
Cuba

chimp  
chimpanzee  
Corea  
cluck  
cadence  
cadenza  
cadet  
cadge  
cadmium  
cafe  
Caesar  
Caesarean  
caesura  
cello  
cholera  
criteria  
cramp  
cramps  
camp  
campground  
campsite  
cockpit  
corkscrew  
cottage  
cot  
capitalism  
capitalist  
communism  
Communist  
communist  
Capitalist  
Capitalism  
Communism  
community  
communal  
commune  
communing  
compare  
comparison  
contrast  
contraction  
contract

contractor  
condor  
capabara  
centaur  
clean  
cleanliness  
cleaner  
cleaner  
cleanest  
cleanly  
covert  
covertly  
conversion  
convert  
converse  
conversion  
conversation  
consequence  
consequences  
catalyst  
cataclysm  
cataract  
centre  
central  
centric  
central  
contradiction  
contradictory  
contraband  
contort  
contortion  
calculate  
calculation  
calculations  
calculator  
calculus  
Copernicus  
card  
crazy  
crazily  
cannibal  
candid

candour  
candidly  
Candide  
checking  
change  
changing  
changer  
checker  
cheque  
chess  
checkers  
chequing  
cafeteria  
coffee  
caffeine  
caftan  
catapult  
capitulate  
capitulation  
cahoots  
cohorts  
complicit  
comprehend  
comprehensive  
comprehension  
copy  
copier  
copying  
cage  
cagey  
cane  
Cain  
cook  
cosey  
comfort  
comfortable  
cooking  
Corey  
Catholic  
Christian  
creak  
creek

creaking  
creep  
crept  
creeper  
creepy  
clever  
clandestine  
cathedral  
clan  
clannish  
clique  
cliquey  
cliquish  
crater  
coop  
coon  
cove  
Canaveral  
crane  
conclave  
cairn  
calm  
calamine  
calamitous  
calamity  
calcium  
call  
calendar  
calming  
calmer  
calmest  
calibrate  
calibre  
conjure  
conjuring  
conjurer  
Concord  
concord  
Cleveland  
Cincinnati  
cowboy  
cowgirl

cowhand  
calico  
caliper  
calligraphy  
calling  
caller  
caldron  
callous  
courtier  
Chevy  
Chevrolet  
concierge  
chalet  
chagrin  
chain  
chainlink  
chainlike  
crepe  
crepes  
cretin  
Corinth  
Corinthian  
Cervantes  
Collins  
Colin  
Collin  
Comcast  
charter  
Charter  
Constitution  
constitution  
constitutional  
constitutionality  
Congress  
congress  
congressional  
curve  
curves  
curtain  
certain  
certainty  
certainly

crave  
craving  
coach  
cone  
column  
columnist  
callow  
calorie  
calumny  
calypso  
Calypso  
calve  
carton  
camber  
chamber  
cambric  
camel  
came  
cask  
carpenter  
carpentry  
cosmos  
cosmopolitan  
cosmetology  
cosmetologist  
canteen  
cherry  
camellia  
cameo  
camouflage  
camouflaging  
chameleon  
creature  
claim  
claiming  
claimer  
customer  
cell  
cellar  
custom  
customise  
customs

culture  
cultural  
cult  
cellular  
cell phone  
cycle  
cinderblock  
Cinderella  
cement  
cinch  
carp  
coral  
crystal  
calcite  
camisole  
camphor  
campaign  
cologne  
Cole  
corps  
cards  
campaigner  
campus  
canal  
canape  
canary  
canopy  
cyclical  
cancan  
cancel  
cancellation  
climb  
climber  
cricket  
credit  
credential  
credentials  
circumstances  
circumstance  
confident  
confidence  
confidential

confidant  
confide  
capricious  
caprice  
cleanse  
cleansing  
cleanser  
candy  
candied  
candle  
canon  
cannon  
canine  
canister  
contain  
container  
canker  
cannabis  
cannelloni  
caesura  
cannibalism  
cannibalise  
canoe  
cant  
canonise  
cantaloupe  
cantankerous  
contrive  
cantata  
conned  
conning  
canter  
cantilever  
canvas  
canvass  
cave  
capable  
capability  
Coca-Cola  
credible  
credibility  
credulous

credulity  
capacious  
capacity  
course  
coarse  
capitalise  
capon  
cashew  
capuccino  
cardboard  
capsise  
capstan  
capsule  
caption  
compel  
compulsion  
compulsive  
captivate  
captive  
captivity  
captivation  
captor  
capture  
carafe  
caramel  
chocolate  
cocoa  
carat  
caravan  
caraway  
carbohydrate  
carbuncle  
carcinoma  
cardiograph  
cardigan  
cardiology  
cardiologist  
communicate  
communications  
communication  
communicative  
cardinal

careless  
carefree  
carer  
caress  
caretaker  
curator  
cure  
curer  
curate  
cute  
caricature  
carry  
carries  
carrying  
carrier  
crochet  
crouton  
coupon  
cash  
caries  
carmine  
carnal  
cognition  
cognitive  
cones  
cervix  
child  
children  
childish  
childlike  
chide  
chastise  
chastity  
chaste  
chair  
chase  
chaser  
chasing  
chased  
chime  
chimer  
chiming

chiding  
clam  
clammy  
crow  
crape  
cradle  
crib  
Chris  
Christopher  
careworn  
career  
caress  
carouse  
carousel  
carol  
collide  
collision  
colliding  
crash  
crashing  
clang  
clank  
clanger  
cling  
clinger  
clap  
clapper  
clapping  
collapse  
collapsing  
carpet  
carriage  
carrion  
carrot  
casa  
carotid  
carte  
coup  
carte blanche  
cartel  
cartilage  
carbonic

cartography  
choreography  
choreographer  
cartoon  
cartridge  
cartographer  
carve  
carver  
carving  
cascade  
case  
cerulean  
casement  
comment  
commentary  
commentate  
commentator  
comments  
cashmere  
cashier  
casino  
casserole  
cassette  
class  
classical  
classic  
classicism  
cassock  
cast  
castmember  
castaway  
caster  
casting  
caste  
castigate  
castle  
castor  
casual  
casualty  
catacomb  
catalogue  
catamaran

catarrh  
catalytic converter  
Catechism  
cathartic  
catharsis  
category  
categorical  
cater  
caterwaul  
catheter  
cathode  
cattle  
cattlehand  
concubine  
comrade  
Conrad  
camaraderie  
companion  
champion  
cribbed  
cribbage  
crab  
crabby  
croc  
crocodile  
cakery

And that is all  
I can do for today,  
For you may need to come  
Back another day,  
In order to get  
The next letter of  
The alphabet.  
Good day, sir.

Justin Reamer

# Cabal

There are people plotting against me,  
I must do whatever I can to  
Keep my power,  
Or I will probably die.

Justin Reamer

# Calamity

Oh, what pain lurks within my heart  
As darkness shrouds over my mind  
And clings to the very brink of my existence.  
How I cannot see clearly,  
How everything seems dark and bleak,  
And how my heart beats painfully within my chest.

What am I to do? What shall I try?  
It is hard to walk, difficult to speak,  
Hard to think, and difficult to even breathe.  
I choke on my words as I begin to speak,  
My breath is short and uneven,  
My balance is ungraceful and  
My mobility awkward and languid,  
And my thoughts are random and unfocused.  
I cannot seem to exist,  
For darkness looms in me,  
And my convalescence has not yet begun,  
My invalescence thus gone, vanished.

Oh, how I wish I could vanish,  
For as this bittersweet tear falls down my cheek,  
I always beg and supplicate to the Divine Being  
Who created me, for evil was done to me,  
Something I repressed for years,  
But to the man was it committed,  
And to the man it was unleashed.  
Shame does not exist in his eyes,  
But I suffer nonetheless.

God, please help me,  
I feel that I am losing at life!  
Please help me!  
Oh, how I wish I could disappear,  
For I feel disgusting and grotesque-  
The pain is so unbearable.  
Tears gush down my face,  
And shivers travel down my spine.  
Darkness is all over me,

Bleakness all around,  
And I sit here, in despair,  
Never to smile again.

Justin Reamer

# Calligraphy

Upward, downward figure-eight,  
The pulse of the pen on an AED,  
A seismograph looping and  
Swirling with every heartbeat.

Upward, downward, diagonal slash,  
Loops and circles,  
Rocky roads with electric jolts;  
A tail to follow soonafter.

A dart to dot the eyes,  
And a knife to slice the tease,  
Cardiological drumbeats covert  
Into a portrait quite unique.

Justin Reamer

# Callithumpian

Come to the parade,  
Get some prizes,  
And you will have a wonderful time;  
I swear to you that you will have fun,  
Or you can have your money back guaranteed.

Justin Reamer

# Calumniations

Making stupid lies about me  
Will get you nowhere in life, Ronnie.

Justin Reamer

# Cap-E-Pe

He is armed from head-to-toe,  
There is no way we can defeat him,  
Unless we find his weakness.

Justin Reamer

# Caret

Insert it here:

The place I once was ^ very good could ^ you wild.

Follow the stuff and make it right.

Justin Reamer

# Carly

Carly,

You are special,  
And you know that,  
And always remember that,  
For you are a beautiful woman,  
And any man would stop in their tracks,  
And would become infatuated with you.  
I was one of those men,  
But I realised that any sort of relationship  
Would not work out,  
But have no fear,  
You will meet a very nice man  
Whom you will love in return,  
For you are a great girl,  
Perky, cute, vivacious,  
Pretty, and intelligent.  
You have what it takes  
For a man to fall in love with you,  
And God will let you know whom  
That man will be,  
And you will receive His blessing,  
And I assure you,  
That you will be happily married.

Yet, I believe you will find someone,  
For you are a great person,  
And I am sure you are confident enough,  
And I know you can do it,  
But for now,  
Be concerned with your studies,  
And you will find the right person,  
And you will fall in love,  
And you will eventually be affianced,  
And then the betrothal will begin,  
And you will marry,  
Have children,  
And have a happy family.  
I promise you that you will have a great life,

And I know it.  
May God bless you, my friend,  
And may you do well in life.  
I wish you luck.  
Go well into life,  
And have a great life,  
Because I believe in you.

Justin Reamer

# Carrion

What rotten thing are you up to?  
Fornicating with a girl!  
Man, you are nasty!  
Stop that vileness this instant!

Justin Reamer

# Cash Flow

This is how much money I have available,  
And it's not very much,  
So let's go someplace that's not very pricey.

Justin Reamer

# Cassandra Anouthay

A woman of vast curiosity,  
She explores what there is to see  
Around her as she reads, writes, and inquires.  
Philosophical questions intrigue her,  
And literature inspires her in  
Everything that she does.

She is a very good friend of mine,  
Tries hard in everything she does,  
Does well in school,  
A good sister,  
A good role model,  
A good mother figure,  
And so much more.

The way she loves children is  
So inspiring because she  
Is willing to give everything to them,  
And the way she loves people is so  
Great because she is so giving.  
She will be a great teacher someday,  
Whether she teaches English or Spanish  
Or something of that sort,  
She will pronounce her selflessness  
And her lovingkindness to the world.

Cassie is devoted to her friends,  
To her significant other,  
And to her family.  
Mr Poe is happy to be with her,  
Beyond doubt,  
Because he can love her all he wants,  
And she loves him in return.  
They care about each other,  
And think about each other firsthand,  
And may even be great parents one day,  
For all I may know.

But Cassie, you are a wonderful person,

And on your birthday,  
I want you to know that you  
Are special,  
And like no other;  
I am glad that you are my friend,  
And I am glad that you can do great things  
For this world. I hope  
God blesses you in everything that you do.

Justin Reamer

# Catechresis

I'm as busy as a cheetah,  
Fast as a bee,  
And so much like that.  
I hit the buck like this,  
And passed the road like that,  
And I made sure I didn't throw people on,  
Or turn people off.

I didn't want to pull their hair,  
Or get nestled in their legs,  
Or stand on thick water,  
So I garbled my words,  
Instead of putting my hand in my mouth.  
I did the best I could.

Justin Reamer

# Cautel

What kind of crafts are you into?  
Moulding? Carpentry?  
Writing? Painting?  
Poetry? Anything like that?  
Well, we are crafters, too,  
You see, so we would  
Love it if you joined our club.  
Welcome, my friend.

Justin Reamer

# Cello

Cello is an interesting fellow,  
With a baritone voice to sing,  
But he plays well,  
And makes the orchestra sound phenomenal.

Justin Reamer

# Centimetre

Ah, the centimetre,  
Indicated by cm,  
How small you are,  
How crazy you are,  
For you are only 1/100 of a metre.  
Is it sad to be diminutive,  
Or are you happy the way you are?

I hope you are fine with  
Me saying this,  
Mr Centimetre,  
But you have been quite useful to me,  
So I hope you will continue to be useful  
To us all.

Justin Reamer

# Cep

What a wonderful fungus this is,  
This mushroom that I am eating.  
Have you tasted it before?  
That's too bad  
Because it's perfectly delicious!

Justin Reamer

# Cerements

Wrapping paper is strange,  
Is it not?

Justin Reamer

# Certitude

I don't have to doubt  
Because I am free in the One  
Who loves me,  
For I trust in Him more than  
Anything in this world.  
It's a wonderful thing  
To be free.

Justin Reamer

# Cession

I surrender,  
I give up!

Justin Reamer

# Chaos

Chaos is

the basis  
of

existence

. Nothing

can exist

without

it.

Indeed

e

e

d

.

Justin Reamer

# Charlatan

I have a lot of skills.

I can read ten thousand books in a day,

Cook cakes in less than four minutes,

Ride my bike with no handle bars,

And so on.

I have climbed the Eiffel Tower,

Skydove from the greatest height,

Swam the Atlantic Ocean;

It's true,

Believe me;

Even though I really haven't.

Justin Reamer

# Checking At It

The hurricane is coming,  
So we better move away from it  
As soon as we possibly can,  
Otherwise our things will be destroyed,  
And we ourselves will die.

Justin Reamer

# Children

Children,  
Loud, energetic,  
Playing, dancing, singing,  
So adorable to be with,  
Children.

Justin Reamer

# Children's Prayer To Mary

Dear Mother of Jesus,  
look down upon me  
As I say my prayers slowly  
at my mother's knee.

I love thee, O Lady  
and please willest thou bring  
All little children  
To Jesus our King.

Justin Reamer

# Chough

He is quite the chatterbox,  
For he likes to talk a lot.  
He uses his mouth more than  
He uses his ears;  
It's rather hilarious,  
For his brain cannot withstand much.

Justin Reamer

# Christ Candle Of Hope

God, our loving Father, you sent your Son,  
Jesus Christ, into this world to counter  
all the forces of evil: sin, suffering and death,  
and to overcome evil with the force of good;  
hatred with the power of love,  
your great love for us in Jesus.

Help us never to curse the darkness,  
but to join with you in bringing  
Your light into this world,  
the light that is your Son,  
born of the Virgin Mary, in Bethlehem.  
Helps us to be instruments of your light  
and love by doing one special act of kindness  
or by being your special instrument  
of reconciliation this New Year.

May the Christ Candle we light symbolize  
our desire to bring light into a world of darkness  
and hope into a world of despair.  
We ask this through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Christina Bloom

A good friend from Massachusetts,  
Someone I will always care about,  
For she is my friend,  
With a very good heart,  
I will always believe in her always.

She has long black hair,  
With blue eyes the colour of the ocean,  
A beautiful smile which lights up a room,  
A wonderful disposition,  
And a kind heart.

She accepts people for who they are,  
And cares about them deeply,  
And is willing to do all she can to help.  
She is Christlike in many ways,  
Hoping to help people in however she can,  
For she is great,  
And is willing to do the right thing.

She is a dancer,  
A wonderful one at that,  
And she is good at what she does,  
And will continue to be in everything  
She continues to do.  
She dances ballet like there is nothing to it,  
Does ballroom dancing majestically and beautifully,  
And does everything so gracefully well,  
It makes you wonder why she's not a professional.

She is great with kids,  
A loving mother-to-be,  
Thoughtful, kind, compassionate,  
Giving, understanding, cheerful,  
Vivacious, optimistic, sweet,  
And loving above all,  
For she will be a great teacher  
To her students  
And a great mother to her children.

She has a great boyfriend named John,  
Who is altogether perfect for her,  
And he is a wonderful person,  
And they go well together  
Because they get along  
And are very happy together.  
They go so well that it is great  
For them to be together in the first place,  
For they are wonderful,  
And nothing can separate them.

Katie is a wonderful person,  
And I am happy to be her friend,  
And I will never forget what she's done,  
And all the amazing things she is about to do.  
May God bless Katie in all that she does.

Justin Reamer

# Christmas

Christmas is a lovely holiday,  
A beautiful one in which  
I spend time with my family,  
And everyone is happy  
And we open presents  
And rejoice with each other  
Because Jesus is born  
And has come into the world,  
And we celebrate his birthday,  
And we remember what he is going to do for us  
Because he loved us so much.

Jesus was born on this day,  
Christmas, that is,  
And we was born a humble birth  
When Mary and Joseph were travelling  
To Bethlehem for the census  
Declared by the Roman ruler,  
Augustus Caesar,  
Travelling by camel and by foot,  
A long journey across deserts,  
Mountains and sand,  
Rocks and waters,  
Seas and so much more,  
Just to cross all of Israel  
From Nazareth to Bethlehem.

Mary was about to go into labour  
Because she was nine months pregnant,  
And she kept pushing  
As St. Joseph kept walking with her,  
And pushing on and on.

Finally, they made it to Bethlehem,  
And they sought an inn,  
And the innkeeper would not let them in,  
For they had no room at all.  
But Joseph and Mary found a stable,  
Filled with a sheep, a cow, and a donkey,

And Mary was due,  
So she went into labour,  
And gave birth to Jesus in a manger.

When Jesus was born,  
A star flew over the stable,  
And angels rejoiced above it,  
For the Son of God was there.  
Shepherds came to see him,  
And they bowed down as the angels rejoiced before them,  
And the wise men,  
The Three Kings,  
The sages and the seers,  
Of Orient they were,  
Came to Jesus and gave him gold,  
Frankincense and myrrh.

Then Herod,  
The King of Jerusalem,  
Heard of the Messiah  
Who would overthrow him,  
So he sought out to kill every  
First-born son,  
But God warned Joseph,  
And Joseph and Mary fled to Egypt,  
And stayed there until Herod died,  
And upon his death,  
Returned to Nazareth,  
Where Jesus was preaching in the Temple  
About his Father's Word.

Jesus grew up and had a childhood  
Like many people did,  
And he eventually grew to where  
He would fulfil his role  
As the Messiah and the Christ,  
And would begin his teaching.

We celebrate this day with our family,  
And we are always happy,  
And I am thankful to God for this great day,  
And I wish Jesus a happy birthday, as well,

For he is the reason we are all here today,  
For he taught us his Father's Word,  
And he sacrificed himself in order to save us  
From our sins and to  
Grant us our salvation.  
Thank you, Jesus, for all that you do,  
And may you continue to be great.  
Happy Birthday on this great day of yours!

Justin Reamer

# Christmas Eve

'Tis a wonderful holiday,  
Christmas Eve,  
The evening of the most wonderful time of the year,  
When Jesus was born to us,  
And He would grow to be the Saviour.

He will be with us on this day,  
And we will spend time together,  
And we will all love each other,  
For He will present with us all of the time.

Justin Reamer

# Cinquain

I guess what I'm good at writing at  
Is sonnets and stuff in free verse,  
But five lines seems good enough,  
For the time being of course,  
But I will never be sure.

Justin Reamer

# Circumflex

The best thing for pronunciation  
Is this mark that shows  
The rise and fall of the vowel.

Justin Reamer

# Clarinet

Clarinet is a humble woman,  
With her reed and her valves,  
But she is also very beautiful  
In her own wonderful way,  
For she is good at what she does  
When she sings,  
But she does not brag about it  
Like some of her woodwind cousins.  
She plays well,  
And sings in alto,  
Making her sound wonderful to all.

Justin Reamer

# Class

Sitting and listening,  
Not doing nothing.

Justin Reamer

# Cleping

Where are you, Sean?  
Sean, I beseech thee,  
Where art thou?

Justin Reamer

# Clerihew

The boy looked at the sky,  
Wondering what it's like to fly;  
He looked down to the ground,  
To see what he had found.

Justin Reamer

# Climature

The regions are wonderful,  
For they are unique  
Throughout all of England!

Justin Reamer

# Cloud

Excellent fluffy

    Poofy exciting, ecstatic soft

    Furry enticing esoterical

    White Fluffy, Comfortable Relaxing Unstressed,  
    Seven Kingdoms the night Skies Knowledge,  
Sleep Imagination Dreams

    Love Happiness joy excitement, enthusiasm

    Relaxation Wisdom Easy-going Go with the flow

    White painting Cotton ball Cumulus Stratus

    Cirrus Nimbostratus Cumulonimbus,

    Meteorology, Storms rain snow

    thunder lightning H2O

    tornado,

    Waterspout wind,

    Thunderstorm, lightningstorm,

    Comfy white sheets

    With a Tempur-Pedic mattress

    All ready for someone

    Just like

    you.

Justin Reamer

# Clouds

Blobs of mist that look like shapes,  
Look like animals, trees, and apes.

They float in the air like spirits free,  
Making themselves not beggars be.

Puffy, white, and soft to the touch,  
We imagine how comfortable is much.

Yet, they are our imagination of heaven sought,  
When God made the world into what He brought.

Justin Reamer

# Cloying

Don't you think that's a bit excessive?  
Trying to eat too many things at once?  
I guess if it works for you,  
Then it works for me, too.

Justin Reamer

# Coach

The giant vehicle,  
Spinning its wheels  
Round and round,  
Gradually goes forward,  
And then comes to a stop,  
Gradually speeds up,  
And then gradually slows down,  
And then goes to its top speed,  
Which can be a bit sluggish still.

The driver stares ahead,  
Looking as if he had no sleep,  
And had not rested a day  
In his life,  
Staring ahead like a zombie,  
Sipping from his coffee  
Cup every now and then,  
Being the caffeine junkie  
That he is,  
And trying to stay on task,  
For he knows he could  
Very well lose his job.  
He continues down his weary way,  
And continues to stare ahead.

The passengers are all doing  
Their very own things,  
And they each have their own  
Activities that they do,  
While trying to pass the time.

A pair of lovebirds  
Sit next to each other,  
Flirting and chatting,  
Smiling every time they talk,  
And holding hands  
While they talk about the  
Many aspects of life.  
There is so much to see

And so much to do,  
And so much to live for,  
That they cannot stand  
To be apart,  
And that they must  
Do it together,  
For their company  
Is the greatest gift  
They have at this point in  
Life.

A mother and her child  
Are sitting together,  
For the mother is holding  
Her baby,  
And trying to quiet it,  
And the baby shrieks,  
And it cries,  
And begs for food,  
Or whatever it wants,  
And annoys the man  
In front of her,  
Who is trying to do his work.

Another mother is sitting  
With her little boy,  
And the boy asks her questions,  
And the mother lovingly responds  
To the boy's questions,  
Answering them in the  
Best way she possibly can.

A teenage boy is on his  
Nintendo 3DS,  
Playing some video game  
Of some sort,  
In which he has to complete  
A mission,  
In order to go on  
To the next level,  
For this is how he  
Passes his time.

An elderly man sits somewhere  
Else on the bus,  
And he is reading a very  
Thick book,  
For he has his nose into it,  
That he cannot even  
Think about taking  
It out,  
For he cannot put down  
That incredibly good read.

Two teenage girls  
Are sitting together,  
But they are not conversing,  
For they are on their cell phones,  
And texting people who are not there,  
And each other,  
Even though they are sitting  
Right next to each other,  
And even though  
They are best friends.  
They are thumbing  
Their keypads,  
And putting their  
Phones to use,  
With the ever incessant  
Clicking of the keys  
On that tiny keypad  
On a cell phone.

Two businessman  
Sit together  
And discuss their  
Business issues,  
And they are on their  
Cell phones,  
Keeping everything  
On task,  
And making sure everything  
Is efficient.

A college student is  
On his laptop,  
Trying to do his homework,  
And he is deeply  
Involved with what he is  
Doing,  
And cannot be distracted.

And the coach continues to go on,  
Until it reaches its destination,  
But that never comes,  
Until what seems like a lifetime,  
And people still do things,  
Just to pass the time.

Justin Reamer

# Coaptation

Broken bone,  
Rejoining of the parts,  
Fit into a cast.

Justin Reamer

# Cody

You crazy dog, you,  
Jumping around all over the place,  
Do you ever relax?  
I imagine you do,  
But it's hard to tell,  
But I still love you all the same.

Justin Reamer

# Colder Than Ice

Two brothers sat along the shore,  
On the beach of the lake  
They had loved in their youth,  
And they looked at the horizon,  
Looking at the sunset,  
Seeing the beauty it brought.

But the brothers sat apart,  
Keeping off their distance,  
For they still had enmity,  
Especially on this warm day.  
They did not sit close together,  
For they had nothing in common,  
And they shared no love,  
And their hatred flourished within them.

But the two brothers had come for a reason,  
Though with great reluctance,  
For their wives had forced them to come,  
And so now they had to make a deal.

The elder brother was medium height,  
With long blond hair and blue eyes;  
He was quite wise and always tried peace,  
No matter what came at him.  
He was slow to anger,  
Thoughtful and insightful,  
But absent-minded at times,  
He was devout in his faith,  
And still tried to forgive his brother.  
The elder was a humble writer,  
One who expressed his beliefs  
Yet he held the truth  
The youth did not quite see.

The youth, or the younger brother,  
Was a man of profound looks,  
He was kind to women,  
Along with his wife,

And he was good to his children,  
He was brave and full of courage,  
His blond hair fell down past his ears,  
His bangs long and flowing,  
He was very tall,  
His brown eyes were gleaming with pride,  
And the youth was an aristocrat.

The youth spoke thus to the elder,  
'What is it that you want, brother?  
My life, is that what you want,  
Or is it my soul, my death,  
My money, my power, my honour,  
My family, my wealth, and my heart?  
Speak to me, you insolent fool,  
For you are a disgrace to the family,  
And you care for nothing but yourself.  
You have not guided me,  
Nor have you helped me in any way.  
All you ever did was neglect,  
And you were always like Father,  
Always self-absorbed,  
Never caring for others.'

The older spoke to him thus:  
'My dear brother,  
I am sorry I failed you,  
I tried to help you in every way possible,  
I tried to help you cope with reality,  
I tried to help you stand your trial,  
I tried to protect you from Father,  
I did, I tried, and I failed.  
I am sorry for your anger,  
If you will, please forgive me.'

The youth spoke to him,  
For his heart was colder than ice:  
'Brother, I cannot forgive you,  
And, frankly, I never will,  
You nearly screwed up my life,  
You disgraced the family,  
And you hurt everyone in your path.

All i care about is disappearing.  
I don't care about where you go,  
Just stay far away from me,  
And go die somewhere.'

With this, the youth left,  
And the elder stared at the horizon,  
Thinking deeply about his past.

Justin Reamer

# Colon

This is the problem:

No one knows your name,  
No one knows who you are,  
You don't know who you are,  
And you don't know where you come from.  
How can we help you otherwise?

Justin Reamer

# Columbine

There was peace in the high school,  
That place we call Columbine,  
That place we will love so much,  
From what we can remember,  
Of Columbine High School.

Everyone was attending their classes  
During the warm day of 1999,  
And all the children,  
Or the teenagers, per say,  
Were laughing,  
And enjoying each other,  
And the teachers were expecting everything  
As was scheduled,  
But this was no normal day,  
From what anyone could tell.

That day was a bad one,  
As many saw,  
As two students ran into the hall,  
With guns sold from the black market,  
And shot everyone within their sight,  
And killed many innocent students,  
Including cheerleaders,  
Nerds and jocks,  
Over-achievers and scholars,  
Goths and 'freaks, '  
Blacks and whites,  
Christians and Jews,  
All girls and boys alike.

The evil in their faces  
Protruded from their rage,  
And went onto all those they killed,  
And they eventually killed themselves  
Out of their own hatred.  
The newspeople thought they were bullied,  
But that wasn't the truth,  
For they were sociopaths,

Seeking revenge on the society  
That corrupted them.  
Yet, we remember the day that came,  
The pain that this event caused,  
And the souls that were lost,  
For they are gone to heaven,  
And we remember what evil is capable of.

Justin Reamer

## Com Você

Minha querida, eu quero que você saiba

Algo que é muito importante para mim,

E algo que pode ser

Muito importante para você, também,

Se você valoriza meu amor apenas

Tanto quanto o seu valor.

Minha querida, eu estive com você para

Desde que me lembro.

Me lembro quando éramos crianças,

E nossos pais eram vizinhos,

E nós éramos vizinhos, bem como,

É claro

E nossos pais seriam agendar 'datas de jogo'

Como eles chamavam naquela época e ainda fazer agora,

E havia muito mais do que isso.

Você, sua irmã e seu irmão viria

E você iria sair com meu irmão, minha irmã e eu.

Eu lembro de pensar que as meninas eram brutas,

E gostaria de evitar

E você pensou que eu tinha uma doença,  
Então você poderia evitar-me, também.

Mas, depois de algumas semanas,  
Nos tornamos amigos,  
E descobrimos que tínhamos muito em comum,  
E que nós poderia confiar uns nos outros.

Tornou-se muito perto,  
E que jogamos juntos, Super Mario Bros  
E temos que jogar Pokémon,  
E iria assistir desenhos da Disney,  
Com Mickey Mouse, Pateta e Pato Donald,  
E iria assistir Looney Tunes juntos,  
Com Pernalonga, Patolino, Elmer Fudd,  
O gato, Piu-Piu o pássaro, Sylvester  
Wile E. Coyote, o Roadrunner,  
E Marvin, o Marciano,  
E vamos assistir juntos, Tom e Jerry  
E viu o gato louco get bater-se por  
O rato muito inteligente e espirituoso.

Foi muito divertido.

Eu me lembro de escola primária,  
Na primeira classe,  
Quando temos outros amigos,  
Mas nós éramos inseparáveis,  
Para que ninguém poderia fazer-na sentar-se fora  
Uns dos outros,  
Para nós foram os melhores amigos,  
E ninguém pode parar.

Lembro-me em segundo grau,  
Quando estávamos ambos em leitura,  
E podemos ler muitos dos mesmos livros,  
Incluindo Junie B. Jones,  
Flat Stanley, Tadase,  
Deltora Quest e a série Harry Potter.  
Lembre-se quando estamos habituados a falar  
Harry Potter o tempo todo,  
E lembre-se quando nós éramos todos animado  
Sobre o novo filme de Harry Potter que sai?  
Foi ótimo.

Nós éramos grandes amigos.

Lembre-se o ensino médio?

Nós estávamos tão estranho,

Pois pensávamos que teríamos

Nunca data

Para nós era nojento, datando de pensamento

E, ainda, agimos como um casal,

Mas, nós começamos a engajar-se em livros melhores,

Como Pendragon, as crônicas de Underland,

E muito mais.

Em seguida, você se lembra de high school?

Eu faço, minha querida, e devo dizer,

Foi incrível,

Para isso foi quando eu percebi que eu tinha sentimentos

Para você e você tinha sentimentos por mim, também,

E nós ficamos juntos,

E nós éramos o casal maior sempre.

Temos que estudar juntos, lembra?

E iria falar sobre clássicos

Como os escritos de Charles Dickens,

Leo Tolstoy, William Shakespeare, Fiódor Dostoiévski,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (um dos seus favoritos) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald e John Steinbeck,

E Virginia Woolf e Mary Ann Evans (tanto de quem

Foram alguns dos seus favoritos pessoais) .

Lembre-se, que fomos também em filosofia, também,

Especialmente quando falamos sobre

Platão e Aristóteles,

Sócrates e Justin St,

St. John e St. Paul,

Santo Tomás de Aquino,

Santo Agostinho de Hipona,

São Pedro Apóstolo,

Immanuel Kant,

Sófocles e Virgílio,

Homer e Eurípidas,

Sir Francis Bacon,

René Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Confúcio e Sun Tzu,

Laozi e Sidarta Gautama,

São Francisco de Assis,

E Bertrand Russell.

Lembro-me que nós amamos todas as suas obras,

E que nós tivemos um grande tempo falando sobre eles.

Então eu me lembro de todas as danças,

De regresso a casa foi uma estranha dança,

Por causa de pessoas moagem e outros enfeites,

Bola de neve foi tudo certo,

Mas não era o maior.

No entanto, o baile foi a maior experiência,

Há dois anos foram muito bem com você, querido,

E eu amei como dançaram e tinha um bom tempo,

Não importa o que o DJ estava tocando,

Mesmo que fosse a música de rap de baixa qualidade,

Fora-controle de hip-hop,

Incrível rock and roll,

Música pop legal,  
Uma canção lenta,  
Música de país de qualquer tipo,  
O balanço energético, dança,  
Ou até mesmo dançar a salsa  
Ou a Macarena,  
Ou associação cristã de MOÇOS,  
Ou mesmo o can-can.  
  
Eu tive um grande momento com você,  
Mesmo quando nossos amigos bebeu  
O soco que foi cravado com laxantes,  
E quando bati o vestido do seu amigo,  
Revelando um pouco demais para seu gosto.

Então, lembre-se nossa formatura,  
E isso foi ótimo,  
Para lá estávamos juntos,  
E, em seguida, dissemos que nós amamos uns aos outros,  
E eu sei o que fazer,  
Porque eu posso sentir isso no meu coração.

Em seguida, fomos para a faculdade junto,  
E a experiência tem sido grande para  
Nos últimos três anos,  
E, agora estamos idosos,  
E eu ainda estou feliz de estar com você, querida.

No entanto, tenho algo a lhe dizer,  
Porque eu tenho certeza que você quer ouvir  
Porque eu quero que você saiba que antes de fazermos qualquer  
Grandes decisões em nossas vidas, querida,  
Porque eu te amo mais que tudo,  
E eu sei que estamos em amor,  
Mas nosso relacionamento terá compromisso,  
E muito mais que isso.

Minha querida, minha querida,  
Eu te amo  
E você sabe que,  
Mas o que quero dizer é que  
Passei toda a minha vida com você,  
E eu quero estar com você

Para o resto da minha vida,

Para você é a pessoa maior

Em toda minha vida,

E não há ninguém como você.

Você é a pessoa que eu sempre posso rir

Sorriso em sempre que eu estou tendo um bom dia,

Olha para falar quando tenho problemas

Ou problemas de qualquer espécie,

Procure ajuda quando estou estudando alguma coisa

Louco como biologia molecular,

Química orgânica,

Ou cálculo, Finanças, macroeconomia

(Que é uma classe horrível, por sinal) ,

Ou estatística, física quântica,

Ou mesmo administração de empresas,

Ou algo louco como contabilidade,

Olhar para consolar-me quando estou triste,

Procure ajuda quando estou deprimido,

Assistir programas de TV como sobrenatural

E Family Guy e South Park

Todas as noites,  
Praticar a minha fé a cada dia,  
Para nós ambos acreditam em Deus,  
E ele forneceu-nos com tanta coisa,  
Falar sobre livros e coisas acadêmicas  
E até mesmo política e filosofia  
E problemas do mundo com  
E até mesmo a ciência com  
Porque somos estudiosos,  
E a pessoa que iria se casar com  
Porque eu te amo muito,  
E que te amo para sempre.

Quero estar com você  
Para todo o sempre,  
Mesmo quando vamos para o céu junto,  
Eu quero estar com você, em seguida,  
Eu quero passar minha vida com você,  
E nunca vai deixá-lo para alguém,  
Porque você é a garota perfeita  
E a mulher perfeita para mim.

Você é minha namorada agora,  
Mas você poderia ser minha noiva  
No dia seguinte,  
E eu quero que você seja minha esposa.  
Eu quero casar com você,  
E mesmo que seu pai  
Não aprova realmente de mim,  
Tenho certeza de que podemos trabalhar fora,  
E meu sogro,  
Pode ser um grande homem para mim,  
Como meu pai gosta muito de você,  
E sua mãe gosta de mim,  
E como minha mãe gosta de você.

Eu quero casar com você,  
Para o casamento é uma coisa sagrada,  
E matrimônio realmente vai expressar o nosso amor,  
Como Jesus disse,  
Quando dois se casam,  
'O homem e a mulher sejam uma só carne '  
E eu quero viver a palavra de cada dia de acordo com Jesus Cristo,

E eu sei que nós amamos Jesus, igualmente,

E nós viveremos em seu nome.

Seremos uma só carne,

E nós nunca será divórcio,

Para nós a conhecemos uns aos outros por vinte e um anos,

E nós sabemos uns dos outros à nossa medida,

E não precisamos de um dicionário

Para saber o que é amor,

Estamos melhores do que o

Casal média que se casar depois de um ano.

E, nós pode ter filhos, se você quiser,

Ou, não temos de ter filhos, se você não quer,

Por isso é totalmente até você,

Desde então, você é o único que dá o nascimento.

Se você quiser ter filhos naturalmente,

Isso é bom,

Ou se você quiser adotá-las,

Isso é bom, também,

Para nós pode ter filhos como muitos como você deseja,

Quer se trate de um único filho,

Duas crianças,

Três filhos,

Quatro filhos,

Oito filhos,

Uma dúzia de crianças,

Quinze filhos,

Vinte anos,

1.000 (mil) ,

Ou mesmo 4.000.000 (4 milhões)

Crianças,

Não importa, para a decisão

Cabe a você,

E você começa a decidir

O que você quer fazer com seu corpo.

Na medida em que crianças de nomes,

Tenho apenas uma limitação:

Que não sejam de quaisquer nomes de loucos

Como 'Torcer' ou 'Chupacabra'

Ou algo como 'La a' ou 'Feminino'.

No entanto, nós podemos discutir esses termos quando chega a hora,

Para isso é quando nós somos realmente casados,  
E que é para nós a concordar ou discordar sobre no futuro.

No entanto, querida, eu quero dizer

Que eu quero você na minha vida,

E eu te amo mais que tudo,

E se você não me quer,

Tudo bem,

Mas eu vou sempre te amar,

E, agora que estamos prestes a se formar,

Eu só quero dizer que eu quero casar com você,

E não durante a faculdade,

A partir de agora,

Mas depois podemos formar,

E ambos começaram a carreira,

Mas eu quero dizer,

Eu gostava de passar minha vida com você,

E quero continuar a passar minha vida com você,

Para o resto da minha vida,

Através do verdadeiro e sagrado Sacramento do matrimônio.

Eu quero estar com você para o resto da minha vida,

Para você é o único que eu quero ser

E a coisa é, não há mais nada a dizer,

Mas que eu te amo, querida,

E que eu quero estar com você.

Justin Reamer

# Companionship

Shall I compare you to the morning dawn?  
You are more beautiful in shade and hue.  
Felicity your life can depend on,  
As your smile radiates compassion true.  
Your eyes illuminate the azure sky,  
While your beauty does poetry inspire;  
And when people begin to question why,  
An answer given them, you don't require.  
This topic they may never comprehend,  
But it's you I'll always understand;  
It's in your amity which I depend,  
And empathy where I take your hand.  
As long as life goes on, and people breathe,  
So then companions, we shall always be.

Justin Reamer

## Con Voi

Mia cara, voglio farvi sapere

Qualcosa che è molto importante per me,

E qualcosa che può essere

Molto importante per lei,

Se apprezzi il mio amore solo

Come valore di tuo.

Mia cara, sono stato con voi per

Come posso ricordare.

Mi ricordo quando eravamo bambini,

E i nostri genitori erano vicini,

E siamo stati vicini, come pure,

Naturalmente

E i nostri genitori sarebbero pianificare 'gioco-date'

Come chiamati li allora e ancora adesso,

E c'era molto di più ad esso.

Si, tua sorella e tuo fratello sarebbe venuto sopra,

E potrebbe appendere fuori con mio fratello, mia sorella e me.

Ricordo che pensavo che le ragazze erano lorde,

E voi, vorrei evitare

E hai pensato che avevo una malattia,

Così sarebbe evitare me, troppo.

Ma, dopo un paio di settimane,

Siamo diventati amici,

E abbiamo scoperto che avevamo molto in comune,

E che noi potremmo fiducia reciproca.

Siamo diventati molto vicini,

E ci vuoi giocare Super Mario Brothers insieme,

E vuoi giocare a Pokémon,

E vuoi guardare i cartoni animati Disney,

Con Topolino, Pippo e Donald Duck,

E ci vuoi vedere Looney Tunes insieme,

Con Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,

Sylvester the cat, Tweety bird,

Wile E. Coyote, Roadrunner,

E Marvin il marziano

E vuoi guardiamo insieme, Tom e Jerry

E ho visto il gatto pazzo ottenere picchiato da

Il mouse molto intelligente e spiritoso.

Era un sacco di divertimento.

Mi ricordo di scuola elementare,  
In primo grado,  
Quando abbiamo altri amici,  
Ma eravamo inseparabili,  
Per nessuno potrebbe farci stare lontano  
Da altro,  
Per noi sono stati migliori amici,  
E nessuno poteva fermare che.

Mi ricordo in secondo grado,  
Quando eravamo entrambi in lettura,  
E abbiamo letto molti dei libri stessi,  
Tra cui Junie B. Jones,  
Flat Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest e la serie di Harry Potter.  
Ricordo quando abbiamo usato per parlare  
Harry Potter tutto il tempo,  
E ricordo quando eravamo tutti eccitati  
Circa il nuovo film di Harry Potter che esce?  
È stato grande.

Siamo stati grandi amici.

Ricordi di scuola media?

Siamo stati così imbarazzante poi,

Per abbiamo pensato che avremmo

Mai data a tutti,

Per abbiamo pensato di datazione era disgustoso,

E, ancora, abbiamo agito come una coppia,

Ma, abbiamo iniziato a impegnarsi in libri migliori,

Come Pendragon, le cronache di Underland,

E tanto altro ancora.

Poi, ti ricordi di liceo?

Che faccio, mia cara, e devo dire,

È stato impressionante,

Per questo fu quando mi resi conto che avevo sentimenti

Per voi e aveva sentimenti per me, troppo,

E abbiamo ottenuto insieme,

E siamo stati la coppia più grande mai.

Ci vuoi studiare insieme, ricordi?

E vuoi parlare di classici

Come quelli scritti da Charles Dickens,

Leo Tolstoy, William Shakespeare, Dostoevskij,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (uno dei preferiti) ,

Ernest Hemingway, Francis Scott Fitzgerald e John Steinbeck,

E Virginia Woolf e Mary Ann Evans (sia di chi

Sono stati alcuni dei tuoi favoriti personali) .

Ricordate, che siamo stati anche in filosofia, troppo,

Soprattutto quando abbiamo parlato

Platone e Aristotele,

Socrate e Justin St,

San Giovanni e San Paolo,

San Tommaso d'Aquino,

Sant'Agostino d'Ippona,

San Pietro Apostolo,

Immanuel Kant,

Sofocle e Virgilio,

Homer ed Euripide,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Confucio e Sun Tzu,

Laozi e Siddhartha Gautama,

San Francesco d'Assisi,

E Bertrand Russell.

Mi ricordo che abbiamo amato tutti i loro lavori,

E che abbiamo avuto un grande momento di parlare di loro.

Poi mi ricordo di tutte le danze,

Per il ritorno a casa era un ballo imbarazzante,

A causa di persone rettifica e quant'altro,

E palla di neve era tutto bene,

Ma non era il più grande.

Tuttavia, prom è stata l'esperienza più grande,

Per entrambi gli anni erano grandi con voi, caro,

E ho amato come abbiamo ballato e aveva un buon tempo,

Non importa ciò che il DJ stava giocando,

Anche se era musica rap scadente,

Out-of-control hip-hop,

Risvolto impressionante,

Musica pop fresco,  
Una canzone lenta,  
Musica di paese di qualsiasi tipo,  
L'altalena energica danza,  
O anche ballare la salsa  
O il Macarena  
O YMCA,  
O anche il can-can.  
  
Ho avuto un grande momento con te,  
Anche quando i nostri amici hanno bevuto  
Il pugno che era drogato con lassativi,  
E quando spezzò il vestito del tuo amico,  
Rivelando un po' troppo per il proprio gusto.

Ricordo poi che la nostra laurea,  
E che era grande,  
Per noi c'erano insieme,  
E poi ci ha detto che abbiamo amato  
E so che fare,  
Per lo sento nel mio cuore.

Siamo poi andati al college insieme,  
E l'esperienza è stata grande per  
Ultimi tre anni,  
E ora ci sono gli anziani,  
E sono ancora felice di essere con voi, cari.

Tuttavia, ho qualcosa da dirti,  
Io sono sicuro di che voler sentire,  
Per voglio sapere prima di effettuare qualsiasi  
Grandi decisioni nella nostra vita, caro,  
Per ti amo più di tutto,  
E so che ci sono in amore,  
Ma il nostro rapporto richiederà impegno,  
E molto di più.

Mia cara, mio tesoro,  
Ti amo  
E tu sai che,  
Ma quello che voglio dire è che  
Ho trascorso tutta la mia vita con te,  
E voglio essere con voi

Per il resto della mia vita,

Per te sono la persona più grande

In tutta la mia vita

E non c'è nessuno come te.

Tu sei la persona che posso sempre ridere

Sorriso a ogni volta che sto avendo una buona giornata,

Vediamo di parlare quando ho problemi

O problemi di qualsiasi tipo,

Cercare aiuto quando sto studiando qualcosa

Pazzo come la biologia molecolare,

Chimica organica,

O calcolo, finanza, macroeconomia

(Che è una classe orribile, tra l'altro) ,

O statistiche, fisica quantistica,

O anche business administration,

O qualcosa di pazzesco come contabilità,

Attendo conforto a me quando sono triste,

Cercare aiuto quando sono depresso,

Guardare serie televisive come Supernatural

E i Griffin e South Park

Ogni notte,  
Praticare la mia fede ogni giorno,  
Per entrambi crediamo in Dio,  
E ci ha fornito con così tanto,  
Parlare di libri e cose accademiche  
E anche politica e filosofia  
E problemi del mondo con  
E anche la scienza con  
Perché siamo studiosi,  
E la persona che avrebbe sposato  
Perché ti amo molto,  
E sarebbe ti amo per sempre.

Voglio stare con te  
Per sempre e mai,  
Anche quando andiamo in cielo insieme,  
Voglio essere con voi, quindi,  
Per voglio passare la mia vita con te,  
E mai vi lascerà per qualcun altro,  
Perché tu sei la ragazza perfetta  
E la donna perfetta per me.

Ora, sei la mia ragazza

Ma si potrebbe essere la mia fidanzata

Il giorno successivo,

E voglio che tu sia mia moglie.

Voglio sposarti,

E anche se tuo padre

Non approva davvero di me,

Sono sicuro che possiamo lavorare fuori,

E mio suocero,

Può essere un grande uomo per me,

Come mio padre è molto affezionato a te,

E tua madre è affezionata a me,

E come mia madre è appassionata di voi.

Voglio sposarmi

Per il matrimonio è una cosa sacra,

E il matrimonio sarà davvero esprimere il nostro amore,

Come Gesù ha detto,

Quando due si sposano,

' L'uomo e la donna diventano una sola carne '

E voglio vivere parola di ogni giorno secondo Gesù Cristo,

E so che entrambi amiamo Gesù ugualmente,

E noi vivremo al suo nome.

Saremo una carne sola,

E ci non sarà mai il divorzio,

Per l'altro abbiamo conosciuto per ventun'anni,

E sappiamo che ogni altro nostro misura completa,

E non abbiamo bisogno di un dizionario

Per sapere cos'è l'amore,

Siamo meglio della

Coppia medio che si sposa dopo un anno.

E, se volete, possiamo avere figli

O non dobbiamo avere figli se non si desidera,

Per questo è completamente a voi,

Allora sei quello che partorisce.

Se si desidera avere figli naturalmente,

Va bene,

O se si desidera adottare,

Che è buono, troppo,

Per i bambini come molti come si desidera, possiamo avere

Si tratti di un unico figlio,

Due bambini,

Tre figli,

Quattro figli,

Otto figli,

Una dozzina di bambini,

Quindici figli,

Venti,

1.000 (mille)

O anche 4.000.000 (4 milioni)

Bambini,

Non importa, per la decisione

Sta a voi,

E si arriva a decidere

Che cosa si vuole fare con il tuo corpo.

Per quanto riguarda la denominazione di bambini,

Ho solo una limitazione:

Che non siano i nomi pazzi

Come 'Twist' o 'Chupacabra'

O qualcosa di simile 'La a' o 'Femminile'.

Ancora, possiamo discutere tali termini quando arriva il momento,

Per questo è quando siamo realmente sposati,

E questo è per noi di essere d'accordo o in disaccordo su in futuro.

Tuttavia, tesoro, voglio dire

Che si desidera nella mia vita,

E ti amo più di tutto,

E se non volete me,

Va bene,

Ma I will always love you,

E, ora che siamo in procinto di laurearsi,

Voglio solo dire che voglio sposarti,

E non durante il college,

A partire da adesso,

Ma dopo abbiamo laureato,

Ed entrambi abbiamo iniziato carriere,

Ma voglio dire,

Che mi è piaciuto trascorrere la mia vita con te,

E voglio continuare a spendere la mia vita con te,

Per il resto della mia vita,

Attraverso il sacramento del matrimonio vero e sacro.

Voglio essere con voi per il resto della mia vita,

Per voi sono l'unico che voglio essere

E la cosa è, non c'è altro da dire,

Ma che ti amo, cara,

And that I want to be with you.

Justin Reamer

# Conjunction

The connector words between sentences and nouns,  
For they are pretty cool,  
Such as and, or, and but,  
Neither, nor, either, and more.  
They are pretty cool for our language, huh?

Justin Reamer

# Consecration To Mary

O Mary, Virgin most powerful and Mother of mercy, Queen of Heaven and Refuge of sinners, we consecrate ourselves to thine Immaculate Heart.

We consecrate to thee our very being and our whole life; all that we have, all that we love, all that we are. To thee we give our bodies, our hearts and our souls; to thee we give our homes, our families, our country.

We desire that all that is in us and around us may belong to thee, and may share in the benefits of thy motherly benediction. And that this act of consecration may be truly efficacious and lasting, we renew this day at thy feet the promises of our Baptism and our first Holy Communion.

We pledge ourselves to profess courageously and at all times the truths of our holy Faith, and to live as befits Catholics who are duly submissive to all the directions of the Pope and the Bishops in communion with him.

We pledge ourselves to keep the commandments of God and His Church, in particular to keep holy the Lord's Day.

We likewise pledge ourselves to make the consoling practices of the Christian religion, and above all, Holy Communion, an integral part of our lives, in so far as we shall be able so to do.

Finally, we promise thee, O glorious Mother of God and loving Mother of men, to devote ourselves whole-heartedly to the service of thy blessed cult, in order to hasten and assure, through the sovereignty of thine Immaculate Heart, the coming of the kingdom of the Sacred Heart of thine adorable Son, in our own hearts and in those of all men, in our country and in all the world, as in heaven. so on earth. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Conservatism

I am a conservative,  
And I am Republican,  
And these are my political beliefs.

I am pro-life,  
For a foetus is a human being,  
And committing abortion is wrong,  
For it is killing a child.  
Abortion should be restricted  
Or abolished,  
And should only be used  
When necessary,  
Such as if the wife was about to die.

I am for capital punishment,  
For killing a man  
Who murdered another man  
Is a good consequence.  
Obviously, if the man  
Killed another man,  
He does not deserve to live.

I believe in big government  
As far as social freedoms,  
and I am for small government  
On economic freedoms.

I am against stem cell research,  
For embryos are life,  
And we should not mess with it,  
For we would kill a human being,  
And there are other ways to  
Find stem cells;  
That way, we do not have to kill a human being.

I am against euthanasia,  
For it is not okay for someone  
To take someone else's life.

I am also against assisted suicide,  
For someone cannot take their own life,  
For that is a gift from God,  
And, yes, it is sacred.

I believe in the Patriot Act,  
For many terrorists are Arabs,  
Especially since they are al Qaeda,  
And thus we should have the Patriot Act,  
And it is good for the country and its people.

I am for antidisestablishmentarianism,  
For the Constitution says  
That the country cannot uphold one religion,  
But it does not say anything about  
Restricting someone's moral values,  
Which is inevitably true.

I am against gay marriage,  
For marriage is sacred,  
And it is intended for a man and a woman,  
Who are committed to each other.  
Homosexuality is, after all, a sin.

I believe in cutting taxes,  
Since the tax money is the people's money,  
And they worked hard to earn it.  
We should spend less because they  
Did earn that money.

I believe in the 2nd Amendment,  
Because people do have the right to  
Own a gun,  
But, if we persuade gun control,  
We blame the gun for the crime,  
Not the person.

I believe in restricting the First Amendment,  
For people should not post obscene  
Ideas on television or the internet,  
Say profanity on the radio,  
Or say slanderous things,

Or be able to write libel of any sort.  
It is wrong.

I am against government programmes,  
For help can be offered locally  
Through charities and through  
State and local governments,  
For the people can help each other.

I am against high corporate taxes,  
For the companies hire workers,  
And this hinders them.

I believe in getting rid of useless  
Regulations,  
For they hinder all businesses,  
And they hinder a free market economy.

I do not like Obamacare,  
For it will be a bad way of life,  
And one cannot get quality healthcare  
From the government.  
Besides, healthcare is a privilege,  
Not a right.

We should use the military  
For foreign affairs,  
If necessary,  
For they can secure our safety,  
And they can rid of us of any threats,  
And, besides, our allies would  
Understand, anyhow.

These are my beliefs,  
And this is my message.

Justin Reamer

# Consumption

Tuberculosis will consume me.  
Tuberculosis will consume me  
Tuberculosis will consume m  
Tuberculosis will consume  
Tuberculosis will consum  
Tuberculosis will consu  
Tuberculosis will cons  
Tuberculosis will con  
Tuberculosis will co  
Tuberculosis will c  
Tuberculosis will  
Tuberculosis wil  
Tuberculosis wi  
Tuberculosis w  
Tuberculosis  
Tuberculosi  
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Justin Reamer

# Contentiousness

Why can we never agree on anything?

Why do we disagree?

It's so stupid.

We should stop arguing!

Justin Reamer

# Contigo

Mi querida, quiero hacerle saber  
Algo que es muy importante para mí,  
Y algo que puede ser  
Muy importante para usted, también,  
Si valoras mi amor acaba  
Cuanto valoro la tuya.  
Mi querido, he estado con usted para  
Como recuerdo  
Recuerdo cuando éramos pequeños,  
Y nuestros padres eran vecinos,  
Y éramos vecinos, así,  
Claro  
Y nuestros padres serían programar 'play-fechas '  
Como se llama entonces y siguen haciéndolo ahora,  
Y hubo mucho más a él.  
Usted, su hermana y su hermano llegaría  
Y podría pasar el rato con mi hermano, mi hermana y yo.  
Recuerdo pensar que las niñas eran brutas,  
Y yo evitaría  
Y usted piensa que una enfermedad,  
Así se evitarían me, demasiado.

Pero, después de un par de semanas,  
Nos hicimos amigos,  
Y nos dimos cuenta que teníamos mucho en común,  
Y que podríamos confiar mutuamente.  
Nos hicimos muy cercanos,  
Y juntos, le jugamos Super Mario Brothers  
Y sería jugar Pokémon,  
Y sería ver dibujos animados de Disney,

Con Mickey Mouse, Goofy y el Pato Donald,  
Y le vemos Looney Tunes juntos,  
Con Bugs Bunny, el pato Lucas, Elmer Fudd,  
El gato, Tweety el pájaro silvestre  
Wile E. Coyote, Roadrunner,  
Y Marvin el Marciano,  
Y nos veía juntos, Tom y Jerry  
Y vio el get crazy cat golpearon por

El ratón muy inteligente e ingenioso.  
Fue muy divertido.

Recuerdo la escuela primaria,  
En el primer grado,  
Cuando tenemos otros amigos,  
Pero éramos inseparables,  
Para que nadie pudiera hacernos sentarse lejos  
Unos de otros,  
Para nosotros eran mejores amigos,  
Y nadie podría impedir.

Recuerdo que en segundo grado,  
Cuando estábamos tanto en lectura,  
Y muchos de los mismos libros, leemos  
Incluyendo Junie B. Jones,  
Flat Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest y la serie de Harry Potter.  
Recuerdo cuando solíamos hablar  
Harry Potter todo el tiempo,  
Y recuerda cuando estábamos todos emocionados  
¿Acerca de la nueva película de Harry Potter que sale?

Fue genial.  
Fuimos grandes amigos.

¿Recuerde que la escuela secundaria?  
Estábamos tan torpes,

Porque pensamos que haríamos  
Nunca fecha

Porque pensamos que era asqueroso,  
Y, sin embargo, actuamos como una pareja,  
Pero, empezamos a participar en los mejores libros,  
Como Pendragon, las crónicas de Bajotierra,  
Y mucho más.

Entonces, ¿te acuerdas de secundaria?  
Hago, mi querida, y debo decir,  
Fue impresionante,  
Para eso fue cuando me di cuenta que tenía sentimientos

Para usted y usted tenía sentimientos por mí, también,  
Y nos juntamos,  
Y éramos la pareja mayor jamás.

¿Se estudian juntos, recuerda?  
Y hablaríamos de clásicos  
Como los escritos de Charles Dickens,  
Leo Tolstoy, William Shakespeare, Fiódor Dostoyevski,  
Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (uno de sus favoritos) ,  
Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald y John Steinbeck,  
Y Virginia Woolf y Mary Ann Evans (ambos de los cuales  
Fueron algunos de sus favoritos) .

Recuerde, que estábamos demasiado, también en filosofía,  
Especialmente cuando hablamos de  
Platón y Aristóteles,  
Sócrates y Justin St,  
San Juan y San Pablo,  
Santo Tomás de Aquino,  
San Agustín de Hipona,  
San Pedro Apóstol,  
Immanuel Kant,  
Sófocles y Virgilio,  
Homero y Eurípides  
Sir Francis Bacon,  
Rene Descartes,  
Friedrich Nietzsche,  
Confucio y Sun Tzu,  
Laozi y Siddhartha Gautama,  
San Francisco de Asís,  
Y Bertrand Russell.  
Recuerdo que nos encantó a todas sus obras,  
Y que tuvimos un gran tiempo hablar de ellos.

Entonces recuerdo todas las danzas,  
De regreso a casa fue un baile torpe,  
Debido a la gente de pulido y harpas,  
Y bola de nieve estaba bien,  
Pero no fue el más grande.

Sin embargo, el baile fue la experiencia más grande,  
Hace dos años eran grandes con ustedes, estimados,

Y me encantó cómo baila y pasamos un buen rato,  
No importa qué el DJ estaba jugando,  
Incluso si era música de rap chungo,  
Hip-hop fuera de control,  
Impresionante Rock and roll,  
Música pop fresca,  
Una canción lenta,  
Música country de ningún tipo,  
El columpio enérgico baile,  
O incluso bailando al son de la salsa  
O la Macarena,  
O YMCA,  
O incluso el Can-Can.  
Tuve un gran tiempo con usted,  
Incluso cuando nuestros amigos bebieron  
El punzón que se enriquecieron con laxantes,  
Y cuando tu amigo vestido ajustado,  
Revelando un poco demasiado para su gusto.

Luego recuerdo nuestra graduación,  
Y que era grande,  
Por allí estuvimos juntos,  
Y dijimos entonces que amamos mutuamente,  
Y sé que hacer,  
Para lo puedo sentir en mi corazón.

Luego fuimos a la Universidad junto,  
Y la experiencia ha sido excelente para  
Los últimos tres años,  
Y, ahora somos mayores,  
Y todavía me alegra estar con ustedes, queridos.

Sin embargo, tengo algo que decirte,  
Porque yo estoy seguro de que desea escuchar  
Yo quiero hacerle saber antes de hacer cualquier  
Grandes decisiones en nuestras vidas, querida,  
Porque te amo más que nada,  
Y sé que estamos en el amor,  
Pero nuestra relación tendrá el compromiso,  
Y mucho más que eso.

Mi querida, mi amor,

Te quiero  
Y sabes que,  
Pero lo que quiero decir es que  
He pasado toda mi vida contigo,  
Y quiero estar contigo  
Para el resto de mi vida,  
Tú eres la persona mayor  
En toda mi vida,  
Y no hay nadie como tu.

Usted es la persona que siempre puedo reír  
Sonríen cuando estoy teniendo un buen día,  
Mire a hablar cuando tengo problemas  
O problemas de cualquier tipo,  
Buscar ayuda cuando estoy estudiando algo  
Loco como biología molecular,

Química orgánica,  
O cálculo, finanzas, macroeconomía  
(Que es una clase de horrible, por cierto) ,  
O la estadística, la física cuántica,  
O incluso administración de empresas,  
O algo loco como contabilidad,  
Mirarme consuelo cuando estoy triste,  
Buscar ayuda cuando estoy deprimido,  
Ver programas de televisión como sobrenatural  
Y padre de familia y South Park  
Cada noche,  
Practicar mi fe cada día,  
Porque creemos en Dios,  
Y él nos ha dado tanto,  
Hablar de libros y cosas académicas  
E incluso política y filosofía  
Y problemas del mundo con  
E incluso la ciencia con  
Porque somos estudiosos,  
Y la persona que me casaría  
Porque te amo mucho,  
Y le encantaría para siempre.

Quiero estar contigo  
Para siempre jamás,

Incluso cuando vamos al cielo junto,  
Quiero estar contigo  
Yo quiero pasar mi vida contigo,  
Y nunca le dejaré para nadie,  
Porque eres la chica perfecta  
Y la mujer perfecta para mí.  
Ahora, eres mi novia  
Pero podría ser mi novia  
Al día siguiente,  
Y quiero que seas mi esposa.  
Quiero casarme con usted,

Y aunque su padre  
No aprobar realmente de mí,  
Estoy seguro de que podemos trabajar  
Y mi suegro,  
Puede ser un gran hombre para mí,  
Como mi padre es muy aficionado  
Y su madre es aficionada a mí,  
Y como mi madre le gustan de usted.

Quiero casar  
Para el matrimonio es algo sagrado,  
Y matrimonio realmente expresar nuestro amor,  
Para como Jesús dijo,  
Cuando los dos se casan,  
'El hombre y la mujer serán una sola carne '  
Y quiero vivir cada día según Jesús la palabra de Cristo,  
Y sé que ambos amamos a Jesús igualmente,  
Y viviremos a su nombre.

Seremos una sola carne,  
Y nunca se divorcio  
Porque hemos sabido mutuamente durante veintiún años,  
Y nos conocemos en nuestra medida,  
Y no necesitamos un diccionario  
Saber qué es el amor,  
Somos mejores que el  
Media pareja que se casa después de un año.

Y, si quiere, podemos tener hijos  
O bien, no tenemos que tener hijos si no quiere,

Para depende completamente de usted,  
Desde entonces es el que da a luz.  
Si desea tener hijos naturalmente,  
Eso está bien,  
O si quieres adoptarlos,  
Eso es bueno, también,  
Podemos tener tantos hijos como usted desea,  
Sea hijo único,  
Dos niños,  
Tres niños,  
Cuatro hijos,  
Ocho hijos,  
Una docena de niños,  
Quince niños,  
Veinte,  
1.000 (1 mil) ,  
O incluso 4.000.000 (4 millones)  
Niños,  
No importa, para la decisión  
Depende de usted,  
Y llegas a decidir  
¿Qué desea hacer con su cuerpo.  
En cuanto a nombres de los niños,  
Tengo sólo una limitación:  
Que no sean los nombres de locos  
Como 'Torcer' o 'Chupacabra'  
O algo parecido 'a La' o 'Mujer'.  
Sin embargo, podemos discutir esos términos cuando llegue el momento,  
Para eso es cuando estamos realmente casadas,  
Y eso es para que nosotros de acuerdo o en desacuerdo en el futuro.

Sin embargo, amor, quiero decir  
Que te quiero en mi vida,  
Y más que nada, te amo  
Y si no me quieres  
Eso está bien,  
Pero siempre te amaré,  
Y, ahora que estamos a punto de graduarse,  
Solo quiero decir que quiero casarme con usted,  
Y no durante la Universidad,  
A partir de ahora,  
Pero después se graduó,

Y ambos hemos empezado carreras,  
Pero quiero decir,  
Que me gustaba pasar mi vida contigo,  
Y quiero seguir gastando mi vida contigo,  
Para el resto de mi vida,  
A través del verdad y Sagrado Sacramento del matrimonio.

Quiero estar contigo para el resto de mi vida,  
Tú eres la son la única persona que quiero ser  
Y lo es, no hay nada más que decir,  
Pero que te amo, querida,  
Y que quiero estar contigo.

Justin Reamer

# Contumely

That insult was so humiliating  
Since he called my groin a chode,  
Which meant that it  
Was a little bit...  
That's TMI,  
But it was so embarrassing  
Because everyone laughed at me.

Justin Reamer

# Convergence

Come together,  
Right now,  
Over me.

Justin Reamer

# Conversations

What is it that you see in me?  
Why do You call my name?  
What do You want with me?  
Don't You know I am fallible?

My son, I know you are fallible,  
But to Me, you have great  
Potential because you have  
Given every gift I have given  
You for My sake.  
You gave them to other people,  
Which is greater than anything else  
You could have done.

But why do You pick me?  
I am a fool and a stupid human being,  
A mere mortal before Your face.  
Am I truly worthy of Your gift?  
Am I worthy enough to serve You?  
Am I good enough for Your people, Lord?  
Why do You call my name?

My son, I call your name  
Because I love you;  
I trust you,  
And to Me, you are perfect.  
You are worthy enough to serve Me.  
You have shown your love  
And abilities time and again,  
And I know the purity of your heart.  
You are worthy because I know you;  
I know every hair on your head,  
Every toe on your foot,  
Every finger on your hand,  
Every tooth in your mouth,  
Every beat and feeling that passes  
Through your heart,  
Every thought that passes through your mind,  
Every word that comes off your lips,

And you, My son, have  
Expressed nothing but love.

But, Father, I am not worthy  
Of your blessings because  
I have also done wrong—  
Serious wrong—  
And my regret and sorrow  
Pains me every day of my life.  
I want to atone;  
I want to expiate myself.  
The wrongs I have done—  
They are not worthy  
Of Your great love.

My son, you are worthy of my love.  
For the wrongs you have done,  
You have compensated them with  
Acts of love and selflessness.  
For this reason, I forgive you,  
And this is why I love you,  
Because you try your best  
To live up to My Name.

Father, I thank You,  
But what do You want me,  
A simple man,  
To do?  
Please tell me.

I want you to serve Me  
And to serve My people;  
I want you to give yourself  
To others as you have  
Already been doing.  
I want you to serve My Church,  
So follow Me.

I will do that, Father;  
I love You with all of my heart.  
Thank You for everything.



# Coquette

You are such a flirtatious woman;  
So hot and so beautiful,  
Do you want to come to my house tonight,  
For you are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen,  
And we can have some fun,  
If you know what I mean.

Justin Reamer

# Corey Willette

A woman of much diligence,  
And vigilance at that,  
By no means diffident,  
Adamant in what she does,  
Confident in everything,  
Strong-willed and passionate,  
Beautiful and sweet,  
Corey is an amazing friend.

Corey, this poem goes out to you,  
For you are a great friend of mine,  
And I cannot commend you enough for all  
The great things that you do,  
For you are great in all that you do.

You are sweet, kind,  
Loving and giving,  
Thoughtful and passionate,  
Sweet and loyal,  
Hard-working, and everything else.  
You work hard in all that you do,  
And you do the best you can.

But Corey, don't work yourself too hard,  
For you are a great woman,  
But everyone needs sleep,  
And you shouldn't tire yourself out,  
Nor stress yourself out either.  
You will do great things for the world,  
But you won't do them if you get sick.

I know your boyfriend may have dumped you,  
But don't worry about it;  
It'll be all right.  
One day, you'll meet a great man  
Who is just as passionate as you are,  
And he will love you for who you are,  
No matter what.  
He will take care of you

And see the good in you  
And the beautiful, wonderful, intelligent  
Woman that you are.  
He will be there for you always.

Don't worry, Corey,  
Just take it easy,  
You'll find love someday,  
And working your arse off isn't  
Going to take your mind off things;  
It will only make it worse.

You are a wonderful,  
Intelligent, and beautiful woman,  
And now that you are 19 or 20  
(I am not sure about your age XD) ,  
You will do wonderful things for this world.  
I know you,  
And you are awesome;  
I know you have the capability to  
Do great things for this world.  
You are a wonderful woman,  
And I commend you for that;  
But don't worry about the small stuff.  
Get sleep, eat right,  
And let the right guy come, okay?  
I know you can do great things,  
For I've seen the work you've done,  
And I know you will change the world.  
You can do anything, Corey,  
But still take care of yourself, okay?

Reach out,  
And seize the day,  
Seize every opportunity you can,  
And you will succeed.  
May God bless you in all that you do,  
And may Jesus walk with you everywhere.  
I am praying for ya,  
And I know you'll do great.  
If you ever need anything, you can  
Count on me,

For I'm gonna be here for you  
Forever and ever,  
And I am glad I can be your friend.

Reach for the stars, Corey,  
And you will succeed.  
Just do it in the right order.  
May God bless you in all you do!

Justin Reamer

# Corse

The body lays there,  
Lying dead in the waves,  
And it splashes and throes,  
Knowing no bounds,  
As it soon brushes against the shore  
Out of the raging sea.

Justin Reamer

# Couplet

How wonderful and true,  
That you can be you.

Justin Reamer

# Coxcomb

You are foolish, you know?  
Always worried about your looks.  
You always look like a fool.

Justin Reamer

# Coxsackievirus

I am sick yet again,  
Due to my friend coxsackievirus,  
And to this I feel like hell,  
And I am very sick.

I get by with a runny nose,  
And constant ongoing 'fatigue, '  
But I will get by no-how,  
So I put up a fight.

Justin Reamer

# Craziness

Make it stop,  
For I am going to lose my mind.

Justin Reamer

# Croak

'Amphibians live in complete duality;  
Born in water, they develop there,  
Coming to the land only when fully matured.'  
The words of my zoology professor ring in my ears,  
Amplified screeching like nails scratching glass as  
The classifications ascribed by science dismantle  
Nature's essence into overwhelming nonsense until  
The sound of simplicity interrupts the chaos: croak.

Sitting in the window well are two frogs,  
Trapped by the floodwaters of the previous rainfall.  
Attaching themselves to the window screen,  
They grapple the mountain with their toes,  
Adrenaline, their willpower, strengthening them like  
Soldiers traversing the Bay of Normandy on D-Day,  
Their survival instincts their only method of success.  
Reaching the top, they fall again into the pit,  
Only to get up again and to continue climbing,  
Their determination burning brightly until death.

Demonstrating courage and bravery with  
A flaming passion like Hercules slaying the Hydra,  
The frogs transcend science's expectation with  
Attributes we consider only humans to possess.  
Qualities of heroism anthropomorphise these frogs,  
Proving Nature defies all human taxonomy  
With the utterance of a single croak.

Justin Reamer

# Crow

Looking across  
the sky the crow  
s e es its victim  
In the limelight,

Making the twilight  
Well aware of its markings.

Justin Reamer

# Cu Tine

Draga mea, vreau sa stii  
Ceva care este foarte important pentru mine,  
Și ceva ce poate fi  
Foarte important pentru tine, de asemenea,  
Daca valoarea doar dragostea mea  
Cât de mult valoarea de a ta.

Draga mea, am fost cu tine pentru  
Atâta timp cât îmi amintesc.  
Îmi amintesc când am fost copii mici,  
Și parintii noștri au fost vecinii,  
Și am fost vecini, precum și,  
desigur  
Și parintii noștri ar programul 'juca-date'  
Cum au numit ei atunci și înca mai face acum,  
Și acolo a fost mult mai mult la ea.  
Tu, sora ta, și fratele tau va veni peste,  
Si tu ar stau cu fratele meu, sora mea, și pe mine.  
Îmi amintesc de gândire ca fetele au fost brut,  
Și tu, mi-ar evita  
Și ai crezut ca am avut o boala,  
Deci, doriti sa evite mine, prea.

Dar, dupa câteva saptamâni,  
Am devenit prieteni,  
Și am aflat ca am avut o multime în comun,  
Și ca am putea încredere unul în celalalt.  
Am devenit foarte aproape,  
Și ne-ar juca Super Mario Brothers împreuna,  
Și ne-ar juca Pokémon,  
Și ne-ar viziona desene animate Disney,

Cu Mickey Mouse, Goofy, si Donald Duck,  
Și noi ar viziona Looney Tunes împreuna,  
Cu Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,  
Sylvester pisica, pasare, Tweety  
Wile E. Coyote, Roadrunner,  
Și Marvin martian,  
Și ne-ar urmari Tom si Jerry împreuna,

Și am vazut a lua nebun pisica batut de  
Mouse-ul foarte inteligent și plin de duh.  
A fost o multime de distractie.

Îmi amintesc școala elementara,  
În clasa întâi,  
Când ne-ar fi altor prieteni,  
Dar am fost inseparabile,  
Pentru nimeni nu ar putea face noi stai departe  
Unul de altul,  
Pentru noi au fost mai buni prieteni,  
Și ca nimeni nu ar putea opri.

Îmi amintesc în clasa a doua,  
Când am fost atât în lectura,  
Și am citit multe din aceleași carti,  
Inclusiv Junie B. Jones,  
Stanley plate, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest, și seria Harry Potter.  
Amintiti-va atunci când am folosit pentru a vorbi despre  
Harry Potter tot timpul,  
Și amintiti-va atunci când am fost toate excitat  
Despre noul film Harry Potter ies?  
A fost grozav.  
Am fost prieteni.

Amintiti-va gimnaziu?  
Am fost atât de ciudat atunci,  
Pentru m-am gândit ca ne-ar  
Niciodata prezent la toate,  
Pentru noi crezut intalniri a fost dezgustator,  
Și, totuși, am actionat ca un cuplu,  
Dar, am început angajarea într-o mai buna carti,  
Cum ar fi Pendragon, Cronicile Underland,  
Și mult mai mult.

Apoi, îți amintești liceu?  
Face, draga mea, și trebuie sa spun,  
A fost minunat,  
Pentru ca a fost atunci când am realizat ca am avut sentimente  
Pentru tine, și tu a trebuit sentimentele pentru mine, de asemenea,

Și ne-am împreuna,  
Și am fost vreodata cuplu mai mare.

Ne-ar studia împreuna, iti amintesti?  
Și ne-ar vorbi despre clasice  
Cum ar fi cele scris de Charles Dickens  
Leo Tolstoi, William Shakespeare, Fiodor Dostoievski,  
Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (unul dintre favorite) ,  
Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald și John Steinbeck,  
Și Virginia Woolf și Mary Ann Evans (ambii  
Au fost unele dintre favorite personale) .

Amintiti-va, am fost, de asemenea, în filosofie, prea,  
Mai ales când am vorbit despre  
Platon și Aristotel,  
Socrate și St. Justin,  
Sf. Ioan și Sf. Paul,  
Sf. Toma de Aquino,  
Sf. Augustin de Hipona,  
Sf. Petru apostolul,  
Immanuel Kant,  
Sofocle și Virgil,  
Homer și Euripide,  
Sir Francis Bacon,  
Rene Descartes,  
Friedrich Nietzsche,  
Confucius și Sun Tzu,  
Lao zi și Siddhartha Gautama,  
Sf. Francisc de Assisi,  
și Bertrand Russell.  
Îmi amintesc ca am iubit toate lucrările lor,  
Și ca am avut o mare de timp vorbim despre ele.

Apoi îmi amintesc toate dansurile,  
Pentru Homecoming a fost un dans ciudat,  
Oameni macinare și fleacuri,  
Și bulgare de zapada a fost bine,  
Dar nu a fost cea mai mare.

Cu toate acestea, bal a fost cea mai mare experienta,  
Pentru ambele ani au fost mare cu tine, draga,

Și am iubit cum am dansat și a avut un moment bun,  
Nu conteaza ce DJ a fost joc,  
Chiar daca a fost muzica rap nasol,  
Hip-hop de out-of-control,  
Minunat ai rock-and-roll-ului,  
Misto muzica pop,  
Un cântec lent,  
Muzica Country de orice fel,  
Energic leagan dans,  
Sau chiar și dans salsa  
Sau Macarena,  
Sau YMCA,  
Sau chiar poate-poate.  
Am avut un mare timp cu tine,  
Chiar și atunci când prietenii noștri au baut  
Pumn care a fost ghimpat cu laxative,  
Și atunci când prietenul tau rochie rupt,  
Dezvaluind un pic prea mult pentru gustul cuiva.

Apoi îmi amintesc noastre de absolvire,  
Și ca a fost mare,  
Pentru noi au fost împreuna,  
Și apoi ne-am spus am iubit reciproc,  
Și știi ca vom face,  
Pentru pot sa se simt în inima mea.

Am mers apoi la Colegiul împreuna,  
Și experienta a fost mare pentru  
În ultimii trei ani,  
Și, acum suntem seniori,  
Și eu sunt înca fericit sa fie cu tine, draga.

Cu toate acestea, am ceva sa va spun,  
Pentru ca eu sunt sigur ca doriti sa aud,  
Pentru vreau sa știti înainte de a ne face orice  
Mari decizii din viata noastra, draga,  
Pentru te iubesc mai mult decat orice,  
Și știi ca suntem în dragoste,  
Dar relatia noastra va lua angajament,  
Și mult mai mult decât atât.

Draga mea, iubita mea,

Te iubesc  
Și știi ca,  
Dar ceea ce vreau sa spun este ca  
Mi-am petrecut toata viata mea cu tine,

Și vreau sa fiu cu tine  
Pentru restul vietii mele,  
Pentru tine sunt persoana cea mai mare  
In viata mea,  
Și nu exista nici unul ca tine.

Sunteti persoana întotdeauna posibilitatea sa râzi cu,  
Zâmbet la ori de câte ori eu sunt cu o zi buna,  
Uita-te la vorbesc cu când am probleme  
Probleme de orice fel, sau  
Caute ajutor atunci când am studiat ceva  
Nebun ca biologie moleculara,

Chimie organica,  
Sau calcul, finantele, macroeconomie  
(Care este o clasa de oribil, apropo) ,  
Sau statistica, fizica cuantica,  
Sau chiar și administrarea afacerilor,  
Sau ceva nebun ca contabile,  
Te uiti la mine liniștitor atunci când sunt trist,  
Caute ajutor, atunci când sunt deprimat,  
Ma uit la emisiuni TV precum Supernatural  
Și tipul de familie și South Park  
Fiecare noapte,  
Profeseze credinta mea cu fiecare zi,  
Pentru ambele credem în Dumnezeu,  
Și el ne-a furnizat cu atât de mult,  
Vorbim despre carti și lucruri academice  
Și chiar politica și filozofie  
Și problemele lumii cu  
Și chiar și de știinta cu  
Pentru ca amândoi sunt carturari,  
Persoana ar se casatoreasca cu  
Pentru ca te iubesc foarte mult,  
Și ar te iubesc pentru totdeauna.

vreau sa fiu cu tine

Vecii vecilor,  
Chiar și atunci când vom merge în cer împreună,  
Vreau sa fiu cu tine, apoi,  
Pentru vreau sa-și petreaca viata mea cu tine,  
Și va voi lasa niciodata pentru oricine altcineva,  
Pentru ca ești fata perfecta  
Și femeia perfecta pentru mine.  
Esti prietena mea acum,  
Dar ai putea fi logodnica mea  
A doua zi,  
Și vreau sa fie sotia mea.  
Vreau sa se casatoreasca cu tine,  
Și chiar daca tatal tau  
Într-adevar nu aproba de mine,  
Sunt sigur ca putem lucra it afară,  
Și tatal meu socru,  
Poate fi un om mare pentru mine,  
Ca tatal meu este foarte mândru de tine,  
Și mama ta este mândru de mine,  
Si ca mama mea e mândru de tine.

Vreau sa se casatoreasca cu tine,  
Pentru casatorie este un lucru sacru,  
Și casatorie într-adevar vor exprima iubirea noastra,  
Pentru ca Isus a spus,  
Când doi sa se casatoreasca,  
'Barbat și femeie devin un singur trup'  
Și vreau sa traiesc cuvântul fiecare zi conform lui Isus Hristos,  
Și știu ca ne-am iubi pe Isus la fel,  
Și vom trai la numele lui.

Vom fi un singur trup,  
Și ne va niciodata divort,  
Pentru ne-am cunoscut reciproc pentru douazeci și unu de ani,  
Și știm reciproc noastre masura deplina,  
Și nu avem nevoie de un dictionar  
Sa știu ce este dragostea,  
Pentru ca suntem mai bine decât  
Pereche medie care devine casatorit dupa un an.

Și, putem avea copii daca doriti sa,  
Sau, nu avem de a avea copii, daca nu doriti sa,

Pentru ca este în întregime pâna la tine,  
Din moment ce tu ești cel care da naștere.  
Daca doriti sa aveti copii în mod natural,  
Asta e bine,  
Sau daca doriti sa adopte ei,  
Care este bun, de asemenea,  
Pentru putem avea copii cât mai multe ca tine dorinta,  
Fie ca este doar un copil,  
Doi copii,  
Trei copii,  
Patru copii,  
Opt copii,  
O duzina de copii,  
Cincisprezece copii,

Douazeci de ani,  
1000 (o mie) ,  
Sau chiar 4000000 (patru milioane)  
Copii,  
Nu conteaza, pentru decizia  
Este pâna la tine,  
Și veti obtine sa decida  
Ce vrei sa faci cu corpul tau.  
Pe denumire copii,  
Am doar o limitare:  
Ca acestea nu a fi orice nume nebun  
Cum ar fi 'Twist' sau 'Chupacabra'  
Sau ceva de genul 'a La' sau 'Feminin'.  
Cu toate acestea, putem discuta aceste conditii atunci când vine momentul,  
Pentru ca este atunci când suntem de fapt de casatorit,  
Și ca este pentru noi sa sau nu de acord pe în viitor.

Cu toate acestea, iubita, vreau sa spun  
Ca te vreau in viata mea,  
Și te iubesc mai mult decat orice,  
Și daca nu doriti ca mine,  
Asta e bine,  
Dar te voi iubi mereu  
Și, acum ca suntem pe cale de a absolvi,  
Vreau doar sa spun ca vreau sa se casatoreasca cu tine,  
Și nu în timpul Colegiului,  
Ca de acum,

Dar dupa ce am absolvit,  
Și amândoi au început cariere,  
Dar vreau sa spun,  
Ca m-am bucurat petrece viata mea cu tine,  
Și vreau sa continue petrecerea viata mea cu tine,  
Pentru restul vietii mele,  
Prin sacramentul adevarat și sacru de casatorie.

Vreau sa fiu cu tine pentru tot restul vietii mele,  
Pentru tine sunt sunt singurul vreau sa fie cu,  
Și lucru este, nu este nimic altceva de spus,  
Dar ca te iubesc, draga,  
Și ca vreau sa fiu cu tine.

Justin Reamer

# Cup Of Wine

I look upon a table,  
There is not much to see,  
Not much but a cup of wine  
And a cup of tea.

I look into the wine,  
Which represents Christ's body,  
I look into the tea,  
Made by a British laddie.

I see the cup of wine,  
And I see Christ's suffering,  
I see our Saviour in His place,  
Where He is not buffering.

I smile when I see the light,  
For He has come to save me,  
I see the man who saved us all,  
For He hath not betrayed thee.

I look at the cup of tea,  
How bitter it may be!  
'Tis something gross,  
Something pungent,  
Something like a pea!

I smile when I see Christ,  
Holding out His hand,  
He is happy to see me  
As I see Him,  
Standing in the sand.

He is out on the beach  
In my backyard,  
Waiting for an answer,  
He beckons me,  
And I walk forward,  
Acting like a dancer.

I go into His arms,  
For I am not afraid,  
I am glad to see Him,  
Triumphant be,  
For I know where I stayed.

He was kinder  
Than the men before Him,  
Knowing good behaviour,  
For that's how I knew Him  
As my Saviour.

We talked and conversed a while,  
Having a time of peace,  
I knew not what He had to say,  
Even with a crease.

In the end,  
I knew I was enlightened,  
I walked back to my house,  
Where the sunshine brightened.

I felt His presence,  
If anything,  
I knew that He was there,  
I knew that if anything happened,  
He would always care.

Justin Reamer

# Curiosity

What does one feel when he is curious?  
What does he feel when he thinks?  
What does she look at when she blinks?

Curiosity brings upon them  
A state of wonder  
Which they cannot deny,  
They keep wondering and wondering  
For the knowledge  
They cannot petrify.

A child looks at a cat,  
And wonders what it does,  
For he does not know a bug,  
When it comes a-buzz.

The girl looks at a tree,  
She wonders why it is green,  
She wonders why it stands,  
And why it isn't mean.

Teenagers look at their subjects,  
Ever the more inquisitive,  
Wondering what was left behind,  
Sin the knowledge is not insensitive.

Adults question their work,  
Looking to philosophy,  
Hoping they won't slack off,  
And cause a great catastrophe.

The baby crawls and points,  
Wondering what is playing from the stereo,  
Mama tells him it's music,  
That is coming from the radio.

Pre-teens look at their bodies,  
Wondering what certain parts are,  
And, to be decent, the parents speak privately,

For we need not say much more.

Newton sat under a tree,  
Only to feel an apple fall,  
He came up with gravity,  
Since the tree was very, very tall.

Galileo looked at the stars,  
With a telescope of great improvement,  
He saw the moons of Jupiter,  
Circling in an orbital movement.

Da Vinci painted pictures,  
Like that of the Mona Lisa,  
He experimented with engineering,  
And did it without a Visa.

Darwin looked at animals  
And different species,  
And found evolution,  
With a look at their feces.

Teens wonder about each other,  
About what goes through their minds,  
They wonder about relationships,  
And about what keeps their binds.

Children look for wisdom,  
In which they understand,  
For they won't make mistakes,  
If they take a hand.

Adults have experience,  
But are still curious,  
they learn and think  
They'd make you think  
They may have gone delirious.

Curiosity goes to show,  
What we really want to know;  
It helps us in our daily life,  
It helps us when we have a wife,

It helps us in our times of strife,  
Which shows us what faith bestows.

Justin Reamer

# Cut-Purse

You thief, get back here  
With my bag,  
Before I have to arrest you!  
Come back, now,  
Or I will strangle you with my hands.

Justin Reamer

# Cyclopean Architecture

What is New York City?  
Filled with architecture of all sorts,  
Buildings that are diminutive in height,  
While others are colossal,  
Dwarfing those that are vertically challenged.

The skyscrapers are a wondrous thing,  
For how can man ever manage to build something  
So grand and so huge like that?  
Yet, skyscrapers are not as wondrous as  
The other things that humans from  
Ages and ages past have built.

The Romans built the Coliseum,  
A huge entertainment spot that  
Was a huge engineering feat.  
It housed the Romans' hunger for  
Entertainment by showing off  
Gladiators and making executions  
Go all about the day,  
Each giving some sort of bloodthirsty,  
Heart-wrenching disgusting thing go on.

The Egyptians built the Pyramids,  
Which are far bigger than the Coliseum,  
And were built way before the Romans  
Were even thought of.  
The Pyramids, with their triangular faces,  
And their cubic bases,  
Were burial grounds for the  
Ancient Pharaohs,  
The ancient kings of Egypt,  
And they still stand today  
Unlike the rest of the buildings that  
Have collapsed over time.

The Greeks built their temples,  
And those are still standing today,  
Though they are not the Coliseum

Or the Pyramids,  
Or the skyscrapers of New York,  
But they are still quite amazing,  
Housing statues of their gods,  
Such as Zeus, Hera,  
Aphrodite, Ares, Athena,  
Poseidon, Hades, Hephaestus,  
And others,  
Which of all are standing large and lifelike,  
Or more like larger than life.  
They are amazing, too.

The Mayans, the Aztecs,  
And the Incas of the Americas  
Built amazing structures that  
Still stand today,  
For they were major cities  
That had once been filled with people.  
They were just as brilliant  
As the Egyptians, the Greeks,  
The Romans, and, of course,  
The New Yorkers today.

The Celts built the old monument  
Of Stonehenge in Great Britain,  
And it has been standing for  
A millennium now,  
Which is amazing in its own right.

The ancient Mesopotamians,  
Or the Sumerians,  
Built major temples like  
Those found in ancient Sumer,  
Called Ziggurats,  
Which house the statues of  
Their gods,  
Anu, Ishtar, Ea, Enlil,  
And many others.  
That one was built long before  
The Egyptians, the Greeks, or the Romans  
Were even thought of,  
And it has been standing for over

Two millennia,  
Which is amazing, also.

The Chinese built the Great Wall of China,  
Which stands today,  
Interminable,  
And untraversable,  
For it has been standing for more  
Than a millennia and has been  
Keeping enemies out for the longest time  
Until airplanes were invented.  
The Chinese were very brilliant, too.

Temples, mosques, and cathedrals,  
All ancient in nature,  
Dating from the Ancient World  
All the way to the Middle Ages,  
All stand in beautiful splendour,  
Showing their great beauty  
After standing from hundreds  
To thousands of years.  
These places of worship  
Still stand today  
As symbols of faith  
And the civilisations of ages past.

Yet, many more things have been built,  
Like Big Ben and the Eiffel Tower,  
Victory Gate and the Taj Mahal,  
The Leaning Tower of Pisa,  
The Wailing Wall,  
Where the old Temple of Jerusalem once stood,  
The Empire State Building,  
The Sears Tower,  
And many more.  
Man has showed his genius  
And continues to do so  
To this day.

Justin Reamer

# D

How many words  
Do you know  
That start with the letter 'd'?

I can list them out for you,  
Of what I know,  
If you really  
Wanted me to,  
But it would take a while...

Do you want me to?  
Okay, but don't say  
That I did not warn you,  
So, this will only take a minute.

Here goes...

Do  
Does  
Don't  
Doesn't  
Dos  
Don'ts  
Due  
Day  
Dime  
Dollar  
Denmark  
Dickens  
Drum  
Drab  
Dry  
Damp  
Dim  
Deep  
Deeper  
Deepest

Deeply  
Dog  
Dolphin  
Dugong  
Daffodil  
Daisy  
Daisy-like  
Danica  
Dickenson  
Drape  
Drapery  
Draping  
Droop  
Droopy  
Down  
Downtrodden  
Drain  
Draining  
Drainer  
Door  
Doorstep  
Doorknob  
Doorbuster  
Doorstop  
Different  
Difference  
Discrete  
Discreet  
Discretion  
Discreetly  
Discretely  
Dib  
Dibs  
Dip  
Dipping  
Dipper  
Dump  
Dumpster  
Dumptruck  
Dumper  
Don  
Donald

Daniel  
Divvy  
Divide  
Division  
Darn  
Darned  
Dang  
Damn  
Damnation  
Darning  
Days  
Desert  
Dessert  
Deserted  
Decimal  
Decimals  
Decimetre  
Decilitre  
Decigram  
Decagon  
Decagonal  
Decametre  
Dekalitre  
Dekagram  
Decade  
December  
Decahedron  
Dodecahedron  
Dodecagon  
Dodecagonal  
Dine  
Diner  
Dinner  
Dupe  
Duped  
Duping  
Duper  
Dork  
Dorky  
Dumb  
Detect  
Deuce

Dude  
Detective  
Deaf  
Dos  
Donate  
Donation  
Donor  
Dope  
Dopehead  
Dopefiend  
Dioxide  
Diablo  
Diabolical  
Diabolic  
Destroy  
Destruction  
Dick  
Detection  
Detention  
Detent  
Drive  
Driver  
Driven  
Drove  
Drench  
Drenched  
Driving  
Drenching  
Drencher  
Dribble  
Dribbling  
Dribbler  
Dribbled  
Drool  
Drooling  
Drowsy  
Dose  
Dosing  
Dosage  
Dorothy  
Denmark  
Dane

Danish  
Donner  
David  
Dostoevsky  
Drip  
Dripping  
Dripped  
Drop  
Dropped  
Dropping  
Dropper  
Drake  
Draw  
Drew  
Drawn  
Drawer  
Diss  
Dissing  
Disser  
Diction  
Dictionary  
Dynamic  
Dictate  
Dictator  
Dictatorship  
Dress  
Dresser  
Dame  
Damsel  
Dart  
Darted  
Darting  
Diameter  
Denominator  
Dash  
Dasher  
Dashing  
Dashed  
Daybreak  
Dawn  
Dusk  
Din

Dent  
Denture  
Dentures  
Dentist  
Dental  
Dentistry  
DID  
Dad  
Daddy  
District  
DA  
DO  
Daddio  
Dimple  
Dink  
Dugong  
Disdain  
Disdainful  
Disdainfully  
Dislike  
Disliked  
Distrust  
Distrusting  
Disinterest  
Disinterested  
Discriminate  
Discrimination  
Desegregate  
Desegregation  
Disorder  
Disabled  
Disability  
Dysthymia  
Diphtheria  
Diabetes  
Diabetic  
Dopamine  
Disorganised  
Disloyal  
Disloyalty  
Disrespect  
Disrespectful

Disloyally  
Disrespectfully  
Distort  
Distortion  
Distortions  
Distorted  
Dishevelled  
Dunce  
Dismantle  
Dismantling  
Deranged  
Derange  
Demented  
Dementor  
Dement  
Depress  
Depression  
Depressed  
Dissociative  
Dropdead  
Deceased  
Desist  
Die  
Died  
Dye  
Dyer  
Dire  
Diaper  
Disintegrate  
Disintegrated  
Dune  
Dunes  
Dunebuggy  
Disarray  
Disappointed  
Disappoint  
Disappear  
Disappearance  
Disapparate  
Daemon  
Daemonic  
Dragon

Dragoon  
Distant  
Distance  
Derail  
Deploy  
Derailing  
Dropoff  
Dayschool  
Datona  
Drenthe  
Draco  
Draconian  
Dickensian  
Dostoevskian  
Devastation  
Devastated  
Distract  
Distracted  
Distractedly  
Depressing  
Depressive  
Drug  
Depressant  
Dread  
Dead  
Deafly  
Deft  
Deftly  
Defter  
Deftest  
Distinguish  
Distinguished  
Distinguisher  
Distinguishing  
Dumba@#  
Dolt  
Dunce  
Defecate  
Defecation  
Dumbf@#%  
Defecating  
Defecator

Dissatisfactory  
Dissatisfied  
Discertain  
Dissent  
Dissenting  
Dissenter  
Defuse  
Diffuse  
Defusing  
Diffusion  
Diffusing  
Diffuser  
Doornail  
Doc  
Doctor  
De-gnome  
De-gnoming  
Da  
Duh  
Dur  
Dunderhead  
Daft  
Daffy  
Ding-dong  
Ding  
Dong  
Delaware  
Depend  
Dependable  
Depends  
Depending  
Dislocated  
Dislocation  
Dazzled  
Dazzling  
Dazed  
Double  
Double-eyed  
Dichromat  
Dichromatic  
Do  
Dow

Dough  
Doe  
Dowry  
Dainty  
Detain  
Detainer  
Detaining  
Detained  
Dawned  
Damp  
Dap  
Dab  
Dabbed  
Dabbing  
Delirium  
Delirious  
Desolate  
Desolation  
Dual  
Duel  
Du Bois  
Defriend  
Disliking  
Disappointedly  
Deport  
Deportation  
Deporting  
Deported  
Dig  
Dug  
Dag  
Dagger  
Digger  
Dugout  
Digging  
Digger  
Dorn  
Den  
During  
Duration  
Doer  
Disease

Deer  
Deal  
Dealer  
Dealing  
Drugdealer  
Dodge  
Dodging  
Dodger  
Defend  
Defence  
Defender  
Deny  
Denial  
Defy  
Defiant  
Defiance  
Drowsily  
Dishonest  
Dishonesty  
Distrustful  
Distrustfully  
Disprove  
Disproving  
Disproval  
Disapprove  
Disapproval  
Disagree  
Disagreement  
Dispute  
Disagreeable  
Disapproving  
Disappearing  
Disappointing  
Detached  
Detachment  
Derailment  
Detach  
Detaching  
Dehumanise  
Dehumanising  
Dehumanisation  
Dimorphic

Decapitation  
Decapitating  
Decapitate  
Decapitated  
Degut  
Degutting  
Degutted  
Debut  
Debuttal  
Digital  
Digit  
Dillion  
Drillion  
Debug  
Debugging  
Debugged  
Debugger  
Discontinue  
Discontinuation  
Discontinuity  
Desperate  
Desperation  
Desperately  
Dao  
Daoism  
Dunes  
Dufus  
Doofus  
Dupery  
Dopey  
Delta  
Dam  
Dams  
Dean  
Duke  
Daisy Duke  
Daisy Dukes  
Deployable  
Detainable  
Dissolve  
Dissolved  
Dissolution

Dissolvent  
Dissolver  
Discount  
Discountable  
Drudge  
Drudgery  
Dike  
Diking  
Diked  
Date  
Dates  
Dare  
Daring  
Devil  
Daredevil  
Daringly  
Defiantly  
Deniable  
Deniably  
Define  
Definable  
Definably  
Definitive  
Definitely  
Definite  
Definition  
Denotation  
Denote  
Denoted  
Demote  
Demoted  
Deprive  
Depriver  
Depriving  
Deprived  
Deprivation  
Dog  
Dogger  
Doglike  
Dogwood  
Doggish  
Doggishly

Dogfight  
Doable  
Diatom  
Diatomic  
Dish  
Dishes  
Drawroom  
Drawingboard  
Dinner table  
Dating  
Dated  
Dorado  
Décor  
Decorate  
Decoration  
Decorations  
Decorated  
Decent  
Descent  
Descend  
Descendant  
Diverge  
Divergent  
Divergence  
Difference  
Deviate  
Deviation  
Deviates  
Deviating  
Deviant  
Deviance  
Dastardly  
Dastard  
Dream  
Dreaming  
Dreamer  
Dreamt  
Daydream  
Daydreamer  
Dreary  
Drone  
Drones

Drearily  
Drearier  
Dreariest  
Drink  
Drank  
Drunk  
Drinking  
Drinker  
Dressage  
Dionysus  
Dionysian  
Drag  
Dragged  
Drug  
Dragger  
Drove  
Droves  
Dome  
Domes  
Done  
Doing  
Did  
Dizzy  
Daze  
Dazed  
Dazing  
Dizzily  
Displacement  
Displace  
Displaced  
Deem  
Deems  
Deeming  
Dirt  
Dirty  
Dirtily  
Dirtbag  
Dirtbrain  
Druggy  
Druggie  
Drudger  
Deadbeat

Deadbeat dad  
Duck  
Ducked  
Ducker  
Ducking  
Dint  
Dinted  
Dinting  
Doorman  
Dwelling  
Dwell  
Dweller  
Domestic  
Domesticate  
Domesticated  
Domestication  
Dwelled  
Domicile  
Docile  
Duckling  
Dumpling  
Device  
Devise  
Devoid  
Didactic  
Deacon  
Debauch  
Debauchery  
Defendant  
Diplomat  
Diplomatic  
Diplomacy  
Diagnose  
Diagnostic  
Diagnostics  
Disincentive  
Disinfect  
Disinfectant  
Disinformation  
Disinclined  
Disinterred  
Disingenuous

Disk  
Disjointed  
Dislodge  
Diocese  
Deacon  
Disinter  
Diskette  
Dismay  
Distress  
Discus  
Dive  
Dove  
Dave  
Dived  
Diver  
Diamond  
Dendrite  
Dactile  
Duct  
Donkey  
Dissect  
Disseminate  
Discension  
Disputable  
Disperse  
Diversity  
Diverse  
Difficult  
Difficulty  
Dilute  
Dilution  
Delude  
Delusion  
Delusional  
Deluded  
Diluted  
Dichotomous  
Digress  
Digression  
Dance  
Dancer  
Dago

Druid  
Druidic  
Decency  
Develop  
Development  
Developmental  
Developer  
Developed  
Developing  
Develops  
Din  
Deputy  
Deter  
Deterrence  
Deterring  
Deterred  
Defer  
Deferring  
Deferrable  
Deferability  
Deferred  
Desire  
Desirable  
Desirability  
Desirably  
Dumbly  
Ditch  
Ditching  
Ditches  
Ditcher  
Ditched  
Dimension  
Decrease  
Diminutive  
Delicate  
Delicacy  
Delectable  
Delectably  
Delectability  
Delicately  
Defrost  
Defrosted

Defrosting  
Defroster  
Destitute  
Destitution  
Debt  
Debilitate  
Debilitation  
Delicatessen  
Delight  
Delicious  
Delineate  
Delinquent  
Deliver  
Delivery  
Demolish  
Demure  
Denim  
Destiny  
Demilitarise  
Dementia  
Demise  
Demobilise  
Demobilisation  
Democracy  
Democrat  
Democratic  
Dorsal  
Denouement  
Dense  
Density  
Denunciate  
Denunciation  
Depart  
Department  
Dependent  
Dependant  
Depth  
Deposit  
Depository  
Default  
Disfigure  
Disfigured

Derelict  
Dereliction  
Derision  
Derivative  
Destined  
Dermatology  
Dermatologist  
Derogatory  
Declarative  
Declaration  
Deck  
Dock  
Dockside  
Dockyard  
Docksiders  
Desk  
Delineation

And that is the list  
I can think of for  
Today,  
For if you want  
To hear more,  
You must come back  
Another Day.

Justin Reamer

# Dal

What a great sauce,  
This thing that goes with my rice,  
I cannot complain,  
For it is absolutely delicious!

Justin Reamer

# Dark Days

Oh, what treachery this has brought,  
For what I feel is so bleak;  
Darkness has come to my heart,  
And feeling- what feeling is there? -  
I have no feeling but utter pain,  
For I cannot fathom what goes on around me.

This pain- I hide it in my chest-  
Wearing an emotionless mask  
That people can barely see through-  
And I feel nothing but bitterness and sadness,  
For there is nothing more left to me,  
As I sit here, waiting to die momentarily.

So empty, wishing I could disappear,  
I know not what to think-  
I hope God will help me,  
For I wish I will die soon enough,  
To the point I wish I can have no return.

Justin Reamer

# De Introvert

Ik wandel rond een school,  
Over een plek die mij, heeft vergeten  
Voor wie ik ben,  
Ik weet het niet, en ik weet dat ik een buitenstaander ben.  
Een buitenstaander ik ben,  
Voor welke identiteit weet ik niet;  
Ik denk dat ik heb is gemeden,  
Dat ik wie ik ben vergeten ben.  
Ik had een naam, of op zijn minst —  
Ik denk dat ik had er een. Ik denk dat ik deed, maar dan weer —  
Ik kan me niet herinneren als ik had er een.  
Ik herinner me ik was altijd een goeie jongen, dat ik  
Altijd deed wat goed, was  
Maar tijdens mijn jeugd, was ik met voeten getreden,  
Gelet identiteit verwarring aller tijden.  
Ik was goed in de lagere school, want mensen waren  
Altijd goed uit voor mij. Ik herinner me dat mijn leraren hield me,  
Voor ik altijd heb mijn huiswerk en altijd erg beleefd was. Mijn collega's,  
Hoe groot zijn ze  
Voor ze gerespecteerd me voor wie ik was,  
Als ik vriendelijk en genadig jegens hen was,  
En luisterde aan hun elk woord,  
En geduldig en beleefd tegen hen, was  
Dus hield ze me in ruil.

Ik weet niet wat er gebeurd in de middelbare school, maar  
Ik was blijkbaar anders.  
Mijn vrienden werd mijn vijanden en geminacht me  
Des te meer.  
Ik was in de middelbare school, geminacht  
Erg eenzaam was ik,  
Ik had niemand vast te klampen aan,  
Of om te leunen op,  
Wanneer ik hulp nodig had.  
Ik was anders,  
Ik was nooit in staat om te passen in,  
Nooit vinden mijn identiteit,  
Ik was niet in staat van ontvangst.

Mensen geplukt op me overal,  
Belt me namen,  
Spottende me,  
Slaand me tot pulp,  
En mijn dingen rond, gooien  
Ik had geen zin helemaal te behoren.  
' Wat had ik gedaan? Wat had ik gedaan om je pijn? '  
Ik had gevraagd wanneer ze me pijn doen, maar ze schudde  
Hun hoofden en lachte en zei:  
' Niets; je bent gewoon anders, dat is alles, '  
En zij mij des te meer pijn.  
Al snel wist ik dat ik niet zou kunnen passen in,  
En ik wist dat ik was alleen;  
Ik werd al snel zeer rustig,  
En niet voor iedereen kon praten.  
Ik werd al snel verlegen,  
En ik werd uiteindelijk dempen.  
Mijn voormalige 'vrienden' belde me 'Nemo'  
Aangezien ik nooit mijn naam annunciate kon.  
Middelbare school doorgegeven met al zijn beproevingen  
En obstakels en dilemma's die ik te kampen had gehad,  
Toch was ik een introvert,  
En ik kon nooit nieuwe mensen ontmoeten.  
Toen begon de middelbare school,  
Vele vriendengroepen had gekregen samen,  
En ik heb geprobeerd om te passen in,  
Maar ze gemeden me uit,  
En het maakte me afvragen,  
Wie ben ik?

Ik had geen naam,  
Want ik had geen identiteit,  
Ik had niemand die ik in met passen.  
Ik wist niet wie ik was,  
Want ik had slechts een naam.  
Wat betekent een naam  
Als u niet wie je bent weet?  
Wat zou het betekenen voor iedereen,  
Als u niet zelfs zeker zelf bent?  
Een naam is gewoon een label,  
Iets die ik draag met mij,  
Sinds ik heb geen achtergrond,

Ik heb geen verleden,  
En wie ik ben,  
En wat ik ben,  
Ik weet dat ik ben gewoon een schaduw,  
Naast elkaar bestaan in deze wereld,  
Met vele heldere sterren schijnt fel in de hemel,  
Gieten me in de duisternis van virtuele afwezigheid.  
Wie ben ik? Ik vraag mezelf,  
Wie kan ik ooit zijn?

Ik ben niet een atleet, een muzikant of een kunstenaar,  
Noch ben ik een student Palmares,  
Noch een socialite, een acteur, een thespian,  
Noch een redenaar,  
Noch ben ik een leider, die in de menigte opvalt,  
Ook ben ik de klasse clown, een nerd, de komiek, noch de aanvoerder  
van het footballteam.  
Ik weet alleen één ding die ik ben,  
Dat ik een introvert ben,  
En je kan me vinden als je durft te kijken.  
U zult me zien in de schaduw,  
Wentelen in de duisternis,  
Lopen alleen in de gangen.  
Je kan me zien tijdens de lunch,  
Eten door mijzelf,  
Vergezeld gaan van een volledige-tabel,  
Van alle de geesten van verschoppelingen afgelopen  
Die studeerde voor mijn aangezicht;  
U kan zien me stil, eten  
En soms in diepe gedachte;  
U kan mij het schrijven van krachtig, zie  
Betalen geen aandacht aan iemand anders.  
U kan zitten gelukkig als u me in uw klas zien,  
Want ik niet gemakkelijk ben te vinden,  
Maar als u zeer hard probeert,  
U mei zitten kundig voor me vinden.  
Ik zit in de achterkant van klasse,  
Verre van waar het oog zien kan,  
Niemand zit naast me,  
En niemand wil mijn bedrijf.  
Ik ben verre van de leraar blik,  
En de leraar weet niet zelfs mijn naam;

Mijn collega's zitten nooit naast mij,  
Want ik zo ver terug ben,  
Zijzelf weet niet eens mijn naam.

Je kan me zien na school,  
Wandelen rond in het parkeerterrein,  
Gevangen in mijn eigen diepe gedachte,  
En nooit met een afleiding.  
Ik zal worden gevangen in mijn eigen muziek,  
Met mijn oordopjes in mijn oren,  
Luisteren naar mijn iPod,  
Dat stimuleert mijn zintuigen,  
En helpt me concentreren meer,  
Voor niemand zelfs maar te weten mij,  
En niemand vraagt zich af wie ik ben.  
Ik ben de introvert,  
Want ik heb geen naam,  
Ik heb geen identiteit,  
Of geen persoonlijkheid die iedereen identificeren kan;  
Ik passen niet in het vak  
Want ik het onbekende ben,  
Ik ben de schaduw die u elke dag doorgeeft,  
Betalen geen aandacht aan mijn onbeduidendheid;  
Ik weet niet wat ik ben,  
En, natuurlijk, weet je, noch;  
Ik heb geen identiteit,  
En ik ben het onbekende dat je bang elke nacht.  
Ik kan niet zijn menselijke,  
En ik kan niet zelfs zijn dier,  
Maar ik ben een ding dat denkt,  
Ik denk, dus ik ben.  
Ik ben het onbekende dat je angst,  
U kan het niet uitleggen,  
Ik ben de maniak,  
Waarvan waanzin zinvol divinst.  
Ik ben krankzinnigheid,  
Waardoor u vreest mij meer,  
Voor zonder mijn identiteit,  
En aangezien u me, hebben veracht  
Er is veel methode om mijn waanzin.  
Ik weet u, maar u weet niet mij,  
Want ik nooit spraken heb,

Ik ben gevangen in mijn eigen gedachten,  
En samenleving is niet voor mij.

Je kan me, nooit vinden  
Maar ik elke dag, wandelen  
Benieuwd wie ik ben,  
En wat ik ben,  
En ik betwijfel of alles dat voor mij komt,  
Maar ik weet dat ik ben een ding dat denkt.  
Ik ben de introvert,  
En ik denk, dus ik ben.

Justin Reamer

# Dear God

Dear God,

You are the greatest gift  
That I have in life,  
For You are the Creator,  
And You are the Master,  
And You are the Father in Heaven.

I love You so much,  
And I cannot thank You  
Enough for all You have  
Done for a simpleton  
Like me,  
A mere human being  
Who has a heart,  
But is still  
Not purified from  
Sin,  
And who is impure and petty,  
More than the angels in heaven.

I do not deserve Your Blessings, Lord,  
But I am Your servant,  
And I will serve You in every  
Way I can,  
With my every thought,  
Action, and word,  
Which comes through  
My very body,  
Which is Your temple.

And, yes, Lord, I am Your Instrument,  
And if you ask anything of me,  
I shall do it,  
For You can take control  
Of my body,  
That which You alone created,  
And can work through me.  
I will do anything You ask,

For I am Your faithful servant.

Dear God,  
I also want to thank You  
For everything you have  
Given me,  
And every blessing  
That You have blessed me with.

Thank You, Lord,  
For blessing my family  
With everything we have,  
And thank You for helping us  
Through our hard times,  
And thank You for saving  
Us from my father  
Who tried to throw us  
Out onto the street.

Thank You, Lord,  
For also protecting me  
From harm,  
No matter who threatened me,  
And no matter who  
Wanted to hurt me,  
You kept me safe,  
And I thank You for that.

Thank You, Lord,  
For saving me from  
Death's embrace  
Four times,  
Including when  
I broke my skull,  
When I tried to  
Commit suicide,  
When I was incredibly  
Ill with the weird ailment  
That I had,  
And when I got into  
The accident  
That, fortunately,

Did not take anyone's lives.  
I am glad that  
You kept me alive,  
And I am happy that  
You are always looking out for me.

Thank You, Lord,  
For also saving me from  
My depression,  
And helping me find happiness,  
For if it was not for You,  
I probably would not  
Be living right now.

Thank You, Lord,  
Also for all the opportunities  
I have had throughout  
The years  
And the great education  
I have had  
And all the gifts and talents  
You have given me.  
You have blessed me,  
And I love you so much,  
That there is no greater joy  
Than You.

And, Dear Lord,  
I am about to start college  
In about a day,  
And I will always remain faithful  
To You.  
But as I start college,  
And classes,  
Please help me to stay  
Focused and to keep my  
Head on straight,  
And to always be  
Responsible for all  
Of my actions,  
My tasks,  
My thoughts,

And my words.  
Please help me to make  
Good decisions  
And to stay away  
From people or things  
That may be harmful to me  
Or to others.  
Please help me to stay on  
The right track as  
I did on my senior year,  
And help me to manage  
My time wisely,  
Above all else.

And, Dear Lord,  
Please help Hannah Kemp  
To be happy,  
And help her to be  
Happy, no matter  
If she broke up  
With Reed or if she  
Is still dating him,  
And help her to always  
Have joy in this world,  
As I always remembered her  
To have in high school.

And, Dear Lord,  
Please help Sean  
To get his act together  
This year,  
And help him to stay on track  
And to study  
And to do his assignments  
And to do well in school  
So that he can achieve his dreams.  
I pray so that he can be what  
He wants to be in the long run,  
And I hope he has learned his lesson.

And, Dear Lord,  
Please help my family

To be okay,  
With me gone from home,  
And please help them to endure without me.  
I hope they will be fine,  
And I hope they will be safe.

And, Dear Lord,  
Please help Elyse  
To be safe in med school  
And not to become depressed  
And to keep on pushing in her  
Hardest times,  
So that she can achieve  
Her full potential.

And, Lord,  
Thank You for all of the  
Friends and family  
I have and all of  
The new friends  
That I am making here  
In college.  
I appreciate You helping  
Me find people I care about  
And people who care about me,  
So that we all have a support  
Group that we can count on  
Each other,  
And I thank You for everything  
You have done, Lord,  
For You are great,  
And You are an Awesome God.

Thank You for everything, Lord,  
And You are the greatest being  
In all of the universe.

Thank You for all You have done.

In Your Name, I pray.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Dearest Patricia

Dearest Patricia,

I know we have our troubles  
In our own lives,  
And I can understand the  
Troubles you may be facing now.  
I just want you to know  
That God loves you no matter what.  
So, here I go to tell you something.

But let me pause a minute  
And tell you that you do  
Not have to read this latter  
Or adhere to the things  
I am about to tell you,  
But God once again told me  
To write this message,  
But with even more candour  
Than the last.

My sister,  
I know not what troubles you,  
Whether you have a  
Borderline personality,  
Bipolar disorder,  
Or anything like that,  
But you are so mercurial  
That you make it difficult  
For me to be your friend.  
Now, I am not saying I hate you,  
For I hold nothing against you,  
But everything you do to me  
Hurts like arrows shot from many bowstrings  
Into my own flesh,  
Piercing every nerve in my body.  
This was the fourth time this has happened.

Ever since I first met you,  
You maintained this idea

That I am a stalker, a fool,  
And an idiot.  
The first time you turned  
Your back on me was that first impression  
You had,  
And when I greeted you,  
You looked at me imperiously,  
As if I were following you,  
Chasing you,  
Or going to rape you in some preposterous way.  
The next time was at Abandon  
When I was in the same vicinity as you were,  
Doing my own thing,  
Minding my own business,  
When you turned on me.  
It subsided after Christmas Break because  
Of the message I sent you.  
The third time was the week  
After Christmas Break  
When I would greet you and  
You would become tense,  
And then it subsided when I  
Was openly honest with you.  
The fourth time was when I was sitting with you  
This Saturday,  
Enjoying the company of our mutual friends,  
When you started glaring at me,  
Making me a little uncomfortable.  
Yet your hatred continues to grow,  
No matter what happens.

My sister, it honestly hurts  
When you do all of these things.  
Every time I take a step,  
You judge me;  
Every time I move,  
You judge me;  
Every time I speak,  
You judge me;  
Every time I think,  
You judge me;  
Every time I breathe,

You judge me;  
Every time my heart beats,  
You judge me.  
Every time I try to talk to you,  
You treat me like the biggest fool  
Who has ever lived on the planet,  
And every time you judge me,  
It is like a chain going into  
My flesh with spikes attached to it,  
Slowly, painfully,  
Skewering my flesh and  
Piercing my bone,  
Going across my entire body,  
From limb to limb,  
Until it finally reaches my throat  
And I can breathe no more.  
You probably understand the illustration,  
But why do you judge me so harshly?  
Why do you mistreat me?  
Why are you so malevolent  
And cruel toward me?  
What have I done to deserve your bigotry?  
I know I am autistic,  
But I can read body language,  
And it hurts.

I know you are a devout Christian,  
And I praise you for that,  
But does God want you to judge people?  
In Matthew 7, Jesus says,  
'Do not judge, or you too will  
Be judged. For in the same way  
You judge others, you will be judged,  
And with the same measure you use,  
It will be measured to you.  
Why do you look at the speck of sawdust  
In your brother's eye and pay  
No attention to the plank in your own eye?  
How can you say to your brother,  
'Let me take the speck out of your eye, '  
When all the time there is a plank in your eye?  
You hypocrite, first take the

Plank out of your own eye, and then you will  
See clearly to remove the speck from your brother's eye.'

(Matthew 7: 1-5, NIV)

Jesus tells us we should not judge others,  
But why do you judge me so harshly?  
If you love Jesus,  
Why do wrong Him  
By constantly hurting one of His own beloved people?  
Is love not better than judgement?  
Love cannot exist where there is prejudice;  
It can only exist where there is peace.  
Yet, don't you want peace?  
I don't understand.  
I am His servant,  
And He wanted me to tell  
You the truth today,  
So that you may know how  
I feel constantly.

My sister, I hold nothing against you,  
And no matter what you do to me,  
I still love you,  
For you are my sister in Christ.  
I forgive you constantly,  
No matter what,  
Even when your love for me  
(In the philia)  
Is conditional.  
I pray to God all the time  
That He will forgive you,  
Watch over you, guide you,  
Inspire you,  
And protect you from evil.

I want you to do well in life,  
And I know you are  
A wonderful woman,  
Even though you make  
Friendship difficult for me,  
No matter how hard I try,  
And amity goes down the drain.  
I forgive you,

And may God open your heart,  
And may He bless your soul.  
May God bless you in all that you do.

Sincerely,

Justin Reamer

Justin Reamer

# Dearth

There isn't enough for everyone;  
That's the problem here.  
Everything is scarce,  
And we have only limits we can handle,  
So everyone gets a few at a time.

Justin Reamer

# Death

I am a being that  
Goes by many names,  
And yet I am one person,  
In the universe,  
Who carries out his  
Natural duties in life.

The Shintos call me the Shinigami,  
The Ancient Egyptians call me Anubis,  
The Hindus call me Kali,  
The Norse call me Fenrir,  
The Greeks call me the Fates,  
The Celtics call me the Morrigan,  
The Ancient Finns call me the Grim Reaper,  
The Christians call me the Angel of Death,  
And the Muslims call me the Jinn.  
Those are many of my names,  
And I go by many more,  
And people have called me countless things,  
But still I am one thing:  
I am Death.

I maintain the natural order of things,  
For if they are not maintained,  
Chaos occurs within this world,  
And this thing will go crazy.  
I must maintain the balance,  
Or harmony will be lost  
And there will be no such thing  
As peace.  
I maintain order in this world  
And in this universe.

I am old,  
I shall admit,  
For I am as old as the universe,  
And I have been here ever since  
The universe was created.  
I am as old as God Himself,

For I was with Him  
When He created the world,  
For I am His agent in bringing Him  
The souls of those who die.  
And I will continue bringing Him those souls  
Until the world shall come to an end.

All lives are numbered, as you can probably figure,  
For example, if you are young, you may have many years to live,  
And if you are old, your years may be limited;  
It all goes by what is on my list of  
Duties throughout the day.

All things will die,  
Including humans,  
Animals,  
Plants,  
Bacteria,  
Fungi,  
And the supernatural things  
You may not know about;  
And, yes, I am the one who  
Takes them to their afterlife,  
Whether it be heaven,  
Hell,  
Limbo,  
Purgatory,  
Or anything else you can think of.  
I take them to the afterlife.

Many people throughout your history have died,  
And I have taken care of them,  
And, yes, you may remember them well.  
John F. Kennedy, your president, for example,  
Was supposed to live for at least 30 more years,  
Or more,  
But he died young,  
Since one of you humans decided to kill him,  
So I 'reaped' him,  
In a sense.  
I took him to the afterlife,  
And, yes, he was taken to his judgement.

You may also remember Abraham Lincoln,  
One of your other presidents,  
Since I am not really one for human politics,  
But, if I am correct,  
He was one of your presidents;  
Well, yes, he died a little young, as well,  
For he could have lived for twenty  
More years or so,  
But I took him to the afterlife, as well.

I have been around a long time,  
So I have seen many people die,  
And many people live.  
I have accompanied many people to the afterlife,  
Whether they are young or old,  
Black or white,  
Man or woman,  
It does not matter to me,  
I take all the souls somewhere,  
Which is to their Judgement,  
Where He in Heaven resides.

I was around in the beginning of the world,  
And I took Adam and Eve to their judgement  
After they lived 900 some years.  
I was around when Cain killed Abel  
Out of his own putrid jealousy,  
And I took Abel to his grave,  
And eventually I took Cain to his grave, as well.  
I was around when the Great Flood came,  
And I took numerous souls to their judgement,  
Which many were sent to hell,  
If I can recall.  
I was around with Sodom and Gomorrah,  
When God smote those cities,  
And I took all those souls to their judgement.  
I took Abraham to his judgement,  
Along with his wife Sarah,  
And his whore Hector,  
And his bastard son Ishmael.  
I took Isaac to the grave,

Along with his wife Rebecca,  
And his sons,  
Jacob and Esau.  
I took Jacob's wives to the grave,  
Including Rachel and Leah,  
And their sons,  
Including Benjamin,  
And Levi,  
And Joseph,  
And more.  
I took David to his judgement,  
Along with the judges,  
Gideon,  
Ruth,  
Deborah,  
Samson,  
And much more.  
I took Moses to his judgement,  
After he died of old age.  
I took Joshua to his judgement, as well,  
Even as he sacked the city of Canaan.  
I took many prophets to their judgement,  
Including Samuel,  
Ruben,  
Daniel and Elijah,  
And many more.

I took the saints to their judgements,  
Along with St. Francis of Assisi,  
St. Francis de Sales,  
St. Justin Martyr,  
St. Peter the Apostle,  
St. Paul the Apostle,  
St. Luke,  
St. John the Baptist,  
St. Joseph,  
St. Barbara,  
St. Margaret,  
St. Agnes,  
St. Joan of Arc,  
St. Maximillien Kobe,  
St. Mother Teresa,

And many more.

I have taken good people to the grave,  
Including Martin Luther King, Jr.,  
Mahatma Ghandi,  
Leo Tolstoy,  
George Washington,  
And many more.

I have also taken the bad,  
Including Josef Stalin,  
Adolf Hitler,  
King Herod,  
King Henry VIII,  
Benito Mussolini,  
Osama bin Laden,  
Charles Manson,  
And many others.

My duty is unprejudiced,  
For I take all souls to the afterlife,  
And I am Death,  
So I shall always maintain that order.  
I am pleased to meet you, young one,  
Whomever you may be,  
And maybe we shall meet again,  
Whether it be in times of struggle,  
Or times of peace.  
I know not where you will go, my child,  
For my duty is only to bring you to your Judgement,  
But my advice to you is to live life to the fullest,  
Before we meet again.

Justin Reamer

# Death Of Innocence

In a large room,  
With a tub full of water,  
I sit there,  
A small child, a boy.

A toy floats in the water,  
As I take it in hand  
And play with it.  
I am happy, I am blissful;  
I am innocent, a child.

My father sits behind me,  
My role model, my hero,  
As he speaks to me,  
Lovingly as always.

He takes a dial in hand,  
Lightly grasps it,  
Begins to wash me,  
Scrubbing with bubbles,  
Bubbly warbles,  
He washes me as  
He did many times before.

But this time is different.  
The room goes dark  
And a shadow lurks  
Over my face.  
Glowing red eyes peer  
Down at me as I sit there.

I shiver, I am scared,  
I am cold,  
For my father is gone  
And something else has  
Replaced him behind me.

I feel his cold breath  
And then I hear a slither

As a snake,  
Holding the dial in its mouth,  
Reaches between my legs  
And bites hard.

I scream in agony  
As the monster behind  
Me has clutched my genitals,  
Shaking them, hurting them,  
Touching them, soothing them,  
All the time sending endorphins  
Up my spine,  
Which make me wail from pain.

He laughs as I am hurt;  
Finding pleasure in the mere facets of torture.  
A sadist, is he,  
Maiming me for his own entertainment.

The snakehead rips off  
My own genitalia,  
And I scream,  
For the pain is inconceivable.

The creature behind me,  
After amusement,  
Wrings my neck with his snake-hand.  
And I, a boy, am vanquished from existence.

As a soul, I see the creature  
That had once been my father  
Feasting on my flesh.  
The man I had trusted betrayed me,  
And I lay there, weeping.

Nowhere else to go,  
Lost in the eternal abyss  
Of the afterlife,  
For no one has ever helped me,  
And now, in death,  
No one ever cared.  
I am lost to all,

For in life, I was no one,  
And in death, I am no more.

Justin Reamer

# Death's Approach

Death, is it yet my time?  
I know not, but I feel I  
Am ready to go,  
For I have nothing to live for.

To die, I feel nothing,  
Would be my consolation,  
For this pain consumes me  
Every day as each day is a struggle,  
In which I try to push forward  
And fail simultaneously.

Take me with you, Death,  
Make it painless,  
For I cannot take it any longer,  
Take me with you,  
For life is meaningless.

Justin Reamer

# Death's Breath

The grey sky above the earth  
Dims the scenery of all below it,  
Dimming the vivid colours  
The sun once provided.  
Snow lay across the land,  
Covering the Earth like a giant white sheet.  
The trees are bare, stripped of their leaves,  
Giving shame to their nakedness  
As they stand like corpses in despair.

Life is gone, all animals vanished,  
For they have all migrated,  
Or they lay dead and dying  
As they try to search for their food.  
Starvation kills them one at a time  
As Death stoops down to take their souls  
And lets them decompose.  
Nothing is here in the silence  
As the snow falls slowly,  
The barren wasteland before me.  
The animals are slowly dying,  
Craving food every day,  
But slowly becoming emaciated.

The trees stand like corpses in open coffins,  
Barren of all flesh and foliage,  
Empty structures standing before  
The very forest they grew in.  
In the village, the people are  
Dying from the plague that struck them,  
Slowly suffering each fateful day.

And I, I suffer slowly from  
The calamities that besieged me,  
Each taking hold of my heart  
And tearing it apart.  
Pain lingers in my mind,  
In my heart, and in my soul,  
Devouring me slowly as

I struggle to survive,  
To hold on, and to make  
It through another day.  
My flesh is deteriorating,  
And I am going down slowly  
Into absolute despair.

In the meantime, Death is near;  
I can feel him, his slow footsteps,  
His calm, shallow breathing,  
His soft whispers of comfort to  
Those who slowly die and  
Wish for some consolation  
Or termination of their misery.  
He approaches me, and I  
Can hear the shallow breathing  
And a soft whisper touches my ear:  
'Now is not your time.'

He slowly walks away,  
And I begin to weep.  
No consolation in this world,  
Nothing but dreariness and death.  
I was ready to die,  
Ready to pas on, to perish,  
But it wasn't my time,  
So I go on living in misery.

Life takes me nowhere as I continue to live,  
And my misery continues to devour me;  
Into the abyss, I fall,  
Deeper and deeper,  
Until the darkness comes over me.  
In the darkness, I can never see,  
But only suffer continuously  
As my life leads to nothingness.

Justin Reamer

# Deborah

Oh, Deborah,  
The wise prophet,  
The Judge of Israel,  
The Servant of the Lord,  
How great you were in answering God's call,  
And serving the Lord as  
He wanted you to.

You knew the oppression of your people,  
Done by Jabin, the king of Canaan,  
And all he did to the Canaanites,  
And you knew the cruelty of Sisera,  
His commander who  
Dwelt in Harosheth Hagoiim,  
And you answered the Lord's call.

You helped Barak, an Israelite,  
Defeat Sisera's army,  
And you knew of Jael,  
Heber's wife,  
Killed Sisera in his sleep.

You did as the Lord asked you,  
And you ruled for years to come,  
And you kept the peace,  
Until death came upon you,  
And for your bravery and glory,  
May God bless your soul.

Justin Reamer

# December

'tis the twelfth month of the year,  
and the month of Christmas,  
in which Jesus was born,  
and would come to save the world,  
and would help all of us form the Church,  
which still stands today,  
and the month of the last day of the year,  
in which new beginnings were going to take place,  
and everything would become better,  
since it is a great month.

Justin Reamer

# Deep Thoughts

Thoughts pass through my mind  
As if nothing else can go through my head  
Yet some are more  
Distinct than  
Others  
And are like  
A flowing stream of consciousness.

Thoughts are thoughts,  
But what are they to me?  
What can they possibly be  
When sometimes I do not understand them?  
No, that is not what thoughts are,  
They are inquiring,  
Imaginary,  
Making beautiful illustrations,  
Or assumptions beyond all imaginations,  
But those are all shallow,  
For what really troubles me is Morality  
In the general sense.

Ethics;  
The things we believe in,  
The morals we live by,  
Important all the while,  
And yet what are they?

Morals are rules,  
Guidelines we live by;  
Those are ethics,  
Which stand hand in hand.  
Yet are morals laws?  
Do they hold true?

Consequentialism:  
Every action that we make  
Has some sort of consequence to it.  
Yet, is this always true?  
Do we worry about the consequence?

Or do we think about what would be better?  
Such as the greater good?

Morals are interesting,  
And yet I inquire deeply within my soul  
To wonder what is the best approach.

We take a scenario,  
And then we wonder what would be better.  
Is it bad to break a moral code in general?  
Or is it good for anything to meet the end?

Stealing is bad,  
Yet, I wonder,  
Is stealing good, also?  
It may be,  
If someone is trying to survive,  
Yet we will never know.  
Stealing is stealing is stealing,  
And thoughts will come to you when  
You inquire about them.

Justin Reamer

# Defenestration

O, what a wonderful window,  
How a beautiful view it is, my friend,  
To see the forest,  
And the land,  
And the mountains in the distance,  
And the moat below,  
And the sea serpent that lies below us,  
And yet,  
Hey, what are you doing?  
Don't push me out!  
Oh, okay,  
Thank you,  
But I notice that Nessie is closer  
Than what I thought she was.

Justin Reamer

# Demagogue

Do you know what's wrong with the King?  
He wants to make you starve!  
He doesn't care about you,  
Your families, your needs,  
Your desires, or anything;  
He only cares about himself!  
Now, join me,  
And we can overthrow him,  
And I promise to make sure  
That all of your needs are taken  
Care of when I seize the throne.  
The king must be thwarted,  
And we will stop him now!  
Let's go,  
And we will succeed.

Justin Reamer

# Denizen

I lived here for 1,456,784,982 years,  
And the world has not changed a bit.  
It has changed in some ways,  
But not when we immortals have been living here.  
I am a resident of this world,  
But you all have forgotten me.

Justin Reamer

## Departing Words

Since we cannot get along,  
I shall see you no more.  
May God be with you always,  
And may He bless your heart,  
For the long years to come.

Justin Reamer

# Depression

Depression,  
How I remember thee,  
How you consumed so much of my life,  
That I cannot forget what you did,  
For you were like the Eternal Drug,  
That ran throughout my body,  
And you would never let go,  
And you stayed wherever you pleased.

How I remember the sadness  
That came with you,  
For you would never let me go,  
For all you do is try  
To rest within my veins,  
And destroy me for everything  
That I have.

And how I remember the pain,  
And how you stayed within me  
For 10 straight years,  
And how you tried to damage  
All of my relationships,  
All of which went to your success,  
And nearly killed me on the spot.

And how I remember the emptiness  
That came with you,  
For all you know is hurting,  
And all you know is pain.

Well, depression, I am sad no more,  
For I am better off without you,  
For Someone has saved me with His might,  
And He has granted me the will to live,  
So I need you no more,  
For God is great in my life,  
And Jesus watches over me, as well.



# Derision

I'm made fun of way too much,  
And I can't take it anymore.  
Can someone please help me?

Justin Reamer

# Desire

Oh, you scoundrel,  
Which I deal with every day,  
How I hate you so,  
When you must govern my life,  
As if I have no control over you.  
You fiend, which feasts on my pain,  
How I hate you when you come at my direst hour,  
Flourishing from my torment,  
And thriving off my desperation.

O, Desire, who do you think you are?  
That you can give your victims pain?  
And make your hosts suffer plight?  
Who are you to make people suffer in life,  
To give them endless strife,  
To deprive them of every bit of happiness in this world?  
To give them pride,  
And to give them vanity,  
Which makes them fall in the end?  
Who are you to make me suffer?  
Who are you to make humans suffer?  
Oh, you know no limits.

You foul fiend, you cruel cretin,  
You shrewd scoundrel, you wily weasel,  
You know no limits and can take of whomever you please,  
But I have learned that,  
Unlike Lucifer,  
In his Miltonic plight,  
That virtue conquers all  
And shall give me hope in life.

Justin Reamer

# Despair

When happiness feels so far away,  
And everything feels dark and bleak,  
I begin to tremble in life,  
As I start to become incredibly weak.  
I know not what I see,  
But the pain in my ear,  
And the horrid cruelty of the air,  
Which comes so far near,  
That of the ultimate despair.

I know not why this comes to me,  
For I feel so awful,  
Feeling despair,  
Which feels so unlawful,  
But yet I suffer,  
For I find no warmth in life,  
And I walk with hunger,  
And I live in endless strife,  
Where Satan bears my name in his book,  
And I find life to be all hell,  
For where am I to look,  
In order to ring Death's bell?

There is no reason living here,  
For no one accepts me for who I am,  
And I am not one to live,  
But one to die,  
And life is only a heartbeat away.  
There is no reason for me to live,  
Since love knows no bounds,  
And everywhere there is hate,  
And I cannot live to see another day.

Justin Reamer

# Deterioration

There is a woman I know,  
Whom I care about deeply,  
Who is the loveliest  
Most beautiful thing I ever did see,  
And her heart was pure,  
And her love was sweet,  
And her soul as bright as  
The day God created her to be.  
She loved the world,  
Rejoiced in creation,  
Saw our Heavenly Father in everything,  
The trees,  
The skies,  
The lake,  
The animals,  
Nature,  
And all of His people,  
And she was inspired to do great things.

She fell in love with the world,  
Wrote poetry and read books,  
Played music and sang,  
And rejoiced in creation.  
She painted and sculpted,  
Loved to learn,  
Was helpful and empathetic,  
And was great to all.  
She loved the outdoors,  
Fishing and camping,  
Hiking and biking,  
And everything like that.

Her heart was young,  
Vivacious and kind,  
Full of energy and happiness,  
And she was filled with the Light,  
The Light that had provided for us all,  
And she was inspired by the Spirit,  
Above all,

But then she began to change.

Something happened to her,  
This woman that I know,  
Something changed her,  
The most beautiful woman in the world.  
Her heart lost its focus,  
And she wrote no more,  
Her smile was gone,  
She participated in art no more  
Because it made her unhappy;  
She only went outside when she felt  
It was necessary to relieve her emotions,  
But never went for a walk  
With the same shining vivacity in her eye,  
And she never paid anymore attention to creation.

Her heart became cold,  
And she began to hate all of those  
She saw inferior,  
Including me,  
Who saw her as what she was before.  
She hurt people who loved her,  
Cast them away,  
Turned her heart away from God,  
And her soul blackened.  
She did things without remorse,  
Whereas she would have felt guilt  
Years and years before.  
Her love for Christ disappeared,  
And was only superficial like a Pharisee,  
And she administered pain to those  
Who were less fortunate than she,  
And she eventually became bigoted,  
Receiving depression,  
And searching for happiness in whatever way she could.

She no longer had the vivacity  
And kindness about her,  
No longer inspired to do good,  
For she became selfish and self-centred,  
Cruel and unkind;

Forgetting who her real friends were.  
Her soul deteriorated,  
Making her numb to the sense  
Of Discernment,  
Between good and evil.  
She focused on the serdtse  
Instead of the glubina dushy,  
And she forgot how to love.

I pity her every day,  
Seeing her walk with hatred in her eyes,  
Thinking arrogantly of herself,  
With apathy around her.  
It was as if genethliology were a real thing,  
Making her succumb to fate,  
Or something of that nature.  
It pains me to see her be good to some,  
And to be hurtful to others,  
Because her soul deteriorates,  
And I don't want it to.

I love her with all my heart,  
Not in a romantic way,  
But a sacrificial way,  
Agape,  
For I want her to be happy,  
And I don't want her to go into destruction.  
She turned her back on God and  
Goes further into darkness,  
As if she is beyond saving,  
But I pray and hope every day,  
That she will come back to Him.

Yet, she will,  
Which God promises promptly,  
For the deterioration of her soul  
Will not be forever,  
For she will go through pain,  
But despite this,  
She will recover,  
And the most beautiful women  
In the world will

Be redeemed and renewed,  
After many trials,  
And after many obstacles.  
She will get better,  
And she will be the woman  
I knew when she was a child,  
And her soul will not longer erode away.  
It will be as it was supposed to be,  
Because God will make it so.

Justin Reamer

# Devastation

Who knew the soul could be vanquished?  
Who knew childhood could be whisked away  
With the simple snap of one's fingers?  
Who knew? Who knew, by God?  
Who knew?

My life had been normal,  
I swear it could have been,  
Simple and happy,  
Pure and sweet,  
But it could never be so.

My life, whisked away at a moment's notice,  
My childhood, forever destroyed by  
The torrential, malevolent forces of evil.  
Who am I? Why do I exist?

The pain travels with me wherever I go,  
Memories of things long since passed,  
Memories suppressed for the longest time,  
Resurfacing as I enter adulthood,  
Several days after my birthday.

Father, why did you do it to me?  
Why did you ruin my life?  
Why must I suffer as you live  
Your own happy life wherever you are?  
Why must I suffer so long?

The pain, enveloping me every day,  
Lingers within my heart,  
Consuming my heart one step  
At a time, bit by bit,  
Steadily working up my esophagus,  
And eating my vital organs.

I live, and I suffer  
As I wear a mask every day,  
Praying that consolation will come my way,

And hoping that God will help me.

But slowly, I die a long death,  
Painfully, painstakingly dying,  
And giving in to decay,  
As my soul decays into nothingness  
In this state of devastation.

Justin Reamer

# Devotion To St. Joseph

To you, O blessed Joseph,  
do we come in our tribulation,  
and having implored the help of your most holy spouse,  
we confidently invoke your patronage also.

Through that charity which bound you to the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God  
and through the paternal love with which you embraced the Child Jesus,  
we humbly beg you graciously to regard the inheritance which Jesus Christ has  
purchased by his Blood,  
and with your power and strength to aid us in our necessities.

O most watchful Guardian of the Holy Family, defend the chosen children of  
Jesus Christ;  
O most loving father,  
ward off from us every contagion of error and corrupting influence;  
O our most mighty protector,  
be propitious to us and from heaven assist us in our struggle with the power of  
darkness;  
and, as once you rescued the Child Jesus from deadly peril, so now protect God's  
Holy Church from the snares of the enemy and from all adversity;  
shield, too, each one of us by your constant protection,  
so that, supported by your example and your aid, we may be able to live piously,  
to die holily, and to obtain eternal happiness in heaven. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Diamante

Day

Bright, warm,

Refreshing, seeing, wondering,

Sunny, beautiful, dark, lost,

Frustrating, interesting, blinding,

Black, starry,

Night

Justin Reamer

# Dickens

My dearest Wilkie,

As I lay here on my deathbed,  
I realise that I have had a tough life,  
Filled with sorrows and roughness,  
And that I have sinned greatly,  
And I wish to say that Christendom  
Has finally touched my life.  
Yet, let me tell you in detail  
What I wish to tell you  
So that any biographer may know  
What my life was really like,  
Even that wretched John Forster who  
Keeps nosing around and trying to get  
Into other people's business,  
Including mine.  
It is no wonder why he is such  
A 'great biographer, '  
As many people acclaim.  
Let me tell you what I wish to tell you,  
Especially all of the things that  
I personally regret in life.

When I was a young boy,  
I was innocent,  
And I thought the world was great.  
I enjoyed being able to play outside the house,  
And I enjoyed school,  
And I enjoyed being able to read,  
And I enjoyed learning in general.

I loved history,  
With all of the histories of the Ancients,  
Including the ancient battles,  
Emperors like Julius Caesar,  
Augustus Caesar,  
Claudius and Nero,  
And monarchs like King Henry V,  
King John,

King Henry VIII,  
King Louis XIV,  
And so many more people.  
I enjoyed learning about the histories  
Of the Egyptian peoples,  
And the histories of the Greeks,  
As described by historians such as  
Herodotus, who gives a detailed account.  
I enjoyed our English history, as well,  
Including the legends of King Arthur,  
The era of the Middle Ages,  
With many knights and lords,  
And so many romantic thoughts,  
And the monarchy,  
With King James,  
And whatnot,  
And the Magna Carta,  
Which was a good approach,  
Which I approve,  
And the man named Robin Hood,  
And Oliver Cromwell,  
The Glorious Revolution,  
The English Civil War,  
The Renaissance,  
And so much more.  
They were all fascinating to me.

I also enjoyed the sciences,  
Though primitive they may be,  
For I, personally, discovered things  
With magnetic mesmerism,  
But I enjoyed learning about anatomy and physiology,  
The geology of the Earth,  
Astronomy as was discovered by Galileo  
And his contemporaries,  
Physics as was theorised by our  
Great Sir Isaac Newton,  
And so much more.  
They were all fascinating to me.

I also enjoyed philosophy,  
For I enjoyed Plato and Aristotle,

The works of Socrates,  
Niccolo Machiavelli,  
John Locke,  
Thomas Hobbes  
(Although I do not agree with him) ,  
Voltaire,  
Montesquieu,  
Adam Smith,  
Diderot,  
Jean-Jacques Rousseau,  
And many more people.  
I have continued to read philosophy,  
As theorised by Immanuel Kant,  
Sir Francis Bacon,  
Friedrich Nietzsche,  
Laozi,  
Sun Tzu,  
Charles Darwin and his ideas,  
Thomas Aquinas,  
Augustine of Hippo,  
And so much more after that.

I also enjoyed English,  
Which I enjoyed the most,  
For I loved to read many authors,  
Including William Shakespeare,  
Geoffrey Chaucer,  
John Donne and William Blake,  
John Keats and Ben Jonson,  
Jonathan Swift and Edward de Vere,  
Sir Francis Bacon and Homer,  
Virgil and Sophocles,  
'Beowulf, '  
'El Cid' and 'Nibelungenleid, '  
The man who wrote the Arthurian Tales,  
The man who wrote about Robin Hood,  
John Milton and Lord Gordon Byron,  
Euripides and Aeschylus,  
Apollonius and Ovid,  
Edmund Spenser and Dante Alighieri,  
And so many more writers and poets.  
English was by far my favourite.

Yet, in my childhood,  
My father went into debt,  
And he went into so much debt  
That he could not pay it off.  
Parliament had my father arrested,  
And they sent him to debtor's prison.  
We lost everything,  
Our home, our shelter,  
Our food, our way of life.  
To make matters worse,  
My own mother,  
My dearly beloved mother,  
Took me out of school  
When I was only twelve years old,  
And she forced me to work in a shoe factory,  
Where the hours were rough,  
And the conditions were unbearable.

I worked in the shoe factory for long hours,  
Polishing shoes one-by-one on an assembly line,  
Making barely even a shilling for every hour I worked,  
And how I thought,  
'Woe is me,  
For I have lost everything  
I hold dear in life,  
And I cannot continue my education,  
For I am stuck here all the while.'  
And yet, I must admit,  
I grew to hate my mother,  
For she had forced this upon me,  
And I grew to hate my father  
More for his irresponsibility  
Than any wrong he committed,  
Compared to my mother,  
Who willingly did this of her own accord,  
And I grew to hate the conditions of poverty,  
As well,  
And you know as well as I do, Wilkie,  
That I stand for social justice and equality,  
Just like those damned Americans who stood us up  
In the American Revolution,

Those rebels such as General George Washington  
(Who became their first president) ,  
Benjamin Franklin,  
Thomas Jefferson,  
Alexander Hamilton,  
John Adams,  
Samuel Adams,  
James Madison,  
James Monroe,  
And Patrick Henry.

You know that I hate injustice.  
So, yes, I grew to hate my parents,  
My family, and my past,  
But I forgive my parents today.

Yet, those years I remember clearly,  
For they have not escaped my mind,  
For I remember every one of them,  
And I remember how rough it was.  
I lived with many different people,  
And I continued to work in the shoe factory,  
Until I paid off all of my father's debts,  
And I got him out of debtor's prison.

Yet, when that ended,  
I was sent back to work  
By my wretched mother  
And my sycophantic father,  
And I worked as a lawyer's clerk,  
Writing court reports  
For their newspaper,  
And I eventually grew to hate lawyers,  
As well,  
Which you know fully well.

But, yet, Wilkie,  
I fell in love with a beautiful girl,  
Named Mary,  
For she was the girl of my dreams,  
And I courted her for some time,  
But her father refused me,  
And I was heart-broken,

But I still remember her to this day.

However, I started working for a magazine company,  
And I wrote 'Sketches by Boz, '  
And I was instantly popular,  
And that was when my career began.  
After that, I met Catherine Hogarth,  
Whom then I fell in love with,  
And I courted her for some time,  
And I married her,  
And I loved her dearly.  
We had ten children together,  
And, well, you know what happened, Wilkie,  
But I will get to that.

After our marriage,  
Catherine and I moved to Gad's Hill Place,  
Which you know quite well,  
And we stayed there ever since,  
And we had guests come over all of the time.  
Here, I began my writing career,  
Writing all of my novels,  
All of which inspired me,  
In series,  
In order for the general populace to read them.

I began writing here with 'The Pickwick Papers, '  
And people loved them,  
And I continued to write other books,  
Such as 'Oliver Twist, '  
'A Christmas Carol, '  
And 'Barnaby Rudge.'  
People loved all of them,  
And I was popular worldwide,  
And I was popular among the aristocracy,  
The nobility,  
The middle class,  
The working class,  
And even the Queen herself,  
That is, Queen Victoria.  
Everyone loved them,  
And I will admit

That I started to gain pride.

People regard me as the  
Greatest writer who ever lived,  
And I began to believe it,  
And I became boastful and proud,  
For my pride was great.  
I was praised by people like  
Count Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy,  
Fyodor Dostoevsky,  
And many more people,  
But yet,  
I was criticised by Americans  
Such as that wretched Mark Twain  
(Whoever he is,  
I think he is the Southerner  
Who wrote 'Huckleberry Finn, '  
Which was an awful piece,  
If anything) ,  
Henry James  
(He's an idiot, too) ,  
And even our fellow patroness,  
Virginia Woolf,  
Whom I think is an idiot.  
But, yet, my pride grew,  
And I grew arrogant,  
And I hurt people like you,  
My dear Wilkie.  
You did not deserve to be treated  
The way you did,  
And for that,  
I am very sorry.

I made many friends,  
Including John Forster,  
William Makepeace Thackeray,  
You, my dear Wilkie,  
James Henry Leigh Hunt,  
Jane Austen (who is interesting) ,  
George Eliot,  
Or Mary Ann Evans, more like,  
And many more people.

I also met Edgar Allan Poe  
(Who was quite the looney, mind you) ,  
Mark Twain,  
And many others.  
I also indulged in many other books,  
Including Alexandre Dumas' 'Count of Monte Cristo, '  
Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina, '  
Your book 'The Woman in White, '  
Which was all right, my friend,  
Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair, '  
And many of his other works,  
Shaw's plays, such as 'Pygmalion, '  
Henry Fielding's God-awful, sordid 'Tom Jones, '  
William Somerset Maugham's brilliant 'Of Human Bondage, '  
Twain's 'Huck Finn' and 'Tom Sawyer, '  
Which were both preposterous,  
Fyodor Dostoevsky's 'Crime and Punishment, '  
'The Idiot, ' and 'The Brothers Karamazov, '  
A man by the name of O. Henry,  
Anton Chekhov's short stories,  
Victor Hugo's 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame, '  
(Which was phenomenal)  
And 'The Man Who Laughs, '  
Many of Franz Kafka's works,  
The works of Honore de Balzac,  
George Eliot's 'Daniel Deronda, '  
The works of my fellow Oscar Wilde,  
And many more.  
It all worked out.

I also wrote many different short stories,  
And I influenced lots of change  
With some of my novels,  
Such as 'David Copperfield, '  
'Bleak House, '  
'Great Expectations, '  
And 'Barnaby Rudge.'  
I must admit that it was great.  
And I must admit that it was also great  
To see my characters used in local colloquy.  
People use Scrooge as a slang  
For someone who hates Christmas,

And Miss Havisham as someone who  
Is stuck in life,  
Exactly as I intended in my books,  
And other people say,  
'He is such a Harold, '  
For they say that he is a wasteful spendthrift.  
At this point in my life,  
I felt that I could beat Shakespeare at  
His game and push him  
Off of his literary pedestal.  
Yet, I was going to experience misery.

By the time I was writing 'David Copperfield, '  
I was feeling quite depressed, Wilkie.  
I had ten children with Catherine,  
Including Charles Dickens, Jr.,  
Or 'Charly' as we call him,  
(And he was not too bright) ,  
Katherine Dickens,  
Nicknamed 'Katie, '  
(My favourite of them all) ,  
Mimi Dickens,  
Thomas Dickens,  
And many more.  
I saw life getting sort of depressing.  
So, I turned to mnemonic mesmerism,  
And I did things with it,  
And I came to love it,  
For I was a master of the art.  
I loved it greatly,  
And I could not ask for more.  
I gave therapy with it,  
But Catherine became jealous,  
And I stopped because I had  
To concede to her own envy,  
Which is quite preposterous,  
In my opinion.  
Yet, I still love Mesmerism  
To this day,  
Even on my deathbed,  
For it is like poetry is to Shakespeare,  
Or like drugs were to Leigh Hunt.

It was my great point,  
And I continued to do it throughout my life.

However, my depression  
Was coming nearer to me every minute,  
And I could not bear to stand it.  
I must admit that I was proud,  
And I hurt many of my friends,  
Including William Makepeace Thackeray,  
George Bernard Shaw,  
Leigh Hunt,  
Oscar Wilde,  
And you, my dear Wilkie.  
I am sorry for all of that,  
And that was when my depression became more apparent.

I eventually became miserable,  
For I saw my wife for the first time,  
And I beheld a fat cow.  
She was fat, stupid, and ugly,  
And I could not stand the sight of her.  
All she could ever do was whine  
And 'mewl' like a cow does when  
It is mourning,  
And then when she is talking,  
She moos like a horn,  
For she is stupid and brainless,  
And intellect she has not.  
I eventually fell in love with someone else,  
Much like I dreamed of when I read Shakespeare,  
Someone like Ophelia, Desdemona, Emilia,  
Or sweet, sweet Juliet,  
Whom Mary had been to me before  
Her own father refused me.

I met Ellen Ternan in a theatre production  
That we personally put on,  
And I fell for her,  
For she was special in my eyes,  
And no one was like her.  
She loved me in return,  
Even though I was forty,

And she nineteen,  
And I cared for her,  
For she was poor and deserved better.  
I was a Romantic fool, Wilkie,  
And you know how much I hate those bastards,  
Such as Sir Walter Scott (the dumbass) ,  
James Fenimore Cooper,  
Jane Austen (whom I knew temporarily) ,  
Henry Lew Wallace,  
Ralph Waldo Emerson,  
Henry David Thoreau,  
And many other fools,  
For I should have been the realist I am,  
But because of my tomfoolery,  
I banished my wife from my house,  
Where she packed her things and lived with  
Her sisters,  
And I personally lived celibately  
For the next few years,  
And where I would see Ellen Ternan again.

Yet, those years were miserable  
When my daughter Katie married  
Your miserable brother, Charlie Collins,  
For I hate that man,  
And I am heart-broken that my daughter would  
Ever leave me in the first place.

And then Fate has her moments,  
For when I was on the train in Staplehurst,  
As I was with Ellen Ternan and her mother,  
The train crashed,  
And I was traumatised to this day,  
For then I met Death first-hand,  
Or a figure like him,  
And I was traumatised,  
And still am,  
To this day on my deathbed.

Wilkie, I finished 'Our Mutual Friend, '  
And then you remember I gave up writing, right?  
I began doing the crazy readings that exhausted me

Day-in and day-out,  
And then people said I would disappear at night, right?  
Well, my dear Wilkie,  
I was traumatised by that night because I  
Met a spectre similar to the  
Ghost of Christmas Future,  
Who never talked nor spoke,  
Yet, when he revealed his face,  
He was hideous,  
And he spoke in hisses,  
And his name was Drood.

He wanted me to join him,  
And to know more about him,  
And that I did,  
For I went to the sewer  
And that was where I experimented with Death,  
For I learned more about Mesmerism,  
That great art,  
Yet it is horrid to mine own eyes,  
For Drood is an Egyptian pagan,  
And he seeks to rule the whole of England,  
Through his blessings and powers through  
Anubis, the god of death,  
With the deal he made,  
And seeks to destroy the very England  
We know and love,  
Destroying her through and through,  
And yet, I managed to stop him,  
Even though I have a scarab in my brain,  
And it gives me pains,  
And this is why I lay on my deathbed,  
For I cannot move my legs,  
And I am soon to die,  
But I began writing the manuscript  
For 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood, '  
Which is a symbolic autobiography  
Of the Mage whom I stopped from  
Destroying our beautiful country,  
Which is probably my redeeming factor in life.

Yet, Wilkie, I lost Ellen Ternan weeks before,

And even though I stopped Dood,  
And tried to write my last manuscript,  
I still feel incomplete.  
I feel God shining down on me,  
And I wish to accept Him in my life,  
For I know that I have done wrong  
Within my own life,  
And I want to do the right thing,  
For I cannot see why I would want to  
Spend the afterlife in hell.

I may have killed Dood,  
But that does not redeem the things I have  
Done in my life,  
For I apologise for criticising you  
So harshly about your writing,  
And making you feel awful,  
For I love you dearly, my friend,  
For you are the brother I never had,  
And I am sorry for what I did to my wife,  
For my hatred against my parents,  
What I did to Thackeray,  
What I did to Leigh Hunt,  
What happened to Inspector Copperfield,  
What I did to George Bernard Shaw,  
And everyone else I have wronged.  
I am wholly sorry,  
And I wish to accept God  
As my Father in Heaven,  
And, Wilkie, I burned up all of my letters  
Throughout my life,  
But if someone like John Forster asks,  
Reveal all information but  
The information concerning Dood  
And the last manuscript that I tried to write.  
As I finish this, I know I am about to die,  
And I wish you well,  
Wilkie,  
For you are my brother,  
And I will love you forever.

Thank you for always being there for me.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Dickens,  
The Great Writer and Author  
7 July 1865

Justin Reamer

# Dickensian Rhapsody

I sit here on a bleacher seat,  
Watching nothing going on on the field,  
It is a Robotics Trip,  
With the regular daily competitions.

As I sit here,  
I write down with my pencil,  
Ever thought that comes to my head.  
However, something comes to my mind,  
With the girl who sleeps  
On the floor in front of me.

It's funny enough to think  
The the emotions weren't there before,  
But they came as an epiphany,  
Striking just last Sunday.

I had thought of nothing  
But friendship when I saw her face,  
But then peculiarities came around  
As soon as the break-up happened.

The girl and I had only been friends  
All throughout the entire year,  
And nothing passed between us,  
For there was not connection at all.

She was dating a boy,  
With the utmost joy,  
There was not a frown on her face,  
So it's safe to say.

I was recovering from depression,  
Making brand new friends,  
I even had my first relationship,  
That did not end too well.

After my relationship ended,  
I stuck with my New Year's mission,

I tried to achieve redemption  
With the beauty I had wronged.

All the while, the girl was happy,  
Whether it was known or naught,  
It was fairly simple,  
For it could be observed.

I tried to atone for my wrongs,  
With the brown-haired beauty,  
But she freaked out,  
And I had another ordeal.

I stood trial  
For about two weeks,  
And i eventually explained everything,  
And thus I succeeded.

At about the same time,  
The girl went through an ordeal,  
Her boyfriend had cheated,  
And she broke up with him,  
And a long story ensued.

Things were back to normal,  
In my version of the world,  
But in her version,  
Everything was falling apart.

I though everything was normal,  
For I had the friends I had.  
I had finally gotten out of the Abyss,  
And had killed the daemon in my chest.

But the girl, on the inside,  
Was falling apart,  
I could tell from 'The Mask, '  
Which I had read later.

But things started to happen,  
Matters I took lightly,  
I still cannot explain it,

For it is inexplicable.

At Traverse City,  
On the way home,  
We stopped at Mickey D's.  
At this time, I thought  
Of her as a friend,  
And I had followed my vow,  
That I would never lay a hand  
On a girl unless she thought otherwise.  
I did not want deja vu  
To happen from a previous event  
I must omit.

When we stopped at Mickey D's,  
Life had seemed so perfect,  
and I acknowledged her  
As she sat next to me.

I was sitting next to Mike and Lyssa,  
And Sean and all of his friends,  
When she sat at my table,  
I acknowledged her,  
And I took it very lightly.

There was a span between then,  
When the girl and I were  
What I thought were only 'friends.'  
We talked in the hallways,  
Acting like very old friends,  
We talked about everything,  
Everything that came to mind.

There was a two-week span  
In between, and I still  
Had felt nothing.  
It was not until GVSU  
That my world almost  
Turned upside-down.

I had gotten something to write in,  
So I went somewhere quiet,

But then Lindsay came in,  
Surprisingly with a grin.

She said she was worried,  
And she had been looking all over for me;  
I said I was fine,  
I had been writing all along.  
The she said to come watch Wobot,  
And that I did later,  
Rejoining all her friends.

I then began to question,  
What the hell was happening?  
No girl ever worried about me,  
And they certainly did not care where I was.  
What was this, I questioned,  
Some kind of cruel joke?

Things got me questioning even more,  
The peculiarities, that is,  
Though there were the normalcies,  
That did not bother me in the least.

I showed her my journal,  
And she liked it quite a lot,  
And we danced for fun,  
And she said I was a very good friend.  
And I thought this was normal.  
Is this now what friends do?  
Is it not what they are for?

But then there were the weird,  
That I will soon mention,  
And I will hark them in order.

We had the normal things, of course,  
And they were fine to me,  
But there was the interesting thing,  
That freaked me out most of all.

Lyn came up to me  
And extended her arms;

She had just hugged Holly,  
A good friend of hers and mine.

I then freaked out rapidly,  
For multiple different reasons,  
And I did not know what to do,  
So my brain began to think.  
I would be breaking my vow,  
Something that I was committed to,  
And what was worse  
Was that I would be called  
Rapist and molester for  
The rest of my life.  
I freaked out because  
I did not know what to do.  
No girl ever hugged me,  
Especially out of the blue.

I was very hesitant,  
Thinking on what to do,  
When I saw Holly nodding,  
And I decided to follow through.

I gave in,  
And I gave her a big embrace,  
And then I felt the moment,  
Freaked out and relieved.  
For I had Holly there  
Who always had my back.

I don't know if Lyn  
Ever confided in Holly,  
But it made me wonder,  
Did she really feel that way?

As I left for the Church Retreat,  
I saw Lyn look back,  
As she walked with Alex,  
And I was even more confused.

An entire week went by,  
And I kind of blew it off,

The thoughts had left my head,  
Especially as I hung with  
The Weber Family Tree.

And we still talked among the hallways,  
In the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.  
However, it was a week later,  
That I began to feel something.

Before going to Minnesota,  
And throughout the competition,  
I thought of Lyn as a good friend,  
And nothing had began.

But then the emotions developed,  
As the week wore on,  
When I saw her in the hot tub,  
I began to notice her smile;  
Which was so like the maiden's;  
I began to notice lots of things,  
Which is unbelievable.

I began to notice her smile,  
Which was so like the maiden's;  
I began to notice her laugh  
And her humour  
Just like that of a former crush.

I noticed her laughing,  
Which was utterly cute,  
I liked the way she spoke,  
How it was just like Shay.

Throughout the weekend,  
We talked a lot, and I  
Thought that everything was normal.  
But when Sunday finally hit,  
I had an epiphany,  
I had a feeling that I cared  
For this girl who is sleeping by my side.  
I will be there,  
No matter what,

Even though I abhorred my  
Feelings for causing deja vu.

Four days later,  
The emotions only became stronger,  
I realised how much I cared,  
As if I was run with tomfoolery.

I did not know when to make  
My confession,  
I did not know if prom  
Was right,  
For it may be too short.

I agreed to be patient,  
Which was one of my biggest tributes,  
But was how I lost Holly,  
By waiting far too long.  
I did not know when the time  
Was right, but I'm  
Sure that I would feel it;  
I just have to be patient,  
For when the time is right.

Well, now, she is alive and awake,  
And she is still happy;  
But I still contemplate,  
If my ambivalence holds true.

I still wait patiently,  
If I must at all,  
But the time will come,  
I'm sure of it,  
I'll just have to wait.

Justin Reamer

# Die Introvertierte

Ich wandere um eine Schule,

Über einen Ort, der mich vergessen hat,

Wer ich bin,

Ich weiß nicht, und ich weiß, dass ich ein Außenseiter bin.

Ich bin ein Außenseiter,

Für welche Identität weiß ich nicht;

Ich glaube, dass ich gemieden worden sind,

Dass ich, wer ich bin vergessen habe.

Ich hatte einen Namen, oder zumindest —

Ich glaube, ich hätte einen. Ich glaube, ich habe aber dann wieder —

Ich kann mich nicht erinnern, wenn ich einen hätte.

Ich erinnere mich, ich war immer ein guter Junge, dass ich

Immer tat, was Recht war

Aber während meiner Kindheit wurde ich verachtet,

Haben Identität Verwirrung aller Zeiten.

Ich war gut in der Grundschule, denn Menschen waren

Immer gut zu mir. Ich erinnere mich, dass meine Lehrer mich liebt,

Denn ich meine Hausaufgaben gemacht habe und war immer sehr höflich. Meine Kollegen

Wie groß waren sie,

Denn sie mich respektiert, wer ich war,  
Da war ich nett und freundlich ihnen gegenüber,  
Und jedem zugehört,  
Und war geduldig und höflich auf sie zu,  
Also hat sie mir im Gegenzug geliebt.

Ich weiß nicht was passiert ist in der Mittelschule, aber  
Anscheinend war ich anders.

Meine Freunde wurde meine Feinde und verachtete mich  
Umso mehr.

Ich war in der Mittelschule verachtet,

Ich war sehr einsam,

Ich hatte niemanden, an zu Klammern,

Oder zum anlehnen,

Immer wenn ich Hilfe brauchte.

Ich war anders,

Ich war nie in der Lage zu passen,

Nie meine Identität zu finden,

Ich war unfähig, empfangen.

Menschen überall auf mich nahm,

Namen anrufen,

Verspotten mich,  
Schlagen mich zu Brei,  
Und meine Sachen herum zu werfen,  
Ich hatte keinen Sinn überhaupt zu gehören.  
'Was hatte ich getan? Was hatte ich getan, um dich zu verletzen? '  
Ich hatte gefragt, wenn sie mir weh, aber sie schüttelte  
Ihre Köpfe und lachte und sagte:  
'Nichts; Du bist einfach anders, das ist alles, '  
Und sie tat mir mehr weh.  
Ich wusste bald, dass ich nicht passen könnte,  
Und ich wusste, dass ich allein war;  
Ich wurde bald sehr still,  
Und konnte nicht mit niemandem sprechen.  
Bald wurde ich schüchtern,  
Und wurde schließlich stumm.  
Meine ehemalige 'Freunde' angerufen 'Nemo'  
Da könnte ich nie meinen Namen annunciate.  
Mittelschule mit all seinen Leiden bestanden  
Und seine Hindernisse und Dilemmata, die bereits zu kämpfen,  
Aber, ich war introvertiert,  
Und ich könnte nie neue Leute kennen lernen.

Wenn die High School besuchte,  
Viele Freundschaftsgruppen hatte zusammen bekommen,  
Und ich versuchte zu passen,  
Aber sie mich gemieden,  
Und es wundert mich,  
Wer bin ich?

Ich hatte keinen Namen,  
Denn ich keine Identität hatte,  
Ich hatte niemand, den ich in mit passen.

Ich wusste nicht, wer ich war,  
Denn ich hatte nur einen Namen.

Was bedeutet ein Name  
Wenn Sie nicht wissen, wer du bist?

Was könnte es für jeden?

Wenn Sie nicht mal selbst?

Ein Name ist nur ein Label,  
Etwas, das ich bei mir trage,

Da ich keinen Hintergrund haben,

Ich habe keine Vergangenheit,

Und wer ich bin,

Und was auch immer ich bin,  
Ich weiß, ich bin nur ein Schatten,  
Koexistenz in dieser Welt,  
Mit vielen hellen Sternen glänzend hell am Himmel,  
Gießen mich in die Dunkelheit des virtuellen Nichtexistenz.  
Wer bin ich? Ich frage mich,  
Wer könnte ich jemals sein?

Ich bin kein Sportler, Musiker oder Künstler,  
Noch bin ich Student Ehrungen,  
Noch eine prominente, Schauspieler, eine Mimin,  
Noch ein Redner,  
Noch bin ich ein Führer, der in der Menge abhebt,  
Noch bin ich der Klassenkasper, ein Nerd, der Komiker noch Kapitän des  
Football-Teams.

Ich weiß nur eine Sache, die ich bin,

Ich introvertiert bin,

Und Sie können mich finden, wenn du dich traust, zu suchen.

Sie sehen mich in den Schatten,

Wallowing in der Dunkelheit,

Allein in den Gängen Fuß.

Sie können mich in der Mittagspause sehen,

Essen alleine,  
Begleitet von einer voll-Tabelle,  
Die Geister der ausgestoßenen Vergangenheit  
Wer Schloss vor mir;  
Sie können mich essen im Hintergrund zu sehen,  
Und manchmal in tiefen Gedanken;  
Sie können mich kräftig schreiben sehen,  
Bezahlen keine Beachtung, an andere Personen weitergeben.  
Sie können froh sein, wenn Sie mich in Ihr Klassenzimmer sehen,  
Denn ich nicht leicht bin zu finden,  
Aber wenn Sie, sehr hart versuchen,  
Sie möglicherweise in der Lage, mich zu finden.  
Ich sitze hinten in der Klasse,  
Weit davon entfernt, wo das Auge sehen kann,  
Niemand sitzt neben mir,  
Und niemand will mein Unternehmen.  
Ich bin weit davon entfernt des Lehrers Blick,  
Und der Lehrer noch nicht einmal meinen Namen wissen;  
Meine Kollegen sitzen nie neben mir,  
Ich bin so weit zurück,  
Sie selbst wissen nicht einmal meinen Namen.

Sie können mich nach der Schule sehen,  
Auf dem Parkplatz herum,  
Gefangen in meinem eigenen tiefen Gedanken,  
Und nie eine Ablenkung.  
Ich wird in meiner eigenen Musik gefangen werden,  
Mit meine Ohrstöpsel in den Ohren,  
Auf meinem iPod hören,  
Die meine Sinne anregt,  
Und hilft mir mehr, konzentrieren  
Denn niemand kümmert mich kennen,  
Und niemand fragt sich, wer ich bin.  
Ich bin die introvertierte,  
Denn ich habe keinen Namen,  
Ich habe keine Identität,  
Oder keine Persönlichkeit, den jeder identifizieren kann;  
Ich passe nicht in das Feld ein,  
Denn mir unbekannt  
Ich bin der Schatten, die, den Sie jeden Tag übergeben,  
Zahlen keine Beachtung, um meine Bedeutungslosigkeit;  
Ich weiß nicht, was ich bin,

Und natürlich wissen Sie auch nicht;  
Ich habe keine Identität,  
Und ich bin das unbekannte, das Sie jede Nacht fürchten.  
Ich mag nicht menschlich sein,  
Und ich kann nicht sogar Tier,  
Aber ich bin ein Ding, das denkt,  
Ich denke, also bin ich.  
Ich bin dem unbekanntem, die Sie fürchten,  
Sie können nicht erklären,  
Ich bin der Maniac,  
Dessen Wahnsinn divinsten Sinn macht.  
Ich bin Wahnsinn,  
Was dich mir mehr Angst macht,  
Für ohne meine Identität,  
Und da haben Sie mich verachtet,  
Es gibt viel Methode mein Wahnsinn.  
Ich kenne dich, aber du weißt nicht, mich,  
Denn ich nie gesprochen haben,  
Ich bin in meinen eigenen Gedanken gefangen,  
Und Gesellschaft ist nicht für mich.

Sie können mich nie finden,

Aber ich Wandern jeden Tag,

Frage mich, wer ich bin,

Und was ich bin,

Und ich bezweifle, dass alles, was zu mir kommt,

Aber ich weiß, dass ich nichts bin, der denkt.

Ich bin die introvertierte,

Und ich denke, also bin ich.

Justin Reamer

# Digression

You know the meaning of life is that  
We are all connected,  
But yet we like to go shopping.  
Do you like to go shopping?  
I like to go shopping, too.  
I like to get bags, pearls,  
Clothes, books, accessories,  
And all sorts of things.

One of my friends loves to go  
Shopping, too,  
And once, she went shopping for clothes,  
And she saw this cute boy walking toward her,  
And she was like,  
'Oh my gosh! He is so cute! '  
So she walked toward him,  
And he asked for her number,  
And she gave him his number,  
And he asked her out,  
And now they are dating.

Speaking of dating,  
Are you dating?  
Do you have a girlfriend  
Because I will gladly be yours  
Since you are so cute and everything,  
But it's up to you,  
But do you?  
No? Okay,  
That's fine, brawny man.  
I love you nonetheless.

So where was I?  
The meaning of life, yes...

Justin Reamer

# Dilapidation

There's no way you can fix that thing;  
It's a totalled car!  
Good luck with that, man,  
But I would give up if I were you!

Justin Reamer

# Direct Object

The thing that the verb is directed to,  
The object of the action,  
Such as the ball that was thrown  
Or the monkey that was hit by a car;  
It's all cool stuff.

Justin Reamer

# Dispassionate

I don't think I care,  
For you two argue all day long,  
But it doesn't matter to me,  
For I am apathetic,  
And your affair is of  
No interest to me.

Justin Reamer

# Dispositive

Whatever you do,  
Whatever you say,  
It is dispositive of your character,  
And whatever you do to portray it,  
Will be how people see you for life.

Justin Reamer

# Divini Magistri Artium

This world is a painting,  
With many creatures travelling through time and space,  
Made by something more Divine  
Than what we may ever know.  
Yet, it's more than that,  
From what we understand.

I sit on my porch,  
And I see the sunlight shine  
Upon the desk,  
Illuminating a world  
That is unique in the universe,  
One-of-a-kind in the solar system,  
And I only begin to notice it.  
The sky is a bright blue,  
Like the colour of my eyes,  
Something I would have noticed when  
I was a child,  
Yet, I tend to ignore now.

The clouds are puffy shapes in the sky,  
Taking on many forms  
That I myself wonder,  
Who is the wonderful Being that  
Fabricated such beautiful puffballs,  
Even though made of water vapour?  
Who could have done anything so beautiful?  
It reminds me of the great majesty of the universe  
And of all of creation.

The wind blows and cools my face,  
Giving me a warm feeling,  
A smile that brings delight,  
And the trees sway in the back of my porch,  
As if to say,  
'We feel your ponderings,  
And we rejoice in your praise.'  
They all have their dance,  
They all have their whispers,

And I hear their voices as they tell  
Their wonderful stories of how they came to be.  
They have seen it all,  
But they don't know where they came from,  
Telling me there is something more  
To all the majesty they have seen.

Below the canopy are the birds,  
Songbirds, of course.  
Bluebirds sing great tunes,  
Cardinals dress in their regalia,  
Robins feed their young with their beaks,  
Blue jays are mischievous in every way,  
Chickadees repeat their names over and over,  
Warblers sing wonderful songs,  
Sparrows diving from great heights,  
Crows cawing out in the dawn,  
And quails showing their lovely tails.  
The birds sing,  
Each with their own song to sing,  
Communicating with each other,  
Sharing their stories,  
And telling me about their lives.  
They have not been around as long as the trees,  
But they have seen many things,  
Yet there is something beyond them  
That they themselves do not understand,  
A certain majesty,  
A certain beauty,  
A certain order to everything around them.  
I listen to them,  
And I record what they tell me,  
And I hear about all the wonders they have seen,  
As I listen to their stories of wonder and awe.  
This Something is more than what  
I could have ever imagined.

Then there are the animals,  
The squirrels that scamper in the trees,  
The deer that walk in the forest,  
The mice that run across the ground,  
The rodents that reside there,

The rabbits that burrow in the ground;  
They all have their wonders  
And their beauties,  
And they tell me their stories,  
And I listen,  
But their knowledge is limited as well,  
And I begin to search for something more.

I learn that there is an Artist,  
A Being who created the world,  
Who loved it so much that He blessed it,  
For He made everything I see before me,  
And the Master of the Arts He is.  
I ask about Him,  
And they tell me,  
And I find Him above me,  
In all of creation,  
The trees,  
The sky,  
The sun,  
The animals,  
And the birds,  
And even people like me.  
He is everywhere imaginable.

I then asked for the Artist,  
Asking Him to explain to me  
Why the world was as it was,  
And He answered and took hold of my hand,  
Revealing Himself to me,  
Saying that the world was His creation  
And He loved it with all of His heart.  
He also wanted to tell me that He loved me,  
Because I was His,  
And I would always be so.  
He wanted me to know that I was  
His masterpiece  
Just as the rest of the creation was.  
He was the thing the  
Trees did not know,  
The birds did not know,  
The animals did not know,

And what many people had forgotten.  
He was the Creator,  
The Artist of the Sky,  
And He loved His people,  
Despite their ignorance.

He wanted me to know that He loved me,  
And He wanted me to give my life to Him,  
So that people may know who He is,  
And to share that compassion with everyone  
Around me,  
All of my brothers and sisters in Him.  
And so I surrendered myself to Him  
Because I had such a great sight in front of me.  
I thanked Him for all that He did  
And praised Him for His glory.  
I thanked Him for the day  
And all the wonderful blessings I had beside me,  
For what I saw was the greatest thing I had ever seen.  
He was my Creator,  
And I loved Him so.

He then said farewell,  
And I realised He was the Being behind  
The sun, the moon, the clouds,  
The trees, and the animals.  
He was the Majesty they spoke of,  
And no one was greater than He.  
I decided that day to love Him with all  
Of my heart and to serve Him.  
I thanked Him that day,  
And I will never forget that day  
When He showed Himself to me.  
Of all those things that He showed me,  
That day would always resound in my heart.

Justin Reamer

## Dna = Gps?

Animals in nature have instincts,  
Guiding them around like  
Remote controls or mind-control devices,  
Brainwashed to all sentimentality.

But we, as humans,  
Do we have a sense of direction?  
To map the Earth like the  
Great cartographers of old?

To find our way to our destinations,  
Those we are meant to go to?  
To find our ultimate meaning in life  
Instead of wandering aimlessly  
With no purpose whatsoever?

If life is our existence,  
Then what is our basis?  
What will guide us through  
This enigmatic experience?  
If it is our direction we seek,  
Then is it built in our DNA?  
We may never really know for sure  
Unless we experience it ourselves.

Justin Reamer

# Dog

simple and  
frisky,  
nothing to bear,

but a good  
attitude  
that goes

going

Justin Reamer

# Doleful

Why did he have to die?  
I cannot help but grieve for him!  
I feel like a schmuck!  
I will never get out of my grief,  
This sadness that will never end.

Justin Reamer

# Don't Worry

Marjorie, I am sure you know  
Who I am,  
But I wish to communicate with you,  
For you are My servant,  
My daughter,  
And My beloved child.  
You are not just some speck of humanity,  
And you are not a failure.  
Do not be so hard on yourself,  
For I know you are greater than that.

I love all of My people,  
Just so you know,  
But that doesn't mean I do not love you.  
I love you, Marj,  
With all of My Heart,  
All of My Soul,  
All of My Being,  
And all of My Essence.  
I gave you My Son, Jesus,  
So that you could one day join Me  
In everlasting life,  
And I gave you the Holy Spirit,  
So that He could guide you  
On the path that is righteous,  
So that you can return to Me  
Once you leave this world.

You are a good person, Marjorie,  
For you have served Me well  
And have done good things  
By giving everything you had.  
You have devoted yourself to your children,  
Helping them in times of trouble,  
Unconditionally loving them,  
And raising them to become beautiful people.  
You have given yourself to other works,  
And you have helped many people  
Whom you may think may

Have thought nothing of your actions,  
But they are all pleasing in My eyes.

I know this may be a poem,  
But I want you to know that  
I am speaking directly through the  
Man who is writing this poem, your son.  
He records everything I say,  
And I want to speak to you because  
I want you to know that I love you.

You have been so hard on yourself,  
And it hurts me to see you so  
Depressed and worn out.  
You stress yourself out,  
Exhaust yourself,  
And forget entirely about Me  
When you carry out your day.  
You pray to Me, yes,  
And I love to hear your prayers,  
But you forget that I am in control  
Of your world,  
For I can help you,  
And if you focus on Me,  
I can bring you peace.

You are so tired at the end of the day  
Because you are not focused on Me  
But instead of how to plan for the day ahead.  
Did you ever think that maybe I  
Could help you plan the day ahead  
By guiding you along the path?  
This day is a blessing,  
As is any other day,  
But all you need is to look to Me,  
And you will be free of stress,  
And you will be at peace in My Presence.  
You just have to focus on Me  
And trust Me,  
That is all.

I know you, Marj.

I know every fact about you,  
Every facet of your life,  
Your open facts,  
Your private thoughts,  
The words that roll from your mouth,  
The gestures you make,  
Your emotions that you feel,  
The hairs on your head,  
The toes on your hands,  
The designs of your fingerprints and irises,  
And so on.

I know you because I made you,  
And I love you for who you are.  
Yet, you worry so much about work  
That you forget I am with you.

My advice to you is not to worry;  
Focus on Me,  
And I will help you through your day;  
I will help you in whatever way I can  
To help you become a successful person at  
The end of the day.  
Don't beat yourself up;  
Be positive.  
To Me, you are a  
Wonderful person,  
A beautiful woman  
Who has done many great things for other people,  
Who has displayed very good selflessness.  
You do very well,  
But you must remember that I am with you,  
And you will have peace.

Are you tired of stress?  
Are you tired of pain?  
Are you tired of exhaustion?  
Then let Me help you;  
Let Me take care of the things you cannot control;  
Let Me guide you in areas you are uncertain;  
Let Me help you become strong.  
I know you want help,  
But you need to focus on Me.

If you let Me in,  
I can help you,  
And from there,  
We can do many great things.  
I will be there always, Marj,  
And I will help you become the best you can be.  
You just need to let it happen.

Justin Reamer

# Don'T Do It

Don't do it!  
It will hurt you!  
Don't do it!  
Don't you know the consequences?  
Pain is a horrible thing,  
So that is why you shouldn't do it.

Justin Reamer

# Don'T Let It Fool You

Don't let the facade fool you,  
For it can be taken off...

Justin Reamer

# Doohickey

This is some sort of gadget  
I don't really understand,  
How about you?

Justin Reamer

# Dorm

Beating in the halls,  
Cacophony amplifies,  
Stomping down the stairs

Justin Reamer

# Dour

How gloomy is this!  
I cannot stand it.

Justin Reamer

# Down-Gyved

I collapsed as guilt  
Spread throughout my body,  
Making me feel like I was in chains.  
I don't know why,  
But I feel guilty ever more.

Justin Reamer

# Downtown Traffic

I go along the road every day,  
Around 12: 00 or so,  
Or maybe a little past noon,  
I bring my sister with me,  
And we pick up her crazy best friend,  
And Hope College,  
Our destination,  
Is where we need to be.  
After a crazy drive to Butternut,  
And on the way down to River Avenue,  
The road is blocked yet again,  
For the second day in a row,  
There were cops everywhere,  
Blocking the way into downtown,  
As if trying to quarantine it.  
No going straight down River,  
No left turns on Douglas Avenue,  
No right turns on Ottawa Beach,  
Utterly absurd!  
I drove to the highway,  
Called US-31,  
And drove to 8th Street,  
Which led to heavy traffic,  
But we made it downtown  
To hope in time.

Justin Reamer

# Drabbing Man

A man of interest  
In things unnecessary,  
For he likes to associate  
Himself with whores  
And prostitutes  
And the like,  
For that is why everyone  
Has ostracised him  
And ignores him when he speaks,  
Because he is the drabbing man.

Justin Reamer

# Drawing

Drawing is something special,  
A version of reality,  
Something that is crucial,  
To those who want photography.

Drawing is what I do best,  
It is my profession,  
It is something that I love,  
Something that I stand for.

I love to draw,  
For it is part of my soul,  
I cannot stand to live without it,  
For it gives me memories.

Whether it's cartoons or manga or realism,  
It helps me focus on reality,  
It is my hobby,  
It is my art,  
It is what I love to do.

Justin Reamer

# Dreck

Trash in a dustbin,  
A rubbish bin to be more exact,  
To be placed in a landfill,  
And never to be used again.

Justin Reamer

# Drei Worte

Meine Liebe, es gibt viele Dinge in dieser Welt

Dass ich für Sie tun und sagen kann,

Aber es gibt eine Sache, die all das drückt,

Das beste auf der Welt,

Welches ist das beste Geschenk von allen:

Diese drei Worte, die ich von meinen Lippen zu äußern,

'Ich liebe dich.'

Meine Liebe, Sie denken vielleicht, dass ich bin ein Scherz,

Für eine jocose Person wissen Sie, ich bin,

Und Sie denken vielleicht, dass es irgendeine Art von Betrug ist,

Etwas wertlos,

Aber ich sage Ihnen, dass dies die Wahrheit ist,

Sagen Sie, 'love I' you '

Ist das beste, was, das ich Ihnen sagen kann

Weil er die Gefühle beschreibt,

Alle Emotionen,

Alle Gedanken,

Die Leidenschaft,

Das Mitgefühl,

Und all die Liebe, die ich für Sie habe.

Es beschreibt, wie viel bin ich bereit

Alles für Sie tun,

Egal was die Kosten soll.

Es beschreibt alle Aktionen und

Alle Gefühle, die ich für Sie tun würde.

Sie können denken, es ist verrückt,

Mein Liebling

Aber es ist wahr, was ich Ihnen sagen,

Denn ich nie zu Ihnen liegen würde,

Und ich bin jetzt nicht Lügen,

Noch ich jemals täuschen wird Sie in

Glauben alles, was sagen ich Ihnen.

Diese Sache kann ich, Sie sagen ist kein Betrug,

Kein Skandal,

Keine Lüge,

Noch eine Lüge in der wir leben.

Leute können sagen, dass Liebe eine Lüge ist,

Aber meine Liebe zu dir ist echt,

Und seien Sie versichert,

Dies gilt.

Mein lieber, ich könnte sagen, 'Ich liebe dich'

Immer und immer wieder

Kontinuierlich,

Gleichzeitig

Und ständig,

Und ich würde Sie immer lächeln

Da es so viel Bedeutung hinter gibt

Was ich Ihnen sagen.

Es beschreibt alle Handlungen, die ich getan habe

Und ich bin bereit,

Beschreibt die Gedanken, Gefühle,

Und Emotionen, die ich Sie habe,

Und alles, was unsere Beziehung beruht,

Für diese drei Worte sind die basis

Jede Beziehung stehen vor Gott.

Es ist wahr, und ich hoffe, dass Sie

Kann verstehen.

Ich liebe dich, mein Schatz,

Denn es niemand als Art ist,

So mitfühlend, so lebendig,  
So nachdenklich, so wunderbar,  
Oder so lieben wie Sie.  
Du bist schön mit  
Ihre langen blonden Haare, die zu den Schultern wächst,  
Und glänzt im Sonnenlicht wie lange  
Stränge des Goldes, die erst vor kurzem aus dem Bergwerk geformt.  
Ich liebe Ihre hellen blauen Augen, die Leuchten  
Wie Michigan und erinnern mich von  
Die strahlend blauem Himmel im Sommer  
Wann ist Mittag in der Nähe.  
Sie Leuchten jedes Mal, wenn du lächelst,  
Die Portale Ihre Seele offenbart,  
Und jeder zeigen, worum es Ihnen geht.  
Ihr Lächeln ist schön,  
Denn es ein Zimmer leuchtet bei Dunkelheit oder Verdunkelung  
Liegt Nähe also, nicht sehr weit weg,  
Und das Lächeln ist ansteckend,  
Verbreitung zu jeder, wie eine Krankheit,  
Macht sie zu Lächeln.  
Ich liebe die Art, wie, die Sie lachen,

Denn es ist liebenswert und grandiose,  
Geben Sie Ihr lustig lachen einen Grund  
Für andere Menschen zu lachen,  
Und jeder liebt es zu hören,  
Denn es ist angenehm für das Ohr.  
Ihr Körper ist schlank und schlanke,  
Geben Sie eine schöne Figur.  
Ihre Brüste sind wie Früchte auf eine Kokospalme,  
Als der Dichter König Solomon von Israel  
Der Sohn von König David von Israel und Jerusalem,  
Sagte einmal:  
Als er sein Gedicht the Song Of Songs schrieb,  
Denn Ihre Brüste wie reife Früchte,  
Busen, groß und schön,  
Bereit, ein Kind zu fördern, die in die Welt kommen können.  
Sie sind schön,  
Steigende und fallende mit jedem Atemzug langsam nehmen Sie,  
Machen Ihre schöne Figur.  
Ihre Statur ist majestätisch,  
Für Sie problemlos überall Fuß,  
Niemals stolpern oder fallen,

Aber zu Fuß wie eine schöne,  
Richtige Frau mit viel Raffinesse.  
Dennoch gibt es mehr, die ich Liebe.

Sie sind eine wunderbare Musiker

Wer spielt mehrere Instrumente.

Du bist ein großer Geiger,

Ein großer pianist

Und ein großartiger Gitarrist.

Du spielst Geige schön,

Wissen, jeder Crescendo und Decrescendo,

Harmonien spielen gut,

Tuning nun mit der Intonation,

Notizen mit Ihren Bogen gut zu artikulieren,

Musizieren klingenden überall mitnehmen können,

Die Differenzierung zwischen Tempi solche

Wie allegro, andante, presto, largo und moderato.

Sie wissen, jedes ritardando und Rallitando,

Jede Zäsur, Stakkato, Marcato, Fermate,

Akzent und tenuto.

Sie spielen die Melodie gut,

Und Ihre Haltung ist groß,  
Und Sie müssen sich keine Sorgen über Ansatz.  
Auf dem Klavier sind die Akustik groß, wenn Sie spielen,  
Sie klingen wie Ludwig van Beethoven als er anfing zu spielen,  
Oder Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Oder Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Du spielst wunderbar,  
Als wären Sie ein Songwriter.  
Wenn Sie die Gitarre spielen,  
Sie sind eine natürliche,  
Für Sie spielen jeden Strum wie  
Es gibt nichts darauf,  
Und Sie machen es wunderbar klingen,  
Fast schön,  
Es ist ein Genuss für meine Ohren,  
In jedem klanglichen Sinn.  
Ich bin ein Posaunist,  
Und ich bin einfach im Vergleich  
Ihre wunderbare Komplexität  
Und das Talent,  
Für Sie sind talentiert,

Und Ihre Musik-Fähigkeiten sind einzigartig.

Ich liebe Ihre musikalischen Fähigkeiten.

Du bist ein großer Outdoorswoman,

Sie haben keine Angst vor nass,

Immer schmutzig, und die raue Wildnis zu überleben.

Die Natur ist ein großartiger Ort,

Und Sie lieben, alles um Sie herum zu sehen,

Genauso wie ich.

Ich liebe, dass über Sie,

Denn ich, dass Sie gerne Zelten gehen weiß,

Wandern, Radfahren, Schwimmen,

Kanu, Kajak, Wakeboard,

Waterboarding, Skifahren,

Inline-Skating, Eislaufen,

Wandern, Surfen, Tauchen,

Segeln, Rudern, laufen, Joggen,

Wasserski, Vogelbeobachtung, Walbeobachtung,

Bootfahren, Jet-Ski, Angeln, Lagerfeuer bauen,

Kochen Marshmallows, Wandern, Bergsteigen,

Und alles so.

Ich weiß, dass Sie Liebe Natur, Tiere und Pflanzen.

Sie sind eine natürliche Biologe,

Eine natürliche Zoologe

Und eine natürliche Botaniker in vielerlei Hinsicht,

Und ich bin froh zu sehen, dass Sie die Natur so sehr lieben.

Ich liebe, dass,

Denn ich Pfadfinder und ein Eagle Scout bin,

Und ich weiß nicht, wo ich wäre wenn meine Freundin

Nicht gerne außerhalb im Sommer werden

Und etwas geneigt, in den kalten When gehen

Es ist ein klarer Himmel,

Viel Schnee,

Und einem großen Wintertag.

Es freut mich, dass Sie die Natur lieben,

Denn du gut auf alles, was bist tun Sie.

Ich liebe, wie du bist ein großartiger Sänger,

Für Ihre Stimme ist wunderbar und harmonisch,

Und macht Dinge Ton wunderbar überall hin mitnehmen,

Für Sie viele tolle Lieder singen,

Rock-Songs geschrieben von klassischen Rock-Künstlern

Wie die Beatles, die Rolling Stones und the Who;  
Von zeitgenössischen Rock-Künstlern wie Spaß;  
Pop-Songs von Leuten wie Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K ' naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba und Kelly Clarkson, Carrie Underwood;  
Soft-Rock-Songs von Leuten wie Billy Joel und Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs von Bands wie den dritten Tag, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, zählen Kronen, The Newsboys und vieles mehr;  
Worship-Songs, die viele Leute geschrieben haben,  
Vor allem Hymnen und so weiter von den Heiligen a vor Jahrtausenden  
geschrieben;  
Ich liebe, wie Sie singen, wie die Jazz tunes  
Gesungen von Armstrongs Co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Ihre Stimme ist schön, lebhaft, resonant,  
Euphonious, angenehm, und vieles mehr.  
Es ist so schön wie ein Vogel-Gesang in den Baumkronen des Waldes.  
Ich konnte nie genug davon bekommen.  
Es macht mich immerzu Lächeln ich Ihre Altstimme höre,  
Wie es schwankt zwischen Töne, Tonhöhen und Notizen.  
Es ist wunderschön.  
Ich singe auch

Und ich Liebe singen,  
Und zu wissen, dass ich nur konnte  
Ein Duett mit jemandem, der gerne tun  
Viele der gleichen Dinge singen, was ich tun  
Ist eine wunderbare Sache, die ich nie vergessen konnte.

Sie sind eine wunderbare Künstlerin,  
Denn ich deine Kunst Liebe  
Und ich liebe es, wie es aussieht.  
Sie malen, wie Sie in ein Foto aussehen,  
Sie zeichnen als ob es von einer Kamera aufgenommen wurden,  
Und Sie sculpt, als ob Sie gerade Leben gemacht,  
Tragen Sie von Ihrer eigenen Hände.  
Ihre Bilder, Ihre Skulpturen,  
Ihre Zeichnungen und Skizzen,  
Ihre Tapeten, Ihre decken;  
Sie sind wunderbare Kunstwerke —  
Lebendig und strahlend,  
Lebendige und farbenfrohe,  
Keineswegs glib oder zaghafte,  
Aber Gemüthes und zuversichtlich,

Zeigen ihre Appelle an das Auge,  
Und doch sind sie symbolisch,  
So voll von Bedeutung,  
Man kann nicht aufhören, sie betrachten.  
Sie sind ein großer Künstler mit einem Talent wie kein anderer;  
Ihre Einzigartigkeit ist unvergleichlich  
Was andere getan haben.  
Du bist ein da Vinci oder ein Michelangelo,  
Mit der Art von Gaben, Fähigkeiten und Talente  
Sie besitzen.  
Ich liebe deine Kunst,  
Und ich kann nicht umhin, sie zu betrachten,  
Und beachten Sie ihre Schönheit.  
Ihre Talente sind wunderbar.  
  
Ihr Schreiben ist auch großartig,  
Sie sind ein großer Schriftsteller,  
Und ein großer Dichter,  
Denn ich deine Gedichte gelesen habe,  
Vor allem die ein genannt  
'Ich lernte über die Dreieinigkeit heute'

Das war eine wunderbare Sache, die mich zum Lachen

Es erinnerte mich an meinen eigenen Bruder

Wenn ich es lese.

Ich erinnere mich auch das Gedicht 'Glühwürmchen in der Abenddämmerung'

Denn es machte mich alles prüfen Sie

Versuchten, mir zu sagen,

Und ich liebte es zu lesen,

Denn es war so tief

Und so voll von Bedeutung;

Ihre Poesie ist wie Musik in meinen Ohren,

Wohlklingend und voller Melodie,

Ich kann nicht umhin, hören Sie den

Beruhigende Spritzen von Wellen,

Der Wind in den Weiden Flüstern,

Der Stabreim und die Anspielung,

Der Gleichklang und Dissonanz,

Die Metaphern verwendet, majestätisch,

Die Similes Weise verwendet,

Für sie hinzufügen alle bis zu, die Kunst beteiligt.

Du bist ein großer Dichter,

Und Ihre Poesie ist einzigartig;

Sie können sich das nicht leugnen.

Ich liebe auch das Talent,

Denn ich ein Schriftsteller selbst bin,

Und ich bin froh, jemanden wie mich zu treffen.

Ihre Bibliophilia eignet sich auch hervorragend,

Denn ich, die Liebe gerne Sie lesen,

Und ich erinnere mich an die großen Bücher

Halten Sie in Ihrer Bibliothek,

Und ich erinnere mich an alles, was, die Sie mir gesagt

Über Autoren und Schriftsteller, die Sie lieben,

Die Dichter, die Romanautoren,

Die Essayisten und alle Dinge.

Ich bin froh, dass ich mit Ihnen über Literatur sprechen kann,

Und vor allem schreiben,

Da Sie Bücher lesen gerne,

Durchgehen Sie Gedichte,

Und lesen ist Ihre Stärke.

Ich bin froh, dass ich eine meiner Leidenschaften mit Ihnen teilen können.

Sie sind auch ein großer Christ,

Widmen Sie sich zu Jesus Christus,  
Wie ich versuche zu tun,  
Denn obwohl ich katholisch bin,  
Und Sie Dutch Reformed Protestant,  
Wir beide glauben an etwas echt —  
Die Gnade Gottes selbst, die uns gegeben hat  
Alles, was wir vor uns sehen,  
Und nichts von uns weggenommen werden können  
Solange wir das Vertrauen in ihn.  
Denn wir sind hier um anderen zu helfen und einander helfen,  
Und ich bewundere Ihre Bereitschaft zu geben,  
So wie ich bin bereit zu geben.  
Es ist schön zu sehen, Ihren Glauben so stark wachsen,  
Denn Sie an er, die Welt gerettet glauben,  
Unseres Erlösers Jesus Christus der Messias.  
  
Meine Liebe, bin ich bereit, alles für Sie tun,  
Denn wenn bist du traurig, ich wird dich trösten,  
Wenn Sie zufrieden sind, werden ich mit Ihnen lachen,  
Wenn Sie beunruhigt sind, werden ich Sie beraten,  
Wenn Sie Konflikt sind, werde ich zuhören und trösten Sie;

Wenn Sie wütend sind, werde ich versuchen, Sie zu besänftigen;

Wenn Sie besorgt sind, werden ich Sie beruhigen;

Wenn Sie besorgt sind, werde ich dort für Sie sein.

Ich möchte Sie um glücklich zu sein

Denn Ihre Zufriedenheit das wichtigste ist

Für mich in dieser Welt.

Ich kaufe dir Blumen, wann immer notwendig,

Erhalten Sie einen Diamant-Ring für meine Wertschätzung zeigen,

Schreiben Sie ein Gedicht wie diese,

Für Sie und Ihre Familie da sein wenn

Sie brauchen mich, dort zu sein;

Ich werde es für unsere Kinder,

Für Sie sind besonderes für mich.

Ich nehme Sie ins Kino,

Und tun was ich kann, um wissen

Dass ich Sie immer lieben wird.

Wir haben so viele Kinder wie Sie

Haben möchten,

Denn es Ihr Körper ist benutze ich,

Also informiere ich Sie entscheiden, was Sie

Es für verwenden möchten,

So haben Sie ein Mitspracherecht in ihm.

Du bist meine Freundin,

Meine bessere Hälfte

Verlobte bald zu,

Denn wir bald affianced werden sollen,

Und bald, Frau zu sein,

Denn wir holy Matrimony nehmen

In dieser Beziehung vor Gott.

Wir haben die Söhne und Töchter unserer eigenen,

Kinder lieben wir immer,

Und wir werden ihnen tolle Leute zu erhöhen,

Und wir werden große Eltern.

Sie werden eine große Mutter,

Und ich werde ein großer Vater.

Du bist die Liebe meines Lebens, mein Schatz;

Ich möchte, dass Sie dies wissen.

Ich bin dein Diener,

Und du bist mein Herr;

Ich gebe mich gern für Sie

So dass ich Ihre Wünsche erfüllen kann

Für Sie ist, glücklich zu sein.

Ich bin geschmeidig und Devot,  
Denn ich, Ihnen für Ihr Glück zu unterbreiten.  
Ich liebe alles über Sie,  
Und bin bereit, es zu tun alles für Sie.  
Ich möchte, dass Sie dies wissen.  
Du bist mein Seele Gehilfe,  
Meine eine wahre Liebe  
Und es ist niemand anderes wie Sie  
Wer ergänzt mich.  
Ich freue mich Sie kennen zu lernen  
Und Sie mit ganzem Herzen zu lieben.

Also, meine Liebe, diese drei Worte  
Erfahren Sie alles, was Sie wissen müssen,  
Für sie alles, was ich gerade beschrieben beschreiben,  
Alles, was ich für dich fühle,  
Denn wenn ich Sie sehe, mein Herz palpitates,  
Meine Serdtse wird arrhythmic,  
Meine Glubina Dushy wird beim Anblick von euch glücklich,  
Meine Eingeweide verdrehen und churn;  
Mein Lächeln wird unfreiwillige,

Ich lache unkontrolliert,

Ich seufzte lang und weich.

Ich liebe dich, mein Schatz,

Und ich bin bereit, alles für Sie tun.

Du bist mein Seele Gehilfe,

Und diese drei Worte beschreiben alles

Unsere Beziehung beruht auf:

Liebe, Mitgefühl, Selbstlosigkeit, uns selbst und Gott selbst.

Diese drei Worte in Erinnerung,

Und wenn ich ihnen sage,

Denken Sie daran ihre Bedeutung,

Für diese drei Worte sind groß,

Und ich sage ihnen, Sie ein letztes Mal,

'Ich liebe dich.'

Justin Reamer

# Drie Woorden

Mijn liefde, er zijn veel dingen in deze wereld

Dat ik kan zeggen en voor u doen,

Maar er is één ding dat dat, alles uitdrukt

Het grootste ding in de wereld,

Wat is het beste cadeau van allemaal:

Deze drie woorden die ik uit mijn mond uiten

'Ik hou van je.'

Mijn liefde, u zult misschien denken dat ik ben een grapje,

Voor een jocosse persoon weet je dat ik ben,

En u kunt denken dat het is een soort van oplichterij,

Iets waardeloos,

Maar ik zeg u dat dit is de waarheid

Om u te vertellen, hou' ik van je '

Het grootste ding dat ik u kan zeggen is

Omdat het beschrijft alle gevoelens,

Alle emoties,

Alle gedachten,

Alle passie,

Het mededogen,

En de liefde die ik heb voor je.

Hierin wordt bepaald hoeveel ik ben bereid

Om iets te doen voor u,

Koste wat kost is.

Het beschrijft alle acties en

Alle gevoelens die zou ik voor u doen.

U kunt denken dat het is gek,

Schat

Maar het is waar wat ik zeg u,

Want ik nooit tegen u liegen zou,

En ik ben nu, niet liegen

Noch zal ik ooit bedriegen je in

Om het even wat te geloven vertellen ik je.

Dit ding die ik u vertellen is niet een scam,

Niet een schandaal,

Niet een leugen,

Noch een leugen waarin wij leven.

Mensen kunnen zeggen dat love a lie is

Maar mijn liefde voor jou is echt,

En wees gerust,

Dit is waar.

Mijn lieve, ik zou kunnen zeggen: 'Ik hou van je '

Over en weer

Continu,

Tegelijkertijd

En voortdurend,

En ik zou altijd glimlach op je

Omdat er zo veel betekenis achter

Wat ik u zeggen.

Het beschrijft de maatregelen die ik heb gedaan

En ik ben bereid te nemen,

Beschrijving van de gedachten, gevoelens,

En emoties die ik heb voor u,

En alles wat onze betrekkingen gebaseerd is,

Voor deze drie woorden vormen de basis

Van elke relatie staande voor God.

Het is waar, en ik hoop dat u

Begrijp dat.

Ik hou van je lieverd,

Want er niemand als soort is,

Zo medelevend, als meeslepend,  
Zo attent, zo prachtig,  
Of zo liefdevol als u.  
Je bent mooi met  
Uw lang blond haar dat op uw schouders groeit,  
En glanst in het zonlicht zoals lange  
Strengen van goud onlangs gegoten van de mijn.  
Ik hou van uw heldere blauwe ogen die schitteren  
Zoals Michigan en herinneren me aan  
De heldere blauwe hemel in de zomer  
Wanneer middaguur is in de buurt van.  
Zij licht omhoog elke keer dat je glimlach,  
De portalen voor uw ziel openbaren  
En iedereen laten zien wat er is over u.  
Uw glimlach is mooi,  
Voor het verlicht een kamer bij duisternis of duisternis  
Ligt zo dichtbij, niet zeer ver weg,  
En de glimlach is besmettelijk,  
Verspreiding naar iedereen als een ziekte,  
Waardoor ze smile ook.  
Ik hou van de manier waarop die je lachen,

Want het is schattig en grandioze,  
Geef voor u een reden op voor uw grappige gelach  
Voor andere mensen om te lachen, ook  
En iedereen houdt van te horen,  
Want het is een lust voor het oor.  
Uw lichaam is slank en mager,  
Geeft u een mooi figuur.  
Uw borsten zijn net als van vruchten op een kokosnoot boom,  
Als de dichter King Solomon van Israël,  
De zoon van koning David van Israël en van Jeruzalem,  
Zodra zei,  
Toen hij schreef zijn gedicht, het Hooglied,  
Voor uw borsten als rijp fruit zijn,  
Boezem groot en mooi,  
Klaar om te koesteren van een kind die in de wereld kan komen.  
Ze zijn mooi,  
Stijgende en dalende met elke traag adem die u neemt,  
Het maken van uw prachtige figuur.  
Uw status is majestueus,  
Voor u lopen sierlijk waar u ook gaat,  
Nooit struikelen of vallen,

Maar lopen als een mooi,

Juiste vrouw met veel verfijning.

Nog, er is meer voor u die ik liefheb.

U bent een prachtige muzikant

Wie speelt meerdere instrumenten.

U bent een grote violist

Een grote pianist,

En een geweldige gitarist.

U speelt de viool prachtig,

Elke crescendo en decrescendo, te weten

Nou, spelen harmonieën

Goed met de intonatie, tuning

Notities goed met uw boog, articuleren

Aanstotend muziek overal waar die u gaat, maken

Onderscheid te maken tussen tempi dergelijke

Als allegro, andante, presto, largo en moderato.

U weet elke ritardando en rallitando,

Elke cesuur, staccato, marcato, fermate,

Accent, en tenuto.

Je speelt goed, de melodie

En uw houding is groot,  
En u hoeft geen zorgen te maken over embouchure.  
Op de piano is de akoestiek groot wanneer u speelt,  
Voor je klinkt als Ludwig van Beethoven toen hij begon te spelen,  
Of Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
U spelen heerlijk,  
Alsof je een songwriter.  
Wanneer je de gitaar spelen  
U bent een natuurlijke,  
Voor u spelen elke strum zoals  
Er is niets  
En je maakt het klinken prachtig,  
Bijna mooi,  
Want het is een lust voor mijn oren,  
In elke auditieve betekenis.  
Ik ben een trombonist,  
En ik ben eenvoudig in vergelijking  
Om uw prachtige complexiteit  
En talent,  
Voor u begaafd,

En uw muziek vaardigheden zijn uniek.

Ik hou van je muzikale vaardigheden.

U bent een grote outdoorswoman,

Want je niet bang bent voor een NAT,

Steeds vuil, en overleven de barre woestijn.

De natuur is een geweldige plek,

En u graag zien alles om je heen,

Net zoals ik dat doe.

Ik hou van dat over u,

Want ik weet dat graag u gaan kamperen,

Hiking, Fietsen, zwemmen,

Kanoën, kajakken, wakeboarden,

Waterboarding, Skiën,

Skaten, schaatsen,

Backpacken, surfen, Duiken,

Zeilen, roeien, het lopen, joggen,

Waterskiën, vogels kijken, walvis spotten,

Varen, jet-skiën, vissen, gebouw kampvuren,

Koken marshmallows, wandelen, bergbeklimmen,

En alles zo.

Ik weet dat je liefde natuur, de dieren en de planten.

U bent een natuurlijke bioloog

Een natuurlijke zoöloog

En een natuurlijke botanicus op vele manieren,

En ik ben blij om te zien dat je van het buitenleven zo veel houdt.

Ik hou van dat,

Want ik een Boy Scout en een Eagle Scout ben,

En ik weet niet waar ik zou als mijn vriendin

Niet graag worden buiten tijdens de zomer

En enigszins geneigd om te gaan in de koude wanneer

Er is een heldere hemel,

Veel sneeuw,

En een grote winterdag.

Ik ben blij dat je van het buitenleven,

Want je goed in alles wat die je doet bent.

Ik hou van hoe je bent een geweldige zanger

Voor uw stem is prachtig en harmonieuze,

En maakt dingen geluid prachtig waar u ook gaat,

Voor u vele grote liederen zingen,

Rocknummers zijn geschreven door klassieke rock artiesten

Zoals the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, en de Who;

Door hedendaagse rock artiesten zoals Fun;

Pop songs door mensen zoals Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,

K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson, Carrie Underwood; en

Soft rock nummers zijn geschreven door mensen zoals Billy Joel en Johnny Cash;

Christian Songs door bands als derde dag, Chris Tomlin,

MercyMe, Britt Nicole, tellen kronen, The Newsboys en nog veel meer;

Aanbidding nummers die veel mensen hebben geschreven,

Voor de hymnen en whatnot geschreven door de heiligen een duizenden jaren geleden;

Ik hou van hoe je zingen jazz tunes zoals die

Gezongen door Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.

Uw stem is mooi, levendige, resonant,

Euphonious, aangenaam, en nog veel meer.

Het is zo mooi als een vogel zingen in het bladerdak van het forest.

Ik kon nooit genoeg van krijgen.

Het maakt me smile alle de keer dat ik hoor uw stem alto,

Hoe het schommelt tussen tonen, standplaatsen en notities.

Het is absoluut mooi.

Ik zing ook

En ik ben dol op zingen,  
En om te weten dat ik kon misschien  
Een duet met iemand anders die houdt van te doen  
Te veel van de dezelfde dingen die ik doen zingen  
Is een prachtig ding die ik kan nooit vergeten.

Je bent een geweldige kunstenaar,  
Want ik hou van uw kunst,  
En ik hou van hoe het eruit ziet.  
Verf je als je naar een foto kijkt  
U tekenen alsof het werden genomen door een camera,  
En u sculpt alsof u uitsluitend leven maakte,  
Houden van uw eigen handen.  
Je schilderijen, uw beelden,  
Uw tekeningen en schetsen,  
Uw wandtapijten, uw dekbedden;  
Ze zijn allemaal prachtig kunstwerken —  
Levendig en stralend,  
Levendige en kleurrijke,  
Geenszins glib of onverschillige,  
Maar goedgezind en vol vertrouwen,

Pronken aan hun beroep met het oog

En toch zijn zij symbolische,

Zo vol van betekenis,

Men kan niet stoppen met hen overweegt.

U bent een groot kunstenaar met een talent als geen ander;

Uw uniciteit is onvergelijkbaar

Tot wat anderen hebben gedaan.

U bent een da Vinci of een Michelangelo

Met het soort giften, vaardigheden en talenten

Dat u bezit.

Ik hou van uw kunst,

En ik kan niet helpen, maar denken over hen,

En hun schoonheid te merken.

Uw talenten zijn prachtig.

Uw schrijven is ook prachtig,

U bent een groot schrijver

En een grote dichter,

Voor ik je gedichten gelezen heb

Vooraf de een genoemd

'Ik leerde over de drie-eenheid vandaag '

Dat was een prachtig ding dat me lachen maakte,

Want het deed me aan mijn eigen broer denken

Als ik lees het.

Ik herinner me ook het gedicht 'Glimwormen in de schemering '

Want het maakte me overwegen alles u

Probeerden te vertellen,

En ik hield van lezen,

Want het was zo diep

En zo vol van betekenis;

Uw poëzie is als muziek in mijn oren,

Aanstotend en vol melodie,

Ik kan niet helpen, maar luisteren naar de

Rustgevende splash van golven,

De wind in de wilgen, fluisteren

De alliteratie en toespeling,

De assonance en dissonantie,

De gebruikt majestueus, metaforen

De vergelijkingen gebruikt sagaciously,

Want zij toevoegen alles tot de kunst betrokken.

U bent een groot dichter

En uw poëzie is uniek;

Je kunt niet ontkennen jezelf die.

Ik hou van dat talent ook,

Want ik een schrijver zelf ben,

En ik ben blij om iemand anders als ik te ontmoeten.

Uw bibliofilie is ook groot,

Want ik hou van dat dol u op lezen,

En ik herinner me de grote boeken

U houden in uw bibliotheek,

En ik herinner me alle dingen die u me vertelde

Over de auteurs en schrijvers die je liefde,

De dichters, de romanschrijvers

De essayisten, en alle dingen zoals die.

Ik ben blij dat ik kan praten over literatuur met u,

En vooral, schrijven

Aangezien u graag lezen boeken,

Kennisnemen van gedichten,

En lezing is uw aftreksel.

Ik ben blij dat ik kan een van mijn passies delen met je.

U bent ook een grote christen,

Wijdt jezelf aan Jezus Christus,  
Net als ik probeer te doen,  
Want ook al ik een katholiek ben,  
En u een Nederlandse Hervormde protestantse,  
We hebben allebei geloven in iets echt —  
De genade van God zelf die gaf ons  
Alles wat die we voor ons ligt zien,  
En niets kan worden genomen van ons af  
Als we in hem vertrouwen.  
Want wij hier zijn om anderen te helpen en om te helpen elkaar,  
En ik heb bewondering voor uw bereidheid om te geven,  
Net zoals ik ben bereid op te geven.  
Het is geweldig om te zien uw geloof zo sterk groeien  
Want u geloof in hij die de wereld gered  
Onze Heiland Jezus Christus de Messias.  
  
Mijn liefde, ik ben bereid om iets te doen voor u,  
Want als bent je verdrietig, dat zal ik u troosten  
Als u tevreden bent, zal ik lachen met u,  
Bent u bezorgd, zal ik u, Raad  
Als u conflicterende, zal ik luisteren en console u;

Als je boos bent, zal ik proberen te sussen u;

Als je angstig, zal ik verzekeren u;

Als u zich zorgen maakt, zal ik er zijn voor u.

Ik wil dat je om gelukkig te zijn

Omdat uw geluk de belangrijkste is

Voor mij in deze wereld.

Ik zal kopen u bloemen wanneer dat nodig is,

Krijg je een diamond ring om te laten zien mijn waardering

Schrijf een gedicht vergelijkbaar met deze,

Worden er voor u en uw familie wanneer

U moet mij er;

Ik zal er zijn voor onze kinderen,

Want je speciaal voor mij bent.

Ik zal u meenemen naar de film

En doen wat ik kan om te helpen u weet

Dat zal ik u altijd hou.

We zullen hebben zo veel kinderen als u

Willen hebben,

Want het is uw lichaam gebruik ik,

Dus zal ik laat u beslist wat u

Wilt gebruiken het voor,

Dus hebt je een stem in het.

U bent mijn vriendin,

Mijn significante andere,

Binnenkort te verloofde,

Want wij binnenkort zijn te worden verloofd,

En binnenkort te worden van de vrouw,

Voor zullen we heilige huwelijk

In deze relatie voor God.

Zal er zonen en dochters van onze eigen,

We altijd houden zullen, kinderen

En wij zullen hen om te zijn geweldige mensen, aankaarten

En wij zullen grote ouders.

U zult een geweldige moeder,

En ik zal een geweldige vader.

U bent de liefde van mijn leven, lieverd;

Ik wil dat je om dat te weten.

Ik ben uw dienstknecht,

En je bent mijn meester;

Ik geef mezelf graag aan u

Zodat ik kan voldoen aan uw wensen

Voor jou om gelukkig te zijn.

Ik ben soepel en onderdanig,

Voor ik voor uw geluk aan u voorleggen.

Ik hou van alles over jou,

En ben bereid om te doen het allemaal voor je.

Ik wil dat je om dat te weten.

U bent mijn zielpartner,

Mijn één ware liefde,

En er is niemand anders dan u

Die een aanvulling vormt op mij.

Ik ben blij te weten u

En hou van je met heel mijn hart.

Dus, mijn liefde, deze drie woorden

Vertelt u alles wat die u weten moet,

Voor ze alles wat die ik net beschreven beschrijven,

Alles wat die ik voel me voor u,

Want als ik je zie, mijn hart palpitates,

Mijn serdtse wordt aritmische,

Mijn glubina dushy wordt gelukkig bij de aanblik van u,

Mijn ingewanden twist en churn;

Mijn glimlach wordt onvrijwillig,

Ik lach ongecontroleerd,

Ik zucht lang en zacht.

Ik hou van je lieverd,

En ik ben bereid om om het even wat voor u doen.

U bent mijn zielpartner,

En deze drie woorden beschrijven alles

Onze relatie is gebaseerd op:

Liefde, compassie, onbaatzuchtigheid, ons, en God zelf.

Onthoud deze drie woorden,

En als ik zeg hen,

Vergeet niet het belang ervan,

Voor deze drie woorden zijn groot,

En ik zal ze zeggen u een laatste keer,

'Ik hou van je.'

Justin Reamer

# Driving

Driving is quite scary,  
When you start at first,  
It makes you go on edge,  
And your throat goes dry of thirst.

When I stepped in the van,  
When I drove on the Range,  
I was so scared,  
That it felt like I had mange.

When I started driving,  
On that big old Range,  
I was a little queasy,  
For driving felt so strange.

I did not know what to do,  
With the ignition or the gear stick,  
So when I went to neutral,  
The Honda started to sift.

I was terrified instantly,  
Even with Sid Son in my car;  
I could tell you one thing,  
I didn't feel like a star.

When I went into reverse,  
I hit a lot of cones;  
It was just like a dumb teen  
Who is texting on her cell phone.

I was scared and mortified,  
I really tried to steer,  
And Son was horrified,  
His head was full of fear.

I then went into drive,  
Accelerating all too quickly;  
Mr Son was holding on tight,  
And he was grimacing sickly.

We went 'bout 50 mph,  
When the poor Asian had yelled 'STOP! '  
I braked way too fast,  
Which made Son do a forward flop.

I steered so carefully,  
My nerves were on edge,  
Driving was not so easy,  
Even turning on a ledge.

I tried to park so very well,  
Like a cliff goes loomin';  
I hit a bunch of cones,  
Being glad that they weren't human.

Then came the drives,  
Which did not go so well;  
I think I nearly went too fast,  
When Cassie Simmons almost fell.

But then the third drive came around,  
And I had Mr Mol,  
We had better contemplation,  
In a car that Lato stole.

He taught me more than anyone,  
And for that I am thankful,  
He helped me pass the class,  
And, man, was my tank full.

I then drove with Bruce,  
When I had a permit;  
I'm just glad I wasn't driving,  
With Actor Dylan McDermott.

Bruce and I had quite the experience,  
Having our certain mishaps,  
At least, I did not do so badly,  
So that his poor car would collapse.

I ran over kerbs and had much fun,

Especially when I hit a mailbox;  
Bruce was quite mortified,  
As if I just got botox.

I had the time of my life,  
When I got lost in Zeeland,  
I don't know what the hell it was,  
That I was even feelin'.

Bruce said he could write a book,  
Called 'Driving with Justin';  
And I just kinda laughed,  
Because I almost caused combustion.

Then I took Session 2,  
Which actually was quite easy,  
And I passed the class,  
No aced it,  
Which was better than sleazy.

I then took my driving test,  
And I nearly had a crash,  
No wonder why I failed it,  
For it would've been a bash.

But then I took it a second time,  
And I finally saved our lives;  
And, believe me, it is better  
Than having a bunch of wives.

I got my licence and started driving,  
Taking it step-by-step;  
I was freaked out when I got Stef's cake,  
Which nearly gave me a bad rap.

I drove pretty well throughout the fall,  
Which happened without a splinter;  
But things became really bad,  
When it was time for winter.

I was going on too fast,  
When I swerved and hit a mailbox,

I slammed the breaks way too fast,  
As if I was wearing Crocks.

I then came across an intersection,  
To a thing I cannot mend,  
I swerved down the ice,  
And hit a truck's rear end.

The man talked to me,  
And said he'd talk about it,  
But I, confusedly, drove off,  
And the man would soon shout it.

I was watching Shrek 4 at my house,  
When I had my eye brow creased,  
I then heard a knock at the door,  
When I had a visit from the police.

The officer asked my age,  
And I said seventeen,  
My nerves were on end,  
For I had done something mean.

Then the officer asked for a parent,  
And I had called Mum;  
I told her the cops were here,  
And they weren't here for the prom.

We then had a long discussion,  
About the stupid thing I did;  
Then we ended it there and then,  
And we put back on the lid.

My mum then chewed me out,  
Talking sense right into me;  
And I knew it wasn't easy,  
For I wasn't going scott-free.

I'm telling you I learned my lesson,  
Facing reality,  
I knew I had  
To be more cautious,

Especially around faculty.

So I drive carefully now,  
So to avoid a crash,  
I think it would be unnecessary,  
To have a throat slash.

So I learned a lot of things  
From my driving experience,  
I am a better driver now,  
Now that I am mysterious.

Justin Reamer

# Drossiness

How foolish are you?  
Stop this tomfoolery  
And go about doing your work!  
Thank you!

Justin Reamer

# Drum

Big guy keeping the beat,  
Drum is not afraid to show off.

Justin Reamer

# Dumb

'Dumb, stupid,  
What does it matter,  
Life is stupid, isn't it? '

Well, not really, I think  
It is rather neat,  
In my opinion.

'Ah, it doesn't matter,  
That means that you're dumb, too,  
So I guess I proved my point.'

Whatever you say, man.

Justin Reamer

# Dumbass

I am stupid,  
So I feel like a dumb arse.

Justin Reamer

# Dupped

It's opened,  
My dear friend,  
And all the secrets lie in wait  
For us just to take a peak.

Justin Reamer

# Dutch Treat

It's a dutch treat, my friend,  
You have to pay for your own expenses.

Justin Reamer

# E

How many words do  
You know that start with the letter 'e'?  
Well, if you really wanna know,  
Then I will tell you the ones I know,  
So I will take just a minute...

And here goes!

e  
egg  
ebb  
ent  
ear  
eat  
eek  
entail  
entreat  
ensure  
entreaty  
entrepreneur  
entrepreneurial  
entrepreneurship  
explore  
exploration  
explored  
exploring  
explorer  
edgy  
element  
electron  
electric  
electronic  
electronics  
econ  
economic  
economics  
economical  
economy  
economist

ecology  
eco-friendly  
ecologist  
epidermis  
etymology  
etymologist  
etymological  
ecological  
elephant  
emu  
epidermic  
Elvis  
enter  
entrance  
entranced  
entrancing  
entropy  
energy  
epiphany  
entropical  
energetic  
excited  
excite  
excitement  
entertain  
entertainer  
entertainment  
entertaining  
exercise  
exercising  
exerciser  
expendable  
expendables  
exorcise  
exorcising  
exorcism  
exorcist  
exorcised  
enthusiastic  
enthusiasm  
enthusiastically  
edge

epinephrine  
estrogen  
epilepsy  
epileptic  
elemental  
encyclopaedia  
entrap  
entrapment  
entrapping  
entrapped  
envelope  
enveloped  
enveloping  
envelopment  
exist  
existence  
existing  
existed  
exists  
endanger  
endangered  
endangerment  
extinct  
extinction  
external  
externally  
export  
exportation  
ex-boyfriend  
ex-girlfriend  
ex-wife  
ex-husband  
ex-best friend  
enemy  
enemies  
enmity  
Emily  
Emma  
envy  
envious  
enviable  
escape

escapement  
escapade  
encamp  
encampment  
Encarta  
entrench  
entrenchment  
ecstasy  
ecstatic  
ecstatically  
elbow  
elder  
elderly  
educate  
educated  
education  
ET  
enough  
entail  
entails  
entailing  
entice  
enticing  
enticed  
entices  
entailed  
empower  
empowered  
empowering  
empowerment  
embrace  
embracing  
embraced  
encourage  
encouraged  
encouraging  
encourager  
encouragement  
epiphyte  
epigraphy  
epithelial  
entomology

entomologist  
entomological  
entomologically  
ethics  
ethical  
ethically  
ethic  
ethnic  
ethnically  
ethnicity  
ethnology  
ethnological  
ethnologically  
etymologically  
encyclopaedic  
encyclopaedically  
estuary  
estuarial  
ecosystem  
ecosystematic  
Econoline  
Everett  
exothermic  
endothermic  
extrovert  
extroversion  
extroverted  
extrinsic  
extrinsically  
extra  
extraordinary  
extraordinarily  
extraterrestrial  
extravagant  
extravaganza  
eyrie  
Eerie  
exoskeleton  
extreme  
extremist  
extremity  
extricate

explicate  
explication  
explicit  
explain  
explanation  
extraneous  
extort  
extorted  
exuberant  
exude  
exuding  
exuded  
exult  
exulted  
exulting  
exalt  
exalting  
exalted  
exit  
exited  
exeunt  
emit  
emission  
emitting  
emitter  
e-mail  
e-mailing  
e-mailed  
e-mailer  
e-mails  
e-board  
e-book  
e-books  
e-tablet  
eat  
eating  
eater  
each  
every  
everyone  
everything  
everybody

everyday  
efferent  
Efferdent  
effect  
effective  
effects  
effectiveness  
evade  
evasive  
evasiveness  
encounter  
encountering  
encountered  
encounters  
evil  
eviller  
evillest  
eye  
eagle  
Eden  
Eve  
eve  
everlasting  
ever  
extrude  
expand  
expanse  
expansive  
expansiveness  
emigrate  
emigration  
expatriate  
expatriation  
expect  
expectation  
experience  
experiment  
experimentation  
English  
England  
Ecuador  
expense

expensive  
expensively  
expert  
expertise  
expiate  
expiation  
exhort  
exhortation  
exhaust  
exhaustive  
exhaustion  
exhausted  
exhilarate  
exhilarated  
exhilaration  
exasperate  
exasperated  
exasperation  
extinguish  
extinguisher  
extinguished  
ex-con  
ex  
empire  
emperor  
expire  
expiry  
expletive  
explode  
explosion  
erode  
erosion  
exploded  
exploding  
eroded  
eroding  
erodes  
exploit  
exploited  
exploitation  
exploiting  
exploiter

employ  
employer  
employee  
employment  
employed  
employing  
explosive  
exponent  
exponential  
exposition  
expound  
express  
expression  
espresso  
expressive  
expel  
expulsion  
exile  
expurgate  
exquisite  
elaborate  
elaborated  
elaboration  
emaciated  
emaciation  
epigraph  
epigraphy  
EEG  
electroencephalograph  
electroencephalography  
electrocardiograph  
electrocardiography  
electrolytic  
electrolytes  
electrolyte  
electroid  
electroids  
Europe  
European  
Esperanto  
ESP  
extrasensory

extradite  
extramural  
extract  
extraction  
extramarital  
extrapolate  
extrapolation  
escort  
escorted  
escorting  
entourage  
entree  
Enzyte  
exclude  
exclusion  
execute  
executive  
execution  
excruciating  
excommunicate  
excuse  
execrable  
example  
executor  
executioner  
exemplary  
exemplar  
exemplify  
emphysema  
Euripides  
exhibit  
exhibition  
exhibitionism  
establish  
establishing  
establishment  
established  
establishmentarianism  
estrangle  
estrangement  
estranged  
edify

edifice  
edification  
exonerate  
exodus  
exhume  
exotic  
earn  
earning  
exchange  
except  
excess  
even  
equivalent  
equal  
equalled  
equals  
equality  
equivalence  
Easter  
east  
easterly  
East  
Eastern  
eastern  
exact  
euro  
eureka  
EU  
event  
eventful  
evident  
evidence  
ethos  
Eucharist  
etiquette  
euthanasia  
evacuate  
evacuation  
eucalyptus  
evangelist  
evangelical  
euphemism

eulogy  
epitaph  
Episcopalian  
Episcopal  
evaluate  
evaluation  
evaporate  
evaporation  
espy  
espionage  
esplanade  
espouse  
especial  
especially  
esoteric  
essence  
essential  
essentially  
essay  
essayist  
essays  
existentialism  
empirical  
empiricism  
existentialist  
existential  
escapism  
escapologist  
escarpment  
eschew  
esophagus  
esquire  
Esq.  
ermine  
err  
errant  
error  
errand  
epoch  
eon  
era  
equanimity

equivocate  
equivocal  
equip  
equipped  
equipment  
equilibrium  
equity  
erase  
eraser  
eradicate  
epic  
epicentre  
epicure  
epaulette  
enzyme  
epidemic  
epigram  
epilogue  
episode  
epistle  
epithet  
epitome  
equation  
equate  
equator  
enthusiast  
enquire  
enquiry  
enquirer  
enrich  
enrol  
en route  
etc.  
enshrine  
enshrine  
enslave  
enshare  
ensue  
ensnare  
encomienda  
enterprise  
entente

enthral  
enthuse  
entrust  
entitle  
entity  
entrails  
entwine  
enumerate  
entry  
enjoy  
enjoyment  
enlighten  
Enlightenment  
enlist  
enliven  
enmesh  
encure  
enigma  
endeavour  
endow  
endorse  
endure  
endurance  
enema  
enervate  
enfeeble  
enfold  
enforce  
enfranchise  
engage  
engaged  
engagement  
engender  
engine  
engineer  
enclave  
engrave  
engross  
engulf  
enhance  
enlarge  
enormity

enormous  
endear  
endearment  
emulate  
emulsion  
enact  
enamel  
enamour  
enamoured  
encapsulate  
encapture  
encase  
enchant  
enchantment  
enchancing  
emphasise  
emphasis  
empress  
empty  
emplace  
emplacement  
elan  
elapse  
elastic  
end

And, that is that, my friends,  
For if you want to hear more,  
You must come another day.  
So, I will get some rest,  
And I shall prepare for the next one.

Justin Reamer

# Eagle Scout

An Eagle Scout is someone  
Who is very special,  
Especially in the  
Boy Scout tradition,  
For he has the top rank,  
And he has worked hard,  
To be where he is  
At that position.

How do I know?  
Because I am an Eagle Scout,  
And I know what it is like  
To be in that sort of position.  
I am not a Boy Scout anymore,  
But being an Eagle has  
A lot more to it  
Than just wearing  
The badge and the medal  
And handkerchief  
That come along with it.

An Eagle Scout lives  
By the Scout Oath,  
The Scout Law,  
The Scout Motto,  
And the Scout Slogan  
Every day of his life.  
He does not just  
Go around,  
Acting like he  
Is the coolest kid in town.

The Scout Oath goes as such:  
I promise to do my best,  
To do my duty to God and my country;  
To help other people at all times;  
And to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake,  
And morally straight.

The Scout Oath has three main parts:  
The duty to God and country,  
The duty to others,  
And the duty to self.

The duty to God and country  
Is simple.  
An Eagle does his duty to God  
By following his religious obligations,  
Whatever his parents  
Or his religious teachers  
Have taught him.

A Christian would thank  
God for his food  
Every day,  
Would go to Church  
Every Sunday,  
And would pray to  
God and thanking  
Him for all he has done.

A Muslim would pray  
To Mecca five times a day,  
As he was taught,  
And he would follow the laws  
In the Koran,  
And would go to the Mosque  
Every Friday,  
And would give thanks  
To Allah for  
All He has done  
For him.

A Jew would celebrate  
The Sabbath  
Every Saturday,  
And would  
Follow the dietary  
Restrictions,  
And would follow the  
Laws in the Torah.

And the same is  
Likewise with  
Buddhists  
And Hindus  
And any other  
Religion,  
For that is the Duty to God.

Duty to country  
Is the duty of  
Being a good citizen  
And doing what the government  
Asks of you.

An Eagle Scout partakes  
In elections,  
Pays taxes when  
He is supposed to,  
Does jury duty  
When he is called  
To do it,  
And is a good citizen  
To everyone around him.

That is how he does his  
Duty to country.

The duty to others  
Is basically as it says  
In the Scout Oath,  
For people will always  
Need help,  
And helping people  
Is the duty to others.

An Eagle Scout is always  
Available to help,  
Whether it be  
An old lady  
Who needs help  
Walking across the street,

Helping someone with homework,  
Taking care of someone's pet,  
Doing volunteer work,  
Or if it is an emergency  
In which someone needs help,  
Those are what Eagles are there for.

The duty to self  
Is keeping oneself  
In good condition  
And maintaining good health;  
Learning everything one  
Possibly can,  
And always ask questions  
So that one can learn more;  
And keeping one's morals  
And values straight  
By keeping them  
And living by them  
On a daily basis.

An Eagle Scout is inquisitive,  
Curious and wondering,  
Open-minded,  
Healthy and strong,  
Righteous and pure.  
He always is willing  
To learn something new,  
Whether it is from his  
Superiors or  
His subordinates,  
Or even from his peers  
Or his children  
(When he is a father):  
He keeps himself  
In good shape and  
Respects his body  
So that he can live longer,  
And keeps himself pure  
Of heart, mind, body, and soul.

And that is only  
Part of what an Eagle Scout does,  
For there is more to it than that.  
He lives by the Scout Law,  
Which says a Scout is  
Trustworthy,  
Loyal,  
Helpful,  
Friendly,  
Courteous,  
Kind,  
Obedient,  
Cheerful,  
Thrifty,  
Brave,  
Clean,  
And Reverent.

An Eagle Scout is Trustworthy,  
So he is always reliable,  
And can be counted on.  
He can be trusted with small things,  
Such as closing a window,  
Putting keys in a proper location,  
Cleaning a floor,  
And the like.

And if he can  
Be trusted with small things,  
He can be trusted  
With big things,  
Such as putting a huge  
Sum of money  
In a bank account,  
And taking care of  
Something that involves  
Confidentiality.

An Eagle is always truthful;  
He does not lie to his friends,  
And he does not make up stories,  
And he can be counted on

When there is dire need.

He is honest in everything he does,  
For he admits his own faults,  
And he does everything  
To his best ability.

An Eagle is Loyal,  
For he stands up for  
What is right,  
And he stands behind  
His friends and family,  
And he never lets them get hurt.

If he is a son,  
He is true to his parents,  
And will always take care of them  
When they get old.

If he is a brother,  
He will look out for his siblings,  
Until they come of age,  
And even then,  
He will be there for them,  
When they truly need him.

If he is a friend,  
He will stand by his friends,  
Enjoy their company,  
But will also be there for them,  
If they need some counselling,  
Some help,  
Or if they need someone to listen.

If he is a boyfriend,  
He will protect his girlfriend,  
And he will be there for her,  
When she needs him.

If he is a husband,  
He will always be there  
For his wife,

Because she cannot do  
Everything alone,  
And he will help her  
In times of trouble,  
And will be responsible  
Enough to take care of her  
And their children.

If he is a father,  
He will be there for his children,  
Making sure they are raised well,  
And that they become  
Self-sufficient, righteous,  
Independent adults.  
He will make sure they have  
A good education  
And good living conditions,  
And also that they have  
Him when they need him,  
Whatever kind of help it may be.

An Eagle is Helpful,  
For he helps anyone  
Who needs his help,  
And is always willing  
To help,  
No matter what.

If an old lady needs help  
Walking to her car,  
An Eagle helps.  
If a man cannot fix his door,  
An Eagle helps.  
If a man cannot  
Carry his heavy load,  
An Eagle helps.  
An Eagle will also help  
In an emergency,  
If needbe,  
And he will  
Help the people  
Who need him.

An Eagle Scout is Friendly,  
For he is happy to meet people.  
An Eagle is always  
Willing to meet new people,  
And he is very gregarious,  
For he can relate to people,  
And he can understand them.

An Eagle is Courteous,  
For he is always polite,  
No matter if it is at  
The dinner table,  
Or restraint  
From saying something  
Nasty or the like,  
Or being chivalrous,  
Or even preventing  
An awful sound  
Approaching,  
He is always polite.

An Eagle Scout is Kind,  
For he is always nice  
To everyone around him,  
Even if someone does not like him,  
He is still kind to all of them,  
And does good things  
Because they feel good internally.

An Eagle is Obedient,  
For he obeys God,  
He follows laws,  
Unless they are unjust,  
He obeys his parents,  
He obeys his superiors,  
And also takes advice  
From people who can help him.

He is also respectful,  
For there are people who  
Are older than he

And have a lot more  
Experience than he does,  
So he is obedient  
In that way too.

An Eagle Scout is Cheerful,  
For he is always happy,  
No matter if he is having fun  
Or having a bad day,  
He is still optimistically.

If he is doing service,  
Then he cheerfully does it  
Without complaint,  
And he does it well.

A Scout is Thrifty,  
For an Eagle will be wise  
With his money  
And save it  
And only spend it on  
Stuff he needs,  
And will be wise with his resources.

He does not waste water,  
Like turning on the sink  
While brushing his teeth,  
And he does not waste food,  
So he does not eat too much  
Or take food he knows  
He might not be able to eat.

He is environmentally friendly,  
By reducing waste,  
Reusing objects,  
And recycling objects,  
And he may carpool,  
Or bike  
Or even just walk  
To his destination.

He saves energy,

And that is  
How he is thrifty.

An Eagle Scout is Brave,  
Which does not mean that  
He is scared of nothing,  
But it means he does  
Things even though  
He is afraid to do them.

He takes on new tasks,  
And tries new things,  
Even though they are scary.

A Scout is Clean,  
But not only in hygiene,  
But in thought,  
In word,  
And in action.

He keeps his mind clean  
By keeping it pure  
And his heart pure by  
Filling it with good intentions,  
And he follows his morals,  
As well.

An Eagle is Reverent,  
So he does his duty to God,  
And he respects other  
Religions that are not his own,  
And he is accepting of people  
Of other faiths.

He keeps an open-mind,  
And he still does what  
God wants him to do.

An Eagle Scout also  
Follows the Scout Motto,  
Which is to be prepared.

An Eagle is always  
Prepared,  
And anticipates anything  
That may come ahead,  
Whether it be an appointment,  
The weather,  
A big event,  
Or even a party,  
He is always prepared.

He also follows the  
Scout Slogan,  
Which is to do  
A good turn  
Daily,  
And he does it every day  
By trying to keep  
The duty to others.

And that he does.

There is much more  
To being an Eagle  
Than having the badge  
And the medal  
And the handkerchief,  
For you are a true leader now,  
And you are an example,  
And people will look up to you,  
So if you are an Eagle,  
You know what is expected of you,  
Especially since you earned the rank.

Justin Reamer

# Early Dawn

Birds chirping loudly,  
The sun illuminates the sky,  
Dawn is coming forth.

Justin Reamer

# Ecumenism

My friend,  
You may have heard many  
Things about me,  
But what I am about to tell you  
Is true in every sense of the word.

I may be Roman Catholic,  
And I believe in Jesus Christ,  
And I love God with all of my heart,  
But that does not mean I despise  
Other people just because of who they are.  
I am open-minded,  
And I respect other people  
For what they have to say.  
I love all of them,  
For they are all God's people,  
And I love all of their values,  
For I believe in ecumenism.  
I am open to all religions  
And beliefs,  
For God moves through all of them,  
And no matter what they say,  
They are all special.

Atheists I respect a great deal,  
For if they do not believe in God,  
That is okay with me;  
I still love them as human beings  
For they are still my brothers and sisters  
In humanity,  
And they have come to their own conclusions,  
And I respect them for who they are.  
I do not want to evangelise to them,  
And I do not want to push myself on them.  
I respect them for who they are  
Because they are my friends,  
And I want it to be so.  
One of my best friends is an atheist,  
So I respect him for who he is,

For I love him with all of my heart.

Agnostics are respectable, too,  
I respect them for who they are.  
They believe in a Higher Being,  
But they are not sure who He is,  
And I respect their beliefs because  
They are my friends,  
And I want them to be happy in life.  
They are my brothers and sisters, too,  
For they are all God's people.  
We are all here for a reason,  
And I want to be friends with them, too.

I love Judaism,  
And I love the way  
They express love to each other.  
I love Torah,  
And all of its majesty,  
The trees of life,  
And the message the scroll contains inside.  
I love Moses and Abraham,  
Whom the Jews call Moshe and Avraham,  
And I love Yisrael,  
Known as Jakob,  
And the Twelve Tribes of Israel,  
Who descended from Jacob.  
I love the way the Jews keep the Law,  
In whatever way they see necessary.  
I love how they see each other as God's people,  
And how they express love to each other.  
I love their celebrations,  
Such as Hanukkah,  
Yom Kippur,  
And the Passover,  
When they all get together and celebrate  
As a family would.  
I love all the Orthodox Jews,  
The Conservative Jews,  
The Reformed Jews,  
And the Samaritans,  
And whatever other Jewish sects there may be,

For they are my spiritual ancestors,  
And my brothers and sisters in God.  
I love them with all my heart.  
Their ethical monotheism is inspiring,  
And it is a wonderful way to look at the world.

I love Islam,  
For I love how Muhammad  
Was so passionate about God's work,  
And I love Muslim spirituality  
When they pray five times a day  
Toward Mecca,  
And I love how they sacrifice so much  
To go on a Pilgrimage,  
Or a hajj,  
All the way to Medina every year,  
Just to spend time in prayer and worship.  
I love how they fast all day during Ramadan,  
Sacrificing themselves to God  
Instead of succumbing to their carnal desires,  
For it is truly inspiring to give oneself to God.  
I love how they try to do the best they can,  
And how they see each other as God's people  
And as brothers and sisters in Him.  
The way they give is amazing,  
And the way they live is awesome.  
I love the Qur'an and all it stands for,  
Especially world peace.  
Islam is amazing,  
And I love the Word it works.

People may think that Osama bin Laden  
Is the symbol of Islam,  
But he's not;  
Al-Qaeda is no more the symbol  
Of Islam than  
The Ku Klux Klan  
Is the symbol of Christianity;  
Islam is not a violent religion;  
Instead, it demands peace and love,  
Just like any other religion in the world.  
I love all the Muslims,

Including the Sunnis, the Shiites,  
And any other sect there may be.  
I love Islam for what it is,  
For God moves through it,  
And the people are  
My brothers and sisters in God Himself.

I love Hinduism  
And everything it stands for,  
Especially the way it promotes world peace.  
The poetry of the Epics are beautiful,  
Such as 'The Ramayana, '  
And the 'Bhaghama Vita.'  
Its monism is amazing,  
How we are all a part of the universe together,  
Through Brahman,  
Its essential spirit.  
Artha is a wonderful thing,  
In which we partake of the materials  
Of this world;  
Kama is another wonderful thing,  
In which we experience pleasure.  
Dharma, however, is the most wonderful thing,  
In which we all do our duties  
To maintain the balance of the universe.  
We focus on what we need to do and  
Forget about materialism and greed in life.  
Karma is also wonderful,  
In which we are rewarded or punished  
Based on how we lived according to our dharma  
In our past lives,  
For we live the best we can  
To fulfil that duty.  
The gods and their tales are wonderful images,  
Showing the beautiful poetry behind  
How the Hindus evolved over time,  
And they are all beautiful,  
And I love to read them again and again,  
Especially when one reads about  
Vishnu (when he becomes Rama and etc.) ,  
Brahma or Siva,  
Indra or Agni,

Or whatever else there is.  
It is wonderful.  
The Vedas are great,  
And the Upanishads are even greater,  
In the way they describe Brahman.  
It's a wonderful thing to see,  
Especially when all the people want  
To live in harmony.

I love Buddhism,  
And I love Siddhartha Gautama,  
The Buddha,  
And everything he stands for,  
For he believes in trying to submit oneself  
To others instead of focusing on the self.  
He achieved Nirvana,  
And all of his followers try  
To achieve the same thing.  
His teachings are magnificent,  
And his idea of a caste-less society  
Was amazing, too.  
Meditation is a wonderful thing,  
And I find it remarkable,  
The way it can bring you peace,  
For it is wonderful,  
And I know nothing that can be better  
For the body and the soul.  
I love all the Buddhist sects,  
The Mahayana,  
The Zen,  
And whatever else there is.  
They are all wonderful,  
And like the previous three,  
God moves through this one,  
And all the people are  
My brothers and sisters before Him.  
I love Buddhism and everything  
It stands for.

I love Taoism,  
And everything it stands for,  
Because it seeks balance in nature,

And the Yin and the Yang  
Are the balance in the world.  
I like how the people strive  
To maintain peace in the world  
And let the world be as it is,  
For the Tao is the harmony of the Spirit,  
And of all the world,  
And even St. Francis of Assisi  
Embraced the Tao a long time ago.  
I love Taoism,  
And Taoists are still God's people.  
I love them with all of my heart, too.

I love Shintoism,  
And how it strives for harmony.  
The people 'dance' every day when  
They worship and when they  
Live in peace.  
They strive for brotherhood,  
And they strive for peace.  
It is a wonderful religion  
That sees the beauty in nature and  
Everything else around it.

I love Sikhism,  
And how it strives for peace as well.  
It is an Abrahamic religion,  
That seeks to serve God  
And all of His people.  
The way the live is humble,  
And the way they focus on community  
Is great, too,  
For they believe they are all  
Brothers and sisters before Him.  
They go about their lives,  
Living prayerfully,  
And they do the best they can  
To serve God and His people  
Before all else.  
Their beliefs are beautiful,  
And I love how God works through them.

I love Jainism,  
And everything it stands for,  
For it is Abrahamic, too,  
And it seeks world peace.  
Every Jain is good to each other,  
Because they are inspired by God  
To do good to each other  
And to be pacific in all that they do.  
They are a docile people,  
And some of the kindest people  
I have ever met;  
I love what they do,  
And I love how they live their lives.  
They respect God's creation  
And God Himself before themselves.  
Their egos are perhaps non-existent,  
And their stress on solidarity  
Is a remarkable thing.

I love Zoroastrianism,  
For it is a great religion,  
Believing in the balance of good and evil,  
With the dualism that comes with it,  
Fighting on the side of the good.  
Zoroaster was a great man,  
And I admire his work.  
I love the things that he stood for,  
And I love the people who believe in him  
And the good god they worship.  
They are God's people, too,  
So I love them just as much.

I love Confucianism,  
And many of the things Confucius stood for,  
For he had many great ideas,  
And I took many of them to heart.  
Yet, I do not like how it was used  
To enforce Communism,  
But Confucianism,  
At its heart,  
Was a great thing for the world to see,  
For it allowed people to live in harmony above all.

I love Wicca  
And the idea of sisterhood  
And brotherhood  
It involves.  
The dualism is great,  
And the way Wiccans perform rituals  
Together is a beautiful thing,  
For they see each other as equals,  
And they try their best to make the world  
A better place for all to see.  
I love them,  
And I love what they stand for,  
Especially since my friend is a Wiccan.  
They promote love and peace,  
And God moves through them, too.

As for Scientology,  
I am not against it,  
But some of its beliefs may be strange,  
Yet I do respect their beliefs,  
And I love the way they  
Try to be good people, too.  
Scientologists are still good people,  
And no matter how crazy people may say they are,  
I still love them for who they are  
Because they are people and not drones  
From some distant planet.  
Their religion requires sacrifice,  
And I love the way they are willing  
To give themselves to a good cause,  
Trying to promote world peace.  
They are God's people,  
So I love them with all of my heart.

Satanism is a little worrisome,  
And I don't know how to respond to it,  
But people can believe in it if they want,  
And I will respect them for who they are.  
As long as a Satanist doesn't hurt me,  
I will be fine, I guess,  
But I still respect their beliefs,

And because they are people,  
I love them for being people,  
Not for the sins they may commit  
To try to fulfil their duties.  
I love the person,  
And I hate the sin they may commit.  
I believe that maybe they may have good,  
But I respect their beliefs,  
As long as they are not hurting other people.  
I love the people,  
Not the actions they commit.  
And because they are God's people,  
I will always love them unconditionally.

I am a Christian,  
A Catholic at that,  
So I love all the Christians there are,  
The Nazarene, the Pentecostal,  
The Christian Reformed, the Reformed,  
The Lutheran, The Episcopalian,  
The Calvinist, the Anglican,  
The Roman Catholic and Eastern Catholic,  
The Mennonite, the Amish,  
The Shakers, the Friends of the Light,  
The Baptist, the Methodist,  
The Adventist, the Wesleyan,  
The Church of Christ,  
The Church of God,  
The Unitarians,  
The Quakers, the Lovers of God,  
The Presbyterian, the Trinitarians,  
The Way, the Mormons,  
The Latter-Day Saints,  
The Jehovah's Witnesses,  
The Christian Scientists,  
And the Eastern Orthodox Church.  
They are all wonderful people,  
And we all want to serve God,  
And we do our best to help everyone,  
No matter what or who they are.  
I love my people,  
And I love Jesus,

And I love all the people all over the world.  
Christians are great, too,  
For I am one, also.

I am not a bigot or  
Anything of the sort.  
I believe in ecumenism,  
And I love everyone for who they are.  
People are meant to be loved,  
And I love them for what they believe in,  
And since we are all people of God,  
I love the way we live together in Harmony.  
Solidarity is a great thing,  
And it is how we should live.

Justin Reamer

# Edacity

I have a huge appetite,  
And I eat quite a bit.  
I cannot help myself,  
For I am quite the glutton.

But I will tell you that  
I can try to control my diet as  
Long as you control me and  
Make me starve.

I love cream pies,  
Cakes and ice cream,  
Spinach and olive oil,  
Take-out and fast food,  
And so much more I can't help myself.

But, if you could please help me,  
I would appreciate it,  
For I am becoming obese,  
Getting fatter every day,  
And I will not live for very long  
If you do not help me.  
That's what I need you for.  
Thanks.

Justin Reamer

# Edict

This proclamation is true,  
For it has been issued by the king.  
You are prohibited from drinking water at nighttime  
And eating food during the day;  
This is the edict of the king.

Justin Reamer

# Ehud

O, Ehud,  
O great Judge of Israel,  
Great leader of the Israelites,  
Great servant of God,  
How it was known when you demonstrated bravery.

You knew of the oppression of your people  
Done by the Moabites,  
And Eglon, King of Moab.  
You knew,  
And the Lord chose you,  
And made you His servant,  
And you answered His call.  
You fought for Him,  
And served Him well.

You went to Eglon,  
And you gave him a gift,  
And you tricked him,  
With such treachery,  
Yet you showed your faith,  
And you skewered the fat king  
Into the stomach,  
And you fled and led Israel  
For many years to come.  
May God bless your faith.

Justin Reamer

# Eke

Must we do this?  
I think we have enough,  
But I guess we can increase our money,  
Whatever works for you.

Justin Reamer

# El Introverso

Pasee alrededor de una escuela,

A través de un lugar que se ha olvidado de mí,

Por quien soy,

No lo sé, y sé que soy un forastero.

Soy un forastero,

¿Qué identidad no sé;

Creo que he sido rechazada,

He olvidado quién soy.

Tenía un nombre, o por lo menos —

Creo que tuve uno. Creo que lo hice, pero de nuevo —

No recuerdo si tenía uno.

Recuerdo que siempre fui un buen chico, que yo

Siempre hizo lo que era correcto,

Pero a lo largo de mi infancia, fui despreciado,

Tener confusión de identidad todo el tiempo.

Era bueno en la escuela primaria, para personas fueron

Siempre es bueno para mí. Recuerdo que mis profesores me amó,

Porque yo siempre hice mi tarea y siempre fue muy amable. Mis compañeros,

Cuán grandes eran,

Para que me respetaban por lo que era,

Como era amable y gentil hacia ellos,  
Y escuchado su palabra,  
Y fue paciente y amable hacia ellos,  
Así que me amaban a cambio.

Sé que no lo que pasó en la escuela secundaria, pero  
Al parecer era diferente.

Mis amigos se convirtieron en mis enemigos y me despreciado  
Más.

Yo estaba despechada en la escuela secundaria,

Era muy solitario

No tenía nadie a aferrarse,

O para apoyarse,

Cada vez que necesitaba ayuda.

Yo era diferente,

Nunca fui capaz de encajar,

Nunca encontrar mi identidad,

Yo era incapaz de recibir.

Gente me molestada por todas partes,

Me insultan,

Burlarse de mí,

Pegarme a una pulpa,

Y lanzando mis cosas,

Yo no tenía sentido de pertenencia en todo.

' ¿Qué hice? ¿Qué había hecho daño? '

Le pregunté cuando me han hecho daño, pero sacudieron

Sus cabezas y se rió y dijo:

' Nada; Eres diferente, eso es todo, '

Y me duelen más.

Pronto supe que no caben

Y yo sabía que estaba sola;

Pronto se convirtió en zona muy tranquila,

Y no podía hablar con nadie.

Pronto me convertí en tímido,

Y finalmente me convertí en silencio.

Mis ex 'amigos' me llaman 'Nemo'

Puesto que yo nunca podría anunciar mi nombre.

La escuela intermedia fue aprobada con todas sus tribulaciones

Obstáculos y sus dilemas que me había enfrentado,

Sin embargo, era una persona introvertida,

Y nunca pudiera conocer a gente nueva.

Cuando comenzó la escuela secundaria,

Muchos grupos de amigo habían conseguido juntos,

Y he tratado de encajar,

Pero rechazados

Y me pregunto,

¿Quién soy yo?

No tenía ningún nombre,

Porque no tenía ninguna identidad,

No tenía nadie con que encajo en.

Yo no sabía quién era,

Porque sólo tenía un nombre.

¿Qué significa un nombre,

¿Si no sabes quién eres?

¿Qué podría significar a nadie,

¿Si usted no está aún claro usted mismo?

Un nombre es sólo una etiqueta,

Algo que llevo conmigo,

Puesto que no tengo ningún fondo,

No tengo ningún pasado,

Y quienquiera que sea,

Y lo que soy,

Sé que soy sólo una sombra,  
Coexiste en este mundo,  
Con muchos brillantes estrellas brillando en el cielo,  
Me en la oscuridad de la virtual inexistencia de fundición.  
¿Quién soy yo? Me pregunto yo,  
¿Quién podría ser?

No soy un atleta, un músico o artista,  
Ni soy un estudiante de honores,  
Ni socialite, actor, actor,  
Ni un orador,  
Ni soy un líder, que destaca entre la multitud,  
Ni soy payaso de la clase, un nerd, el comediante, ni el capitán del equipo de fútbol.  
Sólo sé una cosa, que yo soy,  
Que soy una persona introvertida,  
Y puedes encontrarme si te atreves a mirar.  
Me verás en las sombras,  
Revolcándose en la oscuridad,  
Caminando sola en los pasillos.  
Quizás me veas durante el almuerzo,

Comer sola,  
Acompañado por una mesa llena,  
De todos los espíritus del pasado parias  
¿Quién se graduó antes de mí;  
Quizás me veas comiendo en silencio,  
Y a veces en profunda meditación;  
Quizás me veas escribiendo vigorosamente,  
No prestar ninguna atención a nadie.  
Tal vez tenga suerte si me ves en tu salón de clases,  
Pues yo no soy fácil de encontrar,  
Pero si trabajas muy duro,  
Usted puede ser capaz de encontrarme.  
Me siento en el fondo de clase,  
Lejos de donde el ojo puede ver,  
Nadie se sienta a mi lado,  
Y nadie quiere mi compañía.  
Estoy muy lejos de la mirada del profesor,  
Y el profesor no sabe ni siquiera mi nombre;  
Mis compañeros nunca te sientes a mi lado,  
Porque hasta ahora he vuelto,  
Ellos mismos no sabemos ni siquiera mi nombre.

Quizás me veas después de la escuela,  
Caminando en el estacionamiento,  
Atrapado en mi propio pensamiento profundo,  
Y nunca tomar una distracción.  
Encontré en mi propia música,  
Con mis audífonos en los oídos,  
Escuchando mi iPod,  
Que estimula mis sentidos,  
Y me ayuda a concentrarme más,  
Para conocerme, a nadie le importa  
Y nadie pregunta quién soy.  
Yo soy el introvertido,  
Para que no tienen nombre,  
No tengo identidad,  
O ninguna personalidad que cualquiera puede identificar;  
No me cabía en el cuadro,  
Porque yo soy el desconocido,  
Yo soy la sombra que pasa cada día,  
No prestar ninguna atención a mi insignificancia;  
No sé lo que soy,

Y, por supuesto, ya sabes, tampoco;  
No tengo identidad,  
Y yo soy el desconocido que tienes miedo cada noche.  
Puede que no sea humana,  
Y quizá no sea ni animal,  
Pero soy una cosa que piensa,  
Creo, por lo tanto soy.  
Yo soy el desconocido que tienes miedo,  
El que no puedes explicar,  
Yo soy el loco,  
Cuya locura sentido más divina.  
Soy locura,  
Lo que te hace temer más,  
Para sin mi identidad,  
Y desde entonces se han despreciado  
No hay método mucho a mi locura.  
Yo te conozco, pero no me conoces  
Porque yo nunca he conversado,  
Estoy atrapado en mis propios pensamientos,  
Y la sociedad no es para mí.

Nunca encontrará...

Pero pasear todos los días,

Me preguntaba quién soy,

Y lo que soy,

Y todo lo que viene a mí, dudo que

Pero sé que soy una cosa que piensa.

Yo soy el introvertido,

Y yo pienso, luego existo.

Justin Reamer

# El Introvertit

Em vaig passejar per una escola,

A través d'un lloc que ha oblidat m,

Per a qui sóc,

No sé, i sé que sóc un foraster.

Un foraster que sóc,

Quina identitat sé no;

Crec que puc haver estat rebutjats,

Que he oblidat qui sóc.

Jo tenia un nom, o com a mínim —

Crec que en tenia un. Penso que ho feia, però llavors una altra vegada —

No puc recordar si que en tenia un.

Recordo jo sempre era un bon nen, que jo

Sempre feia el que era correcte,

Però al llarg de la meva infantesa, va menysprear,

Haver confusió d'identitat tot el temps.

Jo era bo a l'escola primària, per persones van ser

Sempre és bo per a mi. Recordo que els meus mestres, m'estimava

Sempre feia els meus deures i sempre va ser molt amable. Meus companys,

Com de gran eren,

Per que jo per que jo era, respectat

Com era amable i graciós cap a ells,

I escoltar a la seva cada paraula,

I va ser pacient i amable cap a ells,

Així que ells m'estimava a canvi.

Sé que no el que va passar a l'escola mitjana, però

Pel que sembla era diferent.

Els meus amics es va convertir en meus enemics i menystinguda m

Tots els més.

Em va menysprear a l'escola mitjana,

Va ser molt solitari

No tenia ningú per aferrar-se a,

O inclinar

Cada vegada que necessitava ajuda.

Jo era diferent,

Mai no era capaç d'encaixar,

Mai trobar la meua identitat,

Jo era incapaç de rebre.

Recollit en mi a tot arreu, la gent

Que em cridava a noms,

Burlar-se de mi,

Lluitant per a mi a pols,  
I llençar meves coses al voltant,  
Vaig tenir cap sentit de pertinença en absolut.  
'Què havia fet? Què havia fet per fer-te mal? '  
Jo havia demanat em va doldre, però que va sacsejar  
Seus caps i va riure i va dir:  
' Res; Ets només diferents, això és tot, '  
I em va doldre més.  
Aviat jo sabia que no podia cabre  
I jo sabia que estava sol;  
Aviat em vaig fer molt tranquil,  
I no podia parlar amb ningú.  
Aviat em vaig convertir en tímid,  
I finalment em vaig convertir mut.  
Meus antics 'amics' em diu 'Nemo'  
Des de llavors mai podria annunciate meu nom.  
L'escola mitjana passa amb totes les seves tribulacions  
Seus obstacles i dilemes que tenia davant,  
No obstant això, jo era un introvertit,  
I jo mai podria conèixer gent nova.  
Quan va començar l'escola secundària,

Molts grups amic havia aconseguit junts,  
I intentava encaixar,  
Però que defugien m  
I em pregunto, va fer  
Qui sóc jo?

Jo no tenia nom,  
Per jo tenia cap identitat,  
No tenia ningú que encaixar en.  
No sabia qui era jo,  
Per jo només tenia un nom.  
Què un nom significa,  
Si no saps qui ets?  
Què podria dir a ningú,  
Si no esteu segur fins i tot tu mateix?  
Un nom és només una etiqueta,  
Una cosa que porto amb mi,  
Des d'aleshores tinc sense fons,  
No tinc cap passat,  
I qui sóc,  
I el que sóc,

Sé que sóc només una ombra,  
Conviure en aquest món,  
Amb moltes estrelles brillants brillant en el cel,  
Càsting m en la foscor de la inexistència virtual.  
Qui sóc jo? Em pregunto a mi mateix,  
Que jo mai podria ser?

Jo no sóc un esportista, un músic o un artista,  
Ni estic estudiant d'honors,  
Ni un socialite, un actor, un amant dels espectacles,  
Ni un orador,  
Ni estic un líder, que destaca en la multitud,  
Ni sóc jo el pallasso de la classe, un nerd, el comediant, ni capità de l'equip de futbol.  
Només sé una cosa que sóc,  
Que sóc un introvertit,  
I vostè pot trobar-me si t'atreveixes a mirar.  
Vostè em veuran en les ombres,  
Rebolcar-se en la foscor,  
Caminant només en els passadissos.  
Vostè em pot veure durant el dinar,

Menjar per mi mateix,  
Acompanyat per una completa taula,  
De tots els esperits dels pàries passats  
Que es va graduar davant meu;  
Vostè pot veure'm en silenci, menjar  
I a vegades pensament profund;  
Vostè pot veure'm escriure vigorosament,  
Atenent cap a ningú.  
Pot ser afortunat si em vegis en la teva aula,  
Perquè jo no sóc fàcil de trobar,  
Però si intentes molt dur,  
Vostè pot ser capaç de trobar-me.  
Vaig seure a la part posterior de la classe,  
Lluny d'on l'ull pot veure,  
Ningú s'asseu al meu costat,  
I ningú vol la meva empresa.  
Estic lluny de la mirada del mestre,  
I el mestre ni tan sols saben el meu nom;  
Meus companys mai no seure al meu costat,  
Perquè jo sóc tan lluny altra vegada,  
Els mateixos no fins i tot saber el meu nom.

Vostè pot veure'm després de l'escola,  
Caminant en l'aparcament,  
Atrapats en el meu propi pensament profund,  
I mai prenent una distracció.  
Em serà capturat en la meva pròpia música,  
Amb els meus earbuds a les meves orelles,  
Ecoltar al meu iPod,  
Que estimula els meus sentits,  
I em concentri més, ajuda a  
A ningú li importa a conèixer-me,  
I ningú es pregunta qui sóc.  
Jo sóc la introvertit,  
Perquè I tenen sense nom,  
No tinc cap identitat,  
O no personalitat que algú pot identificar;  
No cabre en la caixa,  
Perquè jo sóc el desconegut,  
Jo sóc l'ombra que passa cada dia,  
Atenent no meu insignificança;  
Jo no sé què sóc,

I, per descomptat, vostè sap, tampoc;  
No tinc cap identitat,  
I jo sóc el desconegut que por cada nit.  
No pot ser humà,  
I jo no podria ser fins i tot animal,  
Però jo sóc una cosa que pensa,  
Penso, existeixo.  
Jo estic al desconegut que té por,  
Aquell que no puc explicar,  
Sóc el boig,  
La bogeria té sentit diví.  
Sóc bogeria,  
Que fa por mi més,  
Per sense la meva identitat,  
I ja que vostè té menystinguda m,  
Hi ha molta mètode a la meva bogeria.  
Et conec, però no em coneixes,  
Perquè jo mai no haver conversaren,  
Jo estic atrapat en els meus propis pensaments,  
I la societat no és per a mi.

Vostè mai no pot trobar-me,  
Però vaig passejar cada dia,  
Preguntant qui sóc,  
I el que sóc,  
I dubto que tot el que ve a mi,  
Però sé que sóc una cosa que pensa.  
Jo sóc la introvertit,  
I penso, existeixo.  
Justin Reamer

# El Loco

Walking around in your underwear,  
Screaming like a banshee,  
You impress no one with a bottle in your hand,  
Filled with booze to the top,  
Half-full or half-empty,  
No one cares, amigo,  
For you look like an idiot doing the  
Things you are doing.

No one understands your raving,  
No one understands you in your drunkenness,  
Whether you suffer from dementia or schizophrenia,  
No one really knows,  
But you're barfing all over,  
And your hangover will get you nowhere.  
Drop the bottle,  
Stop partying,  
And come join us in reality,  
Where you truly belong.

Justin Reamer

# Election Prayer To Mary

O Most Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Mercy, at this most critical time, we entrust the United States of America to your loving care.

Most Holy Mother, we beg you to reclaim this land for the glory of your Son. Overwhelmed with the burden of the sins of our nation, we cry to you from the depths of our hearts and seek refuge in your motherly protection.

Look down with mercy upon us and touch the hearts of our people. Open our minds to the great worth of human life and to the responsibilities that accompany human freedom.

Free us from the falsehoods that lead to the evil of abortion and threaten the sanctity of family life. Grant our country the wisdom to proclaim that God's law is the foundation on which this nation was founded, and that He alone is the True Source of our cherished rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

O Merciful Mother, give us the courage to reject the culture of death and the strength to build a new Culture of Life.

Justin Reamer

# Elena Passarello

A woman of a thin stature,  
A pretty face and pretty eyes,  
A warm smile, a contagious laugh,  
A melodic voice and a deeper understanding,  
Elena Passarello- essayist extraordinaire-  
Is an author and an actress of extreme talent.  
As she writes, she acts at the same time,  
And she gives her public readings energetically,  
Sharing her essays theatrically like those  
Of David Sedaris, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and many others.

She engages her audience much like Dickens did  
As he gave his public readings so long ago  
During the Victorian Era in England  
When he was still alive.

She acts out her part, screams when she must,  
Heightens emotions when she needs to,  
Intensifies the suspense in the audience,  
Provokes anger and sadness and despair  
Whenever she deems it necessary,  
And explains everything precisely.

She is quick-witted and jocose,  
Engaging the audience in laughter,  
Letting them in on inside jokes,  
And exploring their sense of humour and understanding,  
Helping them see the world in a different way than  
They may have experienced before.  
Her speech is long, melodic, and euphonious,  
Engaging the reader and the listener alike  
In every inch of her creativity and compassion.  
Yet, she is empathetic and compassionate  
As she can understand the writer who seeks her guidance,  
For she knows them certainly and never backs away  
From them as they seek her help.  
She is a mentor, an actress, an author, and a thespian,  
All combined to make one of the greatest writers  
The world has ever known.



# Elizabeth

A woman of great prowess,  
Who sits in the chair on her laptop,  
Typing away and  
Working on her presentation,  
She works hard to finish the semester.

Her hair is long and brown,  
Flowing like a waterfall to  
Her shoulders,  
And when the sun hits it,  
It glows in the light.

Her eyes are brown,  
Like cedar wood,  
Piercing,  
Yet studious and intent.  
When she smiles,  
Her eyes brighten in joy,  
Showing the portals to her soul,  
And when angry,  
They burn with fire,  
Warning you to stay away.  
Yet, she loves all of her friends,  
And her loyalty is strong with those she loves.

Her heart beats a million  
Times a minute  
Every time she notices  
Humanity in its simplest delight,  
Or when she comes across  
Her significant other,  
Who reciprocates her unconditional love.

She reads and writes,  
And is a little quirky,  
But her heart is very giving,  
Welcoming everyone into the  
Depth and warmth of  
Its great hot springs,

Which comfort all.  
It beats for love,  
For happiness, for peace,  
And for justice.

She cares about social justice,  
Believing in the dignity  
Of every human being  
By following in the example  
Of Jesus Christ  
And giving everyone the  
Respect and dignity  
They deserve.

She gives constantly  
By giving her money,  
Her belongings,  
Her life,  
Her body,  
And her soul  
To all those who are less fortunate.  
She lends an ear to a friend  
In need,  
Lends a hand to someone  
Who needs help,  
And gives herself wholeheartedly  
To the Will of Jesus Christ.

Elizabeth is a great woman,  
A great friend  
I will always know,  
And my beloved sister in Christ.

Justin Reamer

# Ellipsis

I don't know it...

Justin Reamer

# Em Dash

The greatest thing is this-  
The em dash is the best thing  
Because you can use it  
Whenever you have to make a point.

Justin Reamer

# Emily

Emily, I can remember  
When I first met you on  
The Work Camp trip to Montana,  
How quiet and shy you were,  
And how unwilling you were to speak,  
How introverted you were,  
And yet I saw the sweetness in you,  
The pretty smile that you reveal  
To everybody when you laugh,  
And the wonderful laughter that comes with it,  
And the way your face lights up  
When something good happens to you.

You may have been quiet then,  
But you sure have grown a lot more extroverted,  
Becoming the ambivert you are,  
And you have become beautiful just  
Like your wonderful sister.

You are great, Emily,  
Never forget that;  
You have the capability to do  
Anything in this world that you want,  
And all you have to do is reach for it.  
I think you are one of the bravest,  
Smartest, most beautiful,  
Most courageous, toughest,  
Kindest, most vivacious women  
That I have ever met.  
I know that you will succeed wherever you go.

So don't worry about what may happen  
Or what won't,  
Just worry about who you are,  
And challenge yourself to do the best you can,  
So that you can succeed.  
I know you can succeed, Em,  
And I know you will grow stronger,  
For you are whom you are now,

And you will grow even stronger,  
To become the most beautiful  
And most intelligent woman in the world.  
So go after it,  
And make your claim;  
You can do it,  
And you will succeed.  
I have faith in you,  
So don't let me down.  
May God bless you in all you do!

Justin Reamer

# Emissary

I am the representative,  
Here on a mission,  
Just so you know,  
You should listen to me.

Justin Reamer

# Emollient

You know,  
When you massage me,  
It feels so good,  
Especially to my skin,  
Because it feels so good  
That it feels nice and smooth.

Justin Reamer

# Empathy

I know why the caged bird sings,  
Though beautiful it sounds to others,  
Dreadful it sounds to me.

Listen, listen as he cries out,  
Singing in his despair;  
Listen to his moans,  
Wishing to be set free.

A prisoner, hoping to be liberated,  
He cries out for his freedom,  
Wondering why he's in captivity.  
Listen closely, my friend,  
And you will hear his silent tears.

Oh, little bird, don't torment yourself so;  
I know how you feel,  
For I, too, am a captive, a convict,  
A prisoner of my past,  
Incarcerated for crimes I didn't commit.

I am a slave to my master,  
My own abuser and his abuse,  
And I suffer so, reliving them every day,  
Suffering from the harsh reality  
That bonds me in chains  
And weighs me down slowly,  
Never to get up,  
Never to be free.

Oh, little bird, I know your pain;  
I know your suffering;  
I can hear your awful cries.  
I'm sorry what they did to you,  
But I promise you things  
Will get better for you.

Even though we both suffer,  
We both suffer together,

But in the end,  
Our chains will break,  
And we shall soon be set free.

Justin Reamer

# Emulation

I will equal Dickens someday,  
You just wait.  
I will prove you all wrong  
When I can emulate his work.  
You just watch me,  
I will do it!

Justin Reamer

# En Dash

I hate it when they say it-  
But I must admit it-  
It is very interesting

Justin Reamer

# Encumbrance

I can't help myself,  
This impediment is too great,  
For I am sinking into the sand,  
For no help is to my avail,  
For I am about to die.  
Someone please help me!

Justin Reamer

# Enervation

Depriving them of strength  
May be the best strategy we have.

Justin Reamer

# Enigma

A thing with two heads,  
One with a mouth full of teeth,  
The other with a mouth of gums.  
One vicious and shrewd and cruel,  
The other kind, giving, and benevolent.  
One with a halo over its head;  
The other with horns raising high.  
On one side, a rotten wing and  
A wrinkled, disgusting hand  
With sharp, unclean claws on each finger,  
The other side with a feathered wing,  
A fine, soft hand,  
And neatly trimmed nails that  
Are soft to the touch.  
One head with burning eyes, always angry,  
Letting off a sort of coldness,  
A sort of freezing that makes one uneasy,  
And darkness all around it,  
Like on a winter night in the middle of January;  
The other with warm eyes,  
With warm heat emanating from it,  
And a luminescence about it,  
Like noontime on a summer day in July.

One head with good intentions,  
The other with evil.  
One does what's best,  
The other whines and complains.  
One tries to help people,  
The other tries to harm.  
One smiles at good things;  
The other grimaces at them.  
One frowns at bad things;  
The other smiles at them.  
One is agreeable,  
The other bickers and fights.  
One loves to give,  
The other likes to take.  
One is selfless;

The other is selfish.  
One is thoughtful;  
The other is thoughtless.  
One performs actions;  
The other merely speaks.  
One has something to say;  
The other says something.  
One tells the truth;  
The other lies.  
One is for honesty and frankness;  
The other for trickery and deceit.

One gives life,  
The other takes away.  
One is charitable,  
The other avaricious.  
One likes to console,  
The other to torment.  
One likes to encourage;  
The other to discourage.  
One likes to guide;  
The other to tempt.  
One likes to compliment;  
The other to insult.  
One likes humility;  
The other vanity.  
One likes to work hard;  
The other to slack.  
One is the Light;  
The other the Darkness.

What is this being?  
What is it that makes it so strange?  
'Tis an enigma, surely,  
Something we may not comprehend,  
But sure is something quite interesting.

Justin Reamer

# Enjoining

We must do this now;  
It's an emergency!  
It is urgent that we speak,  
For we are losing time!  
Let's do it because we have to,  
Now let's get moving.

Justin Reamer

# Envy

I am one of the deadly sins,  
Something that will make death come to you  
If you should feel me at all.

I am one of your emotions  
Something you might not be able to control,  
Something that will make you mad  
If I were to make you feel it.

I am that feeling of desire,  
Which you feel most of all,  
That comes with lust,  
Comes with materialism,  
Comes with things you cannot explain.

I am the thing you will regret,  
If you should  
Ever  
Get  
Your  
Way.

I am what you call jealousy,  
That thing that makes the green-eyed monster,  
Or one of them, anyway.  
I make you jealous,  
For I make you want your best friend's girlfriend,  
Make you desire your neighbour's wife,  
Making you covet her in every way,  
And making your lustful  
Dreams come true.

I am the thing that makes you materialistic  
Making you covet your neighbour's house,  
Coveting the new lawn mower he received,  
And the new 3D Tv he got at the store.  
I make you covet the new cell phone  
Your best friend has,  
The new iPhone 4S with Siri on it and everything.  
I make you covet your brother's new Lamborghini,  
And your father's Chevy Camaro that was redone,

And your uncle's Ford Galaxy 500,  
Which are all very appealing to your eyes,  
Since you love cars so much.  
I make your son covet his best friend's  
New WiiU,  
And his new Nintendo 3DS  
Because he thinks it is so cool.  
I make your wife covet her co-worker's Gucci,  
The beautiful \$500 purse she is not able to afford,  
And I make your daughter covet her best friend's  
Beautiful prom dress  
Because you are not able to afford the beautiful  
expensive dress for \$2500.

I make you act in jealousy  
When your wife is talking to another man,  
For you become angry,  
And you feel as if you are  
Being cockolded.  
You will not let a man take a hold of your wife,  
And you will not let some buffoon make a fool out of you.  
Your wife is beautiful,  
And no one can lay eyes on her but you,  
And if anyone DOES touch her,  
He is in a world of danger.  
No one will cross you,  
For you know your ground,  
And he knows his.  
No one flirts with your wife.  
After all, I do make you Ernest Hemingway.

I also make you act like Cain  
When your brother gets all the attention from your parents,  
For you never got anything,  
And he always got the praise.  
I move you to do evil,  
And, yes, I encourage you.  
I am your human forethought,  
And only you can resist me.

I am envy,  
I am a deadly sin,

And you know that,  
However, I am just instinct,  
Like all of the other sins,  
And it amuses me to see you people fall,  
For we are the wild beings in the night,  
Released from the pits of hell.

Justin Reamer

# Epigram

White folks and black folks, living side by side,  
Gays and lesbians, living quite nearby.

Racism ain't no big deal, with segregation now gone,  
And homosexuals, they have their own problems at dawn.

So, no problems in America, since homos ain't human,  
Then it makes me wonder, what is all this gloomin?

Justin Reamer

# Epitaph

Here lies Bridgette Sommers,  
Wonderful wife and mother,  
Who died of forgetting to  
Take a shower the day before.

Justin Reamer

# Ere

Before this,  
I was a man of integrity,  
But now,  
I am a wretch.  
Kill me, if you have to,  
Ere I kill you first.

Justin Reamer

# Erin

Erin, I hope you understand  
That you are greater than  
What people give you credit for.  
You are very sweet,  
Very kind and very smart,  
And very cute,  
And very witty and funny,  
And very lively.

It does not matter what  
Your past was,  
But it matters about  
Where you finish,  
Remember that.

Your future is the  
Greatest aspect of your life  
Right now,  
And even though some guy  
Just walked all over you,  
Don't give in to defeat,  
For there is a lot still standing  
For you.

You have a lot of potential,  
And you will be the greatest  
Teacher that there ever will be,  
And you are so much more than  
What people give you credit for.

You are so good with kids,  
And you are such a role model,  
That your students will look up to you,  
And that you will change their lives.  
You might not see what  
I see in the mirror,  
But I do know that you will succeed,  
No matter what anyone has done to you.

You are very confident,  
And I can see that in your eyes,  
And I can see that you will succeed,  
No matter what happens.

You just have to do as Dr Martin said,  
Focus on the books,  
And do not get lost,  
And do not be cute,  
For you are 'ugly',  
(As he words it) ,  
And you will work toward  
Your biggest goal in life-  
Going into the POHI programme.

You know that you are capable,  
And you know that you are great,  
For you the greatest woman in the world,  
And you will change so many people's lives.  
I hope you can be happy,  
And I hope that no one will hurt you,  
And that you will not let anyone destroy you,  
But instead know that you are beautiful,  
And that you are the greatest woman  
In the entire world,  
And that no one and nothing can stand in your way.

Life can be capricious, and you know it is true,  
But don't let Fate decide your life,  
And don't let Death take it away,  
But let your heart guide you  
In the right direction,  
And let it take you to success.

You know what you want out of life,  
And you know what you want to do,  
And you know you can complete it,  
So go out and succeed.

You are a great woman, my friend,  
And you can pull it off,  
And you know that you can succeed,

With your confidence and ambition;  
So don't wear yourself out,  
And know that you are special,  
And that you are the greatest person  
To do what you are doing right now.

Justin Reamer

## Eros' Arrow

Oh, dear friend! Your love is woeful,  
And you know it fully well,  
That it is not true.

Every time you see her, your heart becomes arrhythmic,  
And your eyes spark with joy,  
Your face turns into a stupid smile,  
Your skin turns pink,  
You feel as light as a feather,  
And as light as butter,  
And you sigh as you see her walk past, feeling utterly euphoric for whatever reason.

But, sir, you are blind to the truth, for you know not what this girl thinks of you;  
You can love her all you want, but you will never know what she thinks of her.

Let me tell you, sir, your love is unrequited;

This girl is preposterous and treacherous;

She does not care if someone likes her, and she does not care if someone will give his life,

For as beautiful as she is, she will manipulate you, and will make sure you get hurt.

Stay away, for she is venomous, and will make sure that you suffer;

So do not remain blind to the truth;

Use your senses, and save yourself from Eros' dreadful arrow.

Justin Reamer

# Erotema

So where does the sun set in the evening?  
Where do we find a rat when he is hungry?  
Should we kill each other just to find food?  
Where does rain come from?  
Should we help people when they are in need?  
Don't answer those questions, my students,  
For they are rhetorical questions,  
Erotemas, at best,  
For you should know the answers to them by now.

Justin Reamer

# Eschew

Leave me alone,  
I don't want to talk to you;  
Let me be,  
I am shunning you now.  
So go with your friends,  
And play with your toys;  
I don't need you now.

Justin Reamer

# Esse

Who are we human beings?  
What are we doing on this earth?  
What is our purpose in this world?  
What is the purpose of the universe?

We are human beings,  
And yes, we do exist;  
I am very well aware of this;  
But what are we doing on this earth?  
It confuses me to think about it.

Our existence is a mystery,  
Even to modern scientists,  
But still, there is something more to it,  
And I'm not sure what it is.

But then again I figure it out,  
For there is a reason why we are here  
Because the Creator,  
God Himself,  
Put us here to make the world  
A better place for all of His creation.

We are here to serve Him,  
For that is why we exist,  
For He wants us to obey Him,  
And to love everyone as  
He loves all of us.

This is a great way to exist,  
And there is nothing better  
Than serving the Lord Himself.

Justin Reamer

# Eternal Darkness

Light is no reason to hope;  
It has all been drained long ago.  
Standing here, I am surrounded  
By interminable darkness,  
No light shining through.  
Death takes his victims by surprise  
As screams of the possessed  
Echo throughout the walls and corridors.

Murder is no stranger here,  
Plague and famine already best friends;  
Cannibalism is no foreigner,  
Just as deceit and fraud are familiars.  
Suffering, here, is but a metaphor,  
A figment of our imaginations,  
Since it's an inevitable part  
Of our dreadful existence,  
Something with which we cannot part.

I, myself, cannot see with my eyes.  
I cannot hear or touch, taste or smell;  
The world is oblivion; I am nothing to it,  
And it is nothing to me, as one can see.  
Like René Descartes, I realise my thoughts  
Are the only true token of my existence,  
And everything else is void, surrounded  
By all that is dark and evil in our nature.  
Sensory is gone; perception non-existent.  
Whatever happened is nothing but a  
Lost memory to all who live now.

But then...sight—  
Something in the void;  
I see the thing coming,  
Illuminating the vacuum.  
The thing illuminates the world,  
And I think clearly now.  
Like a lantern at my feet,  
The light source enlightens me,

Giving me knowledge and wisdom  
I had lost before the plague.

It encourages and strengthens me,  
Making me aware of my existence.  
Although Light was once bleak,  
I now realise its importance—  
The saviour of humanity,  
To bring light back into the world  
So everyone again can see the  
Beauty of this wonderful world.

Justin Reamer

# Euphuism

Life is so great,  
It is like skydiving from great heights,  
Feeling the wind rush against your face,  
As you parachute through the air,  
Making colossal velocity.

I am happy as ever could be,  
Drunk on the air of nature,  
Bees and butterflies fluttering around me,  
Making me feel like the happiest man in the world.

The stars sparkle as they rejoice  
At my very presence,  
For they are happy that I am happy,  
And the trees whisper and dance,  
For they dance with me as  
I dance myself to sleep.

I could never be happier,  
For I can feel the wonders  
Of love going through  
My bloodstream at this very moment.  
There is nothing better than that.

Justin Reamer

# Europa

My island that I live on,  
I fight to survive,  
Surviving zombies and skeletons,  
Spiders and Creepers,  
Wolves and birds of such,  
I must survive the wilderness.  
For this is my world,  
Filled with so many creatures,  
And many climates,  
With an ocean,  
A volcano,  
Rainforests and deserts,  
Mountains and skylines,  
Forests and jungles,  
The Tundra and the taiga,  
I fight to survive here.

Justin Reamer

# Expectoration

I have too much phlegm in my mouth;  
I can't breathe at all!

Justin Reamer

# Exponent

I am a champion,  
And I am the best,  
For you cannot beat me,  
I have no duress.

So don't even try,  
For I will beat you,  
For I am an exponent,  
And I am a champion  
Who supports others like me.

Justin Reamer

# Exposition

I hope this explains it to you  
To the best of my ability, dear sir.

Justin Reamer

# Expound

I give you great detail,  
About the accident that happened,  
For it would only make sense  
To explain the circumstances to you.  
I hope you understand.

Justin Reamer

# Extirpation

I will destroy thee,  
Hahaha!

Justin Reamer

# Eyes Of The Sun

As I stand on the beach,  
A beautiful girl stands next to me,  
We walk down the beach,  
Feeling the soft sand upon our feet.

We then walk upon the shore,  
The water rushing against our feet,  
And we walks hand-in-hand,  
As the sun begins to set.

I look at the girl right next to me,  
Knowing this this is a dream,  
But it is reality,  
In my subconscious at least.

But standing next to me,  
Is a nymph of immense beauty,  
Or an angel in the least,  
And she was quite so beautiful,  
She was looking right back at me.

Her smile then came upon her face,  
Showing her bright white teeth,  
And her cute, soft laughter came about,  
As it was heard among the waves.

Her long blond hair  
Was blowing in the wind,  
And her beautiful smile  
Remained upon her face.

Her beautiful blue eyes  
Showed lots of energy,  
They had the light of the sun,  
Showing her jubilation.

And, at this, I could see her soul,  
For she was a child at heart,  
No one would hurt her,

When I was around,  
For I was there to protect her.

Her smile then continued to show,  
And she whispered something to me.  
She whispered in my ear,  
'I am happy to be with you.'

I looked at her bright gaze,  
Which showed all her energy,  
And I said to her silently,  
'I am happy to be with you, too.'

Then we embraced for a long time,  
And then I slowly let go,  
I could not fail to remember,  
The eyes of the sun.

I woke up from my dream,  
As I began to realise,  
But I still remember it,  
From every day to now.

Justin Reamer

# Facebook

When I go onto the internet  
To explore this foreign country  
In which no one has dared to  
Do beforehand in which we stand,  
I realise that this foreign country  
Has a name, and it has been settled  
By many people, including me,  
Since the year 2004.  
This country is called Facebook,  
A cyber country that  
Was discovered by Mark Zuckerberg  
Back in early 2004.  
People have explored it for the  
Longest time, and even I  
Have been lured into its immense mystery.

As I enter the country's border,  
Which I sail to it by the ocean,  
And enter upon its solid, sandy shores,  
I come upon a border guard,  
Who demand I give him my name.

'Hey! You there! What's your name? '  
He asks me, in his solid, gaunt voice.

'My name is Tom Wolfe, sir,  
And I come here from the land  
Of Holland, Michigan, for a  
Vacation, ' I said to him.

'Ah, so you are the man named  
Super Mario, ' he said, looking  
Through his logbook. 'What is  
Your password, dear sir? '

I said to him, 'My password is LuigiRock774,  
Mr Border Guard.'

'Do you have your visa? ' he asked me.

'Visa? ' I asked him.

'Your passport.'

'Yes, I do, ' I said, and gave it to him,  
Setting it in front of his face.

'Very good, ' he said. 'I will  
Check it for you.'

'Thanks, ' I muttered,  
Watching him peruse my visa.

The border guard checked his logbook  
And perused it carefully.  
'You are admitted to pass, Tom.  
Be careful about what you say and do.'

'Thank you, ' I said to him. 'Thank you  
Very much.'

I passed the border guard as I  
Entered the land of Facebook,  
And I was amazed to see what I found.  
There were people in groups of all sorts,  
Some meeting in public,  
And some meeting in quiet, secluded areas,  
As if in secret.  
People were sending mail to others  
Through their mailboxes like  
The US Postal Service does. They did  
Not even need a stamp to send their letters.  
People were sharing photos with  
Each other through their photo albums.  
They were showing movies they had made  
On a big projector screen.  
They were recommending videos  
To each other, as well, of what they  
Had seen and heard.  
Advertisers of big corporations such as  
Microsoft and Apple, Inc., were going

Around and advertising,  
And everyone was 'liking' everything they brought.

There were books with pages and pages  
Of information, and  
People were 'liking' that, too.  
People were texting each other on their cell phones,  
Having the best times of their lives.  
People were playing addicting arcade games for free.  
I thought to myself,

No wonder why Facebook is  
A good vacations spot. It is its  
Own little country!  
People go here all the time. It  
Blew my mind away. I could not  
Believe this. Facebook had the largest  
Population in the entire world.  
It was crazy beyond belief.

Justin Reamer

# Facetious

Yeah, that will do the trick.  
Taking someone to Atlanta to see  
Some building is the most brilliant  
Idea I have ever heard.  
Good job, Rob.

Justin Reamer

# Facile

That was easy,  
No kidding;  
Didn't take much effort at all!

Justin Reamer

# Fain

I am willing to admit  
That I stole the money,  
But you must trust me on this one,  
That guy had a gun to my head!

Justin Reamer

# Faith

People always wonder whether God exists,  
Whether or not He is really out there,  
And if He loves us,  
And if He is watching over us;  
And, yes, believing in that without any  
Explanation can be very difficult for some people,  
But it's seeing the things that people can do  
That help the world that can help all the while.

I have not had the best life,  
And yet, I see God in everything,  
And I believe He is there,  
Looking out for me,  
For He has done so much for me,  
More than what I can count,  
But yes, with many memorable actions.

They all seemed like miracles,  
The things that came to me,  
All the things that came and went,  
And all the things that seemed impossible.

For my life was not great,  
And I looked for some truth,  
But I thought I could find none,  
And yes, I was depressed.

My father left when I was little,  
And it made me very sad,  
And life, I thought, could get worse,  
No matter what happened.

I was picked on a lot throughout my childhood,  
And, my life got so terrible,  
That I tried to commit suicide,  
And I could have died then.

However, an angel came down to me,  
And saved me from imminent death,

For he told me I had a lot to live for,  
And life would get better from there.

And life did get better from there,  
For I was saved from depression,  
And I was making many good friends,  
And I had people to share my life with,  
And finally found happiness.

God saved me from death,  
And depression,  
And eternal sadness.  
He had been watching out for me,  
No matter what.

I also see Him in every good deed,  
Since there are good people out there,  
It is as if He works through them,  
And I see things that seem like magic.

I see Him in people when they  
Help people off the ground,  
Give someone his or her lost item,  
Help a child who is lost,  
Counsel people who need counselling,  
Listen to their friends,  
Help people in whatever way is necessary,  
Help people with tasks when it's not required of them,  
And many other things.

God is out there,  
And He loves all of us.  
The things He has done for me  
Has inspired my faith,  
And, yes, I am glad for the things He  
Has done for me,  
But all it requires is having  
A little faith

Justin Reamer

# Famacide

You're the guy who got me demoted!  
Let me at em!

Justin Reamer

# Family Watching Television

There they were,  
Sitting in the living room,  
Watching the television as a yardball game  
Starring Denard Robinson appears on the screen.  
Enthusiasm illuminates the room  
As Michigan begins to play their game.

At every play, tension grows;  
At every fumble, a curse;  
At every interception, a groan;  
At every penalty, a boo;  
At every pass interference, a complaint.

At every first down, a high-five;  
At every completed pass, a small cheer;  
At every touchdown, manic euphoria;  
And at the end of the game, hysterical applause.

But as the game ends,  
The winners gloat  
As the losers moan,  
Trying to make a point.  
But life goes on as the  
Insignificance of the game is long forgotten.

Justin Reamer

# Farceur

You are quite the farceur, aren't you?  
Thinking everything is a joke  
And everything can be laughed at.  
Well, even though it's a good thing to laugh  
At certain things, my friend,  
I must tell you that  
There is a time and place for everything.  
If you can't take life seriously,  
Then you will be seriously screwed.

Justin Reamer

# Farm

Ducking, blowing.

Cocking, clucking, bending over,

And making the sun go sing to its tune,

Screwing up every agenda that maybe there may be

There ever was to this day,

For the farmer is busy,

And to busy to be with us,

For that what he do.

Justin Reamer

# Fatalism

I love my friends and family, but I cannot live forever.  
I love my friends and family, but I cannot live forever  
I love my friends and family, but I cannot live foreve  
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Justin Reamer

# Father In Heaven

Dear Father,

You are the Greatest Spirit in my life,  
For You are one in three persons,  
For I love You for all that You do,  
And I thank You for sending Jesus to us  
And sacrificing himself  
To save us from our sins,  
And to bring us into heaven,  
And I also thank You for blessing us  
With the Holy Spirit,  
The Dove which works as an inspiration,  
The Muse which speaks to us to do good.

Thank You, Father,  
For all the blessings You have bestowed on us,  
My family, that is,  
By giving us the food we eat,  
The water we drink,  
The shelter we live in,  
The clothes we wear on our backs,  
The people we have to support us,  
The educational opportunities we have,  
The insurance we have, as well,  
And so much more.

Father, You are the holder of my life,  
For You hold my life in your hands,  
And I want to thank You for letting me live another day.  
I love You with all of my heart,  
And I love You with all of my soul.  
I want to thank You for the friends and family  
That I have;  
I want to thank You for saving  
Me from death four times;  
I want to thank You for saving  
Me from my own depression,  
And falling to my own will;  
I want to thank You for granting me happiness in life;

I want to thank You for the people  
That matter a lot to me;  
I want to thank You for all the knowledge I have,  
All the wisdom I have,  
And all the kindness I have through You,  
For You give me strength;  
I want to thank You for always being at my side,  
And helping me when I need You,  
And helping me help other people help themselves  
When they need it most, as well,  
And where we can all move forward together.

Father, I do not deserve the blessing  
You have given me,  
For I am human  
And am imperfect,  
But I am Your servant,  
And I will do anything You ask of me,  
For I will obey Your command,  
And I will do everything according to Your Will.  
If You need me to do something,  
Just tell me,  
And give me strength,  
And give me courage,  
And work through me as You want me to,  
And I shall listen and obey You.

I am grateful for all You have done for me,  
And I will express my gratitude through  
My thoughts, actions, and words,  
And I will love You always,  
And I will serve You and  
All of Your people.

Yet, Father, as much as I thank You,  
I just want to ask You to hold  
Some people in Your heart.

Please bless all the poor,  
And help them to find refuge,  
And help them to find joy  
In everything they do,

And may they come happily to You.

Please bless the depressed;  
Help them to find happiness in life,  
And help them to rejoice in You.

Please bless the suicidal;  
Help them to know the sanctity of life,  
And help them to cherish it,  
And help them to know that You are always  
There watching over them,  
And help them to find happiness.

Please bless those who mourn,  
May they find joy in life,  
And help them to remember the good  
Memories of those they lost.

Please bless those who are angry,  
Help them find peace in life,  
And happiness within You.

Please bless those who are sick and dying;  
Welcome them into Your kingdom, if at all possible.

Please bless the unborn,  
May they have a chance at life,  
And be born or adopted into  
A family that loves them all.

Please bless the disabled,  
Help them to always know happiness.

Please bless those in the armed forces,  
May they live safely,  
And may they come home safely, as well.

Please bless the police,  
May they find peace in what they do,  
And to do their job well,  
And to find hope in all they do.

Please bless the oppressed,  
May they rise up against  
Their oppressors and speak  
For themselves and fight  
For their human rights,  
And may they find refuge and joy  
In the lives they all have.

Please bless my Mum, Father,  
As she is going through the interview process,  
May she do the best she can,  
And always be content with life.

Please bless Sean,  
And help him to find happiness  
And stability in life,  
And may he live in peace.

Please bless Stef,  
And help her to do well in school,  
And to always keep her grades up,  
And to always love her friends at the same time.

Please bless Elyse,  
As she continues med school;  
Please help her to stay true to her boyfriend,  
Nick Meloci,  
But to not do anything rash or obscene,  
And to also stick towards her goals in the process,  
And let no one oppress her at all.

Please bless my friends,  
Wherever they may be this Christmas,  
And help them to have a great year,  
And help them to be safe,  
Make good decisions,  
And to do what is right.

Please bless Aunt Marie,  
And help her to get better,  
If at all possible,  
And help her with all she needs.

If it is her time,  
Just let her come into Your arms,  
Father,  
And embrace her all the while.

Please bless Uncle Mike,  
As he is going through kidney surgery,  
And may he survive the surgery all right,  
And please help him to be okay.

Please bless Alina Prusko and her family,  
As they mourn a loss in their family,  
May they all be okay,  
And help them to cherish life,  
And to make it through their loss together.

Please bless Logan Lundy,  
The man who died,  
And welcome him into Your Kingdom,  
Father,  
For he seems he lived a very good life.

Please bless Molly Cook and Casey Bilodeau,  
As they seek the job in our Church,  
And help them to do well with all they do.

Please bless Carly Dew,  
And help her to do well in all  
Of her classes,  
And help her to be okay.

Please bless Shay,  
And help her to be happy,  
And let her know that i forgive her,  
And let her be happy, Father.

Please forgive all those who wrong me,  
For they know not what they do,  
And I wish them know harm,  
And forgive them and love them with my heart.

Please bless Patricia Schlutt,

And help her to have a merry Christmas,  
And help her to be okay, Father,  
For she, also, is Your servant,  
And just watch over her,  
And help her to be safe,  
And help her to continue to love the world  
As she already does  
And to continue to help people  
As she still does today.  
Thank You also  
For her change of heart,  
And just watch over and help her  
To stay safe.

And, Father,  
Please help me to do the right thing,  
And to stay on the path of righteousness,  
And to be responsible and thrifty,  
And to do the right thing  
As You would want me to.

Thank You, Father,  
For all that You do,  
And I am grateful for everything.  
I want to say that I love You,  
And I love all of Your people,  
And I will serve You all of my days.

Thank you for everything, Father,  
For You are the Greatest Being in my life.

Thank You for all that You do.

In Your Name, I pray. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Fatigue

I can be tired at times,  
And my day can be rough,  
But I manage to push through,  
No matter what the outcome is.

I may feel fatigue in my body,  
Fatigue in my limbs,  
Legs that fall asleep,  
And an uneasy head,  
But I still manage to push on,  
Despite all the demands made of me.

I will continue to go on,  
I will not give up,  
I will not let fatigue do me in,  
But push until I find  
What I am looking for.

Justin Reamer

# February

the month of late winter,  
the snow, the coldness,  
the blizzards still  
knocking at everyone's door,  
the Day of the Presidents,  
all who served our country,  
either greatly or poorly,  
depending on who it is,  
the sun coming out,  
after many months of clouds,  
and sometimes shines,  
and makes a pleasant day,  
the barren trees, still growing,  
the animals hibernating,  
or never dare to make a sound,  
the birds are gone,  
or are all alone,  
and are on their own,  
and the month of love,  
as in 'Are you my Valentine? '  
and Cupid floats in the air,  
and shoots a lustful arrow,  
and the seraphs come  
to make love markings  
on those who are meant to be,  
and Misery comes to make  
those who are single,  
male in particular,  
even more miserable than before.  
the love, the romance,  
the coldness, the briskness,  
the trees still in dormancy,  
the evergreens still growing,  
none the matter,  
and the snow starting to melt,  
with spring coming again.

Justin Reamer

# Fiddle

Jack Daniel's best friend  
And favourite instrument,  
Fiddle is very amiable and kind,  
Knowing how to have fun in  
All the right ways.  
He loves to help the orchestra out, too.

Justin Reamer

# Fie

Is it legitimate,  
Or is it not?

Justin Reamer

# First Spring

Life as it grows from  
The very depths of the Earth,  
As snow had covered the surface,  
As if Death had laid waste  
To the world for over  
A millennia,  
The first flower springs,  
Grows from the ground,  
The first sign of life.

It is beautiful,  
With its colourful yellow petals  
And its radiant warmth  
And light as it emanates  
Its luminescence from  
Its pistil and anther.  
It is birth, the first sign of life,  
For spring has finally come  
In the way of Demeter's mirth.

Justin Reamer

# Flibbertigibbet

What a chatterer;  
Windbag,  
Whatever;  
He can never shut up;  
He's like a freakin' chatterbox;  
Can anyone ever shut him up;  
He's annoying me,  
And is vapidty is starting  
To lower my IQ!

Justin Reamer

# Flippance

It's no big deal,  
For we will be fine.  
Why don't you go home  
And play with your Barbie dolls, okay?  
Let the men do all the work.

Justin Reamer

# Floccinaucinihilipilification

How do you floccinaucinihilipilificate?  
How do you decide to meet your fate?  
This is what I don't understand,  
Watching you sink into quicksand.

Well, let me tell you something,  
Our friendship is almost over,  
And it's not because you're a prep,  
Or because of your stupid Loafers.

Let me tell you more  
About what I am seeing;  
Why our friendship terminates  
From your state of being.

Let me tell you how it's ending,  
And let me tell you why,  
I can tell you all you need,  
Just like a pack of fries.

The reason why it's ending  
Is actually quite begrudging;  
The reason why I'm saying this  
Is your constant judging.

I'm tired of your judging;  
It makes me quite sick,  
You are always insulting,  
No matter whom you pick.

I'm tired of your prejudice,  
For you are always partial;  
I am tired of your vendetta,  
For you always have court-martial.

I am tired of what you do,  
Because you are so partial,  
Why do you have such bigotry,  
And why are you mean to Marshall?

I'm tired of your judging;  
You consider everything worthless,  
I wonder why you do it,  
Since right now you are birthless.

I am tired of your racism,  
Insulting all the blacks;  
They may be minorities,  
But you hurt them behind their backs.

I am tired of your sexism,  
When you know women are smart;  
If you even complain once,  
You will give me quite a start.

I am tired of your theocrism,  
For Jews and Muslims are equal;  
You don't need to be a Nazi,  
Making the Holocaust sequel.

I am tired of your ableism,  
For cripples have potential;  
You don't need to be a monster,  
Because you have credentials.

I am tired of your chronism,  
For the old and the young are one;  
They can both do many things,  
Right under the sun.

I am tired of your homophobia,  
For homosexuals are not that bad;  
You are quite a fool,  
For judging is so sad.

I am tired of your elitism,  
For you make fun of the poor,  
But you know they have potential,  
Which makes you very sore.

So stop judging all the time,

It makes me quite so mad;  
That is why our friendship ended,  
Because you are very bad.

Justin Reamer

# Flout

Screw you!  
No one likes you!  
So don't even come to me for help.  
The way you treat me,  
I don't want to be around you,  
So go say good-bye to your friends,  
Whoever they are.  
Bye now,  
And adios forever!

Justin Reamer

# Flower Petals

Love is a feeling of happiness,  
Where flowers bloom  
In a valley and spring up from  
The ground,  
Growing their vibrant petals in which  
They express their happiness and joy.

Flower petals are the feelings we have  
When love comes knocking at our door,  
Giving us a warm welcome,  
With a warm fuzzy feeling inside.  
They are the roses we give each other,  
When we see our lovers or  
Our spouses or  
Our soul mates eye to eye,  
For the roses are the symbol of love,  
And they recognize where Cupid's arrow has shot us,  
Developing into a great relationship that  
We should forever know.

Love is flower petals,  
As we pick them with excitement,  
And say,  
'She loves me, '  
And, for women,  
'He loves me not, '  
Which varies upon the gender and  
The alteration of each petal picked,  
For flowers are the expression of the passion we possess,  
And the petals are the colors that illuminate our world  
As we see them,  
For they are the luminescence of passion,  
All in all.

Flowers are those things that  
Can be expressed from the heart,  
And have been given throughout time,  
Ever since Adam and Eve,  
And flower petals

Signify what love is,  
For it is beautiful in all its majesty.

Justin Reamer

# Flute

A beautiful instrument,  
She has a wonderful voice  
That flutters everywhere,  
And can meet any pitch that is necessary.  
She is the most outspoken and outgoing  
And most beautiful of her woodwind family,  
For she does whatever she can  
To stand out.  
She is outgoing, smart, and intelligent,  
And her voice is beautiful,  
Meeting many pitches  
In the treble clef, the bass clef,  
And the alto clef.  
She meets it with splendour,  
For her voice is capable of great things.

Justin Reamer

# Fodder

Something always comes to my mind,  
And it's always creative and abundant,  
And the material is amazing,  
So all I have to do is transcribe it from my mind,  
And you have what you see before you,  
The idea that had once been fodder  
Now on the paper before you.  
It's fantastic.

Justin Reamer

# For Death I Don'T Worry

For Death I do not worry,  
For I have nothing to fear from him.  
He waits idly by a wonderful door,  
With a gentleman's tuxedo,  
As if he were ushering somewhere,  
Like a very kind gentleman.

Yet, I am not exactly ready for him,  
For I am not ready to join  
Him in his company,  
For there is something I have left  
To do here-  
Something I cannot understand-  
But it's here nonetheless.  
And so, I decide to stay.

Justin Reamer

# For You

I know this may be ridiculous,  
But I have to let you know,  
That even though this relationship,  
Even though quite absurd,  
Is going quite amok,  
I must say that I love you,  
No matter what ever happens to us.

Baby, I love you so much,  
That I would do anything for you.  
I would give the world to you,  
And I would do everything in my power  
To help you,  
And even though you may not do that  
For me,  
I would always do that for you.

You, my dear, mean the most to me  
In my entire life,  
For God has brought us together,  
And he wants us to be united,  
Even if not now,  
Maybe later,  
But I have no intention of marriage,  
But what I want to be is with you.

Baby, I will do anything for you,  
Even though you are upset with me,  
I will do anything you ask.  
If you want me to shoot myself,  
I guess I will,  
If you want me to die right now,  
By jumping off a cliff,  
I guess I will do that, too.

However, I will always keep my promises,  
For if you are happy,  
I will rejoice with you,  
And if you are sad,

I will listen to you,  
And I will counsel you,  
And if you are angry,  
I will listen patiently,  
For I am a patient man,  
And I will listen to your lamentations  
And help you in any way I possibly can.

My love, I will give anything to you,  
Whether it be my library,  
My laptop, my cellphone,  
(Even if you need to borrow it) ,  
My house, my dog,  
My textbooks, my television,  
My telephone, my Bible,  
My dictionary, my thesaurus,  
My journals (if you really need them) ,  
My eye, my ear, my mouth,  
My head, my clothes,  
My shirt, my pants,  
My socks, my jacket,  
My sweater, my computer,  
My chairs, my furniture,  
My tables, my shelter,  
My tent, my house,  
My toilet, my toiletries,  
My arm, my hand,  
My leg, my brain,  
My teeth, my heart,  
My lungs, my life,  
My soul, and my love.

I will give anything to you, babe,  
For I will give you my love,  
And I will give you my respect,  
And even though I gave those to  
You already,  
I will do better to give them to you,  
And I will be patient to you,  
And I will be truthful,  
Honest and kind,  
Nice and sincere,

Trustworthy and reliable,  
Thrifty and wise,  
Intelligent and helpful,  
Listening,  
Listening keenly,  
Unselfish,  
Not pompous,  
Giving and selfless,  
Caring and courteous,  
Generous and loving,  
And much more,  
For I will give you my unconditional love.

If you need me to,  
I will call you on the telephone every day,  
And if you need me to,  
I will e-mail you when I am gone,  
And when I am here,  
I will spend as much time with you as I possibly can,  
Even though work may take  
That valuable time away from me,  
And I will be home every day of the year,  
Even today,  
When things are going well,  
And even though they may not be going well for you,  
I will be there for you,  
For I love you so much,  
And I would write love letters to you every day,  
And I would write songs for you,  
And sing those songs,  
And I would sing those songs like none other,  
And even when the day is young,  
I will be there in the morning,  
And in the afternoon,  
And in the evening,  
And the night,  
Even when it gets late.

I believe in you, babe,  
For there is no one like you,  
And I have no questions to ask of you,  
And, if you wanted to,

I would travel the world with you,  
And see North America,  
And Canada,  
And Mexico,  
And the Latin American countries,  
Like Costa Rica and Panama,  
And we could see Brazil  
And Peru,  
And Argentina,  
And Puerto Rico,  
Where the Puerto Ricans live,  
And we could go to Hawaii,  
And we could go to Australia  
And see the Great Barrier Reef,  
And we could swim with fish,  
Sharks and dolphins,  
And we could go see whales,  
Swimming in their families,  
And singing out to the world,  
Especially the lovely orcas,  
Who are so excited to see humans.

We could see Europe,  
And travel to Italy,  
And eat Italian food  
With Italian people  
And eat pasta and spaghetti  
And pizza and fettuccine alfredo,  
And moscato wine,  
Which you love so much.  
We could see the Vatican,  
And visit the Pope,  
Pope Benedict XVI,  
And see St. Peter's Basilica,  
As Jesus told Peter to build it,  
After He rose from the dead,  
And was in heaven  
With His Father, God,  
And his humanly parents,  
Saint Mary and Saint Joseph;  
And we could see the beautiful cathedrals,  
And we could see the works of the artists

Leonardo da Vinci,  
Pablo Picasso the painter,  
Michelangelo,  
Who made the sculpture of David,  
And Rafael,  
And Botticelli,  
And many more famous artists;  
And we could visit the grave of Galileo,  
And visit the grave of Dante Alghieri the epic poet,  
And the grave of Virgil,  
Another epic poet who wrote The Aeneid,  
With Aeneas as its main character or protagonist.

We could visit France,  
And see all of Paris,  
Including the Eiffel Tower,  
And Victory's Gate,  
And Notre Dame,  
The marvelous cathedral,  
Which has been in French literature for years,  
And we could see the Parisian culture,  
And the culture of the French people, as well,  
And see the houses and graves of  
Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas,  
Two very famous authors in French literature;  
And how I would love to see Victor Hugo's grave,  
The author of Les Miserables,  
The man was such in touch with his world,  
That he was a revolutionary,  
And a hero against his emperor,  
Napoleon Bonaparte,  
And the king,  
Louis XVIII,  
For they were all fools,  
And the man was great;  
And we could see the paintings  
Of Claude Monet (the artist and painter)  
And Vincent van Gogh (another painter) ,  
Who painted during the Impressionist Era,  
And though they weren't popular during their time,  
They are considered masters now,  
For I would love to see Water Lilies in its original,

And Starry Night, as well,  
For they lie in the Louvre,  
Waiting for us, my dear,  
And they wait longer.

We could go to Japan,  
And enjoy Japanese culture,  
For the Japanese people are so friendly,  
With Zen Buddhism and Shintoism  
Around them,  
And you love their culture,  
Their Oriental culture,  
And you love the anime,  
And the manga,  
Which are a form of their arts,  
And you and I love haikus,  
The poetry that is so beautiful,  
For their language is great,  
And excellent,  
That you cannot deny.

But, my love, I will always love you,  
For you are the woman of my life,  
And the girl of my dreams,  
That I want you to be my girlfriend for now,  
But to eventually be my wife,  
And to be married to me for the rest of eternity,  
For you are special to me,  
And I know I am special to you,  
And we belong together,  
And I will do anything for you.

So, I hope you love me,  
And I hope you can be happy,  
For in God's eyes,  
We are perfect,  
And nothing could ever change that,  
And I love you so much,  
That I will give my life to you,  
And we can 'become one flesh, '  
And have children together and raise them,  
And we will be a family always.

I just want to say, my dear,  
That I will always love you,  
No matter what,  
I will do anything you want,  
Anything you ask,  
All for you.

Justin Reamer

# Forego

I will go before you  
In all that you do,  
So do not worry,  
Young man,  
For I will make sure you are safe.

Justin Reamer

# Forgiving Father

Father, I want to say that  
I love you,  
No matter what you  
Have done to my family  
Or to me.  
I know that you may not  
Love me in return,  
And that our filial relationship  
May be forever damaged,  
But I forgive you for all the things  
That you did in the past  
And even for the things you do now.

Father, even though you may be selfish  
And self-absorbed and self-centred,  
And greedy and pompous,  
I still love you because you are my father.  
My Father in Heaven wants me to love you,  
And I love you as He loves you  
Because He created you,  
And through you and Mum,  
He created me, too.

Father, Jesus also loves you,  
For you are his brother,  
As I am his,  
And my brother is his, too,  
And he loves you,  
And he calls you by name, as well,  
For he loves you just as your Father  
And my Father—that is, Our Father,  
Loves us both.

Father, I know you may not  
See me as a great person,  
And that I may be a failure in your eyes,  
Even with my head injury,  
Giving me ADD, Asperger Syndrome,  
And Tourette Syndrome,

And I may be a disappointment in  
Your own eyes,  
I want to tell you that I am happy,  
And that I love the life I live,  
For my Father,  
And your Father,  
Has given me wisdom  
And insight in which I use  
To help other people.  
He has given me a calling,  
And I follow it because  
I believe in Him,  
And I love Him as I love you.

Yet, Father, I want to apologise  
For the anger I held toward you,  
Because the pain was great,  
(And, yes, it's still there) ,  
But I no longer am angry nor depressed,  
Nor saddened nor hurt,  
And I forgive you for all that you've done.

I forgive you for the times  
That you beat on Mum,  
The times that you were violent towards me,  
Towards my brother,  
And towards Elyse.  
I forgive you.

I forgive you for  
Making fun of my disability,  
And I forgive you for verbally abusing me,  
And I forgive you for punching me sporadically,  
And for spanking me every time  
I got a 'bad-boy' note when  
I came home from kindergarten.

I forgive you for throwing Sean in a chair  
And for all the times you  
Hit him and beat on him,  
And for the times you verbally abused him,  
And for the times you mocked him

When he was trying to learn how to read.

I forgive you for the wrongs you  
Did toward Elyse,  
Including your impatience,  
Your lack of courtesy,  
Your lack of generosity,  
And even the thing you did  
In the shower,  
Which is a taboo  
To this day.

I also forgive you for the things you did  
To the friends you made in life,  
And to my cousins,  
Albeit male or female,  
To my aunts and uncles,  
To your own brothers and sisters,  
And to anyone else you may have wronged.

Father, I forgive you for hurting Mum,  
For maiming her in front of us,  
For committing adultery,  
For cheating on her,  
For lying to her,  
For stealing from her,  
For the hatred you bestowed on her.  
I forgive you for all the lies you told us,  
And I forgive you for all the anger you held,  
All the actions and wrongs you committed,  
For the profanity that came from your mouth,  
And for your lack of self-control.

Father, I even forgive you for the wrongs you  
Do now,  
Including hurting Elyse verbally,  
Many a time,  
And hurting Mum indirectly  
Or directly,  
And Stefanie,  
Either way.

Father, what is the past is the past,  
And I love you greatly,  
For you are my father,  
And I will never forget you.

You are the father who joined my mother  
And made me through the Father's Will,  
And I will always love you,  
No matter who you are,  
Or what you've done,  
I will love you unconditionally,  
And I will give you my life,  
If needbe.

I do not know if you are happy, Father,  
And I do not know if you are miserable,  
But, please, if at all possible,  
Even though I forgave you,  
And still love you,  
It is not enough for your soul,  
So, if you can,  
Just realise that you are loved,  
And realise that God loves you,  
And wants you in His family,  
And that Jesus wants you,  
Even after all these years of  
Going astray,  
And that you can recognise this  
And repent so that  
You can truly be in the Heart of Christ.

Father, I love you,  
And always will love you,  
And I forgive you for all that you have done,  
And now, it is time for you to make an action,  
And I hope you can make the best of it.  
I love you, Dad,  
And never will stop loving you.

Justin Reamer

# Forgotten Love

I sat by the fireplace, ready to think. That lost emotion I will never know.  
But, I sat and thought and tried to remember. It came to me in a flash...

A sunny day on the sand dune,  
The view so perfect and clear,  
I sat next to her, my first love,  
And I held her ever so dear.  
The wind blew in a cooling way,  
Making nature seem so mighty,  
The waves crashed against the shore,  
Making the seagulls squaw so brightly.  
Big Red sat on the pier,  
Being there for hours on end,  
He sat there without fear,  
With truth and without pretend.  
I admired the beauty,  
And I admired the sight,  
I admired Mother Nature  
And her true might.  
Only God could have created  
Something like this,  
That ignorance  
Could only be bliss.  
I looked at my love,  
Seeing her beauty in full,  
I saw her beautiful eyes,  
And her vibrant smile,  
That the bells could never again toll.  
When I saw her smile,  
I smiled right back,  
When she started talking,  
I knew I was off-track.  
But, here we were in peace,  
With silence so utterly tranquil,  
And we had cuddled, close, if needbe,  
That there would be no pain still.  
We talked to each other,  
On that beautiful day,  
Knowing we would never part,

We were fond of each other,  
That we felt our flutters,  
That we wouldn't wake with a start.  
Her beauty was intoxicating,  
And her love I knew was mine,  
For with her smile,  
I could take her to dine.  
But, alas, love is never meant to last,  
For we had a terrible fight,  
And, alas, love is bleak,  
For all the horrors came to light.

My story and memory I remembered. It finished with such a tragic end. I got up from the fireplace, and I hated the memory; I forced it out of my mind.

Justin Reamer

# Forlough

You are granted a leave of absence, sir,  
So by my authority, you will  
Not be AWOL if you don't show up tomorrow,  
For you can spend the holidays with your family.

Justin Reamer

# Forming Eden

Standing out on my driveway,  
I see the sunlight shining down from  
The cloudy sky, its warmth caressing me like  
Blankets on a soft mattress fresh from the dryer,  
Protecting me from the wintry winds outside.  
Trees provide me shade and shelter as  
I go about my work as the gardener,  
Introducing new life to my arboretum.

The shovel slices the dirt with its blade;  
The rocks refuse to comply in their obstinacy,  
But a slight shove creates a gaping hole for  
A young sapling, once inserted, beginning to  
Bloom and thrive with all of her vibrancy.  
With her sisters planted beside her,  
She shines with all of her radiant light,  
A complete rainbow for all of Eden to see.

When finished, the birds sing in harmony as  
Rodents play together in complete excitement with  
Serenity nourishing my soul with sweet tranquillity.  
I look to the sky and see the Creator looking  
Back at me with a smile on His face,  
Acknowledging my efforts with affirmation as  
Nature, His finest masterpiece, continues to thrive,  
Forever adapting to the chaos of the universe.

Justin Reamer

# Fortitude

Do not worry;  
I have courage.  
Adversity will not  
Overcome me,  
For I have faith.  
I will stand my ground,  
And no one will take me out;  
I will do the best I can  
To defend what I believe in-  
This city, this belief,  
This people.  
I will stand before it with my life.

Justin Reamer

# Franchise

Franchise, suffrage;  
They are all a great thing,  
For they are part of a great form  
Of government known  
As democracy,  
Which is what our country,  
The United States is based upon,  
Combined with that of a republic.

Franchise is the right to vote,  
A form of speech,  
A form of the Freedom of Speech,  
Part of 'SPARP, '  
(Speech Press Assembly Religion Petition) ,  
Which is part of the First Amendment  
In the Bill of Rights.

The Founding Fathers fought  
An imperial Great Britain,  
A tyrannical King George III,  
A partial Parliament,  
In order to gain what they believed in.

People fought in a revolution  
In 1776 to 1783  
To gain the Independence we have now,  
And we have it.

In the Bill of Rights,  
The Founding Fathers  
George Washington,  
James Madison,  
Thomas Jefferson,  
Benjamin Franklin,  
And many others,  
Put in 10 Amendments to  
The Constitution that cannot be changed,  
And the most important was the First Amendment.

Franchise is the big part,  
Because your voice can be heard,  
And no matter whom you vote for,  
The government cannot prosecute you,  
For if you vote Republican,  
And Obama wins,  
He cannot throw you in a gulag  
Like Josef Stalin did  
Or Kim Jung-Il still does  
With his people in North Korea,  
And if you vote Democratic,  
And Romney wins,  
He cannot throw you in a concentration camp  
Or put you into prison  
Like Adolf Hitler did  
Or all of the kings of old.

You have the right to express your beliefs,  
No matter if you are  
An African American or a Latino,  
An Asian American or a Caucasian,  
A Native American or a European,  
Or a Pacific Islander,  
A homosexual or a heterosexual,  
A bisexual or a transsexual,  
A healthy person or an autistic,  
An epileptic or a person with CP,  
A man or a woman,  
A liberal or a conservative,  
An environmentalist or industrialist,  
A Catholic or a Protestant,  
A Jew or a Muslim,  
A Buddhist or a Hindu,  
You can still go out and vote  
And express your beliefs.

The vote gives you the power to choose,  
And it lets your voice be heard,  
So go out and vote,  
And do not let franchise go to waste,  
So go and participate,  
And make it clear,

For the choice is yours,  
And democracy will flourish.

Justin Reamer

# Fraternity

Fraternity is like the warm feeling someone has  
From doing good deeds for other people;  
Like the sun as it beats down on you in the summer air;  
Like the sweetness of ice cream as  
You taste it for the first time;  
Like the love of your spouse during the honeymoon stage;  
The affection you receive from him or her  
When you are depressed or downtrodden.  
It is absolutely beautiful.

Justin Reamer

# Freedom

As the bird soars high,  
Reaching every mountain's peak,  
Freedom is achieved.

Justin Reamer

# Freight

Fear, a wanton emotion,  
Which makes me miserable every time  
I come across it,  
Yet, what I fear is ambiguous,  
But yet it comes and snatches me  
Stalking me in the night  
Making me afraid  
Of the thing that comes after me.  
This thing that comes after me  
Is the silhouette of a man,  
But it has blood-shot eyes,  
Leering into me with their laserlike abilities,  
Fangs coming out of its mouth,  
Dripping with saliva, □  
And claws that extend ten inches from its fingers,  
Ready to tear my own flesh.  
Yet, it stands there in the darkness,  
□like a panther ready to prowl,  
Watching me,  
Deftly waiting my arrival.  
Yet, I don't know what it is,  
For it takes on many forms,  
'Tis the night that encompasses the Earth,  
'Tis the noises one hears in the brisk darkness,  
'Tis the caves gone in splendour,  
'Tis everything I do not understand,  
Yet it comes after me,  
It knows my name,  
For it is everywhere,  
And it is daemonlike and horrid,  
Nothing like it.  
Yet, I succumb to the freight,  
For there is no delight  
In the terror which consumes me,  
So I must let it be.

Justin Reamer

# French Horn

Awkward sounding,  
The French horn plays well,  
But he struggles to make the pitch.  
Yet he practises a lot so that  
He can eventually make the pitch  
That he has been missing a while.  
He is an ambivert,  
And he's not afraid to play.  
He talks with the other instruments,  
And the others tend to like him a lot, too.

Justin Reamer

# Freudian Nightmare

Life is something unusual,  
Awkward, harmful, and painful,  
Yet joyful, adoring, and giving,  
But the darkness still looms in the shadows.  
The things we know are questionable,  
The things we don't know remain unknown,  
Yet my life feels like a vacuum that  
Has enveloped me in my sleep,  
And I feel nothing has come over it.  
Violence exists as it beats my flesh,  
Death lurks in my shadow;  
Life is questioned as I suffer daily,  
And unconscious fondlings my brother  
Has for women's fabric vanquishes  
All possibility of harmony and happiness.  
My father, having fantasies about his mother,  
Was defiled by his own father,  
And upon my mother lashed out  
His emotions, his anger, his rage,  
And abused everyone as if  
They were animals meant to be slaughtered.  
My sister, molested twice and  
Almost violently raped,  
Cries herself to sleep as she  
No longer can deal with her pain.  
My brother struggles with anger  
As he cannot withhold his  
Burning emotions within him.  
And accusations of rape sift in the air  
As memories of my father  
Murder me in the night.

Justin Reamer

# Friendship

Friendship is important to me;  
It is the people I rely on  
And the people I care for most.

Justin Reamer

# Frienmity

I had a friend once who was beautiful as can be she has long blond hair that goes down to her shoulders eyes the colour of the skies or the colour of Lake Michigan in the summer time are the portal to her soul her smile is beautiful, lighting up the world around her she has long legs, an upright bosom, and a very thin body her beauty is indescribable when I first met her, I thought she seemed like a pretty cool woman, but she hated me from day one I first talked to her and her roommate when I was eating breakfast one day I introduced myself, and she introduced herself, along with her roommate, who is equally as pretty I talked to her and her roommate, but the blond-haired girl did not care to talk to me she hated me even more as I began to reveal more about myself when I asked them questions, her roommate was even more willing to answer than she was the blond haired girl was reticent, not being friendly at all and so I continued with my life, until I noticed things that were different whenever I ate with the Insignis students, I realised that the girl hated me she thought I was a creeper and a stalker whenever I was walking outside of the cafeteria, she glared at me, perhaps in fright or in anger, as Shay Stewart did when I was in high school I wrote about her that day, figuring out that she was Shay Stewart personified, giving her a reputation to go with it I would then be walking to Wege from the library, and she was walking with Connor Bilodeau, my friend from AQ Light, and she talked to Connor, telling him I was stalking her Connor and she both looked back, and I would look in the other direction, wondering what they could possibly be looking at, but they Connor doubted her, and the girl kept her persistence all the way one time I tried to hold the door for her, but she just went out the other way one time, I said hi to her, and she stared at me as if she were in disgust eventually, she gave way, and nothing happened after that one time, I saw her in Bukowski Chapel for Abandon, when I had been revived in my faith in the previous October around my birthday, and she started freaking out because I was there she then began to hate me all the more she turned her roommate and poor Cassie against me because of that it was also when she convinced Nina that I was good-for-nothing the hatred continued from her, for I could feel it everywhere one time I saw her sitting with her roommate and Cassie, and they were staring me down, and I was wondering what the hell was going on I looked in the other direction and noticed it was Stewart Syndrome again they asked her if she like me, and she shook her head no things became even worse every time I saw her, she stared me down, paying close attention to me I began to watch her, making sure she would not do anything to harm me Cassie would also watch me with intense fear, and she began to doubt my character Nina hated me also, and she did not like me at all Things became more intense by the by, until God told me to go talk to her it was

the day before Christmas Break, and I saw her studying for her math exam I went over and talked to her for the very first time, and things did not go very well I then sent her a message over Facebook (for the very first time) , and things were better, and I realised we could be friends when I came back from Christmas break, things became bad she hated me because she thought I liked her, and this was not true at all I sent her a message again, being honest, feeling hurt she responded, and I thought we could start over again yet the drama continued everything went well until that day when she started acting as if I liked her again she had the same tendencies that she usually has, and so I sent her a poem she then did not want anything to do with me, and things became worse I talked to her, and we became surface friends, as she called it then I would send her messages telling her we could do things differently, but she would not listen she was obstinate it was until this Sunday that she finally broke it off, telling me she hated me for who I was, and telling me I was good-for-nothing now, she hates me for all I have to tell her, and I guess it is the way things are meant to be I just hope that she will be happy one day.

Justin Reamer

# Frogs

On a lily pad,  
With sparkling blue water,  
Frogs croak at night fall.

Justin Reamer

# Frustration

Frustration is my  
Worst enemy,  
From what I can tell,  
For I hate it when I am  
Frustrated,  
For there is nothing I can do,  
To get rid of the horrible  
Anger within me.

Frustration is something  
That makes me unhappy,  
Probably from what you can see,  
For I am nothing but annoyed,  
And angry with something  
Stupid and pointless,  
When that object  
Or that thing  
Does not do anything  
At all,  
And will not change  
As a result.

I must say that  
Frustration stinks,  
Beyond all available reason,  
For it makes me lose  
My relationships,  
When I cuss,  
And when I displace  
My anger on  
My family members  
And my very good friends.

Frustration damages  
Relationships,  
As you can probably tell,  
For when I lose my temper,  
I can hurt the people I love,  
Including my friends,

My family,  
My classmates,  
My peers,  
My co-workers,  
And my very close friends,  
For they do not deserve  
That kind of treatment,  
And there is no excuse  
For that kind of  
Behaviour.

Frustration makes  
Me irritable,  
And annoyed,  
Just as someone  
Who can be irritable  
can be different, too.  
I can get mad at the most  
Irksome things,  
If anything,  
And it can cause  
Problems within my relationships.

Frustration can come from anything,  
Including art,  
Downloads on a computer,  
Working on a project,  
Or a stupid video game,  
And it is not good for me,  
Or for the people around me,  
Because of the stupidity of the problem.

I must say that frustration  
Is bad,  
And I never want it  
In my life at all.  
I would have it completely out,  
And though I do not get  
Frustrated much,  
I will always maintain  
An even temper  
And always remain calm.

Good old frustration,  
You will not bother me,  
For you are nothing  
But a fool,  
And a meddling,  
Bothersome fool to me.  
So, get out of my life,  
I shall become relaxed,  
And never let anything  
Insignificant  
Bother me again.

And that is that,  
My dear friend,  
For that is the last  
Of my dealings with  
Good old frustration.

Justin Reamer

# Furtiveness

What a sly creature,  
That fox!  
I would kill him  
In my sleep if I could!

Justin Reamer

# Futility Of Life

Death to the man who waits;  
To find answers cannot prevail.  
He falls victim to the Fates,  
Death to the man who waits,  
His ego is most irate,  
To finally admit he must fail,  
Death to the man who waits,  
To find answers cannot prevail.

Justin Reamer

# Galoot

A dimmed light bulb in the brain,  
Slow to respond to stimuli,  
The fool sees but doesn't understand.

Justin Reamer

# Geese In A Group

Flying together,  
Birds call out to each other,  
But a gust of wind  
Tears their voices in midair  
And the song is incomplete.

Justin Reamer

# Geged

Behold, 'tis beholden!

Justin Reamer

# Gemini

A beautiful woman whom I know is  
Very dear to my heart,  
She is special in every way  
I can possibly imagine.  
She is a woman of German and Dutch descent,  
With a German last name to boot,  
And I see the wonders of her heritage,  
As ethnicity and culture  
Are truly beautiful as one.

The woman I know is  
Special for many reasons,  
All innumerable to count;  
Countless and infinite in number,  
Though too many, I shall  
Describe them all in detail.

She is a woman of great beauty,  
Beauty so unlike any other,  
That of which is unique,  
'Tis almost divine.  
She has long blond hair that  
Flows down to her shoulders,  
And shines radiantly like the sun  
When light strikes it,  
And when the wind blows into her hair,  
It flows gently like a river  
That streams slowly by,  
Much like the Muskegon River  
Does in the summertime  
Or as the Nile River does in Egypt,  
Which to the Egyptians was  
The fruit of all life,  
Blessed by all the gods.  
Her hair represents her  
Vivacity and her livelihood,  
Her cheerful personality,  
Which is the sweetest of all,  
And which is calm and collected

In everyone's presence.

She has bright blue eyes that shine  
Like the bright blue sky  
When she is happy,  
And remind me of Lake Michigan,  
My eternal lover,  
When she shines in the sunlight  
As the beams shine upon her waters  
And illuminate her marvellous waves.  
Her eyes are like the Pacific Ocean,  
Which is calm and peaceful,  
But they can be like the Atlantic Ocean,  
Which is brave and bold,  
For she is courageous,  
Fighting for justice at every turn;  
She knows what justice is,  
Because her eyes sparkle when she's happy,  
And they glisten when she has a good idea.

Her skin is white like cream,  
And soft and velvety like silk or satin;  
'Tis soft to the touch,  
Making a textile sensation  
For the one she loves dearly.  
Her smile is bright and beautiful,  
Much like that of Scarlett Johansson,  
The beautiful actress,  
But hers is even more beautiful,  
For 'tis luminescent,  
Illuminating a dimly lit room,  
As her teeth,  
Full, white, and gorgeous,  
Produce their own light  
And shine in the darkness around her.

Her smile is contagious,  
For whenever someone sees her smile,  
Including me,  
That person cannot help but smile back,  
For her beauty is extraordinary.  
She has a rounded nose,

Which adds to her femininity,  
And she has long, thin eyebrows,  
Which are always gentle and sweet.  
She has a full neck,  
Which shows the pride she carries,  
For humble she is,  
But proud she is of the human  
Dignity she has and of the  
Things she accomplished in her lifetime.

Her body is thin,  
With long and full arms,  
With petite and delicate hands,  
Soft and sensitive to touch.  
Her breasts are full and large,  
Making her figure appear statuesque  
As the Ancient Greeks and  
The Ancient Romans made their statues,  
And they rise and fall  
With every inhale and every exhale,  
Making her appear more graceful  
And more beautiful than ever,  
For they complement her feminine attributes.  
Her waist is thin,  
With good birthing hips,  
For she could bear a child  
And be fruitful in many ways,  
And be an excellent mother to boot.  
Her legs are long, full, and strong,  
For they carry her body with dignity.

When you look at her,  
You see divinity,  
Though she is human,  
She is like an angel  
As she walks,  
Graceful in every way,  
Like the goddess Aphrodite,  
Beautiful and exquisite,  
Like the goddess Venus,  
Elegant and amazing,  
Like Athena,

Witty, pretty, and wise,  
Like Ishtar,  
Benevolent and caring,  
Yet capricious,  
Like Isis,  
Caring and loving,  
Kind and gentle,  
Like Penelope,  
Patient and faithful,  
Like Helen,  
Beautiful in every way,  
Like Ruth,  
Hardworking and truthful,  
Like Juliet,  
So innocent and sweet,  
But like Cleopatra,  
So wise and clever,  
Like Desdemona,  
So faithful to the end,  
Like Emilia,  
Honest and honourable,  
Like Ophelia,  
Faithful and true to her heart,  
Like Cosette,  
Praying incessantly,  
And faithful always,  
And like Hermione,  
Smart and intelligent,  
Like Susan Pevensie,  
Logical in many ways,  
But like Lucy Pevensie,  
Intuitive and smart.

There is more to the woman  
Than what meets the eye,  
For her personality is outstanding  
In the world we live in,  
For she is friendly to all,  
Accepting them as they are,  
And very gregarious in many ways.  
She is exquisite and elegant,  
But so much more than that.

She is kind and caring,  
Looking out for her friends,  
And she is vivacious and lively,  
Which, above all, is great.  
She is understanding and empathetic,  
Understanding and knowing your problems;  
She is honest and truthful,  
Believing in what is right.  
She is hardworking and benevolent,  
Fighting for her goals  
By working toward them,  
And she is so much more.

She is like a dove,  
Flying gracefully,  
Like a nymph,  
Enjoying nature,  
She is an angel,  
Graceful as can be,  
For God bless her with so much,  
Especially since she is  
One of His people.  
She is the sun,  
The woman who illuminates my world,  
For she is the second most important  
Person in my own life,  
Second to God,  
Whom we both believe in.

The woman is a poet of great merit,  
With many poems hidden in  
The palm of her hand.  
She is one of the  
Rhapsodes of God Himself,  
For the Holy Spirit inspires her  
And speaks through her,  
And she writes everything down,  
Listening to her Muse.  
Her verse is beautiful,  
Elegant in fact,  
For it rimes with beauty,  
And the rhythm is in harmony,

Much like reading William Blake  
Or John Donne or John Keats.

I read her verse,  
And I was pleased,  
For it sounded like music  
To my ears.  
With a symphony playing  
A Beethoven or a Mozart piece,  
Which is relaxing to my mind.  
Her poems are insightful,  
Deep and emotional,  
And touch everyone who reads them,  
For she is not Shakespeare,  
But is like Emily Dickinson  
Or Sylvia Plath.

She is a violinist,  
Who plays in perfect harmony,  
Making melodies  
Which are soothing, jolly, or depressing,  
Yeth they are never cacophonous,  
But are eurhythmic,  
For euphony is great,  
And harmony is what  
She has with whatever piece she plays.

She is a singer with a beautiful voice,  
Which is an alto that can range  
Soprano areas, alto areas,  
Tenor areas, and bass areas.  
'Tis much more beautiful than  
That of the Maiden's,  
And when she sings,  
The world praises her and applauds her,  
Bringing down the house.  
She is talented and beautiful,  
For she has an amazing voice.

She also listens to music,  
For she likes many things,  
Including rock and roll,

Classical, jazz, pop,  
Some hip-hop, some dance,  
Country, worship, gospel,  
Bluegrass, Christian Rock,  
Christian music, and so much more.  
She loves John Lennon  
And the Beatles, Queen and Styx,  
Journey, Billy Joel,  
The Carter Family,  
Counting Crowns, and so much more,  
For she loves to sing and dance,  
For she is truly fantastic.

She is an artist,  
Drawing with such great realism.  
Her drawings come to life,  
Many of them very beautiful,  
For she draws as if  
She took a photograph,  
And I am always impressed.  
She paints and sculpts,  
Which also are lifelike,  
As if sprezzatura were her  
Favorite word of all time.  
She takes photos that are  
Special to everyone.  
Her art is magnificent,  
Since no one can compare to it.

She loves the outdoors,  
Loves to run,  
Go hiking, biking, swimming,  
Boating, backpacking,  
Camping, canoeing,  
Kayaking, and so much more.  
She loves nature and all the animals,  
For they always touch her heart  
When she lays her eyes on them.  
And I must admit I share this passion  
With her in every way,  
For she is great, which I agree.

Most importantly, she is God's Servant;  
She loves Him with all of her dear heart,  
And she loves Jesus as her Saviour,  
As He saved all of us from our own sin,  
Giving us salvation and saving us from  
Ultimate death and destruction.  
She loves Him, and she does  
His will by doing good to all,  
And loving everyone as she loves herself.  
She has many great goals,  
Aspiring to help those in need  
And to change the world,  
For she may go to Africa and teach,  
Or change many governments,  
Or be a martyr for God.  
In any case, I admire her passion,  
And I know she will accomplish her goals,  
Because with God, anything is possible,  
And she is His servant,  
And I believe in her and pray for her every day.  
I wish her luck and hope God will  
Help her do well in all she does.  
May God bless her loving heart.

The woman's name is Gemini,  
And she is as beautiful as can be,  
And she is the one I love with all my heart,  
For she is special to me,  
And I want her to do the best she can in life.  
She is Gemini, and I am Libra,  
And we were destined to be together,  
For the cherubs marked our hearts,  
And we are enamoured of each other.  
Gemini is special to me,  
As she will always be,  
And I will take care of her, protect her,  
And watch over her, no matter what.  
All I want is for her to be happy,  
And I will do whatever is necessary,  
No matter what it takes.  
I will give my life to her,  
For I know that she is mine,

And I will be there for her all the time,  
No matter what the cost is.

I love Gemini,  
For she is a great woman,  
And to me, she is the  
Greatest woman in the world,  
So she will always be in my heart.

Justin Reamer

# Gender

Large arms and legs with bulging muscles,  
Two large pectorals with a washboard abdomen,  
The ability to take insults without shedding tears,  
Earning bacon every day with conceit and deception,  
Protecting the family like a gigantic shield,  
And treating women like conquests like  
A number of credentials on a resume  
Defines masculinity, the essence of wars and  
Tragedy through a patriarchal history,  
Something to deeply consider.

Lean arms and a thin waistline with 'large breasts, '  
A beautiful smile capturing a thousand glances,  
The ability to sympathize and feel for others,  
Keeping oneself pure for her future husband,  
A good cook and cleaner for the entire household,  
Protector of children like a giant fortress,  
Nurturer of her spouse, never to leave the house,  
And an embodiment of purity supposedly define  
The role of femininity, where matriarchy rarely  
Existed and was ascribed to patriarchal terms  
For over five millennia across humanity.

What would've happened had we been a matriarchy?  
Would women be rulers and bring about wars and conquests?  
Would men be slaves, nothing more than property in a home?  
What would we actually be like, I wonder?  
We say we are different from our predecessors,  
But we are not much better off because  
Women still fight for their rights every day across the world,  
But we can change all that if we choose to;  
We just have to make the right choice.

Justin Reamer

# Geometry

Geometry, geometry,  
Every shape and size,  
What do you do  
With your segments,  
When you have the prize?

What a difficult subject to talk about,  
With shapes and equations,  
The lines and segments going endlessly,  
Look like lacerations.

What do you see in a triangle,  
Or a square perhaps?  
What do you see in a hexagon,  
Or in polygon mishaps?

What do you see in a cylinder,  
Or even a rectangular prism?  
What would you say  
If Platonic Solids  
Descended from the Chisolms?

Geometry, geometry,  
What does it really mean to me?  
If I ace it,  
I can embrace it,  
If I fail it,  
I can set sail to sea.

I never had a hard time with you,  
You crazy stupid subject,  
But my brother had his mishaps,  
For he never sought it true.

You are the logic  
That we are taught  
In deductive reasoning,  
You are the equations  
And proofs of old

That goes on like seasoning.

Is there no end to you?

Is there any strife?

Do you have any meaning?

Do you have any life?

Justin Reamer

# Gerund

The noun form of a verb in -ing form,  
Such as running, swimming, writing,  
And so on,  
It's all pretty cool,  
Because they are verbs  
That are actually nouns!

Justin Reamer

# Gib

What a cute thing!  
He's only a tomcat,  
And loot how he mews at us  
And stares at us with those woggling eyes.  
It's the most adorable thing in the world!

Justin Reamer

# Glory Be

Glory be to the Father,  
And to the Son,  
And to the Holy Spirit,  
As it was in the beginning,  
And the way it ever shall be,  
World without end. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Gluttony

Oh, it looks so yummy!  
For it looks so yummy in my tummy!

You have probably heard these words,  
For you know what that feeling is,  
For it is called hunger.  
I am hunger to the extreme;  
I am one of the Seven Deadly Sins.

I make you hungry,  
And yet not only hungry,  
But famished to insanity.

Hunger is such  
A short word for what I do  
To you,  
For in fact,  
It is an understatement  
Of what I do to you.

I make you so greedy  
When you eat at the dinnertable  
That you eat everything in plain sight.  
You eat more than you can take,  
Just like some of the Israelites did  
When they wandered for forty years in the desert  
In the Book of Numbers.

I am the reason why  
You have a sweet tooth,  
Eating dessert after dessert,  
Eating chocolate bars,  
And chocolate-chip cookies,  
And Reese's peanut butter cups by the dozens,  
And 100 tons of peanut butter cookie dough,  
And 300 lbs. of sugar cookies,  
And 70 lbs. of cake,  
And Milky Way candy bars,  
Along with the 3 Musketeers,

Along with Twix and Snickers and Baby Ruth,  
And Payday, as well,  
And Starburst,  
And Airheads,  
And pies after pies,  
And long johns,  
And pastries,  
And danishes, too.  
I make you eat cinammon rolls,  
And Swiss rolls,  
As well,  
And eclaires,  
And whatever dessert there is.

I am the reason you gain weight,  
For you eat starches,  
And candies,  
And oily foods,  
And pop-tarts for breakfast,  
And pop and soda,  
All at the same time.

I am amused at how  
You are able to gain so much weight.  
I am also amused with your high cholesterol,  
Which will eventually lead to arteriosclerosis,  
And I will be amused to see you get a heart attack, as well.

I am one of your instincts,  
So do not fall for me,  
Or you will be cursed  
For the rest of eternity.

Justin Reamer

# Gobbet

A lump,  
Sitting in a corner,  
Raw flesh skinned from  
And animal,  
A pile never to be touched.

Justin Reamer

# Gobo

Talk about a weird thing to  
Cover your camera lens,  
A mat like that!  
You said it was a gobo?  
It looks weird to me.

Justin Reamer

# God Almighty

God Almighty,

You are the greatest being in the universe,  
And I thank You so much for all You have done,  
For me, for my friends, and for  
All of my family,  
I thank You so much.

Dear God,  
Thank You for Your blessings,  
And thank You for the new friends I have,  
And thank You for the education that I am getting,  
And thank You for the opportunities that I have,  
And thank You for all of the food, the water, the clothes,  
And the shelter that You have provided me with,  
And thank You for my wonderful family,  
That still continues to love me to this day.

Thank You for helping my family  
Through their times of trouble,  
And thank You for saving us from  
My father's wrath,  
For You are my true father,  
And no one could ever replace You, Lord.

Lord, as I thank You for all You have done,  
I just wish to ask a few things of You,  
Just so that those who need help  
May get the help You can offer them,  
And for that,  
I thank You for listening.

Dear Lord,  
Please help Sean to continue  
To do well in school,  
And help him to make wise decisions,  
Such as dropping AP Physics,  
If it was absolutely too hard for him,  
And help him to work toward getting good grades,

Whether they be A's, A-'s, or B's,  
Help him to get a good GPA to help him in the future,  
And please help him to work toward his Eagle,  
So that he will be the best of the best,  
And will have a lot to offer,  
And please help him to still have fun,  
And to still have friends,  
Like Arthur, Koster, and PJ,  
Who are all his very good friends on the  
Robotics team. Just please help  
Him to remain happy,  
And to remain responsible with driving.

Please help Stefanie pay attention in school,  
And help her to do the best she can,  
And to do better than what she has been,  
And to stay on the right track,  
And please help her to be happy, too,  
And to always have friendships.

Please help Elyse to do well  
In med school,  
And to be safe in San Francisco,  
And to be the best she can be,  
And to do the best she can,  
And please help her to keep pushing,  
And to never give up on her dreams,  
For she works very hard,  
And help her not to be stressed,  
But help her to relax when she needs it.

Please bless those running for Student Senate,  
And please bless a fair election,  
And please bless those who do win,  
And please also bless those who don't,  
And please help them to still see  
The goodness in the world.

Please bless my friend Erin,  
Who has many troubles of her own,  
But keeps throwing herself at men,  
When she keeps getting hurt repeatedly;

Please help her to make wise decisions,  
And to listen to some advice,  
For I hate seeing her get hurt,  
And I want to see her happy,  
And please help her see the true  
Meaning of a relationship,  
And to not be emotionally needy,  
Or to be a clinger,  
Or too controlling,  
Or to come on too strong,  
But to be a complete person,  
And to know what she wants,  
And to know who she is individually,  
So that she will not get hurt.

Please bless those in the world  
Who suffer,  
And please give them counsel,  
And please bless those who are angry,  
And help them to find peace.

Please bless those who are depressed,  
And help them to find joy,  
And please help those who mourn,  
And help them to realise the happiness in life.

Please bless my father,  
And help him to find his conscience,  
And help him to see what is wrong,  
And to do what is right,  
And please lead him in the right path,  
And please help him to make good choices.

Please bless my new friend Zach,  
And please help him with his depression,  
And help him to find some happiness,  
And if I need to talk to him,  
Send me to him,  
And if he needs someone more,  
Such as a psychologist or a therapist,  
Please provide him with that, as well,  
And please help him to realise

That he is not alone.

Please bless the soldiers  
In Iraq and Afghanistan,  
And help them to come home safely,  
To be safe with their families.

Please bless this election, as well,  
And please help the proper leader to be chosen,  
And help him to make the best of his abilities  
To make good decisions for the country.

And, dear Lord,  
Please help me to stay on the right track,  
And help me to stay focused,  
And to continue my studies,  
And to continue to do well,  
And, if at all possible,  
Please help me to meet someone special,  
For that would be a great birthday present.

Dear Lord,  
I thank You for all You have done,  
And whatever Your plan is,  
I shall follow it,  
And I am Your servant,  
So if You ask anything of me,  
I will listen,  
And I will go about and do Your Will.

I will always love You,  
And I thank You for everything,  
But I could never repay you,  
For I am always in Your debt,  
But I shall express my gratitude  
Through everything I do.

Thank You for everything.

In Your Name, I pray. Amen.



# Graduation

Graduation, what a wonderful feeling!

To be free from labour,

To have gained so much!

I have obtained knowledge and shall achieve great things.

Justin Reamer

# Gratitude

Dear Lord,

You give me strength in  
Everything I do,  
And I thank You for everything  
You have done for me.  
Thank You, Lord,  
For giving me life when  
I was born,  
And for allowing me to take  
My first breath,  
For I would not be here  
Today if You had made  
Me like my older brother,  
Whom I know not,  
But whom I hope is  
With You in heaven.  
Lord, I thank You for creating  
The Universe,  
For we would not have  
A place to roam  
Had you not made it;  
We would not be in existence,  
Even,  
For no human would ever live.  
Lord, thank You for making the  
Sun that lights up our sky,  
For we could not see if You had not made it.  
There would be no life  
If You had not cast light on the world,  
For the plants could not live,  
The bacteria could not live,  
The algae could not live,  
The microbes and insects could not live,  
The animals that could eat them  
Could not live,  
Nor would we humans  
Ever live at all without it.

Lord, thank You for my family;  
I do not know where I would  
Be without them,  
For they are my kindred,  
And I love them with  
All of my heart.  
Thank You for my mother,  
For she is the one who gave birth to me.  
She raised me,  
And sacrificed so much for me.  
She taught me her values,  
And she taught me Your laws,  
Which You gave to Moses  
In Leviticus,  
Gave to Your Son when  
He was born,  
And which Jesus passed on  
To His disciples,  
And which You gave to  
The Catholic Church  
Through Jesus,  
Who lives with You forever  
Through the Apostles,  
St. Peter, St. Paul,  
St. James the Greater,  
St. James the Less,  
St. John,  
St. Andrew,  
St. Thomas,  
St. Bartholomew,  
St. Matthew,  
St. Simon,  
And St. Jude Thaddaeus,  
Through the Church Fathers,  
St. Justin Martyr,  
St. Augustine,  
St. Philemon,  
St. Titus,  
And many more.

To whom passed it on  
To all of us.

My mother was there for me  
In my times of trouble;  
She helped me when I was helpless,  
She comforted me when I was sad,  
She held me when I was hurt,  
She consoled me when I was ambivalent;  
She taught me how to read and write;  
She taught me how to  
Shirk truancy;  
She laughed with me  
When I was happy;  
She protected me from Satan's claws;  
She mollified me when I was angry;  
She shielded me from abuse;  
She provided for me so I  
Could live in life;  
She taught me altruism;  
She nursed me with her milk  
From her breast,  
Lest I should get sick.  
My mother showed me  
How to grow,  
How to be responsible,  
Gain self-sufficiency,  
Become independent,  
And to be selfless.  
She was always there  
And I cannot thank her enough,  
And I cannot say how  
Much a gift she is, Lord,  
For she is great to me.

Thank You for my Father, Lord,  
For he was the one who conceived  
Me by fertilising my egg.  
I know he was not a great man,  
But if it were not for he,  
I would not be here.

Thank You for Elyse, Lord,  
For she is a role model

I can look up to  
And follow as an example.  
She shows me how I can  
Work hard to achieve my goals,  
And she shows me selflessness  
In everything she does.  
She is also a wonderful sister,  
And I love her with all my heart.

Thank You for Sean, Lord,  
For he is a great brother.  
He may be selfish,  
But if it were not for him,  
I would never have learned patience.  
I also love to talk to him,  
Man to man,  
Brother to brother,  
Friend to friend,  
In a way that is more intimate  
Than any other male friend  
That I have,  
For I know I can rely on  
Sean with my life,  
Despite his weaknesses,  
And he on me,  
Despite my flaws,  
For we are reliable on each other.  
I love him with all my heart.

Thank You, Lord,  
For Stefanie,  
For she has helped me  
Learn how to be a mentor,  
A father, and a brother,  
And a teacher.  
If it weren't for her,  
I would never know  
Filial love.  
I love her with all my heart.

Thank You, Lord,  
For the clean water I drink,

For I would have died of thirst  
If it were not for Your blessing,  
And thank You for the food I eat,  
For I would have starved to death  
Had You not provided for me.

Thank You, Lord,  
For my education  
For I have learned so much,  
And i have gained wisdom  
Through Your guidance  
And Your care.  
Thank You for the shelter I live in,  
For I would have died  
Of hypothermia long ago  
If not for You.

Thank You for the clothes I wear on my back,  
For they keep me warm;  
Thank You for my bed and blankets,  
So I may sleep comfortably  
And stay warm all night.

Thank You for saving me from  
My depression,  
And saving me from death  
Five times,  
For I would not be here  
If not for You.  
Thank You for protecting me  
From my father's wrath,  
Otherwise we would have died.  
Thank You for Bruce  
And all he did,  
For he helped me grow.  
Thank You for my friends  
And all they do,  
For they are truly great.

Lord, thank You for my blessings,  
And thank You for all You do.  
I cannot thank You enough

For all that You did for me.  
I am happy You are always there,  
And I am grateful for all that You do.  
Thank You for everything.

In Your Name, I pray.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Greatness

We all can achieve greatness,  
If we really try...

Justin Reamer

# Greed

Do you want everything in life?  
Do you always want everything?  
Anything you can ever imagine?

My friend, I am your worst enemy.  
I am the reason you are  
So materialistic and so miserable,  
For you know that I am  
One of the Seven Deadly Sins,  
And you know that I will kill you  
Eventually,  
And it amuses me to see you suffer.

All you want is money  
And more money,  
And you want the newest car,  
The newest cell phone,  
Expensive watches,  
The newest TV,  
The newest appliances,  
The new iPad,  
And the new iPhone.

Money is your god,  
And you have forgotten about Him,  
The one who has given you everything,  
The one who is the reason you exist today,  
The One who created you,  
The Almighty Lord in Heaven,  
The One who loves you most.

You forgot about Him,  
And He misses you so dearly,  
And yet you are so miserable,  
That you gave in to me,  
One of Lucifer's Servants,  
Who knows what is best.

You pompous little fiend, you,

You know that you are miserable,  
And you know that you can find no love  
Or happiness in this world because  
You gave into me,  
A dark side of human nature,  
A demon from the Pit.

It amuses me to see you miserable,  
But you keep wanting more and more,  
And money just does not cut it,  
For you keep buying new things every time  
They come out,  
For you, my friend,  
Are as unhappy as can be.

I take pleasure from your pain,  
And I am sure that you are aware of that,  
So, my friend, you will suffer,  
Just like everyone else did.  
Beware of me, all of you out there,  
Who have not suffered me or my brothers,  
For you know what could happen to you,  
If you were to come across us.

Justin Reamer

# Grizzled

It's a little grey,  
Don't you think?  
A little to grey for my liking.

Justin Reamer

# Groundings

Poor folks who stand in the theatre,  
They don't have much to watch,  
Nothing to be catered to,  
For I feel bad for them so.  
Not much we can do,  
How about it?

Justin Reamer

# Guardian Angel Prayer

Angel of God,  
my guardian dear,  
To whom God's love  
commits me here,  
Ever this day,  
be at my side,  
To light and guard,  
Rule and guide.  
Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Gudgeon

He's easily cheated;  
It's sad.

Justin Reamer

# Guillemet

Let's use quotation marks in a foreign language  
To enclose stuff for dialogue.

Instead of ' or ',

We will use &lt;&lt; or &gt;&gt;.

It sounds pretty cool to me!

Justin Reamer

# Guitar

Guitar has a wonderful voice,  
For he loves to rock,  
And he sounds just amazing,  
When he does a solo on his own.  
Rock-and-roll sounds great to him,  
But he can also support an orchestra,  
Which is really cool, too.

Justin Reamer

# Hades

I am Hades, god of the underworld,  
And you may have heard  
The story about my origins,  
With Zeussie being hero and all,  
And, yeah, I guess  
I give him credit for that,  
But I guess I will tell  
You a little bit more about myself.

I am Zeus' brother,  
And I guess I am what my  
Siblings call the 'loser'  
Of the family.  
I am a nice guy,  
And I have not smitten  
Any mortal in my entire life,  
But my brothers and sisters  
Seem to hate me for no  
Reason whatsoever.

I am a quiet god,  
And I am very reserved  
And very shy,  
And I like to spend my  
Time learning about  
The world around me  
And learning new things  
That can help me,  
But, yes, it gets very  
Lonely down here in  
The Underworld,  
Especially when  
Your siblings hate your guts.

Well, after Zeus defeated  
My father Cronus and  
Rescued all of us  
(My siblings and me,  
That is) ,

Poseidon and Zeus got into a fight  
About who should rule the heavens.  
I did not want to rule the heavens,  
But, I did want to rule the Ocean  
Because I am fascinated with fish  
And sharks and whales  
And all of the sea's creatures,  
But, of course,  
My brothers wouldn't have  
That since they thought I was  
Incompetent,  
So, we got into a card game.

We played poker,  
And Zeus cheated both  
Seidie and me  
Out in cards,  
(Let's face it;  
He always cheats) ,  
And so, he got to  
Sit on Mt. Olympus,  
And Poseidon took the  
Ocean because he  
Is a jack ass  
Just like my older brother,  
And I was left with the  
Underworld,  
And it sucks down here.

It is very lonely down here,  
And I hate it because  
There is no sunlight that  
I can see  
(Because Helios never  
Comes my way) ,  
And all the souls  
Who made bad decisions  
In life are always moaning  
In the river Styx,  
And the harpies keep trying  
To steal my food  
And keep whining about

How I treat them so badly  
(When they are the most  
Irritable and ugliest things  
That my siblings ever created):  
And the Furies keep trying  
To make me feel guilty  
About things I did not even do  
(Such as stealing aegis from  
Zeus, even though I want nothing  
To do with my brother and his  
Damned shield, and since a mortal  
Stole it from him):  
And the Fates won't shut up  
About threatening to make  
My few children (who are demigods)  
Die before my eyes;  
And the Grey Women won't  
Be quiet about trying to tell me  
That my future is even bleaker  
Than my life is right now;  
And my father,  
Who ate me whole,  
Never stops whining about  
How he is in so much  
Pain down in Tartarus.  
It can get very lonely down  
Here, but I guess I always  
Have Cerberus to keep me  
Company.

Cerberus is my pet  
Whom I have always loved  
Since I was a little boy,  
And he has three heads,  
And a snake tail.  
He is gigantic,  
And he loves to chase  
Elephant steak,  
Which I get for him  
As a treat.  
He loves to play,  
And he is very amiable,

And that is what I like about him,  
But Cerbie, even though cute,  
Was not enough to keep me happy.

When I went to the mortal world,  
I met a beautiful goddess  
Named Persephone,  
The daughter of my sister Demeter.  
I, being the shy guy in the family,  
Was hesitant about talking to her,  
But I talked to her anyway.

Persephone actually conversed  
With me,  
And she did not shun  
Me away like the rest  
Of my family would.  
She actually talked to me,  
And that made me happy.

Unlike mythology,  
Which says I kidnapped her,  
Persephone actually fell  
In love with me,  
And she said she wanted  
To get away from her  
Mother who was like a tyrant,  
And so she went with me to  
The underworld and married me.  
I, being a gentleman,  
Catered to Persephone's every need,  
And cared for her, no matter what.  
I was in love with her,  
And she with me,  
And we were both happy.  
We would even walk in the gardens  
For crying out loud  
Because we were so happy!  
And, when she wanted to,  
I would take her to the mortal  
World in order to see the sun.

However, Demeter is such  
A selfish creep  
That she wept and  
Made mortals suffer  
Because she lost her  
Childish 'plaything, '  
As Sephie worded it,  
And she made all the mortals  
Suffer because of it.  
She is such a jerk!

And, even worse,  
She gets my brother involved,  
Who is the biggest arse  
In the entire universe,  
And so Zeus had to decide  
On what to do!

Well, Zeus made me forfeit  
My beautiful wife  
In order to keep  
Demeter happy and to keep  
The world in balance.  
So, Sephie had to spend time  
With her awful mother  
During the summer months,  
And those were always the lonely  
Times for me,  
And then she spent the winter  
Months with me,  
Which were the best times of my life.

I mean, now that it is winter,  
I am the happiest god  
In the entire universe,  
And Sephie is happy to be  
With me,  
But, alas, the mortals  
Still suffer because of  
Demeter's self-centredness.  
I feel for them,  
And, yes, my sister is

One mean b#%^&,  
And I pity the mortals  
Who suffer,  
But, yet, I am happier  
Than ever,  
For I have found the  
Love of my immortal life,  
Who shall never leave my side.

Well, it was nice meeting you,  
And I have some business to conduct,  
So I thank you for your time.

Justin Reamer

# Haiku 1

Creeping in the sand,  
Hundreds and hundreds of legs,  
Crawling on the walls.

Justin Reamer

## Haiku 2

Brisk wind blowing snow,  
Trees bare as a skeleton,  
Whiteness all around.

Justin Reamer

# Hail Holy Queen

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy!  
Our life, our sweetness, and our hope!  
To thee do we cry, poor banished  
Children of Eve, to thee do we send  
Up our sighs, mourning and weeping  
In this valley, of tears.

Turn, then, most gracious advocate,  
Thine eyes of mercy toward us; and  
After this our exile show unto us the  
Blessed fruit of thy womb Jesus;  
O clement, O loving, O sweet virgin Mary.

Pray for us, O holy Mother of God

That we may be made worthy of the  
Promises of Christ. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Hail Mary

Hail Mary,  
Full of grace,  
The Lord is with thee,  
Blessed are you among women,  
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary,  
Mother of God,  
Pray for us sinners,  
Now and at the  
Hour of our death. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Hamlet

Oh, does that wretch make me so angry!  
Yes, you know who I mean!  
My wretched uncle!  
Wait, you don't know what happened?  
Well, I guess I can tell you.

My name is Hamlet,  
And I am the Prince of Denmark.  
I am a nice man,  
I assure you,  
And I am not a barbarian,  
And I am in love with a beautiful woman,  
Who is like the Sun in the Darkness,  
Named Ophelia,  
Whom I love dearly.  
But, everything went awry.

My father died while I was away at college,  
And I came home to find out that  
My mother, the queen,  
Had married my uncle,  
My father's brother.  
When I found out the news,  
I was petrified that my mother  
Would betray my father like that,  
That she married that man,  
That lecherous, incestuous filthy scoundrel  
Who eats like a pig.  
I was so depressed  
That I wanted to kill myself,  
But I could not,  
Because the Catholic Church forbids it,  
And there would be no way I would find paradise.

Oh, how disgusting this is!  
That man,  
That evil villainous scoundrel!  
How I want to hurt him  
But cannot.

Then my father appeared to me  
In the form of a ghost,  
And he told me he was murdered,  
And I decided I would be vindictive,  
And avenge my father's death  
By deceiving and killing my uncle.  
For the moment,  
I am pretending to be mad,  
Or insane,  
And do not blow my cover,  
But I will get that bastard right  
Where I want him  
In order to kill him  
In the way I need to.  
I will get him,  
I swear,  
So I will get him no matter what.  
Good day to you,  
My dear friend,  
And wish me luck.

Justin Reamer

# Haply

It may possibly be that.

Justin Reamer

# Happiness

Happiness is something,  
That I can hold onto,  
For it is the greatest feeling,  
That I have ever felt in life.

I am glad that I feel it now,  
Since it is so great a feeling,  
And is better than  
Anything else I have felt.

I have not always felt happiness,  
For I have been depressed for  
Ten long years,  
Feeling nothing but sadness.

However, happiness is  
A great feeling that  
I could probably  
Not live without.

Happiness lets me know  
That there are people  
Out there who care  
About me,  
And that I do not  
Have to worry about  
Being lonely or  
Down-trodden  
In any way  
At all.

Happiness lets me know  
That the world  
Is great  
And filled with great  
Things and great  
People, and many  
Great opportunities  
Out there that I can see.

It also lets me  
Know that I have my friends  
Who can back me up  
Whenever I feel sad or lonely,  
And that they will help  
Me with any problems I have.

Happiness also lets me know that  
I have my family at my side  
Every step of the way,  
So that they can help me  
In my times of trouble,  
For I know they will be there.

Happiness is a great feeling,  
And that is something I cannot  
Live without,  
And I am happy to live this way,  
Knowing that I have joy  
In my life,  
And that I can count on everyone  
Who lives around me.

Justin Reamer

# Harmonica

Harmonica certainly knows how to have fun,  
Blowing like a buzzard on a bright day,  
For he knows how to keep the mood right,  
Whether happy or sad,  
Or plain right fun,  
He knows how to do it right.

Justin Reamer

# Három Szó

Szerelmem, sok olyan dolog ezen a világon

Hogy lehet mondani, és érted,

De van egy dolog, hogy kifejezi, hogy az összes

A legnagyobb dolog a világon,

Melyik a legjobb ajándék az összes:

Ez a három szó, amit kimondani, a számát,

'Szeretlek.'

Szerelmem, azt gondolhatja, hogy viccelek,

Egy jocose ember tudja, én vagyok,

És azt gondolhatja, hogy ez csak valami átverés,

Valami értéktelen,

De én azt mondom, ez az igazság,

Mondom, hogy 'szeretlek'

A legnagyobb dolog, lehet mondani, hogy Ön

Mert leírja az érzés,

Minden érzelem,

Minden gondolat,

Minden szenvedély,

A együttérzés,

És a szeretet az Ön számára.

Úgy írja le, hogy mennyit hajlandó vagyok

Semmit az Ön számára,

Nem számít, mi a költség is.

Leírja a tevékenységek és

Az érzelmek megtennék érted.

Azt gondolhatja, hogy ez az örült,

szerelmem

De az igaz, amit mondok neked,

Soha nem hazudnak, az Ön számára, a

Nem vagyok most, fekvő

Akarat én valaha becsapni titeket és nem

Azt hiszik, bármit mondani.

Ez a dolog azt mondani, nem egy átverés,

Nem a botrány,

Nem egy hazugság,

Sem nem hazugság, amelyben élünk.

Emberek azt mondják, hogy a szerelem egy hazugság,

My love for you, de valódi,

És megnyugodhat,

-Ez igaz.

Kedves, azt is mondhatnám, 'szeretlek'

Újra és újra,

Folyamatosan,

Ezzel párhuzamosan,

És folyamatosan,

És mindig mosolygott, rád

Azért, mert oly sok szó mögött

Mit mondhatnék neked.

Nekem van megtett minden muveleteket ismerteti

Vagyok hajlandó-hoz fog,

Ismerteti a gondolatokat, érzéseket,

És az érzelmek, hogy van az Ön számára,

És a kapcsolatunk alapul,

Ez a három szó az alapját képezik

Minden kapcsolat állandó Isten előtt.

Igaz, és remélem

Megéri, hogy.

I love you, édesem,

Mert nincs senki, mint fajta,

Mint könnyörületes, mint eleven,  
A gondolkodó, a csodálatos,  
Vagy mint szerető, mint te.  
Te szép  
A hosszú szőke haj, hogy nő a vállán,  
És süt a napfény, mint a hosszú  
Arany Nemrég öntött a bányász területét.  
Szeretem a fényes kék szemek, hogy ragyog  
Mint a Michigan és emlékeztessen  
A ragyogó kék ég, nyáron  
Délben, amikor közel.  
Kigyullad, minden alkalommal, amikor mosolyog,  
Felfedi a lelked, hogy portál  
És mindenki mutatja, mi van, mi van.  
A mosoly a szép,  
Világítja meg a szobát, mikor sötét vagy homályos  
Hazugság annyira közel, nem nagyon messze,  
Abban az esetben, és a mosoly ragályos,  
Mindenkinek, mint egy betegség terjedésének  
Hogy azok mosolyt, túl.  
Imádom, ahogy nevetni,

Imádnivaló és grandiózus,  
Az Ön megindokolni a furcsa nevetés  
Más emberek nevetni, túl,  
És mindenki szereti, hogy ezt hallom,  
A kellemes a fül.  
A szervezet a karcsú és sovány,  
Giving ön egy szép szám.  
A mell, mint a kókusz fa, gyümölcs  
Ahogy a költő Salamon király Izrael,  
Izrael és Jeruzsálemben, Dávid király fia  
Egyszer azt mondta,  
Mikor írt versét, az énekek éneke,  
A melled, mint érett gyümölcs,  
Nagy és szép bosoms  
Kész ápolják a gyerekek, hogy jön a világra.  
Szépek,  
Emelkedo és eso, minden lassú lélegzetvétel,  
Így a szép szám.  
A termet a fenséges,  
Az Ön séta kecsesen, bárhová is megy,  
Soha nem botladozó, vagy alá,

De a gyaloglás, mint egy szép,  
Megfelelo no, sok finomsággal.  
Mégis van még, hogy szeretem.

Te egy csodálatos zenész  
Aki több hangszeren játszik.  
Te vagy a nagy hegedumuvész  
Egy jó zongorista,  
És egy nagy gitáros.  
Játszunk a hegedu, szépen,  
Tudva, hogy minden crescendo és decrescendo,  
Játék harmóniák is,  
Jól, a hanglejtés, tuning  
Csuklós jól-val-a orr, jegyzetek  
Így a dallamos zenét, bárhová mész,  
Ilyen tempóban megkülönböztetése  
Az allegro andante, presto, largo és moderato.  
Tudod, hogy minden ritardando és rallitando,  
Minden caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,  
Accent, és a húron.  
Játszani a dallamot

A testtartás, és nagy,  
És nem kell aggódnia, embouchure.  
A zongora az akusztika nagyok lejátszásakor,  
Úgy beszélsz, mint Ludwig van Beethoven kezdett játszani, amikor  
Vagy Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Vagy a Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Játszunk csodálatosan,  
Mintha egy dalszerző.  
Ha játszani a gitár  
Egy természetes,  
A játék minden kalimpálás, mint  
Semmi sem  
És, hogy úgy hangzik, csodálatos,  
Majdnem elég,  
A kedves a fülemnek,  
Minden hangzásbeli értelemben.  
Én vagyok a trombonist,  
És én vagyok egyszeru, mint  
A csodálatos összetettségét  
És a tehetség,  
Az Ön számára a tehetséges,

A zenei készségek és egyediek.

Szeretem a zenei képességeit.

Egy nagy outdoorswoman,

Mert nem félsz, hogy nedves,

Egyre piszkos, és túlélni a kemény vadonban.

A kint egy nagy hely,

És szívesen lát mindent körül,

Csak, mint én.

Imádom ezt rólad

Tudom, hogy Ön szeret-hoz megy kemping,

Túrázás, kerékpározás, úszás,

Kenuzás, kajakozás, wakeboard,

Waterboarding, síelés,

Görkorcsolya, korcsolya,

Hátizsákkal, szörfözés, bújárkodás,

Vitorlázás, evezés, futás, kocogás,

Vízisí, madármegfigyelo, whale watching,

Csónakázás, jet-ski, horgászat, tuzrakás, épület

Fozés a mályvacukrot, a gyaloglás, hegymászás,

És minden mást, mint hogy.

Tudom, hogy szeretsz, természet, az állatok és a növények.

Egy természetes biológus,

A természetes zoológus,

Természetes botanikus sokféleképpen, és

És én örülök, hogy látom, hogy szereted a szabadban annyira.

Szeretem azt,

Mert én vagyok a fiú cserkész és egy Eagle Scout

És nem tudom, hol lenne ha a barátnom

Nem szeretnék lenni kívül a nyári

És kissé elhajló-hoz bemegy a hideg, ha

Van egy világos ég,

Sok hó,

És a nagy téli nap.

Örülök, hogy szereted a szabadban,

Mert nem jó a mindent, amit csinál.

Szeretem, hogy egy nagy énekes,

A hangod van csodálatos és harmonikus,

És teszi a dolgokat hang csodálatos, bárhová is megy,

Neked énekelni számos nagy,

Rock dalt írt klasszikus rock művész

Például a Beatles, a Rolling Stones, és akik;

A kortárs rock művészek, mint a szórakozás;

Az emberek, mint Katy Perry, Alicia Keys, dalaikkal

K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson és Carrie Underwood;

Soft rock dalokat, az emberek, mint Billy Joel és Johnny Cash;

Christian dalok zenekarok, mint a harmadik napon, Chris Tomlin,

MercyMe, Britt Nicole, számolás koronák, a Newsboys és még sok más;

Worship songs, hogy sokan írtak,

Különösen a himnuszokat, és meggyász írta a szentek egy évezreddel ezelőtt;

Szeretem, hogyan énekelsz, jazz dallamok, mint azok

Énekli a Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.

A hang is gyönyörű, életvidám, rezonáns,

Euphonious, kedves, és még sok minden más.

Olyan szép, mint egy madár énekel a lombkorona, az erdő.

Én soha nem kap elég-ből ez.

Ez ideiglenes tákolmány én mosolyogva minden alkalommal, amikor hallom a  
alto hangod,

Hogyan ez hangok, a helyek és a jegyzetek között ingadozik.

Ez az abszolút szép.

Énekelni is,

És Szeretek énekelni,  
És tudom, hogy tudna esetleg  
Egy duett valaki, aki szereti csinálni  
Énekelni sok ugyanaz a dolog, amit nem  
Van egy csodálatos dolog, soha nem lehet elfelejteni.

Egy csodálatos művész,  
I Love a művészet  
És imádom, hogy hogyan néz ki.  
Festeni, mint te meg a fényképet,  
Rajzolt, mintha azt vették egy fényképezőgép,  
És farag, mint ha csak az élet,  
A saját medve kezét.  
A festmények, a szobrok,  
A rajzok és vázlatok,  
A kárpit, a paplant;  
Ok minden csodálatos művészeti alkotások –  
Élénk és ragyogó,  
Élénk és színes,  
Egyáltalán nem, sima vagy kissé,  
De vidám és magabiztos,

Mutatja ki a fellebbezés, a szem,

És mégis szimbolikus,

Tele van szó,

Szemlélve oket nem lehet megállítani.

Egy nagy művész, a tehetség, mint senki más;

Az egyediség, páratlan

Hogy mit tettek mások.

A da Vinci vagy a Michelangelo,

Az a fajta ajándékot, a készségek és a tehetség

Hogy Ön rendelkezik.

Szeretem a művészet

És nem tud segíteni, de szemléljük oket,

És a szépség.

A tehetség csodálatos.

Az írás is egy csodálatos,

Mert te egy nagy író,

És egy nagy költő,

Mert olvastam a versek,

Különösen az egyik neve

'Megtanultam a Szentháromságról ma'

Volt egy csodálatos dolog, hogy engem nevetni,

Ez eszembe a saját bátyja

Mikor olvasni.

Arra is emlékszem, hogy a vers 'Szentjánosbogarak a szürkületben'

A velem mindent,

Volt kipróbálás-hoz mond nekem,

És szerettem olvasni,

Ez olyan mély volt

És tele van szó;

A költészet, mint a zene a fülemben,

Hangzó és megnyero,

Tud segíteni, de figyelj, hogy a

Nyugtató splash a hullámok,

A fuzfák, suttogó szél

Az alliteráció és a célzást,

A háborúzásnak és a disszonancia,

A metaforák, méltóságteljesen, használt

A hasonlat, használt sagaciously,

Mindannyian Add fel a művészet részt.

A nagy költő,

Abban az esetben, és a költészet egyedülálló;

Vidám tagadom magát.

Szeretem, hogy a tehetség is,

Mert én vagyok egy író magam,

És én örülök, hogy valaki, mint én.

A bibliophilia akkor is jó,

I Love, hogy szeretsz, olvasni,

És emlékszem, hogy a nagy könyv

Tartsa a musortárban,

És emlékszem, hogy a dolgok, akkor azt mondta

A szerzők és írók, hogy szeretsz,

A költők, a regényíró

A költők, és minden ilyesmi.

Örülök, hogy tud beszélni irodalom

És különösen, írás

Mivel szeretne olvasni,

Elolvassa a verset,

Olvasás és a szoros összefüggésén.

Örülök, hogy tud osztozik az egyik én szenvedélyek veled.

Is egy nagy keresztény,

Szenteli magát, hogy Jézus Krisztus,  
Ahogy megpróbálok tenni,  
Bár vagyok katolikus,  
És akkor a holland református  
Mindketten hisznek valami valódi —  
A kegyelem Isten maga, aki adott nekünk  
Minden, amit látunk, előttünk,  
És semmi sem lehet venni tőlünk  
Mindaddig, amíg Bízunk benne.  
Mert mi vagyunk itt, hogy segítsen másoknak, és segítik egymást,  
És csodálom a hajlandó-hoz ad,  
Csakúgy, mint, hogy kész vagyok.  
-A ' nagy-hoz lát a ti hitetek, így nagymértékben no  
Mert hisz o, aki megmentette a világot,  
Mi Megváltónk, Jézus Krisztus a Messiás.  
  
Szerelmem, én vagyok hajlandó semmit az Ön számára,  
Mert ha te szomorú, én vígasz  
Ha boldog, fog nevetni, veled,  
Ha zavaros, én tanácsot adok majd neked,  
Ha ütközött, majd hallgatni, és konzol

Ha dühös, én akarat megpróbál-hoz lecsillapítani

Ha ideges, majd megnyugtatni,

Ha aggódik, azt ott lesz az Ön számára.

Azt akarom, hogy boldog legyen

Mert a boldogság a legfontosabb dolog

Számomra ebben a világban.

Megveszi, virágok, amikor szükséges,

Kap egy gyémánt gyuru, hogy elismerésemet,

Egy ehhez hasonló, verset írni

Legyen ott Ön és családja amikor

Szüksége van rám, hogy ott;

Én ott leszek, a gyermekeink,

Mert te különleges számomra.

Elviszi Önt, hogy a filmek,

És csinál akármi én tud segít bizonyára tudod

Hogy én szeretni foglak mindig.

Mi lesz, hogy minél több gyermek, mint te

Akar-hoz volna,

Mert ez a test vagyok használ,

Tehát akarat enged ön eldönt amit

Akar-hoz használ ez részére,

Tehát Önnek van beleszólása, benne.

Barátnom,

Az én-m más jelentos,

Hamarosan, hogy menyasszonya,

Mert vagyunk hamarosan affianced,

És hamarosan, hogy felesége,

Mert mi lesz, hogy Szent házasságra

Ebben a kapcsolatban, Isten előtt.

Mi lesz a fiai és leányai a saját,

Gyerekek, mi mindig szeretni fogja,

És növelni fogja oket, hogy a nagy ember,

És mi lesz a nagy szülok.

Akkor lesz egy nagy anya,

És lesz egy nagy apa.

Te vagy az életem szerelme, édesem;

Azt akarom tudni, hogy ez.

Én vagyok a te szolgád,

És te vagy a mester;

Szívesen adok magamnak, hogy

Azért is találkozom, minden igényét

Az, hogy boldog légy.

Én vagyok, rugalmas és alázatos,  
Mert én akkor benyújtják a boldogság.  
Én szerelem minden körülbelül akkor,  
És -a ' hajlandó-hoz csinál ez minden az Ön számára.  
Azt akarom tudni, hogy ez.  
Te az én lelki társ,  
Az én egyetlen igaz szerelem,  
És nincs senki, mint te  
Aki egészíti ki nekem.  
Örülök, hogy ismerlek  
És teljes szívemből szeretlek.

Tehát, az én-m szeretet, ez a három szó  
Mondani, mindent meg kell tudni,  
Mert azt írják le, minden csak leírt,  
Mindent úgy érzem, neked,  
A Mikor látlak szívem dobog,  
Az én-m serdtse válik, aritmiás,  
Az én-m glubina Petra lesz boldog a látványa  
Az én-m belek twist és a lemorzsolódás;  
A mosolyom válik akaratlan,

Nevetek, kontrollálatlan,

Én sóhaj, hosszú és puha.

I love you, édesem,

És én vagyok hajlandó semmit az Ön számára.

Te az én lelki társ,

És ez a három szó mindent leír.

Mi a kapcsolat alapját:

Szeretet, együttérzés, önzetlenség, magunkat, és Isten maga.

Ne feledje, ez a három szó,

És amikor azt mondom nekik,

Ne feledje, a fontosságát,

A következő három szavak nagyok,

És mondom nekik, hogy egy utolsó alkalommal,

'Szeretlek.'

Justin Reamer

# Harry Potter

Born a boy with normal parents,  
Both people of magical blood,  
Welcomed into the world on 31 July,  
My infancy was supposed to be  
A normal one, by far.

But the Dark Lord came;  
My parents he slew;  
For I, he believed,  
Would be his destruction,  
And in his desperation,  
Attempted to take my life.

However, he disappeared,  
And I survived,  
Becoming the Boy Who Lived,  
With my lightning bolt scar,  
Marking the trademark of my fame.

I grew through my infancy,  
Raised by Muggles,  
Those known as the Dursleys,  
Whom Aunt Petunia,  
My mother's sister,  
Was my nearest relation.

Living with them,  
I lived in torment as  
My aunt and uncle complained,  
Encumbered with wanton worry,  
And Dudley, my cousin,  
Made me his punching bag,  
His victim to vanquish,  
As I tried to run away.

Though I suffered,  
Strange things happened to me,  
Such as my uncontrollable hair,  
Teleportation of my own device,

And snakes of serpentine stances,  
Spoke to me in hisses and whispers,  
Of which they became free  
In the zoo because of me.

Things were strange, I must admit,  
But things got stranger,  
As a giant man with a beard,  
Who called himself Hagrid,  
Visited me and told me  
I was a wizard.

The Dursleys freaked  
And banished me out,  
And I left them to Hogwarts,  
Where I learned the truth  
About me and my life.

I had my classes,  
Made new friends,  
Dealt with Dark Magic,  
And battled creatures of all sorts,  
I encountered the Dark Lord,  
And I defeated him,  
Winning straightaway,  
And I lived,  
More so to tell my tale,  
And I still live on today.

I am a humble wizard,  
A parent of my children,  
Whom I will never forget,  
And will be the man I'm supposed to be,  
And now I'm here,  
With nothing more,  
Living my life,  
Being the Boy Who Lived.

Justin Reamer

# Harsh

Aye, you don't have to be so harsh,  
Especially to a man like me,  
Because I understand your troubles,  
But let me tell you  
That you don't have a heart of stone,  
But that you just have emotional troubles,  
And you're just trying to understand yourself.

You're a good lad, boy,  
Don't forget that,  
But just let me help you,  
And you will get through it,  
That I am sure.

Justin Reamer

# Hatred

I am one of the Seven Deadly Sins,  
And you know what I am capable of.  
For I am a human instinct,  
And yet a daemon from the Pit,  
And you must beware of me,  
For I can kill you in the end.

I am the reason  
You hold a grudge against your friend,  
For I am the reason you cannot forgive him,  
And I am also the reason why you murdered  
The man who wronged you in plain sight.

I am the reason  
That Jacob and Esau fought so  
Badly and yet held a grudge.  
I am also the reason why Cain and Abel  
Did not get along,  
And why Cain murdered Abel,  
His own brother.

I am the reason why the Israelites  
Made the Golden Calf  
While Moses was going to get the Ten Commandments,  
For they hated Moses being gone,  
And they thought that the Lord was not with them.  
They thought He had  
Abandoned them.

I am the reason why Jonah suffered,  
For he hated the Ninevites  
And everything they stood for,  
Since he was also a coward  
When God called upon him.

I am the reason why many of the prophets  
Were persecuted  
For the Israelites  
Were afraid of what God

Was trying to tell them.

I am also the reason why the Samaritans  
Had conflicts with the Jews,  
For the Jews did them wrong,  
And the Samaritans lived their own lives  
Of ungodliness and everything.

I am also the reason why Joseph  
Was betrayed by his brothers,  
For they hated him  
And sold him into slavery,  
Just because of his technicoloured  
Coat from his father Jacob.

I am the reason why Jesus died on the cross,  
For the Pharisees hated Him,  
And everything He preached,  
And everything He told people.

I am also the reason why St. Paul,  
Who was formerly Saul,  
Killed so many of the early Christians,  
For he hated them so much,  
That he did not care what he did to them at all.

And I am also the reason why you hate your friend so much,  
For he betrayed you,  
Deceived you,  
And lied about you.  
He took your girlfriend,  
The love of your life,  
And you cannot forgive him.  
In fact, he married  
Your fiancée,  
That woman you loved so much,  
You cannot forgive your friend because  
You gave in to me.  
You cannot forget about the pain,  
And that is the truth.

That is the truth of it all.

So don't give in to me,  
Whatever you do,  
For I will take pleasure in your pain,  
And will bring your soul to the Pit,  
For believe me,  
I am merciless,  
And you do not want to be infected with me,  
Tainting every aspect of your life.

Justin Reamer

# Hearing The Truth

The truth can be harsh,  
I know,  
But you must understand why I tell you,  
Because she does not care about you,  
And all she will do is hurt you,  
And you must know that she tricks,  
Plays games,  
Plays with all men's hearts,  
As Estella does with Pip  
In Charles Dickens' masterpiece  
Great Expectations,  
For she is beautiful,  
But she will use you,  
And hurt you no matter what you think,  
So stay away, I warn you,  
For she will hurt you in the end.

Justin Reamer

# Heart

Your heart is greater than mine,  
And you just know it!

Justin Reamer

# Heartache

Heartbreak comes again,  
Leaving my heart bleak,  
There is no hope for me,  
Since I am a freak.

What is ever wrong with me?  
Why did she insult me?  
Why is love so torturous,  
If we can't agree?

Love, love,  
How torturous it is!  
How horrific it shall be!  
Why do we have constant grief,  
If we cannot be free?

The chains impound us,  
In a prison we are,  
Heartbreak leads to heartache,  
Which sinks us into tar.

why do we have love,  
If we never prosper?  
Why do we falter always,  
When 'tis over time?

I will never understand love,  
My heart is always aching,  
People come and go,  
Going with constant taking.

I get used, I get hurt,  
Why do we have harm?  
People always believed  
In what was a good luck charm.

People are cruel,  
Love is bleak,  
It shall always falter,

We are always suffering,  
When we call upon the altar.

God, can You help us?  
We need Your greatest gift.  
We need something just,  
Something that never shifts.

We need Your help,  
You're the only one,  
Who can save us all,  
We know You need us, as well,  
In our greatest gall.

We need Your help,  
If anything,  
We need Your intercession,  
May we gain Your help,  
And get us out of this possession.

We are sinners,  
And I know that,  
For what I have done daily,  
I have hurt many souls,  
Even though 'tis near insanely.

I need Your help,  
For all is hopeless,  
No discussion in the matter,  
I need Your eyes,  
Your ears, Your face,  
Whatever is much sadder.

I know that when I find You,  
All hope will not be lost.  
I believe in You,  
And I will never be Faust.

Thank You for Your Greatness,  
Thank You for Your Majesty,  
If anything,  
To say the least.

Heartache is a dreadful thing,  
But we shall outgrow it.  
We know better than to sit around  
And dig up a pit.

And thus we have it,  
Whatever 'tis,  
That we cannot deny,  
Fortune has told us,  
And we shall obey,  
Whatever is Nature's Cry.

Justin Reamer

# Heartbeat

Thump  
My heart  
Starts beating  
Every sec  
Of the day when I  
Happen to inhale my  
Breath when oxygen comes in.  
Thump, my heart continues to beat,  
Beating every minute of the day,  
Keeping me alive with circulation.

Justin Reamer

# Hellbound

What hope is there for me,  
As I try to struggle every day,  
Weeping and crying as the  
Monster in my heart tears at me  
Bit by bit, morsel by morsel, ort by ort?  
Why do I never rejoice,  
But die slowly as I  
Struggle to live every day,  
Each time becoming more stagnant?

I know not why, but my heart  
Aches with the pain it contains,  
With every sin, regret, and dismay,  
Shame, guilt, and remorse torture  
It still while old memories  
Lead me to despair.

A wretch, a wretch am I!  
A sinner, a villain, a disgusting invalid,  
Raped, abused, molested, and lost,  
Bringing everyone down with him  
As he struggles to live, to survive.

I don't deserve Heaven as  
I have wronged so many people  
For He can crush me with His fist,  
For I am too awful for it,  
But to hell, I am sent,  
For torment is my existence,  
And in torment, I will end.

Justin Reamer

# Hera

I am Hera,  
And you may know me  
As the queen of the gods,  
And as Zeus's wife.

Despite what they say about me,  
I do not really like my husband,  
For he is a real jerk.  
I mean, he gives all this  
Attention to other women,  
And never gives any attention  
To me.

It makes me mad,  
And, of course, jealous,  
Because I only have two children,  
And one is a spoiled brat,  
And the other walks with a freaking limp!

I mean, maybe I give  
My husband to hard of a time,  
But, truthfully, I can be reasonable;  
And, yes, I am reasonable!  
I listen to my husband,  
And I am there when he needs me,  
And I am there when he has problems.  
But, I just wish he wasn't so selfish  
And I wish he understood what  
The true meaning of marriage was!  
Sometimes, I feel like I want  
To kill him,  
But, of course, I cannot,  
Even though my envy  
Gets so high,  
So I punish him through  
Killing his bastard children.

Yes, I have smitten  
A few humans in my lifetime,

As my husband smote many  
Things in his lifetime,  
As well,  
And, yes, they were all his children.

I think I have killed so  
Many that I have lost count,  
But I do know that I killed  
Hercules,  
Had Paris killed,  
Had Hector killed,  
Maybe Theseus,  
For I cannot remember,  
Put my wrath on Jason,  
And also my wrath  
Onto Medea,  
And I have also  
Killed many other people.

Heck, I helped Troy  
Fall to the ground,  
For that is why it is no more,  
Just because Paris thought  
Aphrodite was more  
Beautiful than I was.

I mean, come on,  
Aphrodite may be beautiful,  
But she is like a prostitute,  
Sleeping around all the time,  
And having fun while doing it, too.

I, on the other hand, do not  
Do that,  
For I am loyal to my  
Husband, no matter what.

Oh, okay, you have me there;  
I did cheat on him  
Once in my life,  
And I had that awful  
Child with the limp,

And man,  
I cannot stand it,  
For I guess I was punished  
By the Fates  
For that,  
After all.

But, still, I do not sleep  
Around like Aphrodite does,  
For she is a creep!  
Dang, I hate her,  
If anything.

So, yes,  
Life is pretty  
Unhappy with my husband,  
But I do manage to trick him  
Every once in a while,  
For he can easily be seduced,  
For he likes who I am  
Whenever I come across him,  
And I am the master of seduction,  
So I take him to bed,  
And he does everything I ask of him.

It is ingenious, I know, right?  
Yeah, it works,  
But life could still be better,  
Even though I do have fun with  
Trickery every once in a while.

I hope you all enjoy yourselves,  
For I have some stuff  
That I need to do,  
And I will go to it.

Thank you so much,  
And it was nice meeting you.

Justin Reamer

# Hermes

I am Hermes,  
The messenger of the gods,  
And I am Zeus'  
Trusted employ.

I have delivered many messages  
To many different people  
In my lifetime,  
From messages like,  
'I love you,  
Do you want to have  
Dinner tonight? '  
To messages like  
'I have a quest for you,  
You must comply immediately, '  
To messages like  
'Go f@#%^ yourself in the mirror! '

I must admit that  
It is fun being the messenger,  
For I can do so many things,  
And unlike my siblings,  
I get to fly around with my  
Winged sandals that  
I adore so much and  
That all the ladies find very stylish,  
Especially in this day and age.  
I just did not like it when  
Zeus (my brother) forced  
Me to give Perseus  
(One of his children)  
My shoes for his quest  
To save Andromeda  
And to defeat AEtes,  
The king who tried  
To kill his mother.  
I had to go a whole week  
Without them,  
And I could not do

My lovely stunts,  
Which I love to do in the air.  
But it works.

But, yes, I have delivered  
Messages to many different people,  
Including Athena and Artemis,  
Poseidon, the oomph in the ocean,  
Hades, the King of the Undead,  
Hephaestus, my favourite gimpy,  
Ares, the raving idiot,  
Hera, the b@#%^ of a wife,  
Aphrodite, my favourite sister,  
Hestia, the quiet one,  
Apollo, my favourite brother,  
Zeus (as far as return messages) ,  
Circe and Calypso,  
Demeter, the biggest crybaby I know,  
The Muses and the Nymphs,  
The Centaurs,  
The Satyrs,  
Dionysus himself (beware) ,  
That narcissistic Narcissus,  
That manly Adonis,  
That poor man Hyacinth,  
Aeolus, the windbag,  
That wise fellow Theseus,  
That Smart Alec Perseus  
(I don't like him) ,  
That damned blithering idiot, Hercules,  
That smart and wily Odysseus,  
That brat named Achilles,  
The warrior Menelaus,  
The fool Paris,  
The poor man Hector,  
The jack a@#% Agamemnon,  
The poor Europa,  
The stupid Cupid,  
The bossy jerk Aeneas,  
And much, much more.

Well, you better be careful

About me bringing a message to you  
Because I am like one of my counterparts,  
Loki,  
Who likes to play  
All kinds of jokes on people,  
Which is hilarious.  
I must admit  
That I am witty,  
But I have a message to send,  
So I best get back to work,  
For I do not want the boss  
To get angry with me,  
For that would be bad.

Well, have a good day,  
And I wish you luck,  
And it was nice meeting you!

Justin Reamer

# High Noon

A hot summer day,  
Animals seeking shelter,  
Day is at midpoint.

Justin Reamer

# High School

How I remember high school,  
With all of the enemies  
That I made over those years,  
And all of the friends  
That I had during those times,  
And all of the fluked relationships  
That I can never recall.  
High School was an interesting  
Time in which I will  
Never be able to  
Call back,  
And, of course,  
I do not really  
Want to go back there,  
Even though some memories  
Were good and some were bad.

My freshman year  
Was the loneliest year  
Of the four,  
And I must admit,  
That I thought everyone hated me,  
But I worked my way through my classes,  
And I worked hard to be where I am,  
But, fortunately,  
I made friends with upper classmen,  
Who would all graduate the  
At year's end.  
I never did any  
Extracurricular activities,  
Besides band and all,  
But I did manage to join the Book Club,  
Where I made friends with the seniors,  
Such as Alex, Sophie, Beth, and Jen,  
And Andrew and Paul, as well,  
And I had many cool teachers,  
But I was still lonely for  
My class was all too immature  
For me to hang out with,

And they still held their grudges,  
No matter what.

My sophomore year was a little bit better,  
And I managed to get involved with a girl,  
And the relationship went sour,  
And I almost met my doom,  
But somehow peace prevailed,  
And I also managed to do some  
Extracurricular activities that  
I actually enjoyed,  
Such as the newspaper,  
And the jazz band,  
Where I made more friends  
With upper classmen,  
And some people in  
My grade, as well,  
But, alas, the seniors  
Graduated, and I lost  
Many of my friends there, too.

My junior year was perhaps the greatest,  
For I managed to make great friends,  
And I joined Extracurricular Activities,  
Such as Robotics and the Newspaper,  
And jazz band on top of that,  
And I went on trips and made new friends,  
And had a lot of fun at my first prom.

My senior year was just as great,  
And, academically, I did well,  
And, I had many friends I could count on,  
And I hung out with them all the more,  
And prom was great,  
And my extracurriculars were great,  
And I got to know what  
I wanted to do when I went to college.

And, now, I am graduated,  
And high school had its ups  
And its downs,  
And I am happy to be where I am.

Justin Reamer

# Home

Home,  
A safe haven,  
That is where I belong,  
For it is something that I identify,  
As that special place of all,  
For it is very special to me,  
For home is a great thing,  
And there is nothing else  
That could comfort me more  
Than being with my family,  
For that is home for me,  
And it is my place of safety  
And my place of happiness.

Justin Reamer

# Honesty

Honesty is a sacred thing.  
Honesty, what we can call it,  
What name we can give it,  
Is endless, and ongoing,  
But simply, honesty is the soul of truth.

Honesty is the woman  
That loves you dearly  
And cares about every nail  
And tooth and bone  
On your body,  
The woman that loves you  
With all her heart,  
And is truthful to your every need.

Honesty is the Angel  
That is righteous,  
That casts evil away,  
Stopping its trickery,  
The Angel who ends burdens  
That befall you,  
Weighing you down on your back,  
The Angel who casts away those weights  
And anvils  
And bricks  
And cinder-blocks  
That kill your back so,  
And sends them away so that you may be relieved.

Honesty is the beautiful Emilia,  
Who stood up to her own husband, Iago,  
Who deceived everyone in Venice,  
Even the great warrior Othello,  
Who was tricked into  
Killing his faithful wife, Desdemona.

Honesty is St. Michael the Archangel,  
The noble angel of the Lord,  
Who stood up to the proud Lucifer,

Who fell from heaven due to his pride.  
Michael, who fought the dragon Satan,  
Whom Lucifer became,  
And sent the monster into hell,  
Where the unclean fallen angel  
Lives to rot away.

Honesty is the light that defeats the darkness,  
Which removes the mask of lies,  
And reveals the light of truth.  
It whisks away all evils.

Honesty is the hero Odysseus,  
Who will be truthful to all,  
And will do what is right  
In order to get home to see his family  
And eventually save them.

Honesty is the Trojan Hector,  
Who cares for his wife,  
And for his child,  
And fights honourably  
Throughout the Trojan War,  
And is honourable to his people  
No matter what.  
He only falls due to the trickery  
Of the goddess Athena,  
Who pretends to be his brother;  
He is slain by Achilles,  
The personification  
Of Wrath and Rage  
And of animistic traits,  
Who is a monster at this point.  
Hector falls to self-sacrifice  
And thoughtful perseverance  
And honourable service.

Honesty is Jesus,  
The Son of God,  
Who is truthful with all of His people,  
All of His disciples,  
And all of His Apostles.

He is love personified,  
The Truth and the Word,  
The Lord and the Shepherd.  
He taught us how to be good people,  
And taught us how to act like Christians,  
And He gave His life to all of us,  
To us imperfect beings,  
Whom He loves so much,  
And who will come again to save us  
From the evils of this world.

Honesty is Siddhartha Gautama,  
Who believed that every human,  
No matter what caste they were  
In the Hindu culture,  
Could reach salvation.  
Honesty is the Buddha who  
Knew that any human could reach  
Nirvana,  
The highest state of mind anyone can have.  
Siddhartha believed in the truth,  
That all humans could reach Nirvana.  
They could all meditate,  
Follow the Eight-Fold Path,  
And reach the Light of Truth,  
Which is Nirvana.

Honesty is Mahatma Gandhi,  
Who saw good in all people,  
Who was truthful to himself  
And to his people,  
And stood up for what was right,  
In a peaceful way.

Honesty is Prometheus,  
The Titan who saw good in humans,  
And blessed them with the gift of fire,  
Which Zeus looked down upon.  
Prometheus was honest with the people,  
And showed them the truth in order to have  
An advantage over the animals;  
Prometheus,

The honest and noble Titan,  
Caring for the lesser beings,  
Who was eventually punished  
By the god Zeus,  
For infuriating him,  
And blessing the humans with fire,  
The humans whom he despised so much.

Honesty is Moses,  
Who led his people out of Egypt,  
Who willingly took responsibility  
Of the murder he committed,  
Who always maintained the covenant with God,  
And who always served his people.  
Moses, the wise man chosen by the Lord,  
Took all accounts  
And listened to everyone.  
He maintained the covenant with God,  
And maintained the Laws  
They placed upon the Israelites.  
He maintained the Commandments,  
No matter what.

Honesty is Abraham,  
Who heard God for the first time,  
And responded to His call,  
Who willingly gave himself over to Him,  
Who was willing to listen to his Master,  
The Lord in Heaven,  
Who was willing to give his son, Isaac,  
Over to the Lord as a tribute.

Honesty is God Himself,  
The Almighty Father in Heaven,  
Who knows all  
Sees all,  
And feels all,  
Who is Mightier than we may ever be.  
He is the Creator,  
The one who gave light to this world,  
The one who created the tides,  
The one who lit the sun in the sky,

The one who planted the first seed,  
The one who breathed air into our lungs,  
The one who brought life to this Earth.  
He is omniscient,  
The one who knows the Beginning,  
And the End,  
And when that End will come,  
And when Revelations will take its place,  
And when Armageddon will come,  
And when the Tribulation will take its toll.  
He is also the Light,  
The Truth,  
The One Almighty Father,  
The one we live by.  
He is the Father,  
Who loves us,  
His Children,  
Who would do anything for us,  
No matter what.  
He is the Great Father in Heaven,  
Who is always good and kind,  
And fights for the Truth.  
He is Our Father,  
Our Lord,  
Our Creator,  
And our Master.  
He is honesty in truth.

Honesty can take on many names,  
And yet it still exists.  
It is the light and the truth,  
The man with no facade,  
The person who does everything right,  
The noble angels,  
And the one who stands for good.  
Honesty is the soul of truth.

Justin Reamer

# How Great You Are

O, God,  
You are greater than anything  
That exists in this world,  
For You are greater than any of us,  
And You are greater than all of the trees,  
And all of the elephants,  
And all of the giraffes,  
And all of the whales,  
And all of the tigers,  
And the lions,  
And the wolves,  
And all else that you have made.  
You are greater than bacteria and viruses  
That exist on this planet,  
And You are greater than the sky,  
The entire planet Earth,  
The stars in the sky,  
All the constellations,  
And all the planets,  
And all other galaxies,  
For You are the cause of what scientists  
Call the Big Bang Theory,  
For You alone created  
Everything out of nothing,  
And You created life on this planet in  
Which we all live.

Father, You are greater  
Than every nation,  
And You are greater than the oceans,  
And the mountains that go high into the sky,  
And all of the Wonders of the World.  
You are the reason we all live,  
And we love You no matter what.  
We thank You for all that You do,  
With Your works and Your blessings,  
Everything I own,  
And I know this,  
Belongs to you,

Even my Bible,  
The clothes I wear,  
The house I live in,  
The food I eat,  
The water I drink,  
The shoes I walk in,  
The books I have in my library,  
All of my electronics,  
My pet,  
All the animals in the world,  
My cell phone,  
My flash drives,  
My laptop in which I write right now,  
My talents that you have blessed me with,  
My brothers and sisters,  
My mother and my father,  
My friends,  
My pencils and pens,  
My notebooks,  
My backpack,  
My plants,  
My garden,  
My lightsource,  
My shower,  
My toilet,  
My sink,  
My car,  
Everything,  
In which I have,  
Belongs to You,  
And for that, I thank You.

Father, You are great,  
For You are omniscient,  
Omnipotent,  
And omnibenevolent.  
You know all,  
You see all,  
You are present everywhere,  
And You do good toward all.  
Father, we are all Your children,  
And we all belong to You.

You gave us Your Son,  
Whom You love so much,  
And sacrificed Him in order to  
Save all of us.  
Father, You are all-powerful,  
And You are the Greatest Being of All,  
And You are the Creator of the Universe,  
For You are awesome,  
And You are wonderful.  
I love You with all of my heart,  
All of my mind,  
All of my strength,  
All of my might,  
And all of my soul.  
I will praise You every day,  
For You are the one true God,  
And no one else exists but You,  
Not even Zeus or Hera,  
Athena or Hermes,  
Shiva, Krishna, or Vishnu,  
Osiris or Anubis,  
Isis or Ra,  
Baal or Alder,  
The Morrigan or Set,  
Jupiter or Venus,  
Pluto or Mercury,  
Odin or Thor,  
Loki or Freya,  
Quetzalcoatl,  
Rok or Thunderbird,  
The gods of Zoroaster,  
The gods of Wicca,  
Ganesh or Persephone,  
The god of money,  
The god of power,  
The god of sex,  
Or any other illusions,  
For You are the one true God,  
And we praise You,  
For You are the Lord.

Thank You, Father,

For all that You have done,  
For You are Yahweh,  
The Lord,  
The King,  
God,  
Allah,  
Jehovah,  
And so much more,  
And I thank You so much  
For all that You have done for me.  
Thank You so much.

In Your Name, I pray. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# How To Be A Poet

Listen to your heart;  
Let it guide you through life,  
Your Muse, let it be,  
As she whispers in your ear,  
Transcribe her words onto the page.

Your emotions, those beautiful things,  
Compassion, sympathy, pity, joy,  
All wonderful, in union, be in touch.  
Let your heart speak for itself;  
Let your sentiments tell you rightly,  
Let your soul be your mentor,  
And you, its tutor, in all things beautiful.

Become one with Nature,  
The spirit of the world;  
Take notice of everything around you,  
Ignore nothing pertinent to your cause.  
Take nothing for granted—  
Anything and everything could  
One day become a poem itself.

Justin Reamer

# Hugger-Mugger

We got a sense of urgency,  
And we need you to keep it a secret.  
Can we trust you?

Justin Reamer

# Humanitatis

To be or not to be: that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler to suffer from pain or  
To end it with forceful opposition, I know not,  
But human consciousness offers us with  
Many different solutions to solve them.  
However, the question still remains,  
Prodding us like little fishhooks in our mouths:  
What does it mean to exist?

The question of existence is a dilemma,  
Inedible cellulose causing flulike symptoms,  
Answers unascertainable to human consciousness.  
Ambiguous and vague as it may be,  
It can be answered in any way we seek,  
But 'tis reason's riddle like the Voynich manuscript,  
With only one clear distinction in mind to note:

Human consciousness is a blessing and a curse.  
We differ from the animals as night from day,  
The animals with instincts, living to die like batteries,  
And humans with consciousness, the ability to think.  
Morality, philosophy, art, all human inventions,  
All beautiful in our capacity to ponder and inquire,  
But are distinct in their own uniqueness.

Reason's faculties, however, has its limits;  
It cannot surpass our final destination: death.  
A bomb to any forethought, the idea destroys  
Optimism with acceptance of the inevitable.  
Morbid, it seems, but hope still lies in the Truth:  
We are all one in the Kingdom of God.

Justin Reamer

# Humiliation

Humiliation, embarrassment,  
What is there to forget?  
You feel those butterflies in your stomach,  
When someone drops the net.

You feel a baseball hit your face,  
Unexpectedly,  
You turn red as they laugh,  
That's humiliation.

You have a crush on a girl,  
But one reveals your secret,  
You blush,  
You cross your fingers,  
That's humiliation.

You pay no attention to where you're going,  
You stumble and you fall,  
And land on your face;  
You blush, you smile,  
That's humiliation.

My friend was backing while conversing,  
And was paying no attention,  
He tripped and fell,  
Got baptised twice,  
That's humiliation.

My friend had an upset stomach,  
But he tried to hold it,  
But somehow, he could not do it,  
So he let out a loud toot,  
And went into the abyss;  
That's humiliation.

My friend tried to do a slam dunk,  
But he missed the basket,  
Instead he had an airball,  
And went tumbling towards the wall.

That's humiliation.

Humiliation, what a dreadful thing you are!

If only you did not exist!

Life would be so much better,

If you didn't persist!

Justin Reamer

# Humour

Halloa, my good friend,  
How are you today?  
I am quite fine, thank you;  
I don't need that display.

My question is this, my friend,  
How do you manage to laugh so much?  
You are always laughing,  
Even when you're stressed out.

How do you manage to do it,  
With that big smile of yours?  
How can you be stressed out  
And be laughing all the same?

Your smile is very attractive,  
To that I will not lie,  
But I don't know if it's your good humour,  
Or utter idiocy.

Your laugh is so contagious,  
That it makes me smile, too,  
I cannot help but enjoy the fun,  
When your laugh has been released.

Your laugh is so cute,  
For I hear it all the time,  
I cannot help but resist,  
When you laugh so randomly.

But how do you manage to laugh,  
When there is no joke at all?  
You just laugh with your friends,  
As if you have a secret code.

For example, you laugh at our Physics teacher,  
When she's really not that funny,  
You just laugh hysterically,  
As if there is a purpose.

My friend, what is so funny,  
When our physics teacher is not funny,  
How is there anything funny,  
When a teacher gives a lecture?

My friend, humour is a great thing,  
Do not get me wrong;  
However, laughing, when random,  
Is a curious thing.

My friend, do not stop laughing,  
For it is cute and remarkable,  
And don't ever give up on it,  
For it is your greatest trait.

Justin Reamer

# Husbandry

What frugality is involved here,  
Something I can't refuse!

Justin Reamer

# Hym Dias Irae

That day of wrath,  
that dreadful day,  
shall heaven and earth in ashes lay,  
as David and the Sybil say.

What horror must invade the mind  
when the approaching Judge shall find  
and sift the deeds of all mankind!

The mighty trumpet's wondrous tone  
shall rend each tomb's sepulchral stone  
and summon all before the Throne.  
Now death and nature with surprise  
behold the trembling sinners rise  
to meet the Judge's searching eyes.

Then shall with universal dread  
the Book of Consciences be read  
to judge the lives of all the dead.

For now before the Judge severe  
all hidden things must plain appear;  
no crime can pass unpunished here.

O what shall I, so guilty plead?  
and who for me will intercede?  
when even Saints shall comfort need?

O King of dreadful majesty!  
grace and mercy You grant free;  
as Fount of Kindness, save me!

Recall, dear Jesus, for my sake  
you did our suffering nature take  
then do not now my soul forsake!

In weariness You sought for me,  
and suffering upon the tree!  
let not in vain such labor be.

O Judge of justice, hear, I pray,  
for pity take my sins away  
before the dreadful reckoning day.

You gracious face, O Lord, I seek;  
deep shame and grief are on my cheek;  
in sighs and tears my sorrows speak.

You Who did Mary's guilt unbind,  
and mercy for the robber find,  
have filled with hope my anxious mind.

How worthless are my prayers I know,  
yet, Lord forbid that I should go  
into the fires of endless woe.

Divorced from the accursed band,  
o make me with Your sheep to stand,  
as child of grace, at Your right Hand.

When the doomed can no more flee  
from the fires of misery  
with the chosen call me.

Before You, humbled, Lord, I lie,  
my heart like ashes, crushed and dry,  
assist me when I die.

Full of tears and full of dread  
is that day that wakes the dead,  
calling all, with solemn blast  
to be judged for all their past.

Lord, have mercy, Jesus blest,  
grant them all Your Light and Rest.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Hymn 1

O, How great You are, Lord,  
For You are the Greatest thing  
That could ever happen to us.  
You are Our Father in Heaven,  
And You are the most powerful being  
In the world,  
And You love us more than anything.  
Lord, we praise You,  
And we thank You  
Because you saved us from our sins,  
And You helped us in every way possible.  
We cannot thank You enough,  
And we continue to praise You  
In everything we do.  
Lord, we love You so much,  
That we are willing to give everything  
To You because we would do  
Anything You ask of us,  
For we are Your children,  
And we will never forget what  
You have done for all of us.  
Jesus saved us, Lord,  
And we cannot forget what  
You have done for all of us  
As our Loving Father in Heaven.

Justin Reamer

# Hyperbole

Your brother is like  
Ten feet tall;  
He stands so tall  
That he could probably reach  
The Eiffel Tower without even trying.  
It's like he's Paul Bunyan  
Or something like that.

Justin Reamer

# Hyperhidrosis

I am sweating profusely,  
And I don't know the reason why.  
I have a horrible fever,  
The cough, a runny nose,  
Retching in every direction;

This is not a wonderful feeling,  
It's a nightmare happening before my eyes,  
For I feel sicker than all hell,  
Sicker than a dog,  
And there is no chance  
I will ever get better.

Justin Reamer

# I Am No One

Who are you—Are you Nobody?  
I am Nobody, too!  
It is funny that we don't have names—  
People tend to ignore us all the time—  
Thinking we are insignificant.  
Don't you find that funny?  
I totally agree with you.

Wait, quiet! —they will hear us—  
We can't let them know we're here—  
They will find us out,  
And out Identity will be revealed.  
It is better we stand apart from them,  
Don't you agree?  
You know, I am glad you are in my life,  
And I am glad you are my friend—  
We think so much alike—  
I would want no one else but you.

Justin Reamer

# I'm A Fool

I am a fool, and this I will admit,  
For I am enamoured with you,  
And I do not know why,  
But you, my friend, are  
The most beautiful woman in the world to me,  
And I cannot help but look at you and smile  
Because you are wonderful, kind, and compassionate,  
And no one else is like you in this world.

I see your blond hair as it flows down your shoulders,  
Showing its bright brilliance and beauty,  
Teaching the torches to burn bright as it sways  
And moves with every step that you take,  
Quivering like a flame in a bonfire.  
It makes the sun envious,  
For your hair burns brighter than it does,  
Showing everyone who sees it  
Just how special, gorgeous, and unique you are,  
For it radiates brighter than the great ball in the sky,  
That Helios would be jealous to see,  
And that Ra would want to destroy,  
But God made it—the long locks of strings—  
To be beautiful and to be marveled at,  
And He made you to be loved,  
For you are greater than the sun,  
Even as it envies you for your attention.

Your eyes are a deep blue,  
Like an ocean, filled with love and peace,  
Kindness, happiness, and joy,  
And, yet, your irises are a perfect kaleidoscope  
Of blue and green,  
Containing many shades—  
Blue, indigo, cerulean, aqua, periwinkle,  
Light blue, baby blue, navy blue,  
Midnight, independence,  
Green, harlequin, viridian,  
Chartreuse, honeydew, forest green,  
Pistachio, Islamic green, and evergreen—

All combined into one,  
Making your irises sparkle  
Like a rainbow every time  
A smile crosses your face,  
Revealing the very portals of your soul.

Your eyes contain feeling and emotion,  
That they illustrate your face completely,  
Making you all the more extravagant and gorgeous.  
They reveal your happiness when you smile,  
Making your face seem brighter than  
Everything else in the room,  
Making you seem more wonderful  
Than any celebrity that the world has.  
When you're sad, they turn a deep shade of blue,  
Having the color of water on the lake,  
Accompanying your tears,  
Thus making everyone who sees you feel moved  
To comfort you, no matter what.  
When you're angry, your eyes become a deep green,  
And vibrate with intensity no one has ever seen,  
Making you seem fierce.  
But you are slow to anger,  
And your happiness radiates within you,  
So your eyes show all the depth of knowledge,  
Wisdom, understanding, empathy, and compassion  
That you were blessed with,  
For God gave it you for a reason.

Your smile is extraordinary,  
For your teeth appear to be luminescent,  
Having their own light source,  
Bringing hope, love, and warmth  
To a dark room or in a time of despair.  
Your smile is contagious,  
And your laugh is adorable.  
Anyone who sees you smile cannot help  
But smile in return because  
That smile contains so much warmth and acceptance.  
Anyone who sees you laugh cannot help  
But laugh in return because  
Your laugh is genuine,

Coming deep from the heart whence it came,  
Where kindness always exists.  
And when I see that smile,  
I smile, too, and when  
I hear you laugh, I cannot help but  
Laugh also because your laugh  
Is really adorable, genuine, and unique.

Your talents are extraordinary,  
Writing poetry of the greatest nature,  
That gives images and feelings like no one  
Can ever compare to,  
For you are like Emily Dickinson  
And Sylvia Plath combined into one great writer,  
For you are very special in that way.  
You are a great artist,  
Creating paintings like photographs,  
Making them seem lifelike,  
And a great photographer you are,  
For you are able to take the right picture  
At the right moment and display it to everyone.

You are a great musician,  
For you play guitar well,  
And your voice is beautiful,  
Incomparable to anyone famous,  
For you yourself should be famous,  
Because your voice is natural,  
And you are beautiful yourself.  
With your voice, 'Merry Had a Little Lamb'  
Would sound like the most beautiful  
Melody in the world,  
For it is that great.

You are also very intelligent,  
Knowing many facts and many answers,  
Being able to answer them on the spot,  
And you are quick-witted,  
Knowing the right thing to say  
At the right time,  
And you give everything the  
Right amount of jocularly,

So the pun can come across well.

You are also wise,  
For you know the world around you,  
And you understand people  
And make good decisions on your own,  
And your responsibility has led you  
To great places because you  
Work very hard and make good decisions  
In general.

Yet, you also know how to have fun,  
For I remember seeing you on the dance floor,  
And you were bouncing all around,  
Prancing and frolicking,  
Laughing and smiling,  
Your energy is magnificent,  
For it made me smile.  
I am an introvert,  
But seeing you be able to dance  
Without any hesitation  
Makes me smile because I love  
The vivacity I see in you,  
For it makes you special and unique,  
More lovable and adorable than  
Anyone I have ever met before.

You are compassionate,  
For you understand people's emotions,  
As you are very empathetic and selfless,  
Doing whatever you can to comfort your friends  
Whenever they are in need,  
And you want them to be happy,  
And you show love to everyone,  
No matter how hard it may be,  
Because God blessed you with a good heart,  
And you use that heart to help other people  
No matter what.

I see it in you,  
And I cannot help but think what a kind  
Person you are,

For no one has shown so much compassion but you,  
And no one has accepted anyone for  
Who they are as much as you have,  
For you warm up people's days,  
And you know how to make them happier,  
Which is a good trait to have.

You are also pious, and you love  
God with all of your heart,  
For He is present in you,  
And His love radiates from within you,  
And you show it to everyone,  
No matter what.  
You try to be Christlike,  
And your faith is strong,  
And no one can ever show such beauty,  
Such purity and piety  
Than what I have seen in you.  
Your prudence makes you remarkable,  
And your purity makes you magnificent,  
Making you the most beautiful woman in the world.

And yet, you also love the outdoors,  
Camping in the middle of a forest,  
Backpacking across rough terrain on the Rocky Mountains,  
Canoeing down a calm river,  
Kayaking in rapids,  
Hiking through a beautiful forest,  
Taking a stroll through the jungle,  
Biking up and down hills consistently,  
Swimming in the beautiful Great Lakes,  
And noticing Nature for what it is,  
God's great creation.  
It's remarkable that you love it,  
For I love it, too,  
And it's great to me.

But, really, my friend,  
I want you to know that I love you,  
For you are the most beautiful woman  
In the world to me,  
And no matter what happens,

I will never stop loving you.  
I am willing to give everything to you,  
Just so that you can be happy,  
For you yourself are what matters to me,  
Not my own pride nor my own desires.  
Whatever makes you happy is what is best for me.  
You do not have to love me,  
For even if you were with another man,  
And if he made you happy,  
I would be happy for you  
Because your happiness is important to me.

But, if I were to be with you,  
I would make sure that our Christmases would be great,  
Our Valentine's Days greater,  
Our Easters wonderful,  
And our time together, overall,  
The most wonderful in the world.  
If you ever needed someone to listen,  
I would be there for you,  
Sitting patiently and calmly,  
Listening to you vent your emotions,  
Because I care about you,  
And I hate to see you hurt.

I would be your crying shoulder  
If you ever needed to cry,  
Because I want to comfort you  
If you ever felt that you needed someone  
There for you.  
I would laugh with you when times  
Were great because a laugh a day  
Always makes us live a little longer,  
And I would cherish that moment  
Every day of my life.  
I would take you to dances,  
And dance with you,  
Take you to movies,  
If you wanted to,  
And go camping with you,  
If you wanted to,  
And watch the sunset on

Mighty old Lake Michigan,  
Who has been with us for so long  
That it's unbelievable.

But really, I would do what you want to do,  
For your desires are more important than mine,  
And making sure that you are happy is  
Important to me,  
And I am willing to do whatever it takes to  
Make sure that it happens.  
Because honestly, I love seeing you smile  
Because those grins that you have,  
As beautiful as they are,  
Make me happier than I ever am,  
For they light up my day  
With the radiance they present.  
And I want you to keep on smiling,  
And whatever form that takes,  
I am okay with it.

Honestly, I know I am a fool,  
Because I know you will never feel that  
Way about me,  
But I have loved you and cared for you  
Ever since I first met you,  
And I have loved you ever since.  
And you may not ever requite my love,  
But I'm okay with that  
Because I want you to be happy,  
Which is most important to me.

If you meet another man besides me,  
I would be happy for you  
Because I know that you are happy,  
And if you went in another direction in life  
That made you happy,  
I would be happy for you, too,  
For I know you would always  
Be smiling day in and day out.  
And this is what matters.

My friend, I love you with all of my heart,

And I will never stop loving you  
Because you are special to me,  
And to me, you are the most  
Beautiful woman in the world,  
But you deserve the best man  
The world has to offer,  
And whoever he is,  
Whether he is me or someone else,  
He will be great for you,  
And I know you will be happy with him.  
And it doesn't matter if it's me or someone else,  
But I will always love you and be happy for you  
No matter what,  
Because your smile, your friendship,  
And your love are what light up my days always.  
I am glad that you can find happiness,  
And I hope all goes well for you.  
May God bless you in all that you do,  
For you are the greatest friend I ever had,  
And stop loving you, I shall never do,  
But your happiness matters most to me.  
May God bless you,  
And may you always be happy.

Justin Reamer

# Idiosyncronisation

Sometimes I question my mental stability,  
That in which I was born,  
I question my own sanity,  
For I do not even know why.  
I have my own idiosyncrasies,  
My habits that make me stand out,  
But I rarely even notice them,  
Until I see the reactions of others.  
I see everyone looking at me,  
With strange, disturbed looks,  
And this is where I'm idiosyncratic,  
Feeling socially inept.

People give me these strange looks,  
As if I were insane,  
It gives me a disturbing feeling,  
Making me feel socially awkward.  
It's not only people looking at me,  
But it can also be my closest friends, too,  
For they sometimes take me seriously,  
When I am not serious at all.

I may say some stupid comment,  
Which may be random or supposedly comical,  
But my friends take me seriously,  
And say, 'What the hell are you thinking? '  
When I watched 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, '  
I saw all the people in the ward,  
And those patients were a lot like me,  
Which gave me an instilling fear.  
Do people really think I'm insane?  
Do I have to clean up my act?  
Do I look any different?  
Could I possibly be committed?  
Although I know I am different,  
And this I am totally aware,  
But people deem me socially inept,  
And others deem me a creeper.

I do not know what to think,  
But there are lots of things I am aware,  
But when your teacher thinks you're different,  
It makes me feel very uncomfortable.  
I do not know what to think,  
But I will stand ten-thousand strong,  
I will do the best I can,  
Just to fit in to society.  
I am a rebel and a non-conformist,  
But I stand for what's right,  
I will do whatever I can,  
In order to win the fight.

Justin Reamer

# Idiot

I don't know what  
Doug is doing here  
In the first place  
On top of the washing machine, but  
I don't think I ever want  
To find out.

Justin Reamer

# Idiots In The Dishroom

We are the workers,  
The people who take care of  
The dishes in the cafeteria.  
Yet knowledge,  
We have not.  
Ivan the terrible shrieks,  
And we lose our self-control,  
Losing our competence with it.

Justin Reamer

# Illusions

Thoughts pass through my mind  
As if nothing else can go through my head  
Yet some are more  
Distinct than  
Others  
And are like  
A flowing stream of consciousness.

Thoughts are thoughts,  
But what are they to me?  
What can they possibly be  
When sometimes I do not understand them?  
No, that is not what thoughts are,  
They are inquiring,  
Imaginary,  
Making beautiful illustrations,  
Or assumptions beyond all imaginations,  
But those are all shallow,  
For what really troubles me is Morality  
In the general sense.

Ethics;  
The things we believe in,  
The morals we live by,  
Important all the while,  
And yet what are they?

Morals are rules,  
Guidelines we live by;  
Those are ethics,  
Which stand hand in hand.  
Yet are morals laws?  
Do they hold true?

Consequentialism:  
Every action that we make  
Has some sort of consequence to it.  
Yet, is this always true?  
Do we worry about the consequence?

Or do we think about what would be better?  
Such as the greater good?

Morals are interesting,  
And yet I inquire deeply within my soul  
To wonder what is the best approach.

We take a scenario,  
And then we wonder what would be better.  
Is it bad to break a moral code in general?  
Or is it good for anything to meet the end?

Stealing is bad,  
Yet, I wonder,  
Is stealing good, also?  
It may be,  
If someone is trying to survive,  
Yet we will never know.  
Stealing is stealing is stealing,  
And thoughts will come to you when  
You inquire about them.

Justin Reamer

# Images

J: the knock on a door from dancing tree;  
two ripe fruit, hanging in the air;  
clouds in the sky;

U: an egg in a nest, ready to hatch;  
a river rushing rapidly downstream;  
a thunderstorm bringing destruction

S: an apple as red as a brick;  
a dog barking at a stranger intending harm;  
a cat protesting its hunger;

T: a teapot about ready to explode;  
a door ready to slam shut;  
a knife ready to slit a throat;

I: a window closing shut;  
an animal running away;  
the sun descending on the horizon;

N: a light in the middle of the abyss;  
a howl heard in the night;  
disembodied voices resonating from  
hollow vases on the fourth floor;  
the shriek of murder as a man  
loses his head for the last time.

Justin Reamer

# Impulse

Whatever you do,  
Do not be impulsive,  
For it brings upon your nightmares,  
And you will seem revolting.  
Think twice before you act,  
Do not do anything stupid.  
Keep in mind this is important,  
For it will save your life.  
Do not let it control you,  
For you will be grateful for it,  
Do not let it define you,  
For you can make your own decisions.  
Believe me, my friend,  
Impulse is not your ally,  
Discard it 'fore it destroys you,  
And you will be very grateful.

Justin Reamer

# In A Sentence

A Sentence—words—phrases—  
Language—forming meanings—understanding—  
Comprehension—Ideas—expressed—

Thoughts—incredible Thoughts—  
Formed—merest Instant—  
Images expressed—the Mind,  
Formed—explicated—our World  
Understanding—our own World—

Language—sounds—Phonemes—  
Making sounds—form Syllables—  
The Morphemes—the Basic Unit of language—  
Communication—understanding—human comprehension—  
Thoughts—depth understood—glorious Divine.

Justin Reamer

# Inchoation

It has been a long time,  
A very long year with its ups and its downs,  
And yes, the year may have been rough,  
And the times may have been hard,  
And life may have been difficult,  
But there is still hope for all of us,  
If we are all to have a little faith  
And to show each other a little love,  
For there is still hope for all of us.

The year has come to an end,  
And a new beginning has come,  
For Janus has swept us off our feet and  
Has brought us a new time in which we  
Can grow and cherish our memories  
With one another,  
Or wrong and lament the ways of our past.  
Good things can happen and  
Bad things can happen,  
Either way it is meant to be,  
But what happens is what we decide,  
And we can make what of it whatever we want.  
Since we have a new beginning,  
We should not let it waste,  
For let us make life better,  
Improve it,  
And continue to do the best we can.

Justin Reamer

# Incidents

Incidents are a little crazy,  
For what reason I know not,  
But I guess is just this way,  
For reasons I can sit and rot.

Justin Reamer

# Indadvendt

Jeg vandrer rundt i en skole,

På tværs af et sted, der har glemt mig,

For hvem jeg er,

Jeg ved ikke, og jeg ved at jeg er en outsider.

En outsider jeg,

For hvilken identitet, ved jeg ikke;

Jeg tror, at jeg har været undgået,

At jeg har glemt hvem jeg er.

Jeg havde et navn, eller i det mindste —

Jeg tror, jeg havde en. Jeg tror, jeg gjorde, men så igen-

Jeg kan ikke huske, hvis jeg havde en.

Jeg husker jeg var altid en god dreng, at jeg

Altid gjorde, hvad der var højre,

Men gennem hele min barndom, jeg var foragtet,

At have identitet forvirring hele tiden.

Jeg var godt i folkeskolen, for folk var

Altid god til mig. Jeg husker mine lærere elskede mig,

For jeg altid gjorde mit hjemmearbejde og var altid meget høflig. Mine  
kammerater,

Hvor store var de,

For de respekterede mig som jeg var,  
Da jeg var venlig og imødekommende over for dem,  
Og lyttede til deres hvert ord,  
Og var tålmodig og høflig over for dem,  
Så elskede de mig til gengæld.

Jeg ved ikke hvad der skete i mellemskolen, men  
Tilsyneladende var jeg forskellige.

Mine venner blev mine fjender og foragtede mig  
Alle mere.

Jeg blev hånet i mellemskolen,  
Meget ensom var jeg,  
Jeg havde ingen at klamre sig til,  
Eller at læne sig op ad,  
Når jeg havde brug for hjælp.

Jeg var anderledes,  
Jeg var aldrig i stand til at passe i,  
Aldrig finde min identitet,  
Jeg var i stand til at modtage.

Folk samles på mig overalt,  
Kalde mig navne,

Spottende mig,

Slå mig til plukfisk,

Og smide min ting rundt,

Jeg havde ingen fornemmelse af at høre på alle.

' Hvad havde jeg gjort? Hvad havde jeg gjort for at såre dig? '

Jeg havde spurgt når de såre mig, men de rystede

Deres hoveder og lo og sagde:

' Intet; du er bare anderledes, Thats alle, '

Og de såre mig endnu mere.

Jeg vidste snart, jeg ikke kunne passe i,

Og jeg vidste, jeg var alene;

Jeg blev hurtigt meget stille,

Og kunne ikke tale til nogen.

Jeg blev hurtigt genert,

Og til sidst blev jeg mute.

Min tidligere 'venner' kaldte mig 'Nemo'

Da jeg kunne aldrig annunciate mit navn.

Mellemskole bestået med alle sine trængsler

Og hindringer og dilemmaer jeg havde står,

Men jeg var en indadvendt,

Og jeg kunne aldrig møder nye mennesker.

Da gymnasiet begyndte,  
Mange ven grupper havde fået sammen,  
Og jeg prøvede at passe i,  
Men de undgik mig ud,  
Og det gjorde mig gad vide,  
Hvem er jeg?

Jeg havde ikke noget navn,  
For jeg havde ingen identitet,  
Jeg havde ingen jeg passe på med.  
Jeg vidste ikke, hvem jeg var,  
For jeg havde kun et navn.  
Hvad betyder et navn,  
Hvis du ikke ved, hvem du er?  
Hvad kunne det betyde, at nogen,  
Hvis du ikke er engang sikker på dig selv?  
Et navn er blot en etiket,  
Noget jeg bærer med mig,  
Da jeg ikke har nogen baggrund,  
Jeg har ingen fortid,  
Og hvem jeg er,

Og hvad jeg er,  
Jeg ved jeg er bare en skygge,  
Sameksistens i denne verden,  
Med mange lyse stjerner skinner lys på himlen,  
Kaster mig ind i mørket af virtuelle nonexistence.  
Hvem er jeg? Jeg spørger mig selv,  
Der kunne jeg nogensinde?

Jeg er ikke en atlet, en musiker eller en kunstner

Jeg er en udmærkelse studerende, heller ikke

Heller ikke en socialite, skuespiller, en thespian,

Heller ikke en orator,

Jeg er en leder, der skiller sig ud i mængden, heller ikke

Jeg er heller ikke en klasse klovn, en nørd, komiker eller kaptajn af  
fodboldhold.

Jeg kender kun én ting jeg,

At jeg er en indadvendt,

Og du kan finde mig hvis du tør at kigge.

Du vil se mig i skyggen,

Vælte sig i mørket,

Gå alene i gangene.

Du kan se mig under frokost,  
Spise ved mig selv,  
Ledsaget af en fuld-tabel,  
Af al spiritus af udstødte sidste  
Der dimitterede før mig;  
Du kan se mig spise lydløst,  
Og nogle gange i dybe tanker;  
Du kan se mig skrive kraftigt,  
Betaler ikke lytte til nogen anden.  
Du kan være heldig, hvis du ser mig i dit klasseværelse,  
For jeg ikke er let at finde,  
Men hvis du prøver meget hårdt  
Du kan muligvis finde mig.  
Jeg sidder bagerst i klassen,  
Langt fra hvor øjet kan se,  
Ingen sidder ved siden af mig,  
Og ønsker ingen mit selskab.  
Jeg er langt fra lærerens blik,  
Og læreren kender endnu ikke mit navn;  
Mine kammerater sidde aldrig ved siden af mig,  
For jeg er så langt tilbage,

De selv kender endnu ikke mit navn.

Du kan se mig efter skole,

Gå rundt på parkeringspladsen,

Fanget i min egen dybe tanker,

Og aldrig tage en distraktion.

Jeg vil være fanget i min egen musik,

Med min ørestykker i mine ører,

Lytte til min iPod

Som stimulerer mine sanser,

Og hjælper mig koncentrere mig mere,

For ingen bryder sig om at kende mig,

Og spekulerer ingen på, hvem jeg er.

Jeg er indadvendt,

For jeg har ikke noget navn,

Jeg har ingen identitet,

Eller ingen personlighed, nogen kan identificere;

Jeg passer ikke i boksen

For jeg er ukendt,

Jeg er den skygge, du passerer hver dag,

Betaler ingen agt at min ubetydelighed;

Jeg ved ikke, hvad jeg er,  
Og selvfølgelig, du ved, heller ikke;  
Jeg har ingen identitet,  
Og jeg er det ukendte du frygter hver aften.  
Jeg kan ikke være menneskelige,  
Og jeg kan ikke engang være dyr,  
Men jeg er en ting, der mener,  
Jeg tror, derfor jeg er.  
Jeg er det ukendte du frygter,  
Du kan ikke forklare,  
Jeg er sindssyg,  
Divinest fornuftigt, hvis vanvid.  
Jeg er sindssyge,  
Som gør dig bange for mig mere,  
For uden min identitet,  
Og da du har hånet mig,  
Der er meget metode til min galskab.  
Jeg kender dig, men du kender ikke mig,  
For jeg har aldrig talt,  
Jeg er fanget i mine egne tanker,  
Og samfund er ikke for mig.

Du kan aldrig finde mig,  
Men jeg vandrer hver dag,  
Gad vide hvem jeg er,  
Og hvad jeg er,  
Og jeg tvivler på alt, hvad der kommer til mig,  
Men jeg ved at jeg er en ting, der tænker.  
Jeg er indadvendt,  
Og jeg tror, derfor jeg er.

Justin Reamer

# Infinitive

To be, or not to be,  
That is the question;  
To go on or to die hard,  
That is the answer.

Infinitives are verbs  
With the word 'to' in front  
Of it,  
So it is pretty awesome.  
They are the simplest form,  
Such as to run,  
To skate, to write,  
To walk, to swim,  
To have, to become,  
And so on.  
It's awesome.

Justin Reamer

# Innocence

My little sister,  
One whom I cannot forget,  
She is a little pesky,  
In which I must admit.  
But, she is innocent,  
So I protect naïveté,  
So as I love her,  
I hope it's not cliché.  
My little sister is Christlike  
In what she does,  
With her innocence still flickering,  
Unlike the little bee's buzz.  
She may be annoying at certain times,  
But she is still the one we love,  
We know that she is blessed,  
With that swirling little dove.  
She knows right from wrong,  
And she is still quite proud,  
She is funny when she is glad,  
That she would enjoy a crowd.  
Must I say that she is great,  
And she makes us all happy,  
That even when she laughs,  
Our day is no longer crappy.  
My sister is a crazy one,  
Rising up above,  
A maniac she may be,  
But she is always loved.

Justin Reamer

# Insanity

Am I going insane?  
Am I losing my mind?  
Will I be going deaf?  
Am I turning blind?

I do not know what is with me,  
And this strange version of reality,  
But I think I feel really weird,  
And I'm dealing with this insanity.

It seems like every girl is looking at me,  
At least, every girl in the band;  
It seems I cannot enjoy NYC,  
Just because it's getting out of hand.

Well, not every girl is looking at me,  
That I will admit,  
But a lot are glancing at me,  
And of them are Lindsay commit.

All of them are glancing in my direction,  
And I guess it's just paranoia,  
But, in reality, I did something,  
And I know it's not Latoya.

I can name the list of them,  
Of all those with sceptical looks,  
It's no wonder why they have bait,  
And their wondrous hooks.

There are a number of them,  
But I think I'm just insane,  
I am just losing my mind,  
And I'm dealing it with great disdain.

Justin Reamer

# Insincerity

I care for you;  
Read my face,  
Even though I feel nothing at all.

Justin Reamer

# Interminable Adoration

The teenage mother  
Sits in her chair  
In an old apartment  
That she rented from  
Her landlord,  
As she sits with a child  
In her arms,  
Breastfeeding her six-month-old  
Son as he sucks on her nipple.  
She gives a heavy sigh,  
For she had sinned  
For she had been so stupid  
To fall in love with a man  
Who cares for nothing in this world,  
And she had willingly given  
Her virginity to him,  
And bareback like a snakehead  
Or a parasite did he infect her,  
Cursing her forevermore.  
She thought they would  
Raise a family together,  
Get married and be true parents,  
But he left her,  
And sorrow, regret, and guilt filled her heart.  
The teen loved her son very much,  
But her fiancé broke  
Her very heart.  
She takes care of her son,  
And she struggles to get by,  
Especially with the welfare she receives,  
And the child support she gets  
From her son's deadbeat father,  
The truant of all.  
Sorrow and regret fill her heart,  
For she mortally sinned,  
And she knew no consolation,  
For her family ostracised her.  
But one night,  
When she was losing hope,

An angel appeared before her,  
And told her not to worry.  
Instead, rejoice!  
For there is One who loves you!  
He will be by your side always.  
Upon hearing this,  
The mother's heart was filled with joy,  
For redemption came her way,  
And forgiveness cleansed her soul.  
She sang unto the heavens.

The criminal sat in his prison cell,  
Tears running down his face;  
He had wronged many people,  
For he was a thief, a lecher,  
A larcenist, an arsonist, a vandal,  
A felon, a kidnapper, a rapist,  
A paedophile, a sadist, and a murderer.  
Whenever some prisoner tried  
To give him a hard time,  
He was reticent,  
For taciturnity was the  
Only way the zek could survive.  
He faced trachles every day,  
Resulting in minkles of  
Sisyphean therapy.  
Forty years he had been there,  
And his heart softened during that time.  
Guilt, shame, and remorse  
Filled his heart as he  
Forlornly stared at the wall,  
Remembering every man he murdered,  
Every woman he raped, maimed, and slaughtered,  
Every child he incarcerated  
Into his own captivity,  
Every clandestine operation he underwent,  
Every pristine cover-up he performed;  
Every house he burned,  
Every piece of property he stole,  
And every innocent life he took.  
He mourned all of their losses,  
And he felt no hope.

But then a light appeared before him,  
As he was blinded by it.  
And it spoke,  
Telling him everything was all right;  
There was still hope,  
For anything was possible.  
He then felt his heart beat faster,  
And a large smile came to his face,  
And he screamed loudly and gleefully;  
He jumped up and down again and again.  
He felt the happiest moment of his life  
Resound in his soul.

The vagabond had his head in his lap,  
As he struggled to stay warm  
In the cold city streets.  
His skin was oily,  
His hair was gnarly and greasy,  
His body reeked of BO,  
And his skin was covered in dirt.  
Germs covered his skin,  
He had acne on his face,  
Boils on his torso,  
Shingles on his shins,  
Chicken pox on his arms,  
Leprosy in his nerves,  
Warts on his hands and feet,  
Pink-eye in one eye,  
Sealing it shut,  
Gingivitis and scurvy in his mouth,  
Athlete's foot on his left foot,  
And herpes near his genitalia.  
He was hungry—  
Thirsty—  
Cold—  
In so much pain.  
He had no way to get by,  
And life was limited for him.  
He could only live so much longer.  
Then a light appeared before him,  
And it blinded him all at once.  
Then he felt a hand on his forehead,

And the leprosy was gone;  
The acne burst on his face;  
The warts shrunk down to size;  
The boils exploded,  
Pus travelling everywhere;  
The sores around his penis  
And testes sealing shut;  
His gums grew tighter;  
His teeth grew whiter;  
Pox disappeared,  
Vading into nothingness;  
Shingles popped on his shins;  
His foot itched no more;  
His sight restored;  
His hair untangled and soft;  
His skin fresh and smooth;  
His body smelling of honey.  
The light disappeared,  
And bread and water were before him,  
And a rich man saw him  
And took the vagabond in.  
The vagabond smiled to the heavens.

The alcoholic was drinking again,  
Her forty-ninth day drunk.  
Depression had taken a toll on her,  
After her husband of two years' marriage  
Died in a car accident,  
Her mother and father died of old age,  
And her sister was murdered in a mugging.  
She lost everything,  
And she drinks it all away  
To forget what happened,  
For the Bottle was her best friend,  
Her only friend who would understand  
And help her forget.  
She didn't want to think,  
To move,  
To see the light of day,  
To breathe,  
To let alone live.  
She wanted to die,

So she could be with  
Her loved ones,  
Whom she missed so much.  
Yet a light appeared before her,  
And she thought it a drunken hallucination,  
So he scoffed.  
But the light spoke to her,  
Told her not to worry,  
For there was One who loved her.  
She passed out and awoke with joy in her heart.

The reason why these people  
Rejoiced so much was  
Because God loved them all,  
And He never stopped loving them.  
He gave them a second chance,  
And they rejoiced at His forgiveness.  
For it was the greatest thing in the world.

God love you, too,  
And don't ever forget that.  
He is always willing to forgive you,  
If you're willing to repent  
And forgive yourself,  
For He will welcome you with open arms.  
So, go to Him,  
And experience His interminable adoration.

Justin Reamer

# Internal Rime

This is the poem where  
Slime time  
Seems like an endtime.

Justin Reamer

# Interrobang

What the hell is this? !  
I don't understand.  
Get away, man!

Justin Reamer

# Interwoven

Obscurity is necessity.  
The world is inexplicable,  
The universe unfathomable;  
The desire for explanation futile  
As existence has no reason.

Science does no justice,  
Morality incomplete;  
But Nature has duality,  
Revealing simple truths.

Good exists with evil,  
Light and darkness intertwined;  
Life and death coexist,  
Inseparable throughout eternity.

Why they coexist confounds reason,  
Making faith seem absurd,  
But the truth lies in opacity,  
Forever interwoven in existence.

Justin Reamer

# Into The Abyss

People had always asked me questions  
About the last ten years of my life,  
And I had been very reticent,  
about those years of endless strife.

However, they continued to ask me,  
And soon my heart gave in;  
I had to tell them anyhow,  
For my conscience would always win.

I was fairly happy,  
As a little child,  
My family always loved me,  
For I was quite wild.  
But something was not right,  
As I could foresee;  
I just never knew  
That I would lose a part of me.

I had two loving parents,  
And my sisters and my brother,  
I had a baby-sitter named Amy,  
And a dog unlike any other.  
I had many aunts and uncles,  
On my mom's and dad's sides,  
I had so many cousins  
That I had to take long strides.

But then it soon happened,  
When the trial began,  
And those years would come,  
In an ungrateful span.

Our family was together,  
Whether nuclear or extended;  
We were like brother-sister,  
Which was clearly recommended.

Aunts were sisters,

Like Mum, Jean, Carole, Mary Jo, and Gail,  
And the uncles were like brothers,  
Like Brian, Bill, Mike, Rick, Gary, James, Dad, Jerry, and Chris,  
And they never failed.

My cousins were like best friends,  
Like David and James,  
Chris, Matt, and Eric,  
Jessie and Angie,  
Katie and Michelle,  
Sarah, Elyse, Lisa, and Laurel,  
As if they were from the same school,  
We had had so much fun,  
That to me, it was quite cool.

But then the year 2000 came,  
And something bad came around;  
And soon when it hit,  
My family became unbound.

Aunt Gail had died  
In the line of service,  
She had passed away  
Because a man was nervous.

And when this came,  
The glue was unbound,  
And we were in a nasty mess;  
We had tried everything  
To get our family back together,  
But it failed, I must confess.

Our family started to separate,  
And they went into their own worlds,  
Something bad was coming,  
As I soon unfurled.

At this time, I was pushed  
Due to my stupid bliss,  
I was pushed inside  
The never-ending Abyss.

I was falling ever deeper,  
That would last quite a long time,  
And it would keep on getting steeper  
Until I fell into a scheme of rime.

Once Aunt Gail died,  
My father was not quite happy,  
In fact, he was so mean  
That he actually became quite snappy.

My father started to beat on me,  
With a hand that was quite unclean,  
And he be on all my family,  
Making him quite so mean.

He lost his temper constantly,  
Not caring about the emotions of others;  
My life began to take a pitfall  
And I was lower than my other brothers.

Once I started school,  
Life had been rough,  
People began to pick on me,  
Even the big and buff.

Mrs Coffin was a jerk,  
She always sent me to the office,  
And so life began to be rough,  
Especially when I went home.

By the time 2002 came 'round,  
Life took a turn for the worse.  
My father had left us,  
With each of our backs stabbed.

Then I began to get picked on,  
And it was quite rough,  
My feelings were hurt,  
And it felt quite tough.

Life was quite lonely,  
And years came and past,

And I began to wonder,  
How long any fall would last.

By the time middle school came around,  
Everyone had noticed my differences,  
And my glitches and flaws;  
They all began to judge me  
Just like the crow always caws.

I fell deeper into the abyss,  
Of never-ending strife,  
I did not know that it would last  
For ten years of my entire life.

Life was quite so lonely,  
Especially with people being so unkind;  
I could not help but lose my standing,  
And began to unwind.

People would be calling me names  
Like 'super-nerd' and 'geek; '  
It was no wonder  
That they considered me a freak.

By the time it was freshman year,  
Depression took a turn for the worse,  
There was, after all, no one there,  
To help me reimburse.

And sophomore year came,  
And the depression finally ended,  
After a fatal life event;  
But at least I was mended,  
After the deep abyss.

Justin Reamer

# Introvert

Projdete se kolem školy,

Celé místo, které me, zapomnel

Jaká jsem,

Vím, ze ne, a já vím, ze jsem outsider.

Jsem cizinec,

Pro jakou identitu já nevím;

Jsem presvedcen, ze jsem byla vyhybali,

Ze jsem zapomnel, kdo jsem.

Mel jsem jméno, nebo alespon –

Verím, ze jsem jednu mel. Myslím, ze jsem udelal, ale pak zase –

Nemuzu si vzpomenout, jestli jsem mel jeden.

Vzpomínám si, ze jsem byl vzdy dobry kluk, ktery jsem

Vzdy to, co bylo správné,

Ale po celé detství, byl opovrhoval,

Mají identitu zmatek neustále.

Byl jsem dobrej v základní škole, protoze lidé byli

Vzdy dobré pro me. Vzpomínám si, ze moji ucitelé me milovali,

Vzdycky jsem delal muj domácí úkol a byl vzdy velmi zdvorily. Moji vrstevníci,

Jak velké byly,

Nebot respektovali me jaky jsem,

Jak jsem byl hodny a laskavy k nim,

A poslouchal kazdé jejich slovo,

A byl trpelivy a zdvorily k nim,

Tak na oplátku me milovali.

Vím, ze to nebylo na strední škole, ale

Zrejme jsem byl jiny.

Moji přátelé se stalo moji nepřátelé a pohrdá mnou

Cím více.

Byl opovrhoval na strední škole,

Jsem, byl velmi osamely

Nemela jsem nikoho drzet,

Nebo se oprít o,

Kdykoliv jsem potrebovala pomoc.

Jsem jiná,

Nikdy jsem nebyl schopen zapadnout,

Nikdy najít svou identitu,

Byl jsem schopen příjmu.

Lidé si na me všude,

Jméno,

Mi,

Bije me na kaši,

A házel veci kolem sebe,

Nemám žádný pocit sounáležitosti vůbec.

'Co jsem udělal? Co jsem udělal, ti ublížit? '

Požádal jsem, když me bolí, ale potráslí

Jejich hlavy se smál a řekl:

'Nic; jsi prostě jiná, to je vše, '

A oni mi ublížil víc.

Brzy jsem vedel, že jsem nemohla zapadnout,

A já vedel, že jsem byl sám;

Brzy jsem se stal velmi klidné,

A nemohla mluvit s nikým.

Brzy jsem se stal plachy,

A nakonec jsem se stal ztlumit.

Moje bývalá 'prátele' mi volal 'Nemo'

Vzhledem k tomu, že jsem mohl nikdy annunciate mé jméno.

Střední školy s jeho trápení

A jeho překážky a dilemata, který mel celit,

Presto byl jsem introvert,

A nikdy by mohl poznat nové lidi.

Když začal střední školy,

Mnoho skupin přátel dostal dohromady,

A já se snažil zapadnout,

Ale vyhybali se mě,

A to se mi divit,

Kdo jsem?

Jsem neměla žádné jméno,

Protože jsem nemel žádnou identitu,

Neměla jsem nikoho, jsem fit, v s.

Nevedel jsem, kdo jsem byl,

Já měla jen jméno.

Co to jméno znamená

Pokud nevíte, kdo jste?

Co by mohlo znamenat komukoli,

Pokud si nejste jisti ani sami?

Název je jen vydavatelství,

Neco, co jsem se mnou,

Vzhledem k tomu, že nemám žádné pozadí,

Nemám žádnou minulost,

Ať jsem kdokoli,

A co já jsem,

Já vím, že jsem jen stín,  
Soužití v tomto světe,  
S mnoha jasných hvězd svítit v nebi,  
Obsazení mě do tmy virtuální nebytí.  
Kdo jsem? Já se ptal sám sebe,  
Kdo by mohl někdy být?

Nejsem sportovec, hudebník a umelec,  
Ani jsem student vyznamenání,  
Ani dáma, herec, můj,  
Ani recník,  
Ani jsem vůdce, který vycnívá z davu,  
Ani jsem šaškem, blbecem, komik, ani kapitán fotbalového týmu.  
Já jen vím jednu věc, kterou jsem,  
Že jsem introvert,  
A možná mě zjistíte, máte-li odvahu se podívat.  
Uvidíte mě ve stínu,  
Utápí ve tmě,  
Procházet sama v chodbách.  
Můžete mě vidět během oběda,  
Jíst sama,

Spolu s full tabulky,  
Destilátu vyvrzenci minulých  
Kdo vystudoval prede mnou;  
Uvidíte me jí tiše,  
A nekdy v hluboké myšlení;  
Uvidíte me psaní  
Nevenovala zádna pozornost k nikomu jinému.  
Muzete mít štěstí, pokud me vidíte v ucebne,  
Protoze já nejsem snadno k nalezení,  
Ale pokud se budete snazit,  
Muze byt schopen najít me.  
Sedím vzadu ve trídě,  
Od kam oko dohlédne,  
Nikdo sedí vedle me,  
A nikdo nechce mou spolecnost.  
Já jsem od ucitele pohled,  
A ucitel ani nezná mé jméno;  
Mych vrstevníku sedet vedle me,  
Já jsem tak daleko zpet,  
Oni sami ani nevím, moje jméno.

Muzete me videt po škole,  
Chodit na parkovišti,  
V mé vlastní Hlubina myšlení,  
A nikdy s rozptýlení.  
Já se pak zachytí ve svou vlastní hudbu,  
S moje sluchátka v uších,  
Poslech na muj iPod,  
Ktery stimuluje smysly,  
A pomáhá mi soustredit více,  
Nebot nikdo nezajímá me znáš,  
A nikdo se diví, kdo jsem.  
Já jsem introvert,  
Protoze nemám žádné jméno,  
Nemám žádnou identitu,  
Nebo žádnou osobnost, kterou muze ztotoznit kazdy;  
Jsem se nevejdou do pole,  
Já jsem do neznáma,  
Já jsem stín, ktery predáte kazdy den,  
Nevenovala žádnou pozornost na bezvznamnost;  
Já nevím, co jsem,  
A samozrejme, víte, ani;

Nemám žádnou identitu,  
A já jsem neznámý strach každou noc.  
Nemusí být člověkem,  
A ani nemusí být zvířem,  
Ale já jsem věc, která si myslí,  
Myslím, tedy jsem.  
Já jsem do neznáma, strach,  
Ten, který nemůže vysvětlit,  
Já jsem maniak,  
Jejíž šílenství divně smysl.  
Já jsem šílenství,  
Takže jste strach, že mě víc,  
Pro bez mé identity,  
A vzhledem k tomu, že už mě, pohrdá  
Existuje mnoho metod k nepříteli.  
Já te znám, ale neznáte mě,  
Protože jsem nikdy mluvil,  
Jsem zachytil v mé vlastní myšlenky,  
A společnost není pro mě.  
  
Možná mě, nikdy nenajdou

Ale chodím kazdy den,

Kdo jsem,

A co jsem,

A pochybuji, ze vše, co prichází ke mne,

Ale já vím, ze jsem vec, která myslí.

Já jsem introvert,

A myslím, tedy jsem.

Justin Reamer

# It

It is something we feel within our souls,  
Something we feel inside ourselves,  
And let it out into whatever form it may take.  
It is something special,  
Something that defines us,  
Something that makes us who we are.  
What is it?

It can take on many forms,  
Can take on many aspects of life,  
Anything we hold dear to us.  
It is the gifts we possess,  
And how they are expressed  
In our everyday lives.

It can be a gift of the arts,  
Where artists paint pictures,  
Of the vibrant reality of life;  
Sculptors sculpt sculptures,  
Of imagination or tales from long ago,  
Or of even reality;  
Actors play the strong male hero,  
With all his bravery and all his cunning,  
And his smarts and will to succeed,  
And actresses play the shrewd, independent female role,  
Where she makes her own decisions,  
And is willing to help others through their problems  
As she is also able to get herself through hers;  
Musicians play in an orchestra,  
Where a composition is played that illuminates the entire room,  
Giving a feeling of harmony or conflict,  
Through what may sound euphonious or cacophonous,  
And the dissonance that may make one shake,  
And the suspension resolution that makes the ease come back,  
And the harmony is back;  
Where writers and poets write the greatest pieces of literature,  
Which describe the harsh realities of life,  
And how our world works,  
And the ways we deal with it;

It is the gifts in the arts and every artist with it.

It is the gift of athletics,  
Where gymnasts move through the air  
With a single bound,  
Where soccer athletes shoot the scoring goal,  
Where basketball players make the ultimate slam dunk,  
Where a quarterback in football throws a good pass,  
And releases it before the lineman tackles him,  
Where dodge ball players throw the ultimate hit,  
Where a batter hits a grand slam home run,  
Where runners sprint for the finish line,  
Where golfers hit a hole-in-one,  
Where swimmers race to beat the clock,  
Where Lance Armstrong raced for the championship  
Of the Tour de France,  
Where tennis players hit the ultimate serve,  
Where volleyball players spike to score,  
Where divers do their flips and spins  
During their long, synchronised  
High Dive,  
Where fencers go in for a thrust to win their game;  
It can be the gift of athletics.

It can be the gift of knowledge,  
Where scientists explain what happens during experiments,  
Where archaeologists make discoveries about primitive peoples,  
Where anthropologists study societies,  
Where biologists make the latest discoveries in life,  
Where geneticists make more discoveries about the Human Genome,  
Where astronomers discover something grand about the universe,  
Where philosophers contemplate the meaning of life,  
Where physiologists study the human body and make discoveries,  
Where psychologists make the latest discoveries about the human mind,  
Where physicists understand the laws of friction and gravity,  
Where chemists understand the reactions that atoms make on a subatomic level,  
  
Where zoologists study the behaviour of animals and their relation to their  
environment,  
Where botanists understand what plants do for their environment,  
Where microbiologists understand the behaviours of bacteria, fungi, and protists,

Where sociologists study the findings they have in society,  
Where mythologists understand the religions of the Old World,  
Where geologists find discoveries about the Earth's origins,  
Where astrophysicists understand the physics of space,  
And where people better understand the science of everything.  
It can be the gift of science and knowledge.

It can also be the gift of relationships,  
The way we react with people,  
The way we influence people,  
The way we help people,  
The way we treat our friends and family,  
And the way we feel about humanity,  
And our ability to make new friends.  
It can be our extroversion,  
Or our introversion.  
It can be our interactions with society.

It can also be the gift of knowing thyself,  
In the way of knowing your thoughts,  
Knowing your identity,  
Knowing your strengths,  
Knowing your weaknesses,  
Knowing your hobbies,  
Knowing what you are capable of,  
Knowing your dreams,  
And knowing the realism of reaching them,  
Knowing your calling,  
And knowing what you can be.  
It is the gift of knowing thyself, also.

It can also come through problem solving,  
Through mathematical skills,  
Linguistic skills,  
And everything else there is.

It is the gifts we have,  
Which God gave us from when we were born;  
Though what is most important is  
How we use our gifts,  
And how we use them for other people.  
We can use it for good

Or for bad,  
And we still would not reach the point,  
For it depends on how we use them,  
And if we use them for good or for evil,  
That is what it is all about.

Justin Reamer

# It Ain'T Mine

Now, I have noticed that  
You may think that I am  
Someone that can be used,  
And I guess you are right,  
For it has happened quite a lot,  
And you were not the first to use me,  
And that is quite okay,  
It just seems to me a part of life,  
That I deal with anyway.

Many girls have come my way,  
And I have cared for them all,  
But they have all come and gone,  
And have not even stayed for long.

Take my heart, baby,  
For all I know that it ain't mine,  
So take it or leave it,  
Or throw it on the ground,  
Whatever you do with it,  
It does not matter to me.

One of the first girls  
I have ever met,  
Was quite the pretty one,  
But being in middle school,  
It was kind of awkward,  
But, when I tried to talk to her,  
She threw me aside,  
For she had better things to do,  
Then to mess with my behind.

Just letting you know,  
That you ain't the first one, baby,  
For there have been many women before you,  
Who have walked all over me,  
As for my heart,  
You can take it, baby,  
For all I know that it ain't mine,

So take it or leave it,  
Or throw it on the ground,  
Whatever you do with it,  
It does not matter to me.

The next girl I met was in high school,  
And she had pretty long blond hair,  
And her blue eyes were quite bright,  
And her beauty quite discrete,  
But now that we were freshmen,  
We were quite immature,  
So I must admit,  
That it did not go very well,  
For that girl thrust me aside,  
And set me on the road  
To die like a fox.

Just letting you know, baby,  
That you ain't the first one,  
For many women have walked one me,  
And for that I ain't surprised,  
But as far as my heart,  
You can take it, baby,  
For all I know is that it ain't mine,  
So you can take it or leave it,  
Or throw it on the ground,  
And whatever you do with it,  
It doesn't matter to me.

The next girl I met was the best of them all,  
For she was so sweet and pretty,  
And so vivacious, if I may say,  
But she was quite the actress,  
For an actress she was indeed,  
She put on her facade,  
And never took a look at me.

She then glared at me,  
And hated my guts,  
And she thrust me aside,  
And said, 'You don't deserve to live, '  
And she ripped out my heart,

Which I carry in my hand today,  
And she left me on the road  
To die like a fox.

Just letting you know, baby,  
That you ain't the first one,  
For many women have walked on me,  
And for that I ain't surprised,  
But as far as my heart,  
You can take it if you want,  
For all I know is that it ain't mine,  
So take it or leave it,  
Or throw it on the ground,  
And whatever you do with it,  
It does not matter to me.

The next girl I met  
Was quite the moper,  
But I managed to perk her up,  
And she hung out with me, too,  
But then she set me aside,  
And went for another guy,  
And besides being utilised,  
She threw my heart in the trash,  
Since I knew I was ionised.

Just letting you know, baby,  
That you ain't the first one,  
For many women have walked on me,  
And for that I ain't surprised,  
But as far as my heart,  
You can have it if you want,  
For all I know is that it ain't mine,  
So take it or leave it,  
Or throw it on the ground,  
And whatever you do with it,  
It does not matter to me.

The next girl I met  
Was my first girlfriend,  
She was honestly quite a flake case,  
But I must say that I was desperate,

But the relationship did not last long,  
And, funny enough, she broke up with me,  
And she eventually went into her mope state,  
And I went on with my life.

Just letting you know, baby,  
That you ain't the first one,  
For many women have walked on me,  
And for that I ain't surprised,  
But as far as my heart,  
You can have it if you want,  
For all I know is that it ain't mine,  
So you can take it or leave it,  
Or throw it on the ground,  
And whatever you do with it,  
It does not matter to me.

The next girl I met was the nicest girl in the world,  
For she was one of my best friends,  
With whom I fell in love,  
And she broke up with her boyfriend,  
And she was in pity,  
And I tried to comfort her,  
And I did quite well,  
But she barely recognised my existence,  
And went for another guy,  
For apparently I was not suave enough,  
Even after taking her to prom.

Just letting you know, baby,  
That you ain't the first one,  
For many women have walked on me,  
And for that I ain't surprised,  
But as far as my heart,  
You can have it if you want,  
For all I know is that it ain't mine,  
So you can take it or leave it,  
Or throw it on the ground,  
And whatever you do with it,  
It does not matter to me.

I then met a beautiful girl,

Whom I took to prom on senior year,  
And I thought we could be more than friends,  
For we had gotten to know each other long enough,  
But she did not want to date,  
And she cast me aside,  
For she was tired of people using her,  
Which I clearly was not,  
And for that my heart sank,  
For I knew I was an idiot,  
And I just quit,  
And I felt stupid,  
For I knew I was destined to be this way.

Just letting you know, baby,  
That you ain't the first one,  
For many women have walked on me,  
And for that I ain't surprised,  
But as far as my heart,  
You can have it if you want,  
For all I know is that it ain't mine,  
So take it or leave it,  
Or throw it on the ground,  
For whatever you do with it,  
It does not matter to me.

Then I met you, baby,  
Whom I thought was different,  
And I thought we had a connection,  
When we talked that long that night,  
For I could relate to you,  
And I could be myself around you,  
And you yourself around me,  
But, hey, like the others,  
You ditched me and used me,  
And left for another guy,  
And that is okay,  
For I have grown to expect that,  
For who would love me in the world,  
Since that is the way I came?  
I guess it is just so normal,  
That I have come to be used to it,  
And that is fine,

So what the hell?  
I do not care anymore.

Just letting you know, baby,  
That you ain't the first one,  
For there were many women that walked on me,  
And for that I ain't surprised,  
But as far as my heart,  
You can have it if you want,  
For people seem to take it all the time,  
And never give it back until  
They scrunch it when it hurts,  
So I can say that my heart  
Just ain't mine,  
And I guess it's true,  
For everyone gets up and leaves,  
Just like you do,  
So you can take it if you like,  
Take it or leave it,  
Or throw it on the ground,  
And whatever you do with it,  
It doesn't matter to me,  
Because that heart that was ripped,  
Out of my very own chest,  
Has been stolen so much,  
That simply it ain't mine.

Justin Reamer

# Jack Frost

Jack Frost,  
Damn you!  
How could you make everything so cold?  
Have you no sensibility,  
Even though you may be old?

You are rude and pungent,  
And crude at that,  
For you are no better,  
Than a mangy cat!

You bite everyone's noses,  
And you think it's quite funny,  
But yet, you know,  
That you are no Easter Bunny!

You cause pain and suffering,  
And you make pestilence and blight,  
It is no wonder,  
That you cannot take flight.

Yet, Frost,  
You are quite right,  
Although you are a fool,  
You know how to fight.

No one can stand your blizzards,  
As many people die in a car crash,  
And no one can stand your cold,  
Especially the frost-bit rash.

No one can stand the influenza,  
Commonly known as the flu,  
For memory is erased,  
And gone everyone people once knew.

And, people know that  
You can be quite nice,  
Since you have,

Mr Frost,  
A heart of solid ice.

Yet, slipping on ice  
Is not very fun,  
But you are a man  
Who is a bad one.

You like to laugh  
At people's plights,  
And when people suffer,  
You take delight.

Yet, we will get you one day,  
Mr Frost,  
And you better know that  
We will come for you,  
For we will not give up,  
And we will defenestrate you,  
And you better beware,  
For you won't sleep to well.

So, vengeance will be at your doorstep,  
And you better beware, Mr Frost,  
For you will not be happy,  
When we come knocking at your door.

Justin Reamer

# Jackanapes

You jerk,  
You are quite impertinent!  
You should be more respectful,  
You prat!

Justin Reamer

# January

The month of new beginnings,  
Named after Janus,  
The Greek god of new beginnings,  
With the ever-so-famous New Year's Day.  
The month of winter's worst,  
the wind blowing so hard,  
the snow coming down in falls,  
blizzards blowing hazardously,  
making blind  
everything in its path;  
the birthday of Dr Martin Luther King, Jr,  
a man who fought for peace,  
and a feast day for Mary,  
the cold, the wind,  
the snow, the freezing,  
the hypothermia, the loss of heat,  
the cold temperatures, the ice,  
the ice on the roads,  
the icicles that hang,  
on a beautiful winter day,  
the coming of Jack Frost,  
when you least expect him,  
the new beginnings,  
the New Year,  
the month of Janus  
is ever so near.

Justin Reamer

# Jean Valjean

I am Jean Valjean,  
A former thief  
And a former scoundrel  
Who has become a benefactor  
Of someone very dear to me.

I was once a young man,  
For I was born as all humans are,  
And when I was twenty years old,  
I lived with my sister and her children.  
I helped her take care of them  
When after my brother-in-law,  
Her husband,  
Had passed away.  
I was a humble tree-cutter,  
And I made a decent wage.  
I enjoyed what I did,  
But it was not enough to support my sister's family.  
That is, her children.

I never knew love when I was young,  
For I always looked out for my nephews  
And my nieces,  
For they were my family,  
And I wanted them to survive.  
It seems now,  
When I think of it,  
I never had time for love,  
For I was so busy trying to help my family.

Yet, there was one winter in which  
I could find no work,  
For there were no trees to cut,  
And my sister and her children,  
And even I,  
Were all starving to death,  
That the cold ate at our hands and feet,  
And found us utterly delectable,  
And Death was making his mark on us,

With his scythe in his hand,  
Making a little 'X' on all  
Of my nephews' and nieces' foreheads,  
Where he would soon cut their throats  
Like farmers do on the Harvest Moon.

Yet, I was desperate,  
For I tried to beg,  
And I tried to find food,  
But I found nothing.  
One time, I walked past  
A baker's window,  
Where I saw a loaf of bread sitting  
In the window.  
I was so desperate that I broke  
The glass with my bare hands  
And ran off with it,  
Stealing it, essentially,  
Where I could feed it to my children.

Yet, I was arrested by gendarmes,  
And I went to the Assizes to face a trial,  
And the judge sentenced me to the galleys,  
Five years' imprisonment.  
The year was 1796.

I went to the prison,  
And I mourned my fate,  
For I would not be able to feed the little children,  
Yet all of the prisoners looked at me,  
Cynically examining me with their eyes,  
Saying,  
'This man is a fool;  
He is too soft.  
But one day,  
He will become one of us,  
After being hardened for so many years.'

I was soft at first,  
That was true,  
But my heart became hard.  
I tried to escape many times during

My sentence as a convict,  
But each time I was caught,  
And spent more time in the rotten galleys.  
I became a beast,  
Cursing humanity for all that it did,  
Especially when Napoleon  
Rode in his grandiose chariot,  
And when King Louis XVII  
Took back his throne and  
Lived in gallantry and luxury,  
And when King Louix XVIII  
Took the throne after his father's death,  
And took no pity on the prisoners locked  
Up in the galleys.  
I spent 19 years in the prison,  
And it was hard.

During that time,  
I became literate,  
For I taught myself how to read and write,  
And could formulate letters,  
Write letters and epistles,  
Write essays and the like,  
All in very neat, legible, and fluent French.  
Yet, I was bitter,  
For I had become a beast,  
A misanthrope,  
A dragon in the night.  
I had once been a lamb,  
An angel,  
A dove,  
But became a dragon,  
Whose fire breathed from his nostrils,  
Whose fangs shot out from his face,  
And bore them at those who  
Angered him,  
And who hissed at everyone  
Who intended him harm.  
I was a dragon,  
The Dragon,  
The daemon of the night.  
I was no longer the lamb I had once been.

After 19 years,  
I was set free,  
And I was forced to carry a yellow passport with me,  
Which claimed I was 'a very dangerous man, '  
For I was an ex-convict, a thief, and a bandit,  
As Javert calls me,  
And I am not to be trusted.

As I set out for my freedom,  
Carrying my yellow passport,  
I eventually arrived at Digne,  
Where I had been walking for many days on end.  
I then tried to seek lodgings and  
Some food and some employment.  
First, I tried the inn,  
But they would not let me stay  
Because of my yellow passport.  
Then I tried some citizens who lived nearby,  
But they drew a gun and backed away in fear,  
For I had a yellow passport.  
Then I arrived at the wretched Church,  
For God had ruined my life,  
And I did not want to go in there  
Because God was the one who set  
Me to be like this,  
And He caused my misery.

Yet, I headed in,  
And I met the Bishop,  
Monseigneur Bienvenue,  
Who accepted me.  
I stayed with him,  
And I then stole his dishes.  
I eventually was caught by  
The gendarmes,  
And they brought me to him,  
But the Bishop forgave me,  
And I was set free.  
He told me he saved my soul.

I then set out on my own,

And I met Little Germain,  
And there, I stole his coin,  
But I eventually  
Changed on the inside,  
And I tried to give it back.  
So, I became Monsieur Madeleine,  
The head of a company at  
Montfermeil-sur-Mer,  
Where I hired many people,  
As long as they were honest men.

They eventually elected me mayor,  
Monsieur le Maire of M.-sur-M.,  
Where I helped many people,  
And tried the best I can.

I then saved Fauchelevent,  
Who was crushed by his wagon,  
And I then met Fantine,  
Who was on the streets because of me,  
For I saved her from Javert,  
The man who knew me from the galleys,  
And the police officer,  
And I knew she was sick,  
So I tried to take care of her.

Yet, Javert tried to resign,  
Because of a man named Chompmathieu,  
A man who was accused of being me,  
And I told him I would not accept,  
For it was not my place.

Then I went to Chompmathieu's hearing,  
And I told the court the truth,  
And I prevented the man from going  
To the galleys,  
Where he would have been put to life.

Now, Javert knew my identity,  
And so I tried to help Fantine,  
But he eventually killed her  
Out of spite and cruelty.

So, I ran from him,  
And I went to Montfermeil  
To save Fantine's daughter,  
Cosette, the Lark,  
From the evil Thenardiers,  
As I had promised her before she died.

I eventually saved Cosette,  
And I took her into my arms,  
And we had temporary lodgings,  
And I acted as a father to her.  
I ran away from the Thenardiers,  
And we were safe at last,  
Or at least for the time being,  
And we were fine,  
And everything was okay,  
Until I met Javert again.

When Javert found me,  
We ran for our lives,  
Cosette and me,  
For we went and ran,  
And eventually found sanctuary  
In the convent in Paris.

We ran into the convent,  
And I met Fauchelevent,  
Who helped me get a job,  
And protect Cosette  
From the Thenardiers  
And me from Javert  
And his dogs.

I was safe from Javert,  
And Cosette lived happily,  
For she learned many things,  
And she became happy,  
As well.

Then I realised Cosette  
Was growing older,  
And so I decided it would

Not be right if she could not  
Choose life over the convent,  
Even though I was happy there,  
So we moved to Paris,  
And we lived there for a long time,  
And eventually,  
We lived there to help the poor,  
And we lived there in poverty  
To do the right thing,  
As always.

Cosette and I would take walks  
Every day down to the Rue de Luxembourg,  
And we would talk and marvel at life,  
For I enjoyed it because I was a father to her.  
Yet, Cosette became prettier,  
And this worried me a lot,  
For then she began to fall in love,  
With a man named Marius,  
Who stalked her,  
And made me move,  
Because I would not lose my daughter.

We then went to help people  
Named Jondrette,  
And I then went alone,  
And they trapped me,  
But I got away,  
Safely from the police,  
And I lived in safety,  
And I soon continued to live.

I then began leaving the house  
Time and time again,  
Helping the poor and meditating,  
And everything like that,  
And, yes, I helped Cosette whenever she needed me,  
So that I did without complaint,  
Yet, I knew there was something amok,  
When I came back one day.

I soon found out that Cosette was in love with Marius,

And I was soon devastated,  
I could not believe my eyes,  
For I had lost the girl I loved most,  
But then the Lord said to me,  
'You wanted the best for her,  
And you wanted her to make a decision.  
She will always love you,  
But you should let her live her life.'  
With that, I was redeemed,  
And inspired at the same time,  
And I told Cosette what I wanted for her,  
So I let her take Marius' hand.  
Eventually, Javert found me,  
So I had to take flight,  
And I hid many days,  
Until Javert killed himself,  
And I was free at last.

I then visited Cosette and Marius,  
When they were newlyweds,  
And I was happy to see them happy,  
And I must say I am happy today.  
As I write this,  
I am going to die of old age,  
For I wait in my bed,  
And my life was a life well-lived,  
And that I will admit,  
And now, I will be joining my  
Heavenly Father in His kingdom,  
For I am Jean Valjean,  
And an ex-convict, thief, and bandit  
No more.

Justin Reamer

# Jeremiah's Confession

You have seduced me, Yahweh,  
And I have let myself be seduced;  
You have overpowered me:  
You were the stronger.  
I am a daily laughingstock,  
Everybody's butt.  
Every time I speak the Word,  
I have to howl and proclaim:  
'Violence and ruin! '  
The Word of Yahweh has meant for me  
Insult, derision, all day long.  
I used to say,  
'I will not think about Him,  
I will not speak in His name anymore.'  
Then there seemed to be a fire burning in my heart,  
Imprisoned in my bones.  
The effort to restrain it wearied me,  
I could not bear it.

I hear so many disparaging me,  
"Terror from every side! '  
Denounce him! Let us denounce him! '  
All those who used to be my friends  
Watched for my downfall,  
'Perhaps he will be seduced into error.  
Then we will master him  
And take our revenge! '  
But Yahweh is at my side, a mighty Hero;  
My opponents will stumble, mastered,  
Confounded by their failure;  
Everlasting, unforgettable disgrace will be theirs.  
But You, Yahweh Sabaoth,  
You who probe with Justice,  
Who scrutinise the loins and heart,  
Let me see the vengeance You will take on them,  
For I have committed my cause to YOU.  
Sing to Yahweh,  
Praise Yahweh,  
For He has delivered the soul of the needy

From the hands of evil men.

A curse on the day when I was born,  
No blessing on the day my mother bore me!  
A curse on the man who brought my father the news,  
'A son, a boy has been born to you! '  
Making him overjoyed.  
May this man be like the towns  
That Yahweh overthrew without mercy;  
May he hear alarms in the morning,  
The war cry in broad daylight,  
Since he did not kill me in the womb;  
My mother would have been my tomb  
While her womb was swollen with me.  
Why ever did I come out of the womb  
To live in toil and sorrow  
And to end my days in shame!

Justin Reamer

# Jessica Simpson

A beautiful woman with a pretty smile,  
Long blond hair in luscious locks,  
A beautiful body choreographed wonderfully,  
And a charming voice to boot,  
Beckons you slightly, waving her finger  
And taking your hand in hers and  
Dances with you till the night is done,  
Remembering the last time your lips made contact.

Justin Reamer

# Jesus' Message

Dear Justin,

I just want you to know that  
I love you with all my heart,  
And I hear all of your prayers  
All the time.

I love you, my brother,  
And I want you to know  
That you can trust in Me,  
No matter what anyone tells you.

I am at your side all the time,  
And I appreciate the times you talk to me,  
And the times we spend together,  
For you are My brother,  
And I want you to know that  
I am here always with you.

I want you to know that  
You should not despair  
Because you have not found love in your life,  
But I assure you that you will,  
And she will be the most remarkable woman  
In the entire world,  
And she will be the greatest woman you  
Will have in your life,  
For you will be so devoted to each other,  
That love will flow in between you  
Like a non-stop circle of energy,  
And it will be founded around My Father  
And Me,  
So, yes, just be patient,  
And you will meet her,  
But the time is not quite right yet;  
For I want you to know that  
I have a plan for you,  
But you need to wait,  
For that moment has not come yet.  
You will meet that remarkable woman

And will be happier than you will ever imagine,  
I guarantee it.

I also want to let you know  
That your relatives will be fine,  
For I know how much they mean to you,  
And My Father and I have decided that it wasn't there  
Time yet,  
And that you can count on us.  
I will let you know when it is your relatives' time,  
And I will make you aware so  
That you can tell the others you love who love  
Those same people,  
For you are My Father's servant,  
And I know you are gifted.

I am pleased also with all the great works  
That you do for so many people,  
For you are very selfless,  
And you have many people's  
Best interests at heart,  
Including all of your friends  
And all of your family,  
And for that,  
I am proud of you,  
For you do it out of the goodness of your heart,  
And not for your own personal gain.  
You are a splendid person,  
And you must know that I love you.

Anyway, Justin,  
I hope that I can talk to you later today,  
And I hope to hear from you  
And listen to all the great things that happened to you,  
For it makes Me happy to hear you rejoice in My Name,  
And I know you are a great man,  
And I am sure you will be great as you grow older.  
I hope to see you soon,  
And I hope to let you know  
That you will be prosperous in life.  
You are not an empty vile,  
You are My brother,

And My Father's child.  
Remember that,  
And remember Me,  
And do everything in My name.

I will bless you, and I hope you do well.

I love you greatly,  
And may you do well in life, Brother.  
May My Father be with you.

Sincerely,

Jesus

Justin Reamer

# Jettison

This is annoying,  
So I will get rid of it.

Justin Reamer

# Jobbery

I will take care of this business  
So that I can gain something myself,  
Such as a couple thousand pounds,  
Mind you,  
Would be the greatest thing in the world,  
So that is why I'm up to jobbery.

Justin Reamer

# Jogging

A swift forward motion,  
One step in front of the other,  
One foot following after another  
Taken slowly at first,  
A blue heron walking across the pond,  
A deer prancing across the forest;

Picking up speed now,  
Going a little bit faster,  
A dog trotting with its owner on a walk,  
A giraffe ambling across a meadow,  
Accelerating rapidly,  
A horse galloping to win a race,  
A wolf chasing after its prey;

Reaching full speed,  
An orca torpedoing through the water,  
A condor flying with the winds,  
A cheetah darting after an antelope;  
The runner reaches high velocity,  
Soaring through the air  
As his heart beats faster and  
His feet lift off the ground  
Into atmospheric flight.

Justin Reamer

# John Davis' Vacation

Halloa, mate!

I am John Charles Davis,  
And I am a Briton,  
Or an Englishman,  
To be exact.

My friends call me 'Johnny'  
Since that is a nickname.

I am here to tell  
You a hilarious tale,  
An anecdote of mine,  
About a foreign adventure,  
Or...well...a foreign misadventure,  
I would probably say  
To be exact.

It is a story about me  
Travelling to America,  
That place where we Brits  
Were so humiliatingly defeated  
Out there in history,  
If you are an Englishman  
And you remember what you  
Call the American Revolution  
And the War of 1812.

Well, I guess I will  
Tell you my story,  
Since it is quite funny,  
Actually,  
So if you are one  
Of my fellow countryman,  
Then you will probably  
Get a laugh out of this,  
But if you are American,  
You might laugh  
At the guilty humour

I have to present to you,  
Or you just might laugh  
At the many knuckleheads  
That live in your country.

If you are Canadian,  
You might be embarrassed,  
Since these people are  
Your neighbours  
And may have had  
Problems in the past,  
Or if you are Australian,  
You just might not care,  
And if you are Indian,  
You probably will not care, either.

But, anyway, I will  
Tell you my lovely story,  
Just for entertainment sakes,  
If you know what I mean.

First, let me tell  
You that I live in London,  
So that you know where I live  
As a reference to the story.

So, yes, I was walking  
In London one day,  
Coming home from work,  
After working as an accountant,  
When I decided that I needed a vacation.

I did not know where to go,  
So I decided to go to  
A travel agency,  
So I could get an idea  
Of where to go  
To get away from my dreadful job.

All I knew was that  
I did not want  
To go anywhere on this

Side of the world,  
For I have driven  
All over continental  
Europe and saw all there  
Was to see,  
And I had been to Africa,  
And did not want to go  
Back there due to the  
Political upheaval,  
And I have been to Asia,  
And saw the impoverished India,  
That colony that England  
Once called so great,  
Communist China,  
Who are not friendly at all,  
Totalitarian North Korea,  
Who are all conceited in  
Every way there is;  
Struggling Vietnam,  
With Vietnamese people  
Who barely speak a  
Word of English;  
Laos and Cambodia,  
Which are filled with  
Nice people;  
Thailand,  
Which is scary,  
Tibet,  
Which is also scary,  
Singapore,  
Which will scare  
The living daylights  
Out of you,  
And will make you hold  
Onto your genitalia  
With your dear life;  
And Friendly Japan,  
Whom I would like to  
Go back to anytime  
I could.

But, let's just

Say that I wanted to  
Go somewhere in  
The Western Hemisphere.

So, I went to  
The Travel Agency,  
And I went to the attendant  
And asked where I could  
Go for an exciting vacation.

'Where do you  
Want to go? ' she asked  
Me, in the politest  
Way she could.

'I will go  
Anywhere, ' I told her,  
'That is in the  
Western Hemisphere.'

'Do you have any  
Place in mind  
In which you  
Would like  
To travel? '  
She asked.

'I do not  
Have any preference,  
Ma'am, ' I said  
To her,  
'So do you have  
Any recommendations? '

'Let me look, '  
She said,  
And she browsed  
Through her  
Computer.

I waited long  
Enough for her

To find a result.

'What do you  
Think of America? '  
She asked,  
'Have you been there before? '

'No, I have never been to  
America before,  
And I do not have  
Any bad opinions about it, '  
I said,  
'So I might just go there.

'All right, you can  
Pay for your ticket, '  
She said.

And so I did.

The flight left  
For tomorrow,  
And I was bound to  
Make it there,  
So I went to the London Aeroport,  
And I boarded the aeroplane  
That was bound for New York City.

We took off,  
And I flew to America  
On an unknown vacation,  
Which I was bound to regret.

I was going to America,  
With no prior knowledge  
Of American culture,  
And no knowledge of  
What they were like.

I guessed I was going to  
Enjoy this vacation  
Unless something bad might happen.

The aeroplane ride was about  
A 10-hr. flight,  
And I knew this was going to  
Be awhile,  
But the plane arrived  
The next day,  
And I was off into  
NYC,  
As the Americans called it,  
And in the midst of a great city.

So, I got my luggage,  
And I decided to find something  
To eat in the aeroport.

I found a McDonald's,  
And I went into the restaurant,  
And I saw the cashier coming to me,  
Awaiting for my order.

'Hello, sir, ' the female  
Cashier said in a perfect  
American accent that  
Was Northern, from  
What I knew,  
'What can I do for  
You today? '

'Halloa, ' I said,  
'I am rather famished,  
So I would like to get  
Some food, if you don't mind.'

The lady seemed to pick  
Up on my British accent,  
And smiled at me.

'So you are a Brit? ' she asked.

'Yes, I am,  
My dear, ' I said.

'I am an Englishman.'

'That's cool. I am  
Lizzie, and I am  
An American,  
And I am pleased to meet you, '  
She said happily,  
'So what are you doing  
In this neck of the woods? '

'I am on vacation, ' I said,  
'And I just arrived.'

'Cool. So what do you need? '

'Well, I just need some food,  
That is all, ma'am, ' I said.

'Well, just order up,  
Whenever you're ready, ' Lizzie said.

'All right. First, I will  
Have a hamburger, ' I said.

'All right.'

'And I will have some  
Chips on the side.'

'Chips? What do you  
Mean by chips? '

'Chips, ma'am. You know,  
Things you eat.'

'Chips? Like potato chips?  
We don't have potato chips, sir.'

'No, I do not know what  
You are talking about,  
But I want chips.'

'When you say chips,  
Do you mean chips like  
Doritos? We do  
Not carry any of those.'

'No, those are crisps!  
I do not want crisps,  
I want chips, ma'am.  
I am sorry if I am being  
A burden to you.'

'Not at all. So what do  
You mean by 'chips'? '

'I mean the little  
Potato pieces that  
Are long, chewy,  
And full of salt,  
And are capable  
Of putting catsup  
On it.'

'OH! You mean French fries!  
Oh, that's okay, I'll gladly  
Give you French fries;  
I am sorry that I did not  
Understand you.'

I grimaced,  
'They're still called  
Chips, ' I said.

So, yes, I guess  
That was a bit frustrating,  
But, there was more.

'And may I have a shake, too? '  
I asked.

'Yes, you may.'

'All right, ' I said.

'Is it for here  
Or to go? ' Lizzie asked me.

'Eat-in, ' I said.

'I guess that means  
'For here, ' so I'll make  
A check by that, ' she said.

I grimaced,  
For what was this  
Girl's problem?  
I guess it works.

'That'll be \$8.25, please, ' the  
Cashier said, smiling at me.

'All right, here you go, '  
I said,  
And I gave her the dollar bills,  
Which are much different  
From British currency,  
The Pound.

So, I paid her,  
And I picked up my  
Nash and ate it.

I then went to get a rental  
Car, and there I got  
The stuff I was going to need.

I then went out, and  
I met a hitchhiker waving his thumb  
At me. I stopped  
For him to let him in,  
And he got in my car.

'Hey, man, thanks  
For the ride.  
What's your name, man? '

The hitchhiker asked.

'I am Johnny, '  
I said,  
'And I am from  
England.'

'Whoah, dude! ' he shouted,  
'You're a Brit, and that  
Is awesome!  
My name is Dylan,  
And I am pleased to meet you.'

'Nice to meet you, Dylan, '  
I said,  
'It is always a pleasure  
To meet new people.'

'So, man, do you,  
Like, play checkers at all? '

'What are checkers? ' I  
Asked him.

'Dude, you don't know what  
Checkers is? It's the game  
Where you move tokens  
Diagonally to collect  
All of your opponent's  
Tokens.'

Suddenly, I knew what  
Game Dylan was talking  
About, and I  
Was going to inform him  
Of his error.

'The game you speak  
Of is called draughts, '  
I said to him.

'What do you mean draughts? '

Dylan asked me,  
'And what the hell is that?  
Dude, the game is checkers,  
And I do not know if you are  
Misinformed or something,  
But the game is called  
Checkers, man.'

'No, it is draughts, '  
I said to him.

'Dude, it's checkers,  
And I do not know  
Where you get these stupid names  
From, but it is like  
Calling tic-tac-toe  
Noughts and crosses  
Or something.'

I rolled my eyes,  
For Dylan was an idiot,  
And I was not going to argue  
With him about it.

We did not talk  
The rest of the way  
Until a 'Check Engine'  
Light came on my car,  
And I had to do some things  
To fix it.

So, I went to the car  
Mechanic,  
And I had him check out  
The problem on my rental car.

The car mechanic got back to me,  
And he said,  
'You just have an oil  
Problem, sir,  
And you have nothing else  
To worry about,

And we will just change  
It for you.  
However, do you  
Want us to do a check-up? '

'Yes, please, ' I said  
To him, as nicely as possible.

'All right, sir,  
Pop the hood.'

'Hood? What hood? Does  
It look like I am around  
A hoodlum  
Or does it look like  
I am wearing a hoodie  
To you? '

'No, the hood, sir,  
Of the car, ' he said,  
Hitting the bonnet of my car.

'That is the bonnet, sir,  
Not the hood.'

'Whatever. Just pop it.'

So, I popped the bonnet  
Of my car,  
And he checked it.

He changed the oil,  
And he looked at  
The rest.

'It's all good,  
Just let me check some  
Other things,  
If you do not mind.'

'No, problem, ' I said.

'Turn on the ignition  
For me, all right? '

'Yup, ' I said,  
And I did that.

'Turn on the left blinker.'

'A blinker? What the bloody hell  
Is a blinker? '

'The thing that blinks  
When you are turning.'

'Oh, an indicator,  
Now I know what you mean.'

I turned on the indicator,  
And he said the 'blinker'  
Was good to go.

'Turn on the brakes.'

I did that.

'They're good;  
All right,  
Turn on the head lights.'

That I did.

'It seems your license plate  
Light is out of order.'

'Licence plate? What is  
A licence plate? '

'The thing on the back  
Of the car with all the numbers.'

'Oh, you mean the number plate! '

'Yes, whatever. Would  
You like to replace that? '

'Yes, please,  
For I do not want  
Any dicks looking  
Out for me.'

The mechanic replaced it,  
And he then did more check-up.

'Put your gearshift  
In reverse.'

'What the hell is a gearshift?  
Do you mean the gearstick? '

'Yes.'

'All right.'

I put the gearstick in reverse,  
And he said,  
'I am checking your backup lights.'

'Backup lights? What are those? '

'The things that indicate  
That you are in reverse.'

'Oh, you mean reversing lights,  
Well that works.'

'The backup lights  
Are good to go. Do you  
Have any problems with your trunk? '

'You mean the boot? I do not  
Have any problem with that.'

'How about your windshield? '

'It's called a windscreen,  
And no, I do not have any  
Problems with that, either.'

'I guess you are good  
To go. May I see your  
Driver's license? '

'My driving licence,  
You mean? Yes,  
You may see it.'

He checked it,  
And he said,  
'You are good to go.'

I paid him,  
And I drove  
With Dylan in my car.

'So, where do you want to go? '  
I asked him,  
'I will dropp you off  
Anywhere you need.'

'Just dropp me off at  
The bar, ' Dylan said.

And I took him to the bar.

The rest of my vacation  
Was very weird,  
For it is great that  
Americans are so amiable,  
But it is frustrating  
That they are so misinformed.

I mean, they call  
Drink-driving  
Drunk driving  
Or a DUI,  
And they call

Pedestrian crossing  
A crosswalk.  
They even call roundabouts  
Turnarounds,  
And it is just weird.

Apparently, Americans  
Do not learn maths in school,  
But rather they learn 'math.'

They call an eyebath  
An eyecup, and that  
Is just weird, too.

I also had a conversation  
With a young mother,  
And I talked to her  
About her baby.

I remember her saying that  
Her baby sucked on a  
'Pacifier' instead of  
A dummy and that her  
Child slept in a 'crib'  
Instead of a cot.  
She also said her  
Baby was in a 'stroller'  
Instead of a pushchair.  
That was weird, too.

I also talked to  
A man who was bleeding,  
And he said he needed  
A 'Band-Aid, '  
And I thought what in  
Bloody hell was that,  
And he told me,  
And I realised that  
That was what Americans called  
A plaster. And that was  
Weird, too.

I also realised that  
They called washrooms  
Restrooms or bathrooms  
And the loo  
The 'john, '  
Which was kind of  
Insulting,  
If you know what I mean.

When I went to check  
Into my hotel,  
The clerk asked me  
If I wanted the European Plan  
Or the American Plan,  
And I did not know whether  
He was joking,  
Or if he was being insulting,  
Or if he was being an idiot,  
But, I said, 'Full board.'

When I went to my room,  
I found out that Americans  
Call lifts  
'Elevators, '  
Which is weird,  
Isn't it?

I went to my room,  
Unpacked,  
And then decided to  
Go shopping for some  
Supplies I would need.

I found a tram,  
And I took it down to  
The department store.

On the tram, I  
Found out that Americans  
Call trams 'trolleys, '  
Which is just weird.

Well, I made it to a  
Walmart, and I  
Went into go shopping.

I managed to get a shopping trolley  
To put my supplies in. I found  
Out that Americans called this  
A shopping cart,  
Of all things in the world.

I also managed to find out  
That Americans call  
Maize 'corn, '  
An aubergine  
'an eggplant, '  
Hundreds of thousands  
'Sprinkles' or  
(Some stupidly call it)  
'Jimmies, '  
Icing sugar 'powdered sugar, '  
Nappies 'diapers, '  
Bumbags 'fanny packs, '  
Sellotape 'Scotch tape, '  
Swedes 'rutabagas, '  
A dustbin a 'trashcan, '  
And a drawing pin a 'thumbtack.'

It was just crazy for me,  
And after a week,  
I decided to go home.

I was delighted with my time in  
America,  
But I must say  
That Americans are  
Ignorant and stupid,  
For they don't call  
Things by their proper names,  
And they don't know what  
The heck to do with them.

I guess if I ever go back,

I will teach them the proper  
Names of every error  
They make,  
For they are foolish  
In that way.

I will reteach them  
The proper names  
Of objects in the  
English language,  
But I have to say,  
I do enjoy myself,  
Despite their egregious  
Speaking ability.

And, now, I am glad  
To be back home,  
More than anything in  
The world,  
Where people actually  
Call objects by  
Their correct names,  
And where people have the  
Decency to respect  
Privacy, for certain.

I am glad  
To be back home.

Justin Reamer

# John Donne

Oh, Donne,  
How thou art the Metaphysical Poet,  
For thou seeketh the day,  
And thou get what thou sought,  
And thou knoweth love,  
And thou knoweth passion,  
And thou knoweth true love,  
And thou knoweth faith  
For thou seeketh throughout thy life.

Thou art brilliant in aspects beknownst to many,  
And thou art gifted,  
For thou knoweth thy limits,  
And thou art great,  
And thou art a poet,  
For thee, thou changeth the world.

Justin Reamer

# Jointress

She is very beautiful.  
Are you in a domestic partnership with her,  
For she is quite the beaute,  
For I would love her myself.

Justin Reamer

# Jolly Old Fat Man

Funny in every manner,  
Joking with every word he says,  
You learn to love him,  
The Peruvian man,  
For he is funny beyond  
All reason,  
With his jokes, puns, and innuendos  
One will never forget.

Justin Reamer

# Joshua

The man who leads the Israelites,  
On the Lord's Will,  
To take out the Canaanites  
And all his enemies abound,  
For Joshua is great,  
And he will lead the way.

Justin Reamer

# Journal

My life's story,  
Stored in numerous volumes,  
Written by my own hand,  
Has been with me for years,  
Since I was in sixth grade.  
The place of my therapy,  
The soul of my existence,  
The understanding of my past,  
My journal stays with me  
And walks with me wherever  
I may go as it records all  
Of my adventures and misadventures,  
And takes every note in which  
I may look back, contemplate, and reflect  
And look to see where life  
Has taken me over the years,  
And shows me where it's going  
For years to come.  
Bound in a leather cover,  
The pages contain my life force,  
For they will be last of  
My flesh as I pass into the afterlife.

Justin Reamer

# Jow

It's ringing,  
The church bells are ringing,  
Symphonious they are,  
Euphonious in every way.  
Let's go before we're too late!

Justin Reamer

# Joy

Let's remember the good times we had,  
When we were happy together,  
For we will always be  
If we are only willing to try.

Justin Reamer

# Judgement

My friend, why do you act  
So self-conscious all the time?  
Why are you afraid of people  
Judging you as they come to talk to you?  
Why are you so self-conscious around  
Me, as well, when you think you  
Did something stupid or of the sort?  
My friend, you don't need to be  
So self-conscious all the time,  
You don't need to worry.  
The truth is that no one is judging you,  
No one has a single thought about you.  
We all accept you for who you are,  
We all care about you,  
We all care about your feelings.  
You do not need to worry.  
I have told you many a time  
That I am not judging you  
Because of who you are.  
I care about you, and I want  
You to be happy. I don't judge  
People until I get to know them  
Or if someone is mean to me.  
You have not done the latter,  
And you have proven yourself  
To be the nicest person or  
One of them in the entire world.  
You do not need to worry,  
For we accept you for who you are.  
Just let go of your self-consciousness,  
And be happy, which is all I want.

Justin Reamer

# July

the month of midsummer,  
founded by Julius Caesar,  
to put in the calendar,  
and much more about this month,  
is more than the name,  
for 'tis a great month,  
for 'tis so warm,  
and so welcoming,  
and the lake is always warm,  
and the beach calls my name.  
the month the seagulls decide  
to give me a holler,  
the month the birds still chirp in the morning,  
the month the ducks and geese reside  
everywhere to be seen,  
the month the trees are at  
their most functional and mature,  
the month of America's Independence,  
which is great when it comes  
to thinking about the Founding Fathers,  
and the month of my father's birthday,  
which comes by every year,  
but he never chooses to celebrate it with us,  
so 'tis a pity to think of,  
but, otherwise, 'tis a great month,  
and that I cannot deny.

Justin Reamer

# June

the first month of summer,  
and the longest day of the year,  
'tis the month of the fathers,  
but yet my father is not here,  
so we do not need to thank him,  
for he has done nothing at all,  
but that is all good,  
for there is more in June.  
the month of true green,  
when life is in splendor,  
and the month where the lake is so warm,  
you want to jump in,  
for June is a great month.

Justin Reamer

# Justice

Justice is one of the Divine Truths,  
One of the Forms that Plato understood,  
One of the Secrets of the universe,  
That one understands only through remembrance,  
And through constant thought.

Since Justice is different from justice,  
There are so many things to understand  
About the word and the thing we believe in.

Justice is the thing that affects everyone;  
It is good and fair,  
And looks for what is best in the world.  
Justice is selfless and impartial,  
Thus making it fair for those who have done wrong.

God's Justice is fair and impartial,  
For it brings benefits to those who have  
Lived their lives selflessly  
And punishes those who have  
Lived their lives selfishly.  
The Father in Heaven does not discern  
Based on race,  
Sex, Sexual Orientation,  
Religion, Abilities,  
Age, or anything else,  
But discerns upon the moral character of a man,  
For that is Justice.

The other thing is justice,  
The one that humans can truly comprehend,  
For it is selfish,  
Unfair and discriminatory,  
And prejudiced beyond all belief.  
A man who knows justice  
But does not know Justice  
Will believe that the innocent man can be convicted  
And he, the perpetrator, cannot be,  
For he sees the world as unfair,

And the punishment unjust.  
That is justice that man knows.

Justice is fair and all-forgiving.  
It does what is fair and does  
What is best,  
It is the thing we all know as Truth,  
For it is a secret of the universe.

Justin Reamer

# Juxtaposition

A cheetah and a sailfish,  
Alike but different at the same time.  
So many things similar,  
So many things different,  
How can they be compared?

Justin Reamer

# Kanssasi

Rakas, haluan kertoa sinulle

Jotain, joka on hyvin tärkeä minulle,

Ja jotain, joka voi olla

Erittäin tärkeää

Jos arvostat rakkaani vain

Niin paljon kuin arvostankin teidän.

Rakas, olen ollut teidän kanssanne

Niin kauan kuin muistan.

Muistan kun olimme pikkulapsille,

Ja vanhempamme olivat naapureita,

Ja olimme naapureiden

Tietysti

Ja meidän vanhempien aikataulu-Pelaa päivämäärät '

Koska he kutsuivat niitä tuolloin, ja vielä nytkin,

Ja siellä oli paljon muutakin.

Sinusta, sisko ja veli tulee tänne,

Ja olisivat hengaila veljeni, sisareni ja minä.

Muistan ajatelleeni, että tytöt olivat brutto,

Ja voitaisiin välttää

Ja luulit, että minulla oli sairaus,

Joten te välttää minulle liian.

Mutta sen jälkeen pari viikkoa,

Meistä tuli ystäviä,

Ja saimme selville, että meillä oli paljon yhteistä,

Ja että luotamme toisiimme.

Meistä tuli hyvin lähellä,

Ja me pelata Super Mario Brothers yhteen,

Ja soitamme Pokémon,

Ja me katsella Disney-sarjakuvia

Hessu Hopo, Mikki Hiiri ja Aku Ankka

Ja me katsella Looney Tunes yhdessä,

Väiski Vemmelsääri, Repe Sorsa, Elmeri, kanssa

Sylvester kissan Tipi-lintu,

Wile E. Coyote, Roadrunner,

Ja Marvin Marsin,

Ja me katsella Tom ja Jerry yhdessä,

Ja näki hullu kissa saa vatkata

Älykäs ja hauska hiirtä.

Se oli hauskaa.

Muistan peruskoulun,  
Ensimmäisellä luokalla  
Kun olemme muita ystäviä,  
Mutta olimme erottamattomat,  
Sillä kukaan ei voisi tehdä meille sit pois  
Toisistaan,  
Olimme parhaat kaverit  
Ja kukaan ei voi pysäyttää se.

Muistan toisella luokalla  
Kun olimme molemmat käsittelyssä,  
Ja me lukenut monia samoja kirjoja  
Junie B. Jones, mukaan lukien  
Litteä Stanley Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest, ja Harry Potter-sarjan.  
Muistan kun meillä oli tapana puhua  
Harry Potter koko ajan,  
Ja muistan, kun olimme kaikki innoissamme  
Uusi Harry Potter elokuvan tulee ulos?  
Oli hienoa.

Olimme hyviä ystäviä.

Muista, yläasteella?

Olimme niin hankalaa,

Ajattelin, että olisimme

Koskaan päivämäärä

Ajattelin, Treffit oli inhottavaa,

Ja vielä, olemme toimineet pari, kuten

Mutta aloimme harjoittaa paremmin kirjat

Kuten Pendragon, Underland Chronicles

Ja niin paljon enemmän.

Sitten muistat lukion?

Minä, rakas, ja täytyy sanoa,

Se oli mahtava,

Joka oli kun tajusin, että minulla oli tunteita

Sinulle, ja olet ollut tunteita minua, myös

Ja saimme yhdessä,

Ja olimme suurin pari koskaan.

Voimme tutkia yhdessä, Muistatko?

Me puhumme klassikoita

Kuten kirjoittanut Charles Dickens,

Leo Tolstoi, William Shakespeare, Fjodor Dostojevski,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (yksi suosikkejasi)

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald ja John Steinbeck,

Ja Virginia Woolf ja Mary Ann Evans (molemmat

Oli joitakin henkilökohtaisia suosikkeja) .

Muista, että olimme myös osaksi filosofia, liikaa,

Varsinkin kun puhuimme

Platon ja Aristoteles,

Sokrates ja St. Justin,

St. John ja St. Paul,

St. Thomas Aquinas;

Hippo, Augustinus

St. Peter apostoli,

Immanuel Kant,

Sofokleen ja Vergilius,

Homer ja Euripides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene Descartes

Friedrich Nietzsche

Kungfutsen ja Sun Tzu

Laozi ja Siddhartha Gautama

Pyhä Fransiskus Assisilainen,

Ja Bertrand Russell.

Muistan, että me rakastimme kaikkien teostensa,

Ja meillä oli hauskaa puhua niistä.

Sitten muistan kaikki tanssit

Kotiinpaluu oli hankala tanssi

Hionta ihmisiä ja vaikka mitä,

Ja lumipallo oli ihan ok

Mutta se ei ollut suurin.

Prom oli kuitenkin eniten kokemusta,

Molempien vuotta olivat suuria kanssasi, rakas,

Ja minä rakastin, kuinka me tanssimme ja oli hyvää aikaa,

Ei ole väliä mitä DJ oli pelissä,

Vaikka se oli keho rap-musiikkia

Out-of-control hip-hop,

Mahtava rock and rollia

Viileä pop-musiikkia,

Hidas biisi

Mitään sellaista kantria

Energinen swing tanssi,

Tai jopa tanssia salsa

Tai Macarena,

Tai NMKY,

Tai edes voi-voi.

Minulla oli hyvin aikaa kanssasi,

Jopa kun ystävämme joi

Booli, joka oli sekoitettu ulostuslääkkeitä,

Ja kun ystäväsi mekko tiuskaisi,

Paljastaa hieman liikaa omaan makuun.

Sitten muista meidän valmistumisen

Ja se oli hyvä,

Olimme siellä yhdessä,

Ja sitten sanoi, me rakastimme toisiamme,

Ja tiedän, että teemme,

Sillä tunnen sydämessäni.

Sitten meni yliopistoon yhdessä,

Ja kokemukset ovat olleet hyvin

Kolmen viime vuoden aikana

Ja nyt olemme eläkeläiset,

Ja olen silti onnellinen kanssasi, rakas.

Kuitenkin minulla on jotain kerrottavaa,

Olen varma, että haluat kuulla

Halua kertoa ennen kuin teemme mitään

Isot päätökset elämässä, rakas,

Sillä rakastan sinua enemmän kuin mitä

Ja tiedän, että olemme rakkaudessa,

Mutta meidän suhde kestää sitoutuminen,

Ja paljon enemmän.

Rakas rakkaani,

Minä rakastan sinua

Ja te tiedätte, että

Mutta mitä haluan sanoa on, että

Olen viettänyt koko ikäni

Ja haluan olla kanssasi

Lopun elämäni,

Te olette suurin henkilö

Koko elämäni

Ja ei kukaan teitä.

Olet henkilö voi aina nauraa

Hymy on aina kun minulla on hyvä päivä

Näyttävät puhua, kun on ongelmia

Tai ongelmia mihinkään,

Etsiä apua, kun opiskelen jotain

Crazy kuin molekyylibiologian,

Orgaaninen kemia

Tai calculus, talouden, makrotaloustiede

(Joka on hirveä luokka, muuten) ,

Tai tilastot, kvanttifysiikan,

Tai jopa business administration,

Tai jotain hullua, kuten kirjanpidon,

Katsomaan lohdullista minulle, kun olen surullinen,

Etsi apua kun olen masentunut,

Katsella TV-ohjelmia, kuten yliluonnollinen

Ja Family Guy ja South Park

Joka ilta

Harjoitella uskoni joka päivä

Olemme molemmat uskomme Jumalaan,

Ja hän on antanut meille niin paljon,

Puhua kirjoja ja tieteellisiä asioita

Ja jopa politiikkaa ja filosofiaa

Ja maailman ongelmia

Ja jopa tieteen

Koska me molemmat tutkijat,

Ja henkilö naimisiin

Koska rakastan sinua paljon,

Ja minä rakastan sinua ikuisesti.

Haluan olla kanssasi

Aina ja ikuisesti

Jopa kun menemme taivaaseen yhdessä,

Halua olla kanssasi

Haluan viettää elämäni

Ja ei koskaan jätä sinua kukaan muu,

Koska olet täydellinen tyttö

Ja minulle täydellinen nainen.

Nyt, olet minun tyttöystävä

Mutta voit olla minun morsiameni

Seuraavana päivänä

Ja voit olla vaimoni.

Haluan naimisiin,

Ja vaikka isäsi

Ei todella hyväksy minua,

Olen varma, että onnistumme siinä

Ja minun appi

Voi olla hyvä mies minulle,

Isäni on erittäin ihastunut

Ja äiti on ihastunut minua,

Ja äitini on ihastunut sinua.

Halua mennä naimisiin

Avioliitto on pyhä asia,

Ja avioliitossa todella ilmaista rakkautta,

Jeesus sanoi,

Kun kaksi naimisiin

'Mies ja nainen tulevat yhdeksi lihaksi'

Ja haluan elää jokainen päivä mukaan Jeesuksen Kristuksen sana,

Ja tiedän, että me molemmat rakkaus Jeesuksen

Ja täytämme hänen nimensä.

Me tullaan yhdeksi lihaksi

Ja me ei koskaan erota,

Sillä olemme tunteneet toisemme jo 21 vuotta

Ja tunnemme toisemme koko laajuus,

Ja emme tarvitse sanakirja

Tietää, mitä rakkaus on,

Sillä on parempi kuin

Keskimäärin pari, joka menee naimisiin vuoden jälkeen.

Ja meillä on lapsia, jos haluat,

Tai meillä ei ole saada lapsia, jos et halua

Että on täysin sinun,

Koska sinä olet se, joka synnyttää.

Jos haluat saada lapsia luonnollisesti

Se on hieno,

Tai jos haluat hyväksyä ne,

Se on hyvä, myös

Meillä on niin monta lasta kuin haluat,

Olipa kyse vain lapsi,

Kaksi lasta,

Kolme lasta,

Neljä lasta

Kahdeksan lasta,

Kymmenkunta lasta,

Viisitoista lasta

Kaksikymmentä

1000 (tuhat) ,

Tai jopa 4.000.000 (neljä miljoonaa)

Lapset,

Sillä ei ole väliä, päätöksen

On sinun,

Ja saat päättää

Mitä haluat tehdä kehon.

Nimeämiseen lapset aina

Minulla on vain yksi rajoitus:

Ne on olla hullu nimet

Kuten 'Kierre' tai 'Chupacabra'

Tai jotain 'La-a' tai 'Nainen'.

Kuitenkin keskustelemme nämä ehdot, kun aika koittaa,

Sillä kun olemme itse naimisissa,

Ja se on meille samaa vai eri mieltä tulevaisuudessa.

Kultaseni, haluan sanoa

Haluan sinun elämässäni,

Ja minä rakastan sinua enemmän kuin mitä

Ja jos et halua minua,

Se on okei,

Mutta minä aina rakastan sinua,

Ja nyt, kun olemme aikeissa valmistua,

Haluan vain sanoa, että haluan naimisiin,

Eikä aikana college,

Nyt,

Mutta kun me valmistunut,

Ja me molemmat aloitti uransa

Mutta haluan sanoa,

Nautin, viettää elämäni

Ja haluan viettää elämäni, jatkaa

Lopun elämääni,

Kautta todellinen ja Pyhä Ehtoollinen avioliitossa.

Halua olla kanssasi lopun elämäni,

Te olette ovat ainoa I-KIRJAIN haluta olla,

Ja asia on, ei ole mitään muuta sanottavaa,

Mutta, että rakastan sinua, rakas,

Ja haluan olla kanssasi.

Justin Reamer

# Katauta

Wonderful maiden,  
Sitting at lakeshore at night,  
Ignites my desire for her.

Justin Reamer

# Kathryn

Dear Kathryn,

I can still remember meeting you the  
First Work Camp I ever went on.  
You were bright, young, beautiful,  
Gregarious, sociable, and sweet.  
You and Eric were so cute together back  
Then that I could not help but smile  
At the mutual attraction you two shared,  
Along with Alex and Rebekah-  
It was the sweetest thing that could  
Ever touch a fourteen-year-old's mind.

Even though you guys never really dated,  
I still think you are one of the greatest friends  
I have ever had, Kathryn.  
You are outgoing, sweet,  
Kind, loving, beautiful, extroverted,  
Friendly, amiable, giving, thoughtful,  
Courageous, brave, understanding, and empathetic.  
You are a great leader in everything that you do.

You have always been a great example  
For everyone around you,  
And I am glad I can call you my friend.  
You are a great daughter, a great older sister,  
And a great friend.  
You are a great role model for Emily,  
And I commend you for watching out for her.  
You are a great leader in all that you do,  
No one can deny it;  
Even Hannah Acosta cannot disagree-  
And she was class president!

Kathryn, you have many gifts and talents,  
And you are a wonderful woman.  
You are a great role model for Emily,  
And no one can deny it.  
Emily may need your help some day,

So never turn her down.  
Always be willing to guide her in everything she does,  
For she will need your guidance in  
The years to come.  
Keep in mind that she's your sister,  
And your best friend for life,  
For blood is thicker than water,  
And we must all remember that.  
You do well in all that you do,  
And I know you will do even greater  
Things as a doctor in the field of medicine.  
Stay sharp, Kathryn,  
And may God bless you in all that you do!

Justin Reamer

# Kindness

The kindness of a mother  
Who loves her children with all her heart  
Is present as she offers them  
The greatest thing she can give.  
She offers her love very fervently,  
Giving her children everything they need,  
And helps them get better.

She wants to help her children grow,  
See her eldest daughter get through med school,  
See her second eldest son succeed,  
See her penultimate son succeed in high school,  
And to see her youngest daughter grow to be a great woman.  
She wants to see all of  
Her children become happy,  
Which is the greatest thing  
She could have ever done.

She is like no other,  
And she gives herself to other people,  
As a mother gives to her children.

Justin Reamer

# Kismet

What is my fate?  
What is my destiny?  
Can you tell me?  
Or I will go mad.

Justin Reamer

# Knowledge

Ignorance is bliss, they say;  
To know naught is divinest joy.  
Knowledge, the key to the world-  
Destroyer of cities and peoples  
Or edifier of civilisation.  
Depending on intentions,  
The wielder is either the  
Worst villain known to mankind  
Or the Saviour of the world.  
He must decide for himself.

Justin Reamer

# Kolm Sõna

Minu armastus, seal on palju asju siin maailmas

Et võin öelda ja teha saab,

Kuid on üks asi, mis väljendab kõik,

Kõige suurem asi maailmas,

Mis on parim kingitus kõigile:

Need kolm sõna, mis ma kuuldavale minu huuled,

'Ma armastan sind.'

Minu armastus, te võite arvata, et ma nalja,

Jocose isik, sa tead, ma olen,

Ja te võite arvata, see on mingi pettus,

Midagi, mis on väärtusetu,

Kuid ma ütlen teile, see on tõde,

Ütlen teile, 'Ma armastan sind'

On suurim asi, mida ma võin öelda teile

Kuna selles kirjeldatakse kõiki tundeid,

Kõik emotsioonid,

Kõik mõtted,

Kõik kirg,

Kaastunne,

Ja mul on teile armastus.

Käesolevas artiklis kirjeldatakse, kui palju ma olen valmis

Midagi sinule,

Ükskõik, mis hind on.

Ta kirjeldab kõiki tegevusi ja

Kõik tunded, ma teeksin teile.

Te võite arvata, see on hull,

Minu arm

Aga see on tõsi, mida ma ütlen teile,

Sest ma oleks kunagi valeta sulle,

Ja ma ei valeta nüüd,

Ega näidata ma kunagi peta sind

Uskuda midagi ma ütlen teile.

Ma ütlen teile, see asi ei ole pettus,

Ei ole skandaal

Ei ole valetamine,

Ega vale kus me elame.

Inimesed võivad öelda, et armastus on vale,

Kuid minu armastan sind on ehtne

Ja olla kindel,

See on tõsi.

Mu kallis, ma võiks öelda, 'Ma armastan sind'

Ikka ja jälle,

Pidevalt,

Samal ajal,

Ja pidevalt,

Ja ma alati naeratus, sind

Sest seal on nii palju tähendus taga

Mida ma ütlen teile.

Ta kirjeldab kõiki toiminguid, mida ma olen teinud

Ja olen valmis vastu võtma,

Kirjeldab mõtteid, tundeid,

Ja emotsioone, et mul on teile,

Ja kõik meie suhe põhineb,

Need kolm sõna on aluseks

Iga suhe seisma Jumala ees.

See on tõsi, ja loodan, et te

Saab aru, et.

Ma armastan sind, kullake,

Seal on keegi selline, nagu

Nii kaastundlik, nii reibas,

Nii hoolitsev, nii imeline,

Või nagu armastav nagu te.

Sa oled ilus koos

Pikad heledad juuksed, mis kasvab oma õlgadele

Ja päikesevalguse paistab nagu pikk

Just hiljuti vormitud ahelat kaevandusest kuld suunda.

Ma armastan oma ere sinine silmad, mis säravad

Nagu Michigan ja meenutavad mulle

Suvel ere sinine taevas

Kui noontime on lähedal.

Nad iga kord, kui sa naeratus, süttib

Paljastavad oma hinge, portaalid

Ning näidates kõigile, mis on sinust.

Su naeratus on ilus,

Sest see põleb toas kui pimedus või dimness

Peitub nii lähedal, mitte väga kaugel,

Ja naeratus on nakkav,

Kõik nagu haigus, mis levib

Muutes naeratus, liiga.

Ma armastan sind naerma, kuidas

See on jumalik ja suurejooneline,  
Teile anda oma naljakas naeru põhjust  
Muud inimesed naerma ka,  
Ja igäüks armastab seda kuulda,  
See on meeldiv kõrva.  
Teie keha on peenike ja kõhn,  
Annab teile ilusat figuuri.  
Sinu rinnad on nagu puu, kookospähkli puu,  
Kui luuletaja Iisraeli kuningas Saalomoni  
Iisraeli ja Jeruusalemma kuningas Taaveti poeg  
Kord ütles:  
Kui ta kirjutas oma luuletuse, Ülemlaul,  
Sinu rinnad on nagu küpsed puuviljad,  
Bosoms suur ja ilus,  
Valmis kasvatada lapse, mis võivad sattuda maailma.  
Nad on ilusad,  
Koos iga aeglane hingetõmme, Teetõusude ja -  
Muutes figuuri, mis on ilus.  
Teie väarikus on majesteetlik,  
Sest sa suudad nõtkelt, kuhu minna,  
Kunagi takistuseks või alla,

Kuid kõndimine nagu ilus,  
Õige naine palju rafineeritumalt.  
Veel, seal on rohkem teile, et ma armastan.

Sa oled suurepärase muusik  
Kes mängib vahendeid.  
Sa oled suurepärase viiuldaja,  
Suurepärase pianist,  
Ja suurepärase kitarrist.  
Mängid viiul ilusti,  
Teades iga crescendo ja decrescendo,  
Mängib harmooniad hästi,  
Hästi intonatsioon, tuuning  
Eraõiguses märgib ka oma vibu  
Euphonious muusika, kõikjal, kuhu minna,  
Tempo sellise eristamise  
Allegro, andante, presto, largo ja moderato.  
Sa tead, iga ritardando ja rallitendo,  
Iga caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,  
Rõhk, ja tenuto.  
Mängid hästi, meloodia

Teie poos on suur,

Ja sa ei pea muretsema embouchure.

Klaver, akustika on suurepärane, kui sa mängid,

Sa tunduda nagu Ludwig van Beethoven, kui ta hakkas mängima,

Või Johann Sebastian Bach,

Või Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Mängid imeliselt,

Kui sa olid laulukirjutaja.

Kui sa mängid kitarri,

Sa oled loomulik,

Te mängida nagu iga saagima

Pole midagi

Ja sa teed seda heli suurepärane,

Peaaegu päris

See on meeldiv, et mu kõrvad,

Igas kõlalise mõttes.

Ma olen trombonist,

Ja ma olen lihtne võrreldes

Et teie suurepärane keerukus

Ja annet,

Teile on andekas,

Ja oma muusika oskused on ainulaadne.

Ma armastan oma muusikalised võimed.

Sa oled suur outdoorswoman,

Teile ei karda saada märg,

Muutub määrdunud ja ellujäänud karm kõrbes.

Õues on suurepärase koht,

Ja sa armastad näha kõik sinu ümber,

Just nagu mina.

Mulle meeldib, et sinust,

Sest ma tean, et sa soovid lähivad telkimine,

Matkamine, jalgrattasõit, ujumine,

Kanusõit, kayaking, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, Suusatamine,

Rulluisutamine, jää uisutamine,

Backpacking, surfamine, scuba diving, Sukeldumine

Purjetamine, Sõudmine, jooksmine, sörkimine,

Vee-Suusatamine, linde vaadeldes, vaalavaatlus,

Paadisõit, jet-Suusatamine, Kalastamine, campfires, hoone

Toiduvalmistamise marshmallows, walking, mägironimine,

Ja kõike muud sellist.

Ma tean, sa armastad, loodus, loomad ja taimed.

Sa oled loomulik bioloog,

Looduslik zooloog

Ja füüsiline botaanik mitmeti,

Ja ma olen rõõmus, et sa armastad nii palju õues.

Mulle meeldib, et,

Olen Boy Scout ja Eagle skaut,

Ja ma ei tea, kus ma oleks kui mu sõbranna

Ei tahaks olla väljaspool suvel

Ja veidi kaldu minna külma kui

Seal on selge taevas,

Palju lund,

Ja suur talvine päev.

Ma olen õnnelik, sa armastad väljas,

Teil on hea kõike teha.

Ma armastan, kuidas sa oled suurepärase laulja,

Sinu hääl on väga hea ja ühtlane,

Ja teeb asju heli suurepärase, kuhu minna,

Sinule laulda väga palju laule,

Rock-laulud kirjutavad classic rock artistid

Nagu the Beatles, Rolling Stones, ja kes;  
Kaasaegne rock kunstnike nagu lõbus;  
Pop laule nagu Katy Perry, Alicia Keys, inimesed  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson ja Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock laule inimesed nagu Billy Joel ja Johnny Cash;  
Bändid nagu kolmandal päeval, Chris Tomlin, Christian laule  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, lugedes kroonid, The Newsboys ja palju muud;  
Jumalateenistuse laulud, mida paljud inimesed on kirjutatud,  
Eriti hümnid ja tühi-tähi kirjalik saints on aastatuhandeid tagasi;  
Ma armastan, kuidas sa laulda, jazz lugusid nagu need  
Laulis co-performer Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Su hää! on ilus, reibas, resonantsahelaid,  
Euphonious, meeldiv, ja palju muud.  
See on nii ilus kui lind laulab võrade metsa.  
Ma ei ole kunagi saanud piisavalt seda.  
See paneb mind naeratama kogu aeg kuulen sinu alto hää!l  
Kuidas see kõigub toonid, pigi ja märkmed vahel.  
See on väga ilus.  
Ma laulan ka,  
Ja ma armastan laulda,

Ja tean, et ma võiks

Kas kellegi teisega duett, kellele meeldib

Laulda palju samu asju ma ei

On tore asi, ma ei unusta kunagi.

Sa oled suurepärane kunstnik,

Ma armastan oma kunsti

Ja ma armastan, kuidas see välja näeb.

Sa värvi nagu te uurida foto,

Joonistate, kui ta võttis kaamera,

Ja sa skulptuurid nagu siis, kui sa lihtsalt tegi elu,

Oma karu käed.

Teie maalid, oma skulptuurid

Oma joonistusi ja visandeid,

Oma valmistatud seinavaibad oma Vatitekid;

Nad on kõik suurepärane teos-

Ergas ja särav,

Elav ja värvikas,

Mingil glib või diffident,

Aga mirthful ja enesekindel,

Eputamine oma silma, apellatsioonid

Ja veel nad on sümboolne,  
Nii täis tähendus,  
Üks ei saa peatada, kaalub neid.  
Sa oled suur kunstnik talent nagu ükski teine;  
Oma unikaalsus on võrreldamatu  
Seda, mida teised on teinud.  
Sa oled da Vinci või Michelangelo,  
Mis liiki kingitused, oskused ja anded  
Et teil on olemas.  
Ma armastan oma kunsti  
Ja ma ei saa aidata, kuid mõtisklema  
Ja nende ilu märgata.  
Sinu talente on suurepärane.  
  
Teie poolt kirjutatud on ka suurepärased,  
Sest te olete suur kirjanik  
Ja suur luuletaja,  
On lugeda oma luuletusi,  
Eriti üks nn  
'Õppisin Trinity täna'  
Mis oli imeline asi, mis mind naerma,

See meenutas mulle minu enda vend

Kui ma lugesin seda.

Mäletan ka luuletus 'Fireflies äärelinna'

Sest see pani mind pea kõike, mida

Üritasid mulle,

Ja ma armastasin lugemine

See oli nii sügav

Ja nii täis tähendus;

Oma luulet on nagu muusika minu kõrva

Euphonious ja täis meloodia,

Ma ei saa aidata, kuid kuulata ning

Rahustav tilgakese lained,

Tuule sosistades Willows,

Alliteratsioon ja vihje,

Assonants ja dissonants,

Metafoore kasutatakse majestically,

Kasutatakse sagaciously, similes

Nad kõik lisada kuni kunsti kaasatud.

Oled suur luuletaja,

Ning oma luule on ainulaadne;

Siis cant eita ise.

Ma armastan seda annet ka,  
Ma olen kirjanik ise,  
Ja mul on hea meel vastata keegi nagu mina.

Teie bibliophilia on ka suur,  
Sest mulle meeldib, et sa armastad lugeda,  
Ja ma mäletan kõiki häid raamatuid  
Hoiate teie teegis  
Ja ma mäletan kõik asjad, mida sa ütlesid mulle  
Kõik autorite ja kirjanikud, et sa armastad,  
Luuletajad, kirjanikud,  
Selle esseiste ja kõike sellist.

Ma olen rõõmus, et ma saaks rääkida kirjanduse sinuga,  
Ja kirjutamine  
Kuna teile meeldib lugeda raamatuid,  
Tutvuma luuletused,  
Ja lugemine teie strongpoint.  
Mul on hea meel, et ma ei jaga üks mu kirgedest te.

Oled ka suurepärase Christian,  
Pühendab ennast Jeesuse Kristuse

Nagu ma püüan teha,  
Kuigi ma olen katoliku,  
Ja teil on Hollandi reformeeritud protestantlik,  
Me mõlemad usuvad midagi tõelist —  
Jumal ise, kes andis meile armu  
Kõik me näeme enne meid,  
Ja midagi võib meid ära võtta  
Nii kaua, kui me usaldame teda.  
Sest me oleme siin, et teisi aidata ja aidata üksteist,  
Ja ma imetlen oma valmisolekut anda,  
Just siis, kui ma olen valmis andma.  
See on suurepärase näha sinu usk kasvab nii väga,  
Sest sa usud ta, kes päästis maailma,  
Meie Õnnistegija Jeesuse Kristuse Messias.  
  
Mu armastus, olen valmis midagi teile,  
Juhul, kui oled kurb, on mugavus sind,  
Kui sa oled õnnelik, ma naerda koos sinuga,  
Kui te olete mures, ma, kaitsja  
Kui teil on vastuolus, ma kuulata ja konsooli sa;  
Kui sa oled vihane, ma püüan mollify

Kui olete mures, mul kinnitada teile;

Kui te olete mures, mul on seal sinu jaoks.

Ma tahan et sa oleksid õnnelik

Sest teie õnn on kõige tähtsam

Mulle siin maailmas.

Ma ei osta sa lilled iga kord, kui see on vajalik,

Sulle teemant sõrmus, et näidata oma tunnustust

Kirjutage luuletus, mis on sarnane,

Seal olla teile ja teie perele kui

Sa pead mind seal;

Mul on seal meie lastele

Sest sa oled eriline mulle.

Ma viib teid filme,

Ja seda olenemata võin teid

Et ma armastan sind alati.

Meil on nii palju lapsi, kui sa

Tahad olla,

See on keha ma kasutan,

Nii et ma lasen teil otsustada, mida sa

Soovite seda kasutada,

Nii et teil on öelda seda.

Sa oled mu sõbranna  
Minu teised olulised,  
Peagi olevat kihlatu,  
Sest me oleme kiiresti affianced,  
Ja varsti tuleb abikaasa,  
Sest me võtame Püha abielu  
Seda suhet Jumala ees.  
Meil on pojad ja tütred meie endi,  
Oleme alati armastan, Laste  
Ja me tõsta neid häid inimesi,  
Ja meil on suur vanemad.  
Sul on suur ema,  
Ja ma olen suur isa.  
Sa oled mu elu armastan, kullake;  
Ma tahan, et sa tead seda.  
Ma olen su sulane  
Ja sa oled mu isand;  
Meeleldi annan ennast sulle  
Nii et võib rahuldada teie iga vajadusele  
Et teil oleks õnnelik.  
Ma olen paindlik ja alistuvad,

Sest ma esitada teile oma õnne.

Ma armastan kõike

Ja olen valmis teha kõik sinu jaoks.

Ma tahan, et sa tead seda.

Sa oled mu Hingesugulane,

Minu üks tõeline armastus,

Ja seal on keegi nagu sina

Kes täiendab mind.

Ma olen rõõmus, et tean, et sa

Ja armastan sind kogu südamest.

Niisiis, minu armastus, need kolm sõna

Ütleb teile kõik, mida pead teadma,

Sest nad kirjeldavad kõike, mida ma just kirjeldasin,

Kõik, mida ma tunnen sind,

Sest kui ma näen sind, mu süda palpitates,

Minu serdtse muutub arrhythmic,

Minu glubina dusy muutub õnnelik juures silmist sa,

Mu sisikond twist ja piimapütt;

Minu naeratus muutub tahtmatu,

Ma naerma ohjeldamatult,

Ma ohkama pikk ja pehme.

Ma armastan sind, kullake,

Ja ma olen valmis midagi tegema.

Sa oled mu Hingesugulane,

Ja need kolm sõna kirjeldada kõike

Meie suhe on rajatud:

Armastus, kaastunne, ennastsalgavus, iseenda ja Jumal ise.

Pea meeles need kolm sõna,

Ja kui ma ütlen neile,

Mäletan oma tähtsuse

Need kolm sõna on suur,

Ja ma ei ütle need sulle viimast korda,

'Ma armastan sind.'

Justin Reamer

# Kolme Sanaa

Rakkaani, monet asiat tässä maailmassa

Voin sanoa ja tehdä sinulle,

Mutta on yksi asia, joka ilmaisee, että kaikki

Hienointa maailmassa,

Mikä on paras lahja:

Nämä kolme sanaa, jotka täydellinen huulilleni,

Minä rakastan sinua.'

Rakkaani, saatat ajatella, että olen tosissasi,

Jocose henkilö tiedät, että olen,

Ja luulet se on jonkinlainen huijaus,

Jotain arvoton,

Mutta sanon teille, tämä on totuus,

Kerro teille 'minä rakastan sinua'

On suurin asia, voin sanoa teille

Koska se kuvaa tunteita,

Kaikki tunteet

Kaikki ajatukset,

Kaikki intohimo

Kaikki myötätunto

Ja kaikki rakkaus olen sinulle.

Siinä kuvataan, kuinka paljon olen valmis

Tehdä mitään sinulle,

On hinnalla millä hyvänsä.

Se kuvaa kaikkia toimintoja ja

Kaikki tunteet tekisin sinulle.

Saatat ajatella, se on hullu,

Rakkaani

Mutta on totta, mitä minä sanon teille,

Sillä koskaan valehdella sinulle,

Ja en ole valehtelee nyt

Eikä se koskaan pettää sinut

Uskoa mitään kertoa.

Tämä asia, kerron ei ole huijaus,

Skandaali,

Valhe,

Eikä valhetta, jossa elämme.

Sanotaan että rakkaus on valhetta,

Mutta minä rakastan teitä on aito,

Ja uskokaa pois,

Tämä on totta.

Rakas, voisi sanoa, 'minä rakastan sinua'

Uudestaan ja uudestaan

Jatkuvasti,

Samanaikaisesti,

Ja jatkuvasti,

Ja haluan aina hymyillä sinulle

Koska ei niinkään merkitys takana

Mitä sanon teille.

Se kuvaa kaikkia toimintoja, jotka ovat tehneet

Ja olen valmis ottamaan,

Kuvataan ajatuksia, tunteita,

Ja tunteita, jotka olen sinulle,

Ja kaikki meidän suhde perustuu,

Nämä kolme sanaa perustuvat

Mitään suhdetta seisoo Jumalan edessä.

On totta, ja toivon, että

On ymmärrettävää.

Rakastan sinua, kultaseni,

Sillä ei ole ketään sellaista,

Kuten myötätuntoinen, niin pirteä  
Yhtä huomaavaisia, niin ihana  
Tai kuten rakastava.  
Olet kaunis  
Pitkät vaaleat hiukset, joka kasvaa hartiat,  
Ja auringonvalo paistaa kuin pitkä  
Osa juuri valettu minun kulta.  
Rakastan kirkkaan siniset silmät, että loistaa  
Kuten Michigan ja muistuttaa minua  
Kirkas sininen taivas, kesäisin  
Kun keskipäivän on lähellä.  
Ne syttyvät, joka kerta kun hymyilet,  
Paljastaa sielusi, portaalit  
Ja osoittaa kaikille, mikä on sinusta.  
Hymysi on kaunis,  
Sillä se valaisee huoneen kun pimeys tai hämyisyys  
Sijaitsee niin lähellä, ei kovin kaukana,  
Ja hymy on tarttuvaa,  
Leviäminen kaikille kuin tauti,  
Joten ne hymyilevät.  
Rakastan miten voit nauraa

Se on ihana ja suuri,  
Voit antaa hauska naurua syyn  
Muut ihmiset nauramaan niin,  
Ja kaikki rakastaa kuulla,  
Se on miellyttää korvalla.  
Kehosi on ohut ja laiha,  
Antaa sinulle kaunis kuva.  
Rinnat ovat kuin kookospähkinä puu, hedelmiä  
Kuten runoilija Kuningas Salomo Israelin,  
Kuningas Daavidin Israel ja Jerusalem, poika  
Kerran sanoi,  
Kun hän kirjoitti hänen runo, laulujen laulu  
Rinnat ovat kuin kypsä hedelmä  
Bosoms iso ja kaunis,  
Valmis vaalia lapsen, joka voi tulla maailmaan.  
Ne ovat kauniita,  
Nousevat ja laskevat kanssa hidas hengität,  
Mikä kaunis kuva.  
Sinun painoarvoa on majesteettinen,  
Voit kävellä sujuvasti, minne mennä,  
Koskaan kompastuminen tai putoaminen,

Mutta kävely, kuten kaunis,

Oikea nainen paljon hienostuneisuutta.

Kuitenkin on enemmän sinulle, että rakastan.

Olet hieno muusikko

Kuka pelaa useita välineitä.

Olet hyvä viulisti

Hyvä pianisti

Ja loistava kitaristi.

Pelaat viulua kauniisti,

Tietäen joka crescendo ja decrescendo,

Pelaa harmoniat hyvin,

Tuning ja intonaatio,

Artikulointi panee hyvin teidän keula

Varauksen euphonious musiikkia, mihin tahansa menetkin,

Erotella tempoja tällaisen

Allegro andante, presto, largo ja moderato.

Tiedätte joka ritardando ja rallitando,

Jokainen caesura normaalilla marcato, fermata,

Aksentti, ja tenuto.

Pelaat melodia

Ja ryhti on hyvä,

Ja ei tarvitse murehtia embouchure.

Piano akustiikka on suuri, kun toistetaan,

Kuulostat kuten Ludwig van Beethoven, kun hän alkoi pelata,

Tai Johann Sebastian Bach

Tai Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Pelaat ihanan,

Jos olit lauluntekijä.

Kun pelaat kitaraa,

Olet luonnollinen,

Voit pelata jokainen soitella kuin

Ei mitään

Ja tehdä se kuulostaa ihana,

Lähes melko

Se on miellyttää minun korviini

Joka lausuntatavan suhteessa.

Olen pasuunansoittaja,

Ja olen yksinkertainen verrattuna

Ihana monimutkaisuutta

Ja lahjakkuutta,

Sinulle ovat lahjakkaita,

Ja musiikki-taidot ovat ainutlaatuisia.

Rakastan musiikilliset kykysi.

Olet suuri outdoorswoman

Et pelkää kastumatta,

Tulossa likainen ja elossa ankarissa erämaa.

Ulkona on hyvä paikka

Ja mielelläni nähdä kaiken ympärilläsi,

Aivan kuten minä.

Rakastan, että sinusta,

Tiedän, että haluat mennä camping

Patikointi, pyöräily, uinti,

Melonta, melontaa, wakeboarding,

Vesikidutus, Hiihto,

Rullaluistelu, luistelu,

Retkeily, lainelautailua, laitesukellusta,

Purjehdus, soutu, juoksu, lenkkeily,

Vesihiihto, lintu-katselun, valaiden katselu

Veneily, jet-hiihto, Kalastus, tulenteke, rakennus

Ruoanlaitto vaahtokarkkeja, liikunta,

Ja kaikkea muuta kuin että.

Tiedän, että rakastat, luonto, eläimet ja kasvit.

Olet luonnollinen biologi

Luonnollinen eläintieteilijä,

Ja luonnollinen kasvitieteilijä monin tavoin

Ja olen iloinen siitä, että rakastat niin paljon ulkona.

Rakastan, että

Olen nuori ja partiolainen ja partiolaisten,

Ja en tiedä, jos olisin jos tyttöystäväni

Ei pidä olla ulkona kesäisin

Ja hieman taipuvainen mennä kylmä kun

On selkeä taivas

Paljon lunta,

Ja suuri talvipäivä.

Olen iloinen, rakastat ulkona,

Olet hyvä kaikessa teet.

Rakastan miten olet hyvä laulaja

Äänesi on ihana ja harmoninen,

Ja tekee asioita ääni ihana, minne menetkin,

Voit laulaa monta hyvää kappaletta,

Classic rock-artistien kappaleet rock

Kuten Beatles, Rolling Stones ja jotka;

Nykyaikainen rock taiteilijoiden, kuten hauskaa;

Pop-lauluja, ihmiset, kuten Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,

K'Naan, Eminem, Beyonce, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson ja Carrie Underwood;

Pehmeä rock-kappaleita, ihmiset kuten Billy Joel ja Johnny Cash;

Christian laulut bändejä kuten kolmantena, Chris Tomlin

MercyMe, Britt Nicole, laskenta kruunua, Newsboys ja paljon muuta;

Jumalanpalvelus songs, että monet ihmiset ovat kirjoittaneet,

Eryityisesti virsiä ja vaikka mitä asiakkaittemme saints on vuosituhansia sitten;

Rakastan, miten laulat jazz sävelet kaltaisia

Laulama Louis Armstrong Co-esiintyjä, Ella Fitzgerald.

Äänesi on kaunis, pirteä, kaikuva,

Euphonious, miellyttävä, ja paljon muuta.

Se on yhtä kaunis kuin linnunlaulua, metsän katos.

En voisi koskaan saada tarpeeksi sitä.

Se saa minut hymyilemään kaiken aikaa kuulen äänesi alto

Miten se vaihtelee välillä, leirintäpaikat, ja äänet.

Se on todella kaunis.

Laulan

Ja rakastan laulaa,

Ja tietää, että voisin mahdollisesti  
Duetto joku, joka tykkää tehdä  
Laulaa monia samoja asioita minä  
On hieno asia, joka voisi koskaan unohtaa.

Olet ihana taiteilija

I Love your art

Ja minä rakastan, miten se näyttää.

Voit maalata kuin te etsiä ardor valokuva,

Voit piirtää kuin jos se tapahtuisi kamera,

Ja veistää, jos olet juuri tehnyt elämän,

Omat karhu kädet.

Maalauksia, veistoksia,

Piirustukset ja luonnokset,

Seinävaatteet, peittoja;

Ne ovat kaikki ihania taide-

Elävä ja säteilevä,

Vilkas ja värikäs,

Ei suinkaan glib tai arka,

Mutta mirthful ja luottavainen,

Komeilu niiden miellyttää silmää,

Ja silti ne ovat symbolinen,

Niin täynnä,

Ei voida pysäyttää, harkitsee niitä.

Olet suuri taiteilija lahjakkuutta kuin mikään muu;

Ainutlaatuisuus on vailla

Mitä muut ovat tehneet.

Olet da Vinci tai Michelangelo,

Millaisia lahjoja, taitoja ja kykyjä

Että teillä.

Rakastan taidetta,

Ja voi auttaa, mutta ajatella niitä,

Ja huomaa niiden kauneutta.

Kyvyt ovat ihania.

Kirjoitus on myös upea,

Olet hyvä kirjoittaja

Ja suuri runoilija

Lue runoja,

Varsinkin yksi nimeltään

'Olen oppinut Kolminaisuuden tänään'

Mikä oli hieno asia, että sai minut nauramaan,

Se muistutti minua oma veljeni

Kun luin sen.

Muistan myös runo Fireflies hämärässä,

Sillä minua pitää kaiken voit

Yrittävät kertoa minulle,

Ja minä rakastin käsittelyssä se,

Se oli niin syvä

Ja niin täynnä sisältöä;

Runosi on kuin musiikkia korvilleni,

Euphonious ja täynnä melodia,

En voi muuta kuin kuunnella

Rauhoittava tilkka aallot,

Tuuli, kuiskaten willows,

Alkusointu ja viittaus,

Assonance ja dissonanssi,

Metaforia käytetään majesteetillisesti,

Käytetään sagaciously, similes

He kaikki lisätä jopa taidetta.

Olet suuri runoilija

Ja runosi on ainutlaatuinen;

Et voi kiistää itse.

Rakastan että lahjakkuus

Olen kirjailija itse,

Ja olen iloinen tavata joku kuten minä.

Sinun bibliophilia on myös suuri,

I Love että pidät lukea,

Ja muistan, että suuri kirjat

Pidät kirjastoon

Ja muistan, että kaikki mitä olet kertonut minulle

Tietoa tekijät ja kirjailijoita, että rakastat,

Runoilijat, kirjailijat,

Esseistejä, ja kaikki tuollaista.

Olen iloinen, että voin puhua kirjallisuuden kanssasi,

Ja erityisesti

Koska haluat lukea kirjoja,

Lukaista runoja,

Ja lukeminen on teidän vahvuutenne.

Olen iloinen, että jakaa yksi minun intohimo kanssasi.

Sinulla on myös suuri kristitty

Suunnata itse Jeesus Kristus,

Aivan kuten pyrin tekemään,  
Vaikka olen katolinen,  
Ja Hollannin reformoidun protestanttisen  
Molemmat uskomme jotain aito-  
Armon Jumala itse, joka antoi meille  
Kaiken näemme edessämme,  
Ja mikään ei voi viedä  
Kun luotamme häneen.  
Olemme täällä auttaa muita ja auttaa toisiaan,  
Ja ihailen sinun halu antaa,  
Samoin olen valmis antamaan.  
On hienoa nähdä uskosi kasvaa niin suuresti,  
Koska uskot hän, joka pelasti maailman,  
Meidän Vapahtajamme Jeesus Kristus Messias.

Rakkaani, olen valmis tee mitään sinulle,  
Jos olet surullinen, lohduttaa  
Jos olet onnellinen, nauran teille,  
Jos olet levoton, minä neuvon teitä,  
Jos olet ristiriidassa, aion kuunnella ja lohduttaa sinua;  
Jos olet vihainen, yritän mollify

Jos olet innokas, vakuutan teille;  
Jos pelkää, olisin siellä puolestasi.  
Haluan olla onnellinen  
Koska onni on tärkeintä  
Minulle tässä maailmassa.  
Aion ostaa kukkia tarvittaessa  
Pääset timanttisormus, arvostan,  
Kirjoittaa runon, joka on samanlainen kuin tämä yksi  
Olla siellä sinua ja perhettäsi aina  
Tarvitset minua siellä;  
Aion olla siellä meidän lapsille  
Olet erityinen minulle.  
Vien teidät elokuvia,  
Ja mitä voin auttaa sinua tietää  
Että rakastan sinua aina.  
Meillä on niin monta lasta kuin voit  
Haluavat,  
Se on kehon käytän,  
Joten annan sinun päättää, mitä  
Haluat käyttää sitä,  
Joten sinulla sananvaltaa.

Olet minun tyttöystävä  
Minun muita huomattavia  
Pian olemaan morsiamensa,  
Olemme pian kihlattunsa,  
Ja piakkoin vaimo,  
Sillä otamme sitein  
Tässä suhteessa Jumalan edessä.  
Meillä poikien ja tyttärien omia,  
Olemme aina rakkaus, lapset  
Ja me nostaa niitä hienoja ihmisiä  
Ja meillä on suuri vanhemmat.  
Sinulla on suuri äiti  
Ja aion olla hyvä isä.  
Olet elämäni rakkaus, kulta;  
Haluan teidän tietävän tämän.  
Minä olen teidän palvelijanne  
Ja sinä olet Mestarini;  
Annan itselleni mielellään sinulle  
Jotta voi täyttää kaikki toiveesi  
Voit olla onnellinen.  
Olen notkea ja nöyrä,

Sillä minun esittää teille onnea.

Rakastan kaiken sinusta,

Ja olen valmis tekemään sen puolestasi.

Haluan teidän tietävän tämän.

Olet minun sielunkumppani,

Minun oikeaa,

Ja ei kukaan muu kuin sinä

Joka täydentää minua.

Olen iloinen tunne sinua

Ja rakastan sinua koko sydämestäni.

Niin, rakkaani, nämä kolme sanaa

Kertoa kaiken mitä tarvitset tietää,

Sillä ne kuvaavat kaiken olen juuri kuvaillut,

Kaikki tunnen sinua,

Sillä kun nähdään, sydämeni palpitates,

Serdtse tulee rytmihäiriöitä,

Glubina Yvonne tulee onnellinen nähdessään

Minun sisua kierre ja vaihtuvuus;

Hymyni tulee tahtomattaan,

Nauraa hallitsemattomasti,

Olen huokaus pitkä ja pehmeä.

Rakastan sinua, kultaseni,

Enkä halua tehdä mitään sinulle.

Olet minun sielunkumppani,

Ja nämä kolme sanaa kuvaavat kaiken

Suhteidemme on perustuttava:

Rakkaus, myötätunto, epäitsekkyyttä, itse ja Jumala itse.

Muista nämä kolme sanaa

Ja kun sanon heille,

Muista niiden merkitys

Nämä kolme sanaa ovat suuria,

Ja sanon ne teille viimeisen kerran

Minä rakastan sinua.'

Justin Reamer

# Kyrielle

Kyrielle, your eyes are so blue,  
For they have a wonderful hue,  
They are a beautiful shade,  
For you are my fair maid.

Your hair, long and blond, astonishes me so,  
For your love is the thing I know,  
And, yea, it shall not fade,  
For you are my fair maid.

You fill me with compassion,  
Something beyond retroaction,  
And, my, have you been finely made,  
For you are my fair maid.

Your hair shines in the sunlight,  
For you teach the torches to burn bright;  
I love your hair in a braid,  
For you are my fair maid.

Your smile as white as day,  
Makes me feel so gay,  
For this with love you are paid,  
For you are my fair maid.

Your compassion strikes my heart,  
Which struck me from the very start,  
And here we have stayed,  
For you are my fair maid.

This one thing I know,  
For it is quite so,  
Of me you'll never raid,  
For you are my fair maid.

Justin Reamer

# Lamentations

Dearest Friend,

If you consider yourself a friend to me at all, you might actually listen to what I have to say. I have an explanation to make, and I know this. However, you have a lot to tell me also.

I know that I like you once upon a time, and I deeply apologise for angering you. I had been innocently infatuated with you, and I thought you were the sweetest person in the world. I admired your beauty and your long brown locks. I had loved the way you smiled. I had loved the way you laughed no matter the condition., the way you talked to people with no judgement whatsoever. I had liked the way you treated everyone with respect, no matter who they were, no matter what they had said or done. I had thought you were a very nice person, but then again, I was wrong.

I had heard stories from my mother at prom just before I went to pick up Lindsay. They were stories your mother had told my Mum on Valentine's Day. And they turned my world upside down. You had made false accusations about me that were so horrendous that it hurt to think that that was what the past was all about. You had said, if I am correct, that I had forcibly kissed you. You had said that I had touched you inappropriately- on your breast and in your vagina. You said that I molested you. I never kissed you. I would have given you all the space you wanted. I never laid a hand on you, especially at Homecoming and Snowball. Why would you do this?

Why would you do this to a man who had an innocent crush on you? I held you to the height of the heavens, where you could touch the stars and the galaxies everywhere. But you treated me like dirt. Why is this? You need to explain.

Friend, do you really think that speaking lies to everyone is going to help you win relationships, good status, and a wonderful reputation? Do you live in a black-and-white world where some people are good and others are bad? Are you mentally impaired? Are you extremely gullible? Are you masochistic? Are you sadistic? Do you live in an alternate reality? Do you believe everything you hear about people you don't even know? I can tell you that 90% of the gossip you heard is not true. I can also tell you that you are acting like a fool. Your puerile attempts to prove my guilt are futile. Friend, you are about to anger me. It would be best advised if you left me alone as I have done so many times. Thank you for your understanding.

Sincerely,

The Man You Seek

Justin Reamer

# Languidness

Death, our great friend,  
Is a relief to us as  
We, tired from life,  
Wander like mindless drones,  
Stooping down in anguish  
From our endless groans.  
Life is in absence, nothing.  
Until we fall to the ground,  
Closing our eyes and  
Drowning out the lifeless moans.

Justin Reamer

# Lanturne

Light  
in glass,  
burns brightly,  
luminescence,  
fire.

Justin Reamer

# Lápiz

Con este lápiz,  
Yo escribo mi nombre  
En el papel y  
Escribir mis ideas de mi mente.  
Desarrollo mis pensamientos en palabras,  
Y mis ideas se ponen  
Los acciones más buenos del mundo.  
Pero es como quiero que la gente verlos,  
Pero no es la realidad.

Pero estoy creativo,  
Y mi lápiz escribe constantemente,  
Mis ideas no les gusta el gobierno  
Porque es oprimido.  
Nosotros somos oprimidos,  
Y nuestras ideas y nuestros pensamientos  
No permiten existir.

Pero yo hablo altísimo,  
Declarar mis derechos humanos,  
Y hablo con mi lápiz,  
La cosa que me permite hablar.  
Yo escribo mis pensamientos  
Y declararlos al mundo.  
El mundo los oye,  
Y ellos responden con alegría.

Pero mi gobierno comunismo  
Oye mis palabras como  
Yo leo mis ideas al público,  
A la gente que ellos representan,  
Y el dictador mira a mí  
Y odia todos sobre mí.

La policía me encarcela,  
Y estoy en una celda  
De la cárcel,  
Nunca hablar otra vez.  
Estoy silencio como

Me siento aquí.  
Estoy estúpido,  
Luchar para nuestra libertad.

Ahora, soy un voz silencioso  
En el noche,  
Ahogado y reprimido por el gobierno,  
Entonces no puedo cantar,  
No puedo escribir,  
No puedo leer mis palabras,  
Y no puedo hablar mis ideas.  
Estoy un preso del país,  
Y mi lápiz,  
La inspiración de los sueños,  
Está ido.

Soy un escritor,  
Morir en la noche,  
El oscuridad comer mi cuerpo,  
Y mi mente volverse loco.  
Soy un alma en la viento,  
Con no vida dejó en mí.

Mientras estaba aquí, prisionero,  
Yo soy la víctima de la muerte.  
Mi propósito se ha ido,  
Y mi mente se ha consumido.  
Ahora, yo no soy nada,  
La carne consumiéndose siempre.

Justin Reamer

# Late Dusk

Cooling down the day,  
Illustrations in the sky,  
Colours call nightfall.

Justin Reamer

# Lawn Mowing

Aching in the arms,  
Pushing on valiantly,  
Body drenched in sweat.

Justin Reamer

# Liberalism

I am a liberal,  
And I believe in big government  
When it comes to economics,  
And I believe in extended social freedoms.

I am pro-choice,  
And I believe that woman  
Should have the right  
To choose what happens to their bodies,  
Especially since a foetus is not human.

I am for stem-cell research,  
For it may cure diseases and  
Genetic disorders such  
As Parkinson's Disease  
And Alzheimer's Disease  
And Muscular Dystrophy.

I am for gay marriage,  
For gays are people,  
And should have the ability  
To marry the one they love,  
As heterosexuals do.

I am for the First Amendment,  
And the government should not  
Be able to censor any form  
Of the arts or entertainment,  
And that people should be able  
To speak what is on their mind.

I am against capital punishment,  
For it is inhumane,  
And prisoners who murder  
Should have life sentences,  
And we do not have the right  
To take that person's life.

I believe in diplomacy

In foreign affairs  
Because using the military  
Damages the relationships  
We have with other countries,  
Because we are perceived as dictators  
And the 'World Police.'

I believe in contraception,  
For people have sex a lot,  
And, so, birth control  
Should be available.

I am against the Second Amendment,  
For the 2nd Amendment states  
That only the states may  
Hold a militia,  
And guns lead to violence,  
And they are the reasons why crimes  
Are committed,  
And, therefore,  
When restricted,  
They cannot be abused.

I am for social programs,  
For they help people that are less  
Fortunate than the big, wealthy businessmen.  
I mean, it is not right for  
The top 1% to hold all the money,  
Especially the CEO of Exxon-Mobil,  
And people like Donald Trump,  
And the late Steve Jobs,  
And Bill Gates,  
Even though he donates his money  
To charities.  
It is not right.  
Therefore, I am for Medicare,  
Medicaid, Socialised Healthcare,  
Welfare, Disabilities,  
Unemployment Benefits,  
And all those programmes.  
They help us.

I believe in taxes and spending,  
Especially taxing the wealthy  
Because since they have all the money,  
They can contribute to our cause;  
And, I believe that spending will  
Help social programmes,  
Especially since it is the government's  
Job to help people in many ways.

With education,  
I believe in the public school,  
For it encompasses diversity,  
And it is the universal education  
That maintains an open mind.

I believe in disestablishmentarianism,  
For the government cannot be run  
By one religion's morals,  
And thus the law and religion  
Are completely different.

I believe in economic regulation,  
For it is good to have those programmes,  
Such as the FDA,  
OSHA, the EPA,  
And the USDA,  
And so much more,  
So that we do not damage  
The environment,  
And that we do not hurt workers,  
And so we do not hurt consumers, either.

I also believe that there  
Should be no airport security,  
For it violates the right to privacy.

I also am against the American Patriot Act,  
For it violates all Americans' right to privacy,  
And is something like dictatorship,  
And is completely wrong.

Socialised Healthcare is a good thing,

For it will ensure that all  
Americans on the socioeconomic spectrum  
Will get quality, affordable healthcare.  
It will help a lot.

Corporations should also pay a lot of taxes,  
And small businesses should be protected,  
For we can sponsor entrepreneurship,  
And we can regulate and expand  
Our economy.

I believe in the patent,  
For that allows people  
To come up with ideas  
In order to expand the economy,  
And thus should remain that way,  
So that people will put it out there.

And those are my political beliefs,  
For I am a liberal.

Justin Reamer

# Libertine

I am morally unrestrained,  
So I can kill you.

Justin Reamer

# Library

Room filled with bookshelves,  
Me studying for a test,  
Very quiet here.

Justin Reamer

# Life

Life is something precious,  
For it is the thing  
We share with other people,  
The relationships  
That we have all held together,  
And the daily events  
That happen in  
Our years.

Life, for me,  
Has been an adventure,  
With its ups,  
And with its downs,  
It has been good  
And bad,  
No matter what happened.

My childhood was not special,  
For it had its good times  
And its bad times,  
And they were all different,  
And they were all something  
I learned from,  
Despite the problems  
I faced.

I mean,  
It was not my fault  
That my father left me,  
And the rest of my family,  
And that he tried  
To throw us out on the street,  
And it was not my fault that  
People picked on me,  
No matter where I went,  
But still,  
I had some relationships,  
With my friends that I had,  
And my family,

Who have always supported me,  
No matter what happened.

And my adolescence  
Was about the same,  
And it had its good and bad times,  
And I guess I loved the good,  
And hated the bad,  
Even though they were  
All different experiences,  
And from the good,  
I will always cherish  
The memories,  
And the bad,  
I will always learn from  
My mistakes.

I am not perfect,  
So I have made mistakes  
In my life,  
Such as being irresponsible,  
Messing up with relationships,  
And many other things.

Yet, I learned from my  
Mistakes,  
And I have become  
Better than what I was.

Life has also its good things,  
Such as my friends and family,  
Who have always been there,  
And the relationships I have had,  
And the fun times we had,  
As well,  
Such as simply hanging out,  
Going to the beach,  
Watching TV,  
Having dinner,  
Having lunch,  
Playing video games  
Such as stuff on

The Nintendo systems,  
And everything else there was,  
And the good memories we had  
Were great enough for me.

And, yes, there are the past  
And present,  
But there is also the future,  
Although I do not know what  
I am going to do when  
The future comes around,  
For there is so much to see,  
And so much to look forward to,  
That you never know if  
Something will come your way  
Or not,  
So that is what I look forward to,  
That good old future,  
That I know I am going to love  
So much when it  
Comes along.

It will be cool,  
And life is full  
Of experiences,  
And I have had those,  
And there is still  
More to come.

Justin Reamer

## Life 2

Life is an interesting concept,  
Its meaning is always questioned,  
Whether anyone really knows,  
It's something to be understood.

Though the questions are ongoing,  
They always go unanswered,  
But let me tell you one thing,  
The wise can always answer.

What is life?  
What is a life?  
What is the meaning of life?  
What does it mean to be living?  
What is there to understand about it?  
Why were we placed on this world?

These are questions always asked,  
Especially by those around the world,  
Why we ask them is our impetus,  
For we want to know the answers.

Life is something simple,  
So simple and so pure,  
It is like a mission,  
A mission to fulfil love.

Why we live is to show others love,  
As God had shown us,  
We are here to be kind,  
And show other people how to love.

Justin Reamer

# Life Unscripted

Life is a Dream  
Something misunderstood  
Everyone Fails—notice—  
Unscripted—not Written—our Fates.

Life—something we live—we Feel—  
We begin—Understand—Emotions—  
Raw—pure—uncensored—unrestrained—  
The things—making us Human Beings.

Justin Reamer

# Liger

The offspring of a tiger  
And a lion,  
Quite beautiful, in fact;  
I can't believe it's sterile!

Justin Reamer

# Lilliputian

Small thing.

Justin Reamer

# Limbo

Mentality is an illusion;  
Consciousness but a dream  
In which sensory and perception  
Display the surreal of our  
Own subconscious minds.

We are forever asleep,  
Our minds and bodies in limbo,  
Vegetating in what is reality.  
Life is only a dream,  
And death is our only liberation,  
For which we are truly alive.

Justin Reamer

# Limerick

Limericks are quite strange, don't you think?  
The way they tend to trample and tink?  
Enigmatic they are,  
Quite aways from afar,  
They always forebear without a blink.

Justin Reamer

# L'Introverso

Mi aggiro intorno a una scuola,  
Attraverso un luogo che ha dimenticato di me,  
Per quello che sono,  
Non so, e so che sono un estraneo.  
Sono un outsider,  
Per identità di quello che so non;  
Credo che io ho stato evitato,  
Che ho dimenticato chi sono.  
Ho avuto un nome, o almeno —  
Credo che ho avuto uno. Penso che ho fatto, ma ripeto —  
Non ricordo se ho avuto uno.  
Ricordo che sono sempre stato un bravo ragazzo, che mi  
Ha sempre fatto ciò che era giusto,  
Ma in tutta la mia infanzia, stavo disprezzato,  
Avendo confusione di identità tutto il tempo.  
Ero bravo alle elementari, per persone erano  
Sempre buono con me. Mi ricordo che miei insegnanti mi amava,  
Per sempre fatto il mio dovere ed è stato sempre molto gentile. Miei pari,  
Quanto grandi erano,  
Per essi rispettato me per quello che ero,

Come mi è stato gentile e cortese verso di loro,  
E ascoltate ogni loro parola,  
Ed è stato paziente e gentile verso di loro,  
Così mi amavano in cambio.

So che non ciò che è accaduto nella scuola media, ma  
A quanto pare ero diverso.

Miei amici divennero i miei nemici e disprezzato me  
Tutti i più.

Io stavo disprezzato in scuola media,

Era molto solitario

Io non aveva nessuno a cui aggrapparsi,

O a cui appoggiarsi,

Ogni volta che avevo bisogno di aiuto.

Ero diverso,

Non sono mai stato in grado di adattarsi,

Non trovare mai la mia identità,

Ero incapace di ricevere.

Persone raccolte ovunque, su di me

Chiamandomi nomi,

Beffe di me,

Picchiarmi a sangue,

E gettare le mie cose intorno,

Ho non avuto nessun senso di appartenenza a tutti.

' Che cosa avevo fatto? Che cosa avevo fatto male? '

Avevo chiesto quando essi mi ha fatto male, ma si strinsero

La testa e si mise a ridere e disse:

' Niente; Sei solo diversa, questo è tutto, '

E mi fanno male soprattutto.

Sapevo che presto io potrei non adattarsi,

E sapevo che ero solo;

Presto è diventato molto tranquilla,

E non poteva parlare con nessuno.

Presto sono diventato timido,

E alla fine sono diventato muto.

Il mio ex 'amici' mi ha chiamato 'Nemo'

Dal momento che io non potrei mai Annunziata il mio nome.

Scuola media passata con tutte le sue tribolazioni

I suoi ostacoli e dilemmi che avevo di fronte,

Eppure, sono stato un introverso,

E non potrei mai incontrare nuove persone.

Quando il liceo ha iniziato,

Molti gruppi di amico avevano ottenuto insieme,  
E ho cercato di adattarsi,  
Ma hanno evitato di me  
E mi ha fatto meraviglia,  
Chi sono io?

Io non aveva un nome,  
Per ho non avuto nessuna identità,  
Ho avuto nessuno che adattano in con.  
Non sapevo chi ero,  
Per ho avuto solo un nome.  
Cos'è un nome? ,  
Se non sai chi sei?  
Che cosa potrebbe dire qualcuno,  
Se non sei nemmeno sicuro te stesso?  
Un nome è solo un'etichetta,  
Qualcosa che porto con me,  
Dal momento che non ho sfondo,  
Non ho nessun passato,  
E chi sono io,  
E qualunque cosa io sono,

So di che essere solo un'ombra,  
Coesiste in questo mondo,  
Con molte stelle luminose splende luminoso nel cielo,  
Cast di me nell'oscurità della non esistenza virtuale.  
Chi sono io? Mi chiedo a me stesso,  
Che potrei mai essere?

Io non sono un atleta, un musicista o un artista,  
Né io sono uno studente di onori,  
Né una mondana, un attore, un attore,  
Né un oratore,  
Né io sono un leader, che si distingue tra la folla,  
Né io sono il clown della classe, un nerd, il comico, né il capitano della squadra di calcio.  
Io so solo una cosa che io sono,  
Che io sono un introverso,  
E si possono trovare me se avete il coraggio di guardare.  
Mi vedrete nelle ombre,  
Sguazzare nel buio,  
Camminare da soli nei corridoi.  
Si può vedere me durante il pranzo,

Mangiare da me,  
Accompagnata da una tabella completa,  
Di tutti gli spiriti di reietti passati  
Chi si è laureato prima di me;  
Si può vedermi mangiare in silenzio,  
E a volte in pensiero profondo;  
Si può vedermi scrivere vigorosamente,  
Non pagare alcuna attenzione a chiunque altro.  
Si può essere fortunati se mi vedi in classe,  
Perché io non sono facile da trovare,  
Ma se provate molto duro,  
Si può essere in grado di trovare me.  
Mi siedo nel retro di classe,  
Lontano da dove l'occhio può vedere,  
Nessuno si siede accanto a me,  
E nessuno vuole la mia compagnia.  
Io sono lontano dallo sguardo dell'insegnante,  
E l'insegnante non sa nemmeno il mio nome;  
Miei coetanei mai sedersi accanto a me,  
Finora sono indietro,  
Essi stessi non conoscono nemmeno il mio nome.

Si può vedere me dopo la scuola,  
In giro nel parcheggio,  
Catturato nel mio pensiero profondo,  
E mai prendere una distrazione.  
Io sarò catturato nella mia musica,  
Con i miei auricolari nelle orecchie,  
Ascoltando il mio iPod,  
Che stimola i miei sensi,  
E mi aiuta a concentrarsi di più,  
Per nessuno si preoccupa di sapere di me,  
E non ci si chiede chi sono.  
Io sono l'introverso,  
Per non ho nessun nome,  
Non ho nessuna identità,  
O nessuna personalità che chiunque può identificare;  
Non si adattano nella casella  
Perché io sono l'ignoto,  
Io sono l'ombra che si passa ogni giorno,  
Non pagare alcuna attenzione alla mia insignificanza;  
Non so quello che sono,

E, naturalmente, si sa, né;  
Non ho nessuna identità,  
E io sono l'ignoto che si teme ogni notte.  
Posso non essere umano,  
E non posso nemmeno essere animale,  
Ma io sono una cosa che pensa,  
Penso, dunque sono.  
Io sono l'ignoto che temono,  
Quello che non può spiegare,  
Io sono il maniaco,  
Cui follia senso divinest.  
Io sono la pazzia,  
Che ti fa paura di più, mi  
Per senza la mia identità,  
E poiché si hanno disprezzato me,  
C'è un metodo molto alla mia follia.  
Ti conosco, ma tu non mi conosci,  
Per io non ho mai conversato,  
Sono catturati nei miei pensieri,  
E la società non è per me.

Non si può mai trovare me,  
Ma mi aggiro ogni giorno,  
Chiedendo chi sono,  
E ciò che sono,  
E dubito che tutto ciò che viene a me,  
Ma so che sono una cosa che si pensa.  
Io sono l'introverso,  
E penso, dunque sono.  
Justin Reamer

# L'Introverti

Je me promène autour d'une école,

Dans un lieu qui a oublié de me,

Pour qui je suis,

Je ne sais pas, et je sais que je suis un outsider.

Un outsider, je suis,

Pour quelle identité je ne sais pas;

Je crois que j'ai été boudé,

Que j'ai oublié qui je suis.

J'ai eu un nom, ou du moins —

Je crois que j'ai eu un. Je pense que j'ai fait, mais là encore —

Je ne me souviens pas si j'ai eu un.

Je me souviens que j'ai toujours été un bon garçon, que j'ai

A toujours fait ce qui était juste,

Mais pendant toute mon enfance, j'ai été méprisé,

Vu la confusion d'identité tout le temps.

J'étais bonne à l'école primaire, car les gens étaient

Toujours bon pour moi. Je me souviens de que mes professeurs m'a aimé,

Car j'ai toujours fait mes devoirs et était toujours très poli. Mes camarades de classe,

Combien étaient-ils,

Ils respectés moi pour qui j'étais,  
Comme je l'étais aimable et bienveillant à leur égard,  
Et écouté leur chaque mot,  
Et a été patient et courtois envers eux,  
Donc ils m'aimaient en retour.

Je ne sais pas ce qui est arrivé au Collège, mais  
Apparemment j'étais différent.

Mes amis sont devenus mes ennemis et méprisés moi  
D'autant plus.

Je me méprisais en milieu scolaire,  
Est très solitaire, j'ai,  
J'ai eu sans personne pour s'accrocher,  
Ou s'appuyer sur,  
Chaque fois que j'ai besoin d'aide.

J'étais différent,  
Je n'ai jamais pu se glisser dans,  
Jamais trouver mon identité,  
J'ai été incapable de recevoir.  
Pris sur moi, partout, les gens  
M'appeler des noms,

Se moquer de moi,  
À me battre à une pâte,  
Et jeter mes choses autour,  
J'ai n'eu aucun sentiment d'appartenance à tous.  
'Ce que j'avais fait? Ce que j'avais fait de vous blesser? '  
J'avais demandé quand ils me blessent, mais ils ont secoué  
Leurs têtes et se mit à rire et dit:  
' Rien; vous êtes juste différent, c'est tout, »  
Et ils me blessent encore plus.  
Bientôt, je savais que je ne pouvais pas tenir dans,  
Et je savais que j'étais seul;  
Bientôt, je suis devenu très calme,  
Et ne pouvait pas parler à n'importe qui.  
Bientôt, je suis devenue timide,  
Et finalement, je suis devenu muet.  
Mes anciens « amis » m'a appelé « Nemo »  
Étant donné que je ne pourrais jamais Annonciation mon nom.  
École intermédiaire passé avec toutes ses tribulations  
Obstacles et ses dilemmes que j'avais rencontrés,  
Pourtant, j'étais un introverti,  
Et je pourrais jamais rencontrer de nouvelles personnes.

Quand a commencé l'école secondaire,  
De nombreux groupes d'ami avaient obtenu ensemble,  
Et j'ai essayé de tenir dans,  
Mais ils me, boudé  
Et il m'a fait me demander,  
Qui suis je?

Je n'avais aucun nom,  
Car je n'avais pas d'identité,  
J'ai eu nul avec que je rentre en.  
Je ne savais pas qui j'étais,  
Car j'ai eu seulement un nom.  
Que signifie un nom signifie,  
Si vous ne savez pas qui vous êtes?  
Que pourrait dire à quelqu'un,  
Si vous n'êtes pas encore sûr que vous-même?  
Un nom est juste une étiquette,  
Quelque chose que je porte avec moi,  
Puisque je n'ai pas de fond,  
Je n'ai pas passé,  
Et celui qui je suis,

Et tout ce que je suis,  
Je sais que je suis juste une ombre,  
Coexistant dans ce monde,  
Avec beaucoup d'étoiles brillantes brille dans le ciel,  
Casting de moi dans les ténèbres de la non-existence virtuelle.  
Qui suis je? Je me demande moi-même,  
Qui pourrais-je jamais être?

Je ne suis pas un athlète, un musicien ou un artiste,  
Ni je suis un étudiant de distinctions honorifiques,  
Ni une vie mondaine, un acteur, un comédien,  
Ni un orateur,

Je ne suis un chef de file, qui se distingue dans la foule,

Je ne suis le clown de la classe, un nerd, le comédien, ni le capitaine de l'équipe de football.

Je sais seulement une chose dont je suis,

Que je suis un introverti,

Et vous pouvez me trouver si vous osez regarder.

Vous pourrez me voir dans l'ombre,

Se vautrer dans l'obscurité,

Marcher seul dans les couloirs.

Vous pouvez me voir pendant le déjeuner,

Manger par moi-même,  
Accompagné d'une table entière,  
De tous les esprits des parias passées  
Qui a obtenu son diplôme avant moi;  
Peut-être verrez-vous me manger en silence,  
Et parfois en pensée profonde;  
Vous pouvez m'écrire vigoureusement, voir  
N'accordant aucune attention à personne d'autre.  
Vous pouvez être chanceux si vous me voyez dans votre salle de classe,  
Car je ne suis pas facile à trouver,  
Mais si vous essayez très dur,  
Vous pourrez me trouver.  
Je suis assis à l'arrière de la classe,  
Loin où le œil peut voir,  
Personne n'est assis à côté de moi,  
Et personne ne veut de mon entreprise.  
Je suis loin de regard de l'enseignant,  
Et l'enseignant ne sait même pas mon nom;  
Mes pairs jamais s'asseoir à côté de moi,  
Car je suis de retour, jusqu'à présent  
Eux-mêmes ne savent pas même mon nom.

Vous pouvez me voir après l'école,  
Se promener dans le stationnement,  
Pris dans ma propre pensée profonde,  
Et ne prenant jamais une distraction.  
J'ai seront attrapé dans ma propre musique,  
Avec mes écouteurs dans mes oreilles,  
Écouter mon iPod,  
Qui stimule mes sens,  
Et m'aide à me concentrer davantage,  
Car personne ne prend la peine de me connaître,  
Et personne ne demande qui je suis.  
Je suis l'introverti,  
Car je n'ai pas de nom,  
Je n'ai pas d'identité,  
Ou aucune personnalité que n'importe qui peut identifier;  
Je ne rentrent pas dans la boîte,  
Car je suis l'inconnu,  
Je suis l'ombre que vous passez tous les jours,  
N'accordant aucune attention à mon insignifiance;  
Je ne sais pas ce que je suis,

Et, bien sûr, vous le savez, ni;  
Je n'ai pas d'identité,  
Et je suis l'inconnu que vous avez peur tous les soirs.  
Je ne sois pas humain,  
Et je ne sois pas même animal,  
Mais je suis une chose qui pense,  
Je pense, donc je suis.  
Je suis l'inconnu que vous craignez,  
Celui que vous ne pouvez pas expliquer,  
Je suis le maniaque,  
Dont la folie est logique divinest.  
Je suis la folie,  
Qui vous fait peur de moi plus,  
Pour sans mon identité,  
Et puisque vous avez méprisé moi,  
Il y a une méthode beaucoup à ma folie.  
Je sais pas vous, mais vous ne savez pas de moi,  
Car je n'ai jamais conversé,  
Je suis pris dans ma propre pensée,  
Et la société n'est pas pour moi.

Vous ne trouverez jamais moi,  
Mais je me promène tous les jours,  
Vous vous demandez qui je suis,  
Et ce que je suis,  
Et je doute que tout ce qui vient à moi,  
Mais je sais que je suis une chose qui pense.  
Je suis l'introverti,  
Et je pense, donc je suis.  
Justin Reamer

# Litany Of Humility

Meek and humble of heart, Hear me.  
From the desire of being esteemed,  
Deliver me, Jesus.  
From the desire of being loved...  
From the desire of being extolled...  
From the desire of being honored...  
From the desire of being praised...  
From the desire of being preferred to others...  
From the desire of being consulted...  
From the desire of being approved...  
From the fear of being humiliated...  
From the fear of being despised...  
From the fear of suffering rebukes...  
From the fear of being calumniated...  
From the fear of being forgotten...  
From the fear of being ridiculed...  
From the fear of being wronged...  
From the fear of being suspected...

That others may be loved more than I,  
Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it.

That others may be esteemed more than I...  
That, in the opinion of the world,  
others may increase and I may decrease...  
That others may be chosen and I set aside...  
That others may be praised and I unnoticed...  
That others may be preferred to me in everything...  
That others may become holier than I, provided that I may become as holy as I  
should...

Justin Reamer

# Lmfao

hey, Rachel.

hey, Phil.

hru?

good. hbu?

doin well. did u enjoy goin out last night?

yea, it was a lot of fun. do u remember the look on ur dads face?

yea, he shouldnt have seen it.

ik. iabos. but having 43x was a lot of fun.

yea, and my 303 was shocked when she found out.

srsly?

yea, it was fc. but i had fun.

well, there is no way i will do that again. my dad almost killed me.

really? how? y?

b/c he found out. he was not impressed. he knew i wasnt a vgn, so he almost killed me.

but howd he ttku?

he didnt do it litrly, but he almst took away my phn and car and the lt im txtng on right now.

oh, that sucks.

yea, but it's ok.

ok? it's only ok? no one likes to lose their phn! not even my bffs and foafs!

true.

but it works. but u no what? ur goin be ok.

y is that?

u said ur dad takes viagra, right?

yea.

has he been absent at all?

yea. i hear him talking on the phn w/ some wmn idk. he sounds all rmntc around her.

what does ur 303 think?

she dont no about it.

well take away his viagra and see what happens. itll be the funniest thing in the world.

y?

cuz he has ed!

oh, yeah, ur right! that would be funny! he couldnt dtb. edwth. Ifmao.

that's the idea.

ur great, Phil.

fif. yeah, it would be great. by, replace them with bnd.

yea, hed go rts.

no kiddin.

ur a genius!

no shit.

so u have any ideas for tnt?

thinkin bout it, but gotta think. wwd?

idk. hbu?

idc. i just want u to be happy.

ur so sweet.

ik. but wwdt?

ill tbttagbtu.

all right. whatever works. ttyl.

cya.

Justin Reamer

# Loggerhead

You are quite the stupid person,  
You know that?  
I think you're dumb.

Justin Reamer

# Lollapalooza

This is exceptional,  
It's like nothing I've seen before!  
Crazy, is it not?

Justin Reamer

# Lord In Heaven

O, Heavenly Father,

How great You are in majesty,  
And how awesome  
And how wonderful You are,  
For You are the Greatest Being  
To ever have existed,  
And You are the Father to us all.

Father, You created the world,  
And You created the sky,  
The water,  
The land,  
And the beaches.  
You created the oceans,  
And the rivers,  
And the lakes.  
You created the mountains  
That come over the horizon,  
And yet You are still more majestic  
Than they are.  
You created dawn,  
The sunrise which people love to watch,  
And You created dusk,  
Which people love to see, as well,  
And yet You are more majestic than they are.  
You created the four times of day,  
Morning, Afternoon, Evening, and Night,  
And You have given meaning to all of them,  
And yet You are still greater than they are.

Father, You created the plants,  
And all the flowers in every meadow,  
And every cactus in every desert,  
And every tree in every forest,  
And every crop on every farm.  
You gave them life,  
And the ability to produce oxygen,  
And yet You are still greater than they are.

Father, You created insects,  
Those simple things that seem so miniscule,  
Yet You gave them life,  
And they serve some sort of purpose.  
You created every annoying mosquito,  
Which buzz in people's ears,  
And every beetle  
That crawls upon the Earth,  
And the unlady-like ladybug,  
Which bites people if they come too close,  
And the ants,  
Which understand the meaning of family,  
And the bees,  
Which will always look out  
For each other,  
No matter the cost;  
And the deerflies,  
Which suck blood from deer;  
And the horrible horseflies,  
Which serve some sort of purpose,  
But I am not sure how;  
And aphids,  
Which provide food for the ants,  
And spiders,  
That weave a web  
So grand and yet deceitful  
That they take in whatever prey  
They intake.  
Yet, Lord, You created them,  
And you put Your signature on them,  
And with them,  
They are a representation of Your Grandeur.

Lord, you created every little bacterium,  
Including the flu,  
And diatoms,  
And E. Coli,  
And Streptococcus,  
And Staphylococcus,  
And the Hydra,  
And the Rotifera,

And the Amoeba,  
And every Protist  
And bacterium  
There is.  
And, yet, even though they  
Make people ill,  
They still have Your signature,  
Which is a symbol of Your creation.

Lord, you created every animal there is,  
For you created the lion,  
The king of the jungle;  
The Bald Eagle,  
The symbol of freedom;  
The bear,  
Which scavenges  
And finds food rewarding;  
The wolf,  
A farmer's worst nightmare;  
The deer,  
The symbol of innocence within the forest;  
The moose,  
The symbol of pride;  
The snakes,  
Which are supposedly Satan's spawn,  
But are majestic in their own right;  
The great apes,  
Such as the chimpanzees,  
And the gorrillas,  
Which represent each of us;  
The monkeys,  
The playful little things  
That swing through the trees,  
The alligator,  
The cool thing that lives in the water;  
The crocodile,  
Which everyone seems to fear,  
Yet has no real reason, too;  
The rodents,  
Such as chipmunks  
And squirrels,  
And mice and rats,

Who do no harm;  
The rabbits,  
Whom everyone loves;  
The cattle,  
The horses,  
And the swine,  
And every fowl one can think of;  
The dogs,  
Such as my dogs Lucy and the late Hollyfield,  
Who love humans more than anything else  
And are extremely loyal to them;  
And the cats,  
Such as Smokey and the late Jasmine,  
Who loved humans,  
But also had minds of their own,  
Who were friendly,  
But intellectual at the same time;  
The owl,  
The symbol of wisdom,  
And the whales,  
The world's gentle giants,  
And the sharks,  
Whom everyone fears,  
But are still out there;  
And the fish,  
Which breathe in the sea;  
And the seals,  
Which remind us of our housepets,  
And the penguins,  
Who are more majestic than anything else,  
And the dolphins,  
Who are the humans of the seas,  
Who are supremely intelligent,  
And understand the importance of family,  
And the Orca,  
The top predator,  
Who is human like,  
And understands family  
More than anything else,  
And is loyal to his mother  
And to his mate  
And to his very own children,

For he hunts with the pod  
And protects his family from  
Outside attackers  
Who mean to do them harm,  
For he kills a great white shark  
If he means to attack his child,  
And he hurts a crocodile  
If he should ever attack his wife.  
For God, You created these creatures,  
And yet You are still more majestic  
And far more grand than all of them.

You also created the four seasons,  
The birth of spring,  
The warmth of summer,  
The dying of autumn,  
And the cold death of winter.  
And yet You are grander than all of them.

Lord, You also created us,  
Those of us whom You gave free will,  
Whom You allowed to make our own decisions,  
Those of us whom you created in Your own Image,  
Whether it be physically,  
Or emotionally,  
Or simply giving us the capacity to love,  
Just as You have the capacity to love us,  
Your own children.  
Yet You are far greater than any of us,  
And You are the Father in Heaven,  
So we praise thee.

Lord, I cannot thank You more  
Than I already have,  
For You have done so much for me,  
And I feel as if I do not deserve it.  
However, I must say  
That You have called my name  
Many times,  
And each time,  
I have heard You,  
And have followed You,

And have changed the lives of many  
Just because of You.

And yet, You are the one that gave me my happiness,  
For You gave me the will to live,  
And You saved me from my depression,  
And You saved me from death four times,  
Including the account of my head injury,  
The account of my suicide attempt,  
The account of the heart failure  
During the Robotics Trip,  
And the account of the Riley Accident on 16 November.  
You have done so much for me.

You have done a lot for my family,  
For You have prevented our house from  
Being taken from us  
And have prevented us from living on the street,  
And You have protected us from our father's wrath,  
And You have kept me safe from the harm of my peers.  
You have helped me overcome adversity,  
And You have helped me fight ableism,  
No matter where I was.  
You also helped me deal with my disabilities,  
Whether they be ADD,  
Tourette's Syndrome,  
Or Asperger's Syndrome,  
For you have helped me through all of them,  
Even though they are the cross I must carry  
Throughout life.

Lord, You have also helped me make friends,  
And have also helped my family to live peacefully again.  
You helped my mother find peace in her life,  
And You helped my brother find happiness in his life,  
And You helped my older sister with her troubles,  
And You helped my little sister with her depression.  
We are finally getting along,  
And I thank You for all You have done.

Lord, I am forever in Your gratitude,  
For You have done so much for me.

I do not deserve all the blessings  
And the miracles for me;  
For I am a sinner,  
And I am imperfect,  
And I do not deserve your love;  
You are the greatest being in the world,  
For You created the universe,  
And every star,  
And every planet,  
And every little piece of rock  
That exists in it.

You created life,  
The stages,  
With the prenatal development,  
Neonatal life,  
Infancy,  
Toddler stages,  
Childhood,  
Adolescence,  
Young adulthood,  
Parenthood,  
Middle years,  
And the elderly.  
For You gave us this life,  
And yet some of us don't appreciate it,  
But You gave us this great gift to live.

Father, I do not deserve Your love,  
And I do not deserve Your blessings,  
For I am imperfect,  
And a sinner just like everyone else,  
And I have done some terrible things;  
Yet I am sorry for what I have done,  
And yet You chose to forgive me,  
For, Father, I am a changed man  
Because of You and Your Son,  
Jesus Christ,  
Who also loves me dearly.  
However, Father, I still do not  
Deserve Your blessings,  
And yet You chose me

Above all other people.

Father, You have helped me with academics,  
And I thank You,  
You have called me to a college  
That is the right place for me,  
And I thank You,  
And You have also shown me  
That I will fall in love very soon,  
And I thank You for that, as well.  
Yet Father, I do not deserve Your blessings,  
Nor Your Grace,  
For I am a sinner,  
And a mere mortal human being,  
While You are the ruler of the universe,  
The one who created it all.  
Let me tell You that I am grateful for all  
You have done,  
And my gratitude cannot surpass what has already been shown,  
For I love You,  
And You are my Heavenly Father,  
And I cannot love You more,  
For I am forever in Your debt.

Lord, I am Your servant,  
For You can call on me,  
And I will answer Your call.  
If you summon me,  
I will respond,  
And I will come to You,  
And I will follow You;  
I am Your Instrument,  
For You can work through me  
In whatever way You please,  
And, since, You have already done so,  
You can continue.  
I will always be there, Father,  
And I will always come when You call.

And, Father, You know everything,  
You know my every thought,  
My every word,

My every action,  
And my every feeling in my heart.  
You know all the hairs on my head,  
And you know all the stars in the sky,  
And I promise you, Lord,  
That I will live a good life,  
One that is devoted to You,  
One that is giving to other people,  
One that is selfless,  
One that is caring,  
One that is sacrificial,  
And one that is similar to agape.  
I will do the best I can.

But, Lord, as I keep my promises,  
I just want to ask you a few things,  
Because, even though I do not deserve any favours  
From You,  
I still think they could benefit people,  
Especially if you could hold them into your heart.

Please bless the poor,  
For please help them find shelter  
And food, if anything.

Please bless the poor in Haiti,  
And help them find necessities  
That will help them make it through their rough  
Lives which they live on a daily basis.

Please bless those who died in the Colorado shootings,  
And please help them to be safe  
As they reach You in the afterlife.

Please bless the angered,  
And help them to find peace within themselves.

Please bless the troubled,  
And counsel them and help them to find peace.

Please bless the depressed,  
And all those who are thinking of suicide,

And help them to find joy in the life they live.

Please bless my father,  
Dear Lord,  
And please help him to find out what  
True love is,  
And help him to see the errors in his ways,  
For he is confused and miserable,  
And he does not see joy in anything.  
Please help him to see happiness in the world,  
And understand the meaning of selflessness.

Please bless my uncle,  
Dear Lord,  
And please help him to find happiness  
In his life,  
So that he can stop his misery  
And to experience the good things in life.

Please bless my sister as she goes on to med school,  
For she will be studying hard,  
And please help her to make good decisions,  
And if she should ever be stressed,  
Please give her peace.

Please bless my mother,  
Dear Lord,  
For she works long hours,  
With lots of stress in her life,  
And please help her to find  
Peace, whenever she can.

Please bless my mentor,  
Dear Lord,  
Please help him through the transition  
Of me going onto college,  
Since it will be different  
With me gone and becoming a true adult.

And please bless my brother,  
Dear Lord,  
Please bless his good attitude now,

Which I thank You for,  
And please help him to remain kind,  
And to remain selfless  
And understanding  
And caring,  
And please help him to remain happy.

And please bless my little sister,  
Dear Lord,  
Please help her with her depression,  
And please help her to remain happy,  
Even though she just recovered.

Please bless all my friends who are about  
To start college,  
And please help them to make good decisions,  
And not to do things that will hurt themselves.

Please help those who are starting  
Their second to fourth year of college,  
And help them to make good study choices,  
And help them to make decisions that will  
Not hurt them.

Please bless my uncle  
Who is fatally sick,  
And please help him to make  
Healthy decisions,  
So that he does not hurt himself  
Or other people.

Please bless my cousin,  
For he is sick, as well,  
And please help him to get better,  
If at all possible.

Please bless my friends  
Who are still in high school,  
For they are still putting  
Up with the peer pressure  
And everything in high school,  
So please help them to make good choices

And everything along the way.

And please bless those who are seeking employment  
To find the best jobs possible  
And to find that job they have always been dreaming about  
And help them to get that interview.

And please bless Aunt Marie,  
For she is very ill,  
And if at all possible,  
Please help her to get better,  
But if her time has come,  
Please help her to go in peace.

And please bless the child soldiers  
Who live in Africa,  
Please help them to find refuge,  
And please help them to get  
Someplace safe  
So that they can experience peace  
And happiness once again.

And please bless those who live in Communist countries,  
For they need Your security from tyrannical governments,  
And please help them to find peace.

Please help those who live in China  
To find a safe place they can live  
And if at all possible to find a better lifestyle,  
So that they can stay out of danger,  
And so they can find peace.

Please bless those involved  
In the Israeli-Palestinian conflict,  
For if they can find refuge,  
Please help them find it,  
And please help them to find peace,  
And please help the people to negotiate the terms.

Please also bless those involved with the Arab Spring,  
So that they may find peace as they  
Take on their evil dictators who wish

To do them harm,  
And help them to succeed and to end the conflict  
If at all possible.

And please bless those who died  
In the Apple Explosion,  
And welcome them into the Kingdom of Heaven  
If at all possible.

And please bless my dog, Hollyfield,  
For though he died earlier this year,  
Please help his soul to be safe,  
Wherever it may be.

And, Dear Lord,  
Please bless those who are sick  
In the world,  
And please help them to be healed,  
If at all possible,  
And if they happen to die,  
Please help them to go in peace.

And please bless those who have died,  
To go in peace with You in the afterlife,  
And to face Your Grace  
When they come before You  
On their Judgement Day.

And, Dear Lord,  
Please bless those who mourn the dead,  
And help them to find peace  
And solace within Your loving arms,  
And bless them with Your Heavenly Kingdom.

And, Dear Lord,  
Please bless those who are persecuted,  
And help them to find refuge and safety,  
So that they can live free of harm,  
And help them to find peace and happiness.

Please also bless those who are abused,  
Whether it be

Physically, Verbally, or Sexually,  
So that they may find peace within You,  
And live to be happy.

Please bless the criminals and those who do wrong,  
For they are lost,  
And do not know what they are doing;  
Please help them to realise their wrongs,  
And to repent before You,  
For only You can save their souls.

Please bless those who suffer  
Physical Abuse,  
So that they do not grow to become  
Angry and violent as they age.

Please bless those who suffer verbal abuse,  
So that they do not grow older  
And become angry and cuss people out.

Please bless those who suffer sexual abuse,  
So that they do not continue to abuse other people,  
Or so they do not have to live  
A life of shame.

Please bless those who are victims of paedophilia,  
So they do not have to live life ashamed,  
And so they do not have to continue  
What their perpetrator did.

Please bless those who suffer  
Alcoholism or a drug addiction,  
So that they can be cured of the awful  
Disease that they carry  
And do not harm themselves or others.

Please bless those who have some sort of STD,  
So that they do not have to face persecution,  
And live shameful lives  
Because of what they have.

Please bless those who have HIV,

So that they may one day find a cure,  
And so that the disease does not spread rapidly,  
And so that people do not die on the spot.

Please bless those who have carcinogens,  
So that they can be cured from cancer,  
Which is one of the main killers in America.

Please bless those with cholera in third-world countries,  
So that they may be healed,  
And live sanitary lives.

Please bless the soldiers overseas,  
So that they may be safe  
As they fight for our freedom,  
And as they serve this country to this day.

And please bless those who are disabled,  
Like me,  
So that they do not have to face persecution  
Or hardships  
And that they may find success  
And happiness in their lives.

And, Dear Lord,  
Please bless me  
As I go on to college,  
And help me to keep my head on straight,  
And help me to study hard,  
And to continue my work ethic,  
And to continue to be a good friend,  
A good son,  
A good brother,  
And, overall, a general good person,  
As I go on to grow into an adult.

Dear Lord,  
I thank You for all You have done,  
And I do not deserve Your blessings,  
For I am a sinner and a mortal human being,  
But I am Your servant,  
And Your Instrument,

And I will do whatever You ask of me.  
I am forever in Your debt  
For what You have done for me,  
And I am forever grateful.  
I will forever express my gratitude  
Through my thoughts, my words, and my actions.  
You are my Father, Lord,  
And I will praise You for the rest of eternity,  
And I will devote the rest of my life to You.

Thank You for everything,  
For You are the greatest thing in this world.  
I will forever express my gratitude.

In Your name, I pray.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Lord Maximillien Norton

Max,  
My dear friend,  
My Platonic brother,  
And my best friend,  
Who was born on the  
Same month  
And day as I,  
I will always forever  
Remember you,  
No matter what the day or hour,  
For I will always remember you,  
For we were always good friends.

Maximillien,  
You are so witty,  
That all you do is  
Make me laugh,  
For we both have a  
Deep understanding  
For each other,  
That we can tell jokes to  
Each other that  
No one else,  
Except, say,  
Our very close friends,  
Could ever understand.

And, yes, you are a gentleman,  
And a fine one at that,  
For you know how to treat  
A lady  
Who is very beautiful  
Indeed.

And, Max,  
You are a fine writer,  
Just as I am,  
For we share the talent  
That forms a good bond,

That bonds us to the arts  
And every other artist  
Out there,  
Who knows what it is like  
To have the gift of artistry.  
We are able to see the world  
In a completely different light,  
And are able to see human  
Relationships and the subconscious  
Of the human psyche,  
In a different way,  
As well.

Language is our ally,  
For we can use it well,  
And you and I know  
That you can use it very  
Well, indeed.

My friend, you are also a  
Fantastic artist,  
For I have seen you  
Draw the most beautiful  
Things in the world,  
And you have drawn  
The most interesting things  
In the world, too,  
For you are an amazing artist,  
And are connected with the Flow  
In every way, shape, and form.

And, yes, you are a great reader,  
And you are a bibliophile,  
Like myself,  
And I am happy that you  
Are well-read,  
For I can talk to you about  
Things that no one else  
May care to talk about.

I can talk to you about Classic Literature,  
And about Dickens and his characters,

And about Hugo and his creativity,  
And about Dostoevsky and his psychology,  
And about Tolstoy and his ingenious insight.

It is really interesting,  
Especially since you know so  
Much about history,  
And, as do I,  
Since we are able to speak about it.

You are a scholar,  
My good friend,  
And you are inquisitive  
And curious  
And always willing to learn,  
For there is no one like  
You except yourself,  
Who knows the power of knowledge,  
Better than anyone else.

You, my friend,  
Are magnificent,  
And I appreciate the time  
Spent with you,  
Whether it be during lunch,  
At the movies,  
Playing video games  
On the Wii,  
Or in the library  
And discussing  
The works of the  
Great writers of the world  
Or even our own work,  
I have appreciated the time  
I spent with you,  
For you are my Platonic brother,  
And always will be,  
And I will love you Platonically  
Until the end.

May you do well  
With your guitar,

And with your artistry,  
And with your curiosity  
And scholarship,  
And also, of course,  
With your writing.

Good luck in life,  
My brother,  
And may you be successful  
And move on to do  
Great things.

Justin Reamer

# Lord Of Creation

Dear God,

Thank You for all you have done  
For all of us,  
My family,  
My friends,  
And me.

Thank You for providing us  
With food we can eat,  
Water we can drink,  
Shelter we can live in,  
An education which we can learn,  
Clothing to keep us warm,  
And all of the basic human rights,  
Such as the rights of life,  
Of liberty, and the right of  
The Pursuit of Happiness.

Thank You for saving me from my depression,  
And thank You for saving me from death four times,  
And thank You for providing me with my educational opportunities,  
And thank You for giving me the friends  
And family that I have.

Lord, I do not deserve Your blessings,  
For I am a sinner and am imperfect,  
But I am Your servant,  
And I am grateful for what You have done,  
And I will express my gratitude through  
My thoughts, my actions, and my words.

I am Your servant,  
So if there is anything You ask of me,  
I will listen,  
And I will obey,  
And I will act according to Your Will.

Lord, even though I thank You for all that You do,

I just want You to take care of a few things,  
And to help those whom I will pray for,  
And please bless them in every way.

Lord, please bless Aunt Marie,  
As she struggles to hold onto life,  
Help her get better if You can,  
But if it is her time,  
Please welcome her safely into Your arms,  
And help those who mourn,  
And do everything that You must.  
Just please keep her in Your intentions.

Lord, please help my Mum,  
And help her find peace,  
And help her be happy,  
And help her through her troubles at work,  
And please help her to find peace with Sean.  
She does a great job,  
Just please help her with her problems.

Please bless Sean,  
Help him to find peace,  
For he is angry so much of the time,  
Just help him with his anger,  
And help him to find joy.

Please bless Stef,  
And help her to do well in school,  
And help her to realise the rewards  
Of hard work,  
And guide her along her future.

Please bless Elyse,  
As she goes through med school,  
And as she struggles with her  
Relationship with Mark.  
Please help her to sort everything out,  
And help her to make good choices regarding her future,  
And help her to stay on the right track.

Please bless those who mourn,

Help them to find joy within You  
And to remember the good times  
They had with their deceased.

Please bless those who are angry,  
Help them to find peace within You,  
And to reconcile with the broken relationships  
That they once held so dear.

Please bless the depressed,  
And help them find happiness in life,  
And help them to know that they are not alone,  
And people care about them,  
And that they do not have to take  
Their own lives.

Please bless the poor,  
And help them find stability in life,  
So that stress may be lowered,  
And that they may find peace.

Please bless the suffering,  
And help them to find peace and solace  
In Your presence, O Lord,  
And help them live safely  
So that they may find peace, as well.

Please bless the unborn,  
As they may have a chance to live,  
And if they die,  
Bring them to heaven  
So that they may live with You.

Please bless the soldiers in Iraq,  
And Afghanistan and Pakistan,  
And Libya,  
So that they may be safe,  
Whether in combat or in inactive service,  
Especially as they prepare to come home.

Please bless police officers,  
And help them live in peace,

Especially as they fight crime every day,  
And help them find happiness.

Please bless the firemen  
Who risk their lives for people in fires  
On a daily basis,  
And help them stay in peace,  
And help them to continue to do  
The great things that they do.

Please bless all the souls in purgatory,  
And help them find You in their vision,  
And help them come into Your embrace.

Please bless those who live in Spain,  
And those who live in Greece,  
For they live in poverty,  
And help them to find stability.

Please bless, China, Lord,  
Help them find the meaning  
Of human rights,  
And to understand the value of the human being.

Please bless North Korea,  
And help the citizens to find refuge,  
And help them solve the  
Human rights issue over there, as well.

Please bless Iran,  
And help them to limit nukes,  
And help them to make peace with  
The rest of the world,  
Especially the United States.

Please bless Europe,  
And help them to find a stable economy,  
And help them to find employment,  
And end the recession they are now in.

Please bless the African countries,  
And help them to find peace,

And to develop a great economy,  
To put poverty on landslide,  
And to end the fighting there.

Please bless the Middle East,  
And help them to make peace with each other,  
Especially countries like Syria,  
Which is killing many of its people,  
The country Egypt,  
Which is in control of the Muslim Brotherhood,  
The country of Israel,  
So that they may make peace with Palestine,  
And Iran,  
Which continues to struggle with the rest of the world.

Please also bless the American government  
To make the right decisions as  
Far as any policy imaginable,  
Domestic or foreign,  
For they can make good choices.

And, dear Lord,  
Please help people to choose wisely  
This coming election,  
So that a great leader can lead this nation  
Out of the troubles we are currently in,  
And so that we can help our own people  
And the rest of the world.

Lord, also help me to do my best,  
And to stay on the right track,  
And to be responsible,  
And to be righteous,  
And to do the right thing.

And, please keep Holly safe,  
And help her to be okay,  
And help her to be happy,  
And, if at all possible,  
If it is according to Your will,  
Allow us to have a little time together,  
And have some time to interact.

Lord, I cannot thank You for all You have done,  
For You are the greatest thing in my life,  
And You have worked through so many people,  
That I cannot thank You enough.

Thank You, Lord, for everything You have done.

In Your Name, I pray.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Lorica

I arise today  
Through a mighty strength, the invocation of the Trinity,  
Through a belief in the Threeness,  
Through confession of the Oneness  
Of the Creator of creation.

I arise today  
Through the strength of Christ's birth and His baptism,  
Through the strength of His crucifixion and His burial,  
Through the strength of His resurrection and His ascension,  
Through the strength of His descent for the judgment of doom.

I arise today  
Through the strength of the love of cherubim,  
In obedience of angels,  
In service of archangels,  
In the hope of resurrection to meet with reward,  
In the prayers of patriarchs,  
In preachings of the apostles,  
In faiths of confessors,  
In innocence of virgins,  
In deeds of righteous men.

I arise today  
Through the strength of heaven;  
Light of the sun,  
Splendor of fire,  
Speed of lightning,  
Swiftness of the wind,  
Depth of the sea,  
Stability of the earth,  
Firmness of the rock.

I arise today  
Through God's strength to pilot me;  
God's might to uphold me,  
God's wisdom to guide me,  
God's eye to look before me,  
God's ear to hear me,

God's word to speak for me,  
God's hand to guard me,  
God's way to lie before me,  
God's shield to protect me,  
God's hosts to save me  
From snares of the devil,  
From temptations of vices,  
From every one who desires me ill,  
Afar and anear,  
Alone or in a multitude.

I summon today all these powers between me and evil,  
Against every cruel merciless power that opposes my body and soul,  
Against incantations of false prophets,  
Against black laws of pagandom,  
Against false laws of heretics,  
Against craft of idolatry,  
Against spells of women and smiths and wizards,  
Against every knowledge that corrupts man's body and soul.  
Christ shield me today  
Against poison, against burning,  
Against drowning, against wounding,  
So that reward may come to me in abundance.

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me,  
Christ in me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me,  
Christ on my right, Christ on my left,  
Christ when I lie down, Christ when I sit down,  
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,  
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me,  
Christ in the eye that sees me,  
Christ in the ear that hears me.

I arise today  
Through a mighty strength, the invocation of the Trinity,  
Through a belief in the Threeness,  
Through a confession of the Oneness  
Of the Creator of creation

Justin Reamer

# Lost In Life

The man in my room,  
Whom I see sitting on his bed,  
Sits there,  
Studying intently.

He sits there,  
His back hunched over,  
Reading over his textbook  
For biology,  
Making sure everything makes  
Sense to him,  
All the more interesting.

Then I see his face,  
And I take the closest  
Look at my roommate  
That I have ever taken  
In a very long time.

His skin is dark,  
Dark as mahogany,  
And his hair is short and straight,  
Like that of a freshly cut  
Lawn in the summer time.  
His face protrudes from his skull,  
Giving him an Armenian physique,  
Since he has Armenian blood,  
Yet, he looks like a Grecian, an Albanian,  
A Russian, a dark-skinned Romanian,  
An Arab, a Palestinian, an Iranian,  
An Iraqi, an Egyptian, and so much more.

His nose is long and rounded,  
With flaring nostrils like  
A horse's nose does,  
Whereupon he gets angry,  
Smoke fumes from them.  
His eyes are dark like ebony,  
Deep set into his skull,

With dark circles under them  
Like he has never slept a day of his life.

His arms are long and skinny,  
Yet strong,  
Lifting heavy boxes with ease,  
And his hands are manly,  
Big and meaty,  
With a powerful grasp  
Like a vice grip holding  
Onto a bolt  
Or a snapping turtle  
That will never let go  
Because of its begrudging vindication  
Of your thoughtless actions toward it.

His legs are strong and powerful,  
Pulling heavy carts like  
A horse pulls heavy wagons  
As they did in the end  
Of the nineteenth century.  
For he is strong as a rock is strong,  
Immovable, solid, defiant.

Yet I look at him,  
And he is not the rock today  
Or the days to come.  
I greet him,  
And he looks at me,  
Glumly,  
His eyes welling with tears,  
His mouth in either a grimace  
Or a frown,  
For he is depressed.

The man has great pain,  
A pain he cannot describe  
Since he despises talking about feelings,  
For that is what girls talk about, he says.  
His eyes reveal a broken heart,  
A sense of haplessness,  
Although he doesn't want help,

Since he is too good for  
A psychologist or  
A psychiatrist,  
And is totally against  
Taking drugs or medication of any sort.  
He says he will be fine,  
And I let him be,  
For I will not persist  
And make him angry.

The man is lost in life;  
He feels he lost all purpose.  
He knows not whom to turn to,  
And he feels nothing can help him.  
As his atheism is dominant,  
God knows He cannot help him  
Unless the man submits himself to Him,  
The Father in Heaven.  
He begins to lose taste,  
And he feels gone,  
And he continues,  
No matter what.

He lives in a fantasy with his friends,  
Including Zach, Giuliano,  
Chelsea, Nick, Spencer,  
And so much more,  
But they're unaware of his impending unhappiness,  
Continuous misery in his life,  
For oblivious they are to his own feelings,  
For a façade he builds,  
Covered with a veneer,  
A master of his fears,  
Master of Deception,  
Lord of the Lies,  
Holding his own troubled emotions under layers  
And layers of steel armour,  
Keeping everyone out.

He feels nothing for his family,  
For he never talks to them at all,  
And upon talking to

His mother or his father,  
Reticence and taciturnity  
Get hold of him,  
Preventing him from speaking.

He has a girlfriend,  
A beautiful woman named Kelly,  
But every time he sees her,  
He is never open with her,  
No candour from him,  
No open honesty,  
Yet his eyes are filled with pain,  
For he wishes to tell her,  
But cannot,  
For the monsters remain in him.

His girlfriend remains oblivious  
Because he is so stony around her,  
And his jocular and  
His vulgarity  
Are his defence mechanisms  
To keep him in denial,  
To hide the fear of abandonment and loneliness.  
He hides as a kitten does  
When it's in trouble,  
And he does not want  
To lose anyone in the least.

This is what I see in the man  
When I see him today,  
A sense of desperation,  
A feeling of pain,  
Fear of abandonment,  
A sense of longing and desire,  
For he looks at me with  
Those sad, solemn eyes  
And his melancholy grimace,  
And he turns away glumly and sighs.  
He is depressed and utterly lost in life.

Justin Reamer

# Love And Hate

When it is that time in life,  
People always fall in love,  
Their hearts beat arrhythmically,  
And they love each other for who they are,  
Despite their predispositions,  
And they are crazy about each other,  
Despite their feelings.

Two young lovers love each other,  
Sitting in the moonlight,  
Looking upon the ocean shore,  
Staring into the night light,  
Arm in arm,  
Hand in hand.  
The woman lays her head on her lover's shoulder,  
The man leans back on her,  
And he puts his arm around her.  
There is passionate love between them,  
And soon they become engaged.

However, love is not so true,  
They get married,  
And have children,  
But their ambition and avarice  
Hold true to their marriage and  
Tears their marriage apart.  
Hatred comes into their home,  
And marriage is ruined.  
Matrimony is no more.

Justin Reamer

# Love And Its Absence

It is such a crazy story,  
The one I rhapsodise about;  
How they even came together,  
I cannot even describe.

It is a long and epic tale,  
And I deeply apologise;  
But how did they even come together,  
This former 'couple' that I rhapsodise?

How did they fall in love,  
I question every day,  
For this story is tragedy,  
Worse than 'Romeo and Juliet.'

Who is this 'couple, '  
You may wonder,  
Who are they indeed?  
Who are they in this rhapsody,  
In which I will proclaim?

The 'couple' is my parents,  
My very Mum and Dad,  
They were named Marj and Pat,  
Just like the Rogers and Hammerstein musical 'State Fair.'

Their story seemed so beautiful,  
But it ended so tragically,  
It was not 'Romeo and Juliet'  
But more like a 'Gone with the Wind.'

And their story begins,  
In which I will, pray tell,  
Don't let yourself fall apart,  
Hold your tears, I prithee.

It's funny to think they come together,  
Since they came from Worlds Apart,  
But it's another 'Dickensian Rhapsody, '

Just like his tale with 'Two Cities.'

My father, Pat, was born  
On 6 July 1963;  
He was born a bastard son, ,  
The youngest of his family.

He was named Patrick Thomas Roberts,  
His full name already spelled,  
His parents Clarence and Vira,  
Both took care of him well.

Little is known about my father,  
For he never talks about his past,  
But a lot is known about  
His high school years,  
In which we will get back to.

Pat came from an amoral family,  
(Immoral to be precise) ,  
With no religious background,  
His family was very abusive,  
Beating him every now and then.

The rest of his childhood,  
I do not know,  
Other than it was atheistic,  
He knew no other values  
Other than his own selfishness,  
And, so he never prospered,  
All throughout his life.

My mother was born  
On 2 September 1963;  
She was borne Marjorie Sue Weber Roberts,  
And the penultimate of eight children.

Her father was Sylvester Weber,  
A German with profound Catholicism;  
He had many morals and took care  
Of his family, unlike some other men.  
Les was a good father,

One with a hearty laugh,  
He had a sense of humour,  
And a good nature to add to that.  
He was an honourable man,  
In which my family recognises,  
He loved all his children,  
And he never ever gave up.

Her mother was Francesca Davis Weber,  
A woman of British descent;  
She was Catholic, as well,  
And she had morals, too.  
She was devoted to her children,  
To every eight of them;  
She care for every one of them,  
And she never ever gave up.  
She had a very kind heart,  
As my mother tells me,  
She laughed with Les every time  
He pulled a stupid joke on her.

Marj had seven siblings,  
Six born before her,  
And one born after her.  
There was Jimmy and Mary Jo,  
Gail and Carole,  
Jean and she,  
Gary Weber,  
And a baby who lived and died.

James Weber was a good man,  
He was at the age of 17,  
He had a girlfriend,  
Who had cared for him all the same.

James had a sense of humour,  
Which everyone idealised;  
He had a very kind heart,  
And loyalty everyone loved.  
ate re  
He was a man of honour,  
And he carried but his daily chores;

His honesty was impeccable,  
And his devotion was foretold.

Mary Jo was a big mouth,  
Who liked to talk a lot,  
She could be rather embarrassing,  
When she did not hold her tongue.  
She could be somewhat rude  
In not realising what she said,  
She said a lot of weird things,  
That made the 'pickle' fly through the air.  
She and James were musicians,  
Along with Les himself.  
Les played on the banjo,  
Jimmy on the fiddle,  
And Mary singing the vocals.  
Bluegrass was big for her,  
Especially back then,  
She had learned to sing,  
When she sang in Grandpa's band.

Gail was quite the rebel,  
The intelligent mastermind,  
She was the family prankster,  
Who was always asking for trouble.  
She was a musician, also,  
Playing the piano all by ear,  
And she was quite the feisty one,  
Being the maverick of the family.  
She had a sense of humour  
And lots of inspiration;  
She had a lot of love,  
Even in her late rebellion.

Carole was quite the 'angel, '  
Seeming prudent and pristine,  
But no one saw inside her,  
The mischievous mind she held.  
She had a sense of humour,  
Even though she was prissy,  
She knew the farm was not for her,  
Just look at today.

Jean was a funny one,  
A joker quite at that,  
She loved the funny things in life,  
And that was best described.

Gary was the late child,  
But he had been unfortunate,  
He was born before Frances died,  
And he had the short end of life.

Marj had a long childhood,  
Spending time with family;  
There were the good times and the bad times,  
And they were quite dear,  
However at the age of 12,  
Her world turned upside down.

On the summer of 1975,  
James went up to the Lake,  
And he just happened to die,  
His death still a mystery.

On the summer of 1976,  
Marj's mother died, as well.  
She had died of a heart attack,  
Which was caused from pneumonia.

Mum was then put into care  
Of Aunt Louise and Uncle Art,  
They took care of her throughout  
Middle school, until she went to  
Aunt Carole's and Uncle Brian's.

Pat went to Fennville High School,  
And Mum went to Union;  
They both had different experiences,  
In which I'm about to tell.

Pat was a smart man,  
Who presumably had many friends.  
He got A's in his classes,

And he was involved in sports,  
Which was nonetheless surprising.

Marj was a smart girl,  
Very intelligent, in fact.  
She got A's,  
Ran track and cross,  
And was gregarious as well.  
She had many friends  
And was very kind,  
And her loyalty respected.

Pat was a horrid drunk,  
Who drank far underage,  
He threw riots all the time, ,  
And he was violent a lot.

Pat had been very angry,  
And he pulled pranks all the time.  
He vandalised the school,  
And he let down all his friends.

Marj was a good girl,  
She had a plethora of friends.  
Her first love had been Patrick Kelly,  
Who dated her for all four years.

However, Mum had graduated,  
And Pat had gotten married.  
They both went to college  
And had different experiences.

Mum went to the University of Michigan,  
And she broke up with Patrick Kelly;  
she had dated Tom Ahn,  
Which failed rather badly.

Pat had graduated, yes, of course,  
And he married right away,  
they then divorced three months later,  
And Dad was on his own again.

But when Mum became a graduate,  
Dad remembered her own name,  
Dad had said he wanted a 'nice girl, '  
Who would not play any games.

Marj was obviously that girl,  
In his very own eyes,  
He had found her dormitory,  
After long years of searching.

Marj and Pat then met,  
And then they fell in love,  
They dated for three years,  
And married the year afterward.

Marj and Pat married for 16 years,  
Before something dastardly happened,  
And, this was when all hell broke loose,  
And the Dickensian Rhapsody began.

Marj and Pat had their children,  
Elyse, Sean, Stef, and me,  
And they lived happily over the  
First two children,  
That being Elyse and me.

My father was a workaholic,  
He spent little time with family,  
And even when he was home,  
He never was involved,  
The 'deadbeat dad' they called him.

My mother was a kind person,  
As shown in 'Agape, '  
She showed love to her children  
And was involved in their lives.

But then my father became evil,  
As my mum uncovered,  
He was not as perfect  
As we had always thought.

Dad began to cheat,  
Having sex with all the whores,  
Then he became abusive at home,  
And he beat on everyone.

Dad beat on Mum and his children,  
And he argued all the time.  
He could never get along  
With anyone at all.

Months of abuse came to pass,  
And then Dad finally left,  
Then the divorce finally came,  
And Dad tried to wreck our life.

It did end rather tragically,  
As you have already seen,  
I don't think you'd understand  
All the pain we went through.

Mum had been so depressed  
Even long afterwards,  
But our naivete had disappeared,  
For we saw the world differently.

Elyse had trouble compensating,  
Long after Dad had hurt her,  
She feared physical contact,  
For she had been molested.

I went into a depression,  
Which lasted a long ten years,  
I never came out of that hole,  
Until this very year.

Sean had gained anger,  
Which he held toward his father,  
He was very unhappy,  
That his father would just leave.

Stef grew very quiet,  
She was oblivious to everything,

She had been fantacising  
About if Dad would come back.

The healing process already happened,  
And my family is back together,  
We had been together always,  
Even through the worst of times.

But Dad had taken effect on us,  
Making us feel so maimed,  
Why it ever happened,  
I still will never know.

But God still had a plan,  
No matter what one may think,  
But Dad had been there for a reason,  
And we will not forget it.

Justin Reamer

# Love Everlasting

Dear Lord,

You are Love Everlasting,  
For You are the Alpha and the Omega,  
And You are the greatest thing  
That anyone could ever have in his or her life.  
You are the reason we still live today,  
For You are great,  
And no one can forget You,  
Even if they ignore their consciences.

Lord, I thank You for Your Mercy,  
And I thank You for Your forgiveness,  
For I know that I would not survive without You.  
I am imperfect,  
And as a Son of Adam,  
I am a sinner,  
For we humans are all sinners,  
Since we men are Sons of Adam,  
And my women compatriots are Daughters of Eve,  
But, Lord, I am also a Your child,  
And I am Jesus' brother,  
For we all are Your sons and daughters,  
And we all are Jesus' brothers and sisters,  
For You were the One who created Adam and Eve,  
Who were the spawn of humanity.  
You gave us the capacity to love,  
Which essentially means  
That You created us in Your own Image.  
Yet, Lord, I am a sinner,  
And I make mistakes,  
But yet, You forgive me,  
And I try harder,  
And am able to go on  
Because You have forgiven me.

Lord, Your love is great,  
For there is no one like You,  
And no one can ever compare to what

You are capable of.  
You are amazing,  
And You are great,  
For You love us from the Inside Out,  
No matter what race we are,  
What religion we are,  
What ethnicity we have,  
Whatever gender we have,  
Whatever our sexual orientation is,  
And whatever our capabilities are.

Lord, You love all of us,  
Including Caucasians and African Americans,  
Latinos and Asians,  
Arabs and Pacific Islanders,  
Native Americans and Eskimos,  
Spaniards and Englishmen,  
Japanese and Chinese,  
Swiss and Frenchmen,  
Germans and Swedes,  
Nordics and Irishmen,  
Canadians and Americans,  
Colombians and Brazilians,  
Portuguese and Belgians,  
Dutch and Brits,  
Scots and Welsh,  
South Americans,  
Mexicans,  
Latin Americans,  
Aussies and Koreans,  
Indonesians,  
Filipinos and Indians,  
Pakistanis and Israelis,  
Russians and Georgians,  
Romanians and Ukrainians,  
Bohemians and Bulgarians,  
Vietnamese and Thais,  
Tibetans and those of Hong Kong,  
Italians and Greeks,  
Saudi Arabians and Iraqis,  
Iranians and Jordanians,  
Panamanians and Nicaraguans,

Cubans,  
Men and women,  
Infants and toddlers,  
Babies and neonates,  
Foetuses and embryos,  
Zygotes and kids,  
Pre-adolescents, pre-teens, or tweens,  
Adolescents or teenagers,  
The youth,  
Young adults,  
Adults and parents,  
The elderly and grandparents,  
Centenarians and great-grandparents,  
Sikhs and Taoists,  
Shintos and Buddhists,  
Confucians and Hindus,  
Muslims,  
Including Sunnis and Shiites,  
Christians,  
Including Roman Catholics,  
Eastern Catholics,  
Ecumenical Catholics,  
Modern Catholics,  
The Eastern Orthodox,  
Lutherans and Episcopalians,  
Anglicans and the Christian Reformed,  
The Reformed and Methodists,  
Evangelists and Conservatives  
Baptists and the Amish,  
Shakers and Oakies,  
Jehovah's Witnesses,  
Mormons and Calvinists,  
Puritans and Congregationalists,  
Presbyterians and Latter-Day Saints,  
And any form of Protestants there may be,  
And Scientologists,  
Atheists and agnostics,  
The occult,  
Satanists (even though beyond your reach) ,  
Wiccans and polytheists,  
Zoroastrians and Rastafarians,  
And Jews,

Including the Orthodox, the Conservative, and the Reformed.  
Liberals and Conservatives,  
Republicans and Democrats,  
Libertarians and Greens,  
Communists and Socialists,  
Nazis and radicals,  
Reactionaries and moderates,  
Independents and TEA partiers,  
Constitutionalists and Fascists,  
Progressives and Populists,  
Statists and anarchists,  
Oligarchists and Royalists,  
Loyalists and Patriots,  
Northerners and Southerners,  
Monarchists and Authoritarians,  
Gays and lesbians,  
Bisexuals and transsexuals,  
Animals and plants,  
Paedophiles and necrophiles,  
(Even if they are beyond reach) ,  
Intersexuals and hermaphrodites,  
Those who are questioning,  
Asexuals,  
Psychopaths and sociopaths,  
Murderers and thieves,  
Gangsters and drug dealers,  
Alcoholics and sexaholics,  
Workaholics and narcissists,  
Bank-robbers and larcenists,  
Arsonists and rapists,  
Pyromaniacs and the mentally ill,  
Schizophrenics and schizoids,  
Borderlines and bipolars,  
The depressed and agitated,  
Autistics and epileptics,  
CPs and hyperpalsies,  
Asthmatics and allergics,  
The mentally handicapped,  
Those with Down's Syndrome,  
Those with Turner's Syndrome,  
The physically handicapped,  
Polios and those with ALS,

Deafs and mutes,  
Blindmen and much more,  
Heterosexuals and homosexuals,  
The criminally insane,  
And everyone there is.

Lord, I am glad that You have always been there,  
And there is no one greater that You are,  
For You have always been there for me.  
I am grateful for all You have done,  
And I am Your servant,  
And because of that,  
I will express my gratitude through  
My thoughts, my words, and my actions.  
I want to thank You for everything,  
For You are eternal,  
And Your Love is everlasting,  
And You are Love Everlasting.

Thank You for everything, Lord.

In Your Name, I pray. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Lovers On The Shore

Midnight moon full in the sky,  
Two lovers come to the beach  
For an exciting moment on their mind.  
The waves crash against the shore,  
And Cupid waits as the two come together.

They finally see each other,  
They embrace,  
And he has a smile on his lips,  
And she has an even bigger grin,  
And they laugh and dance,  
And spend the night together  
For an exciting evening of their own.

Justin Reamer

# Lucid Dreaming

I fall asleep,  
To find myself in a different state—  
A state that is different  
From the conscious.  
I am in a different world,  
A different realm,  
As if I am high on drugs,  
Yet I believe I am dreaming,  
But it seems all so real.  
I am in an alternate reality,  
A different part of my mind—  
A sort of inception, if you will,  
To escape it.  
Yet, I do not realise,  
My dreams are premonitions  
That presage the future  
In many ways  
And will change my life  
As I sleep mechanically,  
In this relaxation state.

Justin Reamer

# Lucy

Very little feet,  
Her tail wagging rapidly,  
Sniffer goes crazy.

Justin Reamer

# Ludicrousity

Dogs running around everywhere,  
Biting each other's heads off  
As you try to concentrate;  
Siblings arguing with each other  
As they try to argue about what TV show to watch  
Or what car to drive, or something like that;  
Your brother throwing things at you  
Because he thinks it's funny,  
The phone ringing like a security alarm,  
With telemarketers calling at every corner,  
As if they were burglars, robbers, or thieves themselves;  
The TV blaring loudly as you try to do your work;  
Ludicrousity and absurdity follow you  
Wherever you go.

Justin Reamer

# Lust

Oh, how you look at her,  
You know you want her,  
Don't you?  
Yes, you do,  
For she's the girl of your dreams.

I am one of the Seven Deadly Sins,  
One of the dark sides of human nature,  
One of the natural human instincts,  
One of the daemons from the Pit;  
I will tell you that  
I am a great feeling to have,  
And you know it, too.

I have infected the life  
Of every teenage boy,  
Making him want whatever girl  
He desires,  
Including the most popular girl  
In the school.

Middle schoolers are so easy,  
For they are so stupid,  
They always fall for me,  
And they do horrible things  
That are a taboo in this poem.

I can also affect high schoolers,  
But they are more mature,  
So they become shameful  
When they deal with me.

However, I may have affected  
You, too, for all you know.  
You really wanted that girl badly,  
So you started stalking her,  
And started creeping on her.

Eventually, you got to her,

And you did horrible things to her,  
And I need not mention the things you did,  
But you feel ashamed of what you did.

You eventually compensated for my infection,  
And then you fell in love,  
And yet you were infected with me again.  
Except this time,  
The woman loved you back.

You dated this woman,  
And you eventually married her,  
And then you eventually  
Got what you wanted,  
That desire,  
Which you love so dearly.

You had the greatest wife ever,  
But then you aged,  
And then you found another woman,  
And your life was tainted with me again,  
And you went after the girl,  
And you committed adultery,  
Cheating on your own wife.

It is because of me that you are so miserable,  
For you lost your wife,  
And your children,  
Whom you abused  
Because of my brother Wrath,  
So you know that you lost your family  
Because of me.

Whenever you get me,  
You always go for the first  
Woman you see,  
The one you think is perfect for you,  
And you get what you want,  
But you can never get love,  
So you are miserable,  
Living an unhappy life,  
Much like Ernest Hemingway did.

Now, all of you  
Who were not infected by me,  
You are probably safe for now,  
But be careful,  
For either my brothers or I  
Will infect you,  
And we will taint your lives,  
And eventually kill you.  
There is a reason why they call us deadly,  
And I am pretty sure you know.  
So be careful,  
For we may just get to you first.

Justin Reamer

# Lying

Ice cream consumed too quickly,  
A shiver sent down the spine,  
An ache of a heartbeat  
Drumming at the wrong second;

The frozen headache throbs stronger  
As the nauseating chill of ice  
Constricts the esophagus,  
Choking all the air out of the lungs  
Until the moment of truth  
Is erased forever.

Justin Reamer

# Madman

Reality is a lost illusion.  
Stuck in a white room,  
Tied up and constrained,  
I see things inexplicable;  
Voices from far away  
Shout in my ear like  
The shriek of a banshee  
Announcing imminent death.

Men come into the room to  
Provide me with medication,  
A pill that sedates me into a coma,  
Ending life as I know it to be.

But my friends are still  
In the room with me,  
Whispering in my ears,  
Showing me the creatures that  
Reside within the white walls,  
Watching me with my every move,  
Impossible to avoid as  
Order in chaos does not exist.

Justin Reamer

# Magnetism

Clicking and clanking,  
Metal rushing to the pole,  
Magnetism is.

Justin Reamer

# Malcolm's Blues

I was walkin' down the street one day  
While I was out to buy some food  
For my family at a local grocery store;  
It was time to get them dinner  
So that they could eat their food,  
So I was doing all that I could  
To provide for them that night.

And I was going down there  
As I was about to get to the register  
When the clerk, a white man of sorts,  
Stopped me in my tracks and told  
Me that I didn't belong at a place such as that,  
For I was not at the right place.  
I showed him my money and told him  
I had the right amount to pay for the food  
I was purchasing for my family,  
But he didn't listen to me.

Instead, he told me to leave just because  
I was a black man,  
A 'nigger, ' he called me,  
For I was nothing but a monster to him,  
And I didn't deserve to be there.  
I pleaded with him,  
But he kicked me out,  
And told me to go back to Africa  
Where I belong,  
Even though my generation  
Had never been there for several years,  
For my ancestors had been slaves for the longest time  
Until we had migrated north.

Yet, I showed him kindness,  
And I begged with him to let me prove myself,  
That I wasn't a thief and  
Not a robber, to boot,  
That he ignore me for the colour of my skin,  
But, alas, he beat me, stole my goods,

And assaulted me until he finally threw me  
Out of the store.

And I was beaten till I was no more.

Oh, God, what has happened to me?

Why do I have to suffer so?

Why did you make me black,

So that I suffer the undertow?

I don't know if I'm human,

For everyone hates me

Simply for the colour of my skin,

And all I have to do is pray,

Awaiting Your answer,

For me and my kin.

Oh, the troubles I face,

What pain I feel,

Will this ever end?

I know not if it ever will,

But I hope maybe we can find peace,

In a dream I live of peace and harmony.

After the grocery store incident,

I began to think about the things

That had happened to me,

And I began to wonder why I was sufferin' so.

Why was I sufferin' like this?

Simply for the colour of my skin?

Are we really any different from each other?

The whites and the blacks?

Aren't we both human, anyway?

So, I got to thinkin' that maybe I could try to change

The way people think,

So I began to demonstrate and to protest,

Showin' the injustice that me and my brothers face

Every day in this hopeless country.

So, I went to the bathroom in the bathroom of the whites,

Ate in the food of the whites,

Rode on white trolleys,

And ate in white restaurants,

But, alas, every time I was beaten,

Hurt, battered, maimed, and harmed.  
They threw their fists at me,  
Punched me in the face,  
Kicked me in my groin,  
Stomped on my limbs and torso,  
And bit me all over,  
And I was arrested,  
Here to be for ever more,  
Simply because the colour of my skin.

Oh God, what is wrong with me,  
That I am so different from white folks  
Who are supposedly no different?  
Why do I suffer this pain that  
I cannot explain?  
What did I ever do to  
Be so black and blue?  
I don't understand,  
And I ask that You please help me  
Because we are all a-sufferin',  
And we need Your help.

Yet, we go through every day,  
Facin' the darkness that we don't understand,  
And we are lost,  
And the pain consumes us all,  
And we don't know where to go from here,  
For no one will ever help us at all.

And my life continues,  
In a bleak morose state,  
For I know not where to go,  
For all I will do is suffer here,  
In prison as my white inmates  
Try to threaten me and kill me,  
And end the miserable life I live.  
I hope there will be some hope for me,  
As I try my best to live my life for God,  
But nothing more is to be said,  
For I will never see my family  
Or my friends ever again,  
And I am here for the rest of my life,

With the injustice I face every day.  
So be the epic tale of me,  
For I know nowhere else to go.  
God help me in whatever way He can,  
For I will no longer be alive to tell this tale,  
But may the white man find us  
To be who we really are,  
And may whites and coloureds live in harmony forever,  
With this I pray for the rest of my life,  
And with all of my heart.

Justin Reamer

# Mallards

'A king is only a king if he can rule,  
Meaning he knows how to care for his subjects,  
Making him the link between man and God.'  
Shakespeare's philosophy echoes throughout the Earth  
As the Fuehrer orders the execution of millions,  
The Shiite sultan commands sharia into unjust law,  
And the president deploys troops in Afghanistan  
To thwart terrorist means and protect national interests.  
Yet Earth wields not the might of Agamemnon,  
But favours the wanton wisdom of Solomon in  
Nature's most modest sound: a humble little quack.

Two mallards stand on a rock in the Muskegon River,  
Their regal heads standing tall and proud as  
Their loyal subjects in the aquatic kingdom  
Find protection in their keen and watchful eyes.  
Their rock serves as their medieval fortress,  
The grass as the nursery for their young,  
The entire river their royal domain as they  
Guard it from predators who wish them harm,  
Banishing them with their beastly beaks.

Aerial nomads travelling with the wind,  
The sagacious rulers in their glorious colours  
Hold family to be the utmost significance,  
Teaching their children sagacity of sovereignty  
So they can one day rule the kingdom wisely  
Like Solomon when he listened to God,  
Proving Shakespeare's philosophy to heart:  
That power maketh not the king in his glory,  
But wisdom maketh him transcend to Divinity.

Justin Reamer

# Mandolin

The crazy string guy,  
But still a lot of fun,  
The usual happy drunk at parties,  
The mandolin plays very well  
For all those who wish to hear him play.

Justin Reamer

# Manhattan

This trip is one of inspiration,  
One of the influence of everything,  
This town is like a melting pot,  
With every culture imaginable.

This place is inspiring,  
With the influence of the arts,  
And it has the most business,  
In the entire nation all around.

The place has five 'boroughs, '  
Each of them I will describe,  
And there are separate villages,  
Which I will also describe.

There are amazing monuments,  
Ones that I can describe,  
But first, let me get you to  
The boroughs, where we can start.

Queens is the rich place,  
Where lots of richies live;  
Jordan would say they're 'lucky, '  
For all the richies live there.  
All the hotels are quality,  
And they each have luxury in them.

Brooklyn is the place  
From which all immigrants came,  
A lot of arts started there,  
And the inspiration continues.

Harlem was the place,  
Where jazz came to be,  
The population is rumoured African,  
At least to the stereotype.

The Bronx is rumoured the slums,  
Where the poor people live,

But there is more to it,  
Or at least from what I heard.

Stanton Island is a paradise,  
A nice place to be, if any,  
Filled with lots of resorts,  
It is a place for many.

There is more to tell,  
But I will say no more,  
I will save ti till later,  
For NYC has much more.

Now, I have to go,  
Thanks a bunch,  
I will say farewell,  
And NYC we come.

Justin Reamer

# March

the month of reading,  
the month of books,  
where everyone wants to pick one,  
and read it for enjoyment.  
the coming of spring,  
when the 'sun also rises, '  
and the trees revive  
with every leaf grown back,  
and the animals wake from hibernation,  
and the birds migrate north,  
and life is starting to become anew.  
the month of St. Patrick,  
and the heritage of the Irishmen,  
as March is when  
the snow starts to melt,  
and showers start to come about,  
and when the Irish celebrate their Catholic heritage.

Justin Reamer

# Masks Of Hell

In the fiery pit of darkness,  
Lies a being  
More horrifying than  
One has ever seen.

He has great horns atop his head  
And skin as red as scarlet,  
And by his knees  
Lay ten thousand harlots.

His skin is very rough  
With scales upon his body,  
He cares not for what you seek,  
For you do not dare give a peak.

His head is a dragon,  
A dragon that breathes fire,  
Penta-heads, in fact,  
That it shall be dire.

He stands tall on two feet  
Made of claws that  
Scratched every meat,  
He has two arms  
That reach out  
Into the fiery pits of hell.

He has broad wings  
That support his weight  
AS you would be gleaming,  
With one swoop,  
He'll take you out,  
If you are not careful.

If you have a good soul,  
You need not fear this being,  
He will not caress you  
As he says  
For you shall be rewarded.

You know right from wrong,  
And you do good,  
Unlike this eminent being.  
He hath no care for what you say  
Or what you are demeaning.

Stay away from sin,  
And the mask of hell  
Shall not take possession;  
He shall only be to you  
An obscene obsession.

Don't believe obscenities,  
Follow your conscience,  
Know right from wrong,  
And you shall never see him for eternity,  
And we know what's coming.

Believe your heart,  
That is a start,  
And you'll go flying off the charts.

Justin Reamer

# Masterless

Masterless you are,  
For thou art abandoned,  
No one seeking thee in the night,  
Nor do I try to find thee,  
For thou art drossy  
If thou triest to find me.  
Good luck, my friend,  
For you will be nowhere soon.

Justin Reamer

# Maturation

My friend, do not be so rash!  
Do you not know what love is?  
'Tis not a thing you can lust for,  
And something you can use.  
It is not something that is pompous  
Or anything like that.

Your girlfriend, if that she be,  
Should not be an object or a goal,  
For that is not what relationships are,  
For they begin with friendships,  
And they grow as they are watered and nurtured.

A friendship is something sacred,  
And it should grow as you grow with the woman  
That you love the most,  
And you should both see what you DO have in common,  
And see what you DON'T have in common  
To see how your relationship works out.

Don't start with a bad seed  
Because it will lead to bad repercussions,  
But start with a good seed,  
And you will have good repercussions.

Talk to your friend,  
See how she feels,  
See what you have to offer each other,  
Because selfless love is the greatest love,  
And it leads to the greatest relationship,  
For selfless love, agape,  
Is TRUE love at its core.

So, don't rush into something that  
Could hurt you both,  
But take some time to think,  
Know more about each other,  
And you, as SOUL MATES, will know each other  
Inside from out because you will

Have given each other the greatest gift-  
TRUE LOVE that is everlasting.

Justin Reamer

# May

the month of late spring,  
when everyone starts to get warm,  
and the May flowers come about,  
and the things keep getting warmer,  
and the days keep getting longer,  
and the Tulip Time Festival  
comes about,  
when the tulips are growing  
in my own hometown,  
in which I grew up,  
and all the citizens (except me)  
celebrate their Dutch heritage,  
and 'tis the month of the mothers,  
for Mother's Day is there,  
and that month belongs to Mum,  
who did many things for all of us.  
'tis a beautiful month,  
and that I will never forget.

Justin Reamer

# Mcdonald's

A place filled with people,  
A horrid place to work,  
A place filled with food of all sorts,  
Where no one knows where it's been.

Food, covered in grease,  
Goes atop burgers of all sorts,  
Covered in oil and grease that  
Makes your skin slimey and gross  
And disgusting,  
And gives you acne if you  
Do not wash it off you.  
Chips covered in grease,  
Salt like no tomorrow,  
Making your hands and arms burn  
When you're cooking it,  
For it's too hot for anyone to bear,  
And then the person eats it,  
For he doesn't know where it comes from,  
For you're the one that's suffering,  
And all you know is that your hands  
Have been touching multiple surfaces,  
Making everything around you unclean.

The meat is not even cooked the right way,  
For it makes everything gross,  
Instead of putting it on the grill  
Or frying it on an oven,  
They stick it in a giant vat,  
A giant vat of oil and grease  
And fats that go out of this world,  
Swirling with the stuff like  
A septic tank, a swimming pool,  
Or a huge ocean.  
The meat gets soaked in it,  
Covered with the gross veneer,  
And people eat the half-baked  
Pink meat that has been stored  
In a freezer for months on end.

Half-decomposed, they use it  
To make the McDoubles,  
The Double Cheeseburgers,  
The Big Macs,  
The hamburgers,  
The cheeseburgers,  
And every other snack they make.

People make messes all around wherever they go,  
Spilling greasy chips all over the floor,  
Spilling coffee and sticky ketchup,  
Sometimes dumping syrup right on it,  
Leaving trash lying around,  
Letting the food go to the bugs.  
Of course, the food gets cleaned up,  
But nothing better but to let the flies  
Come in and explore the tasty treats that  
Mickey D's, the good ol' company,  
Has to offer.  
They fly, saunter,  
Amble, and lay their eggs,  
And sometimes the poor custodian  
Has to clean the mess up.

Bathrooms are worse,  
For the poor custodian has to go  
In there, too,  
Cleaning up every ounce of excrement that he can,  
And in the women's bathroom,  
The surprise boxes by the toilet  
Leave an awful stench that  
Leaves the place smelling awful.  
Some employers barely wash their hands  
After using the restroom,  
Except for the custodians,  
For they do not want to have direct contact  
With the stuff their cleaning,  
With people urinating outside of the toilet  
And things like that.

But the employees that don't wash their hands  
Cover the fast food in germs

That have gotten people sick over the years.  
It makes us wonder what really happens over there.

Some managers are nice people,  
But others can be mean and strict,  
And some can be downright cruel.  
Most are pragmatic and try to do  
What's best for the business,  
But others are cruel and make  
Scapegoats out of people  
Who don't deserve to be treated that way.  
Especially a young heifer who manages  
To scream her way out of everything she sees.

Mickey D's isn't always a horrible place,  
But there are things that could improve,  
But all in all,  
It's America's byproduct,  
And it could change for better  
Or for worse.

Justin Reamer

# Meaning

Is there meaning in these words?

Is there meaning out there?

If so, what is it?

I cannot find what I seek.

Justin Reamer

# Med Deg

Min kjære, jeg vil fortelle deg

Noe som er veldig viktig for meg,

Og noe som kan være

Veldig viktig for deg også,

Hvis du verdsetter min kjærlighet bare

Så mye som jeg verdien din.

Min kjære, jeg har vært med deg i

Så lenge jeg kan huske.

Jeg husker da vi var småbarn,

Og våre foreldre var naboer,

Og vi var naboer, også,

selvfølgelig

Og våre foreldre ville planlegge 'spill-datoer'

Som de kalte dem tilbake da, og fortsatt gjøre nå,

Og det var mye mer til det.

Du, din søster og din bror ville komme over,

Og du ville henge ut med min bror, min søster og meg.

Jeg husker jeg tenkte at jentene var grov,

Og jeg ville unngå å du,

Og du trodde at jeg hadde en sykdom,  
Så ville du unngå meg, også.

Men etter et par uker,

Vi ble venner,

Og vi fant ut at vi hadde mye til felles,

Og at vi kunne stole på hverandre.

Vi ble veldig tett,

Og vi skulle spille Super Mario Brothers sammen,

Og vi skulle spille Pokémon,

Og vi vil se Disney-tegneserier

Med Mikke Mus, Langbein, og Donald Duck,

Og vi ville se Looney Tunes sammen,

Med Snurre Sprett, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,

Sylvester katten, Tweety fuglen,

Wile E. Coyote, Roadrunner,

Og Marvin mars,

Og vi ville se Tom og Jerry sammen,

Og så crazy cat få banke opp av

Veldig smart og vittig musen.

Det var mye moro.

Jeg husker barneskolen,  
I første klasse,  
Når vi ville ha andre venner,  
Men vi var uadskillelige,  
For ingen kan gjøre oss sitte bort  
Fra hverandre,  
For vi var bestevenner,  
Og ingen kan stoppe som.

Jeg husker i andre klasse,  
Da vi var begge til å lese,  
Og vi lese mange av de samme bøkene,  
Inkludert Junie B. Jones,  
Flat Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest, og Harry Potter-serien.  
Husk da vi pleide å snakke om  
Harry Potter hele tiden,  
Og husk da vi var alle glade  
Om den nye Harry Potter filmen kommer ut?  
Det var flott.

Vi var gode venner.

Husk middle school?

Vi var så vanskelig da,

For vi trodde at vi ville

Aldri date i det hele tatt,

For vi trodde dating var ekkelt,

Og ennå, vi oppførte seg som et par,

Men vi begynte å engasjere seg i bedre bøker,

For eksempel Terrorism, Underland Chronicles,

Og så mye mer.

Deretter, husker du videregående skole?

Jeg gjør, min kjære, og jeg må si,

Det var kjempebra,

For det var da jeg innså at jeg hadde følelser

For deg, og du hadde følelser for meg, også,

Og vi fikk sammen,

Og vi var den største par noensinne.

Vi ville studere sammen, husker du?

Og vi ville snakke om klassikere

For eksempel de som er skrevet av Charles Dickens,

Leo Tolstoy, William Shakespeare, Fjodor Dostojevskij,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (en av dine favoritter) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald og John Steinbeck,

Og Virginia Woolf og Mary Ann Evans (begge

Var noen av dine personlige favoritter) .

Husk, vi var også i filosofi, også,

Spesielt når vi snakket om

Platon og Aristoteles,

Sokrates og St. Justin,

St. John og St. Paul,

St. Thomas Aquinas,

St. Augustin av Hippo,

St. Peter apostel,

Immanuel Kant,

Sofokles og Virgil,

Homer og Euripides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Konfucius og Sun Tzu,

Laozi og Siddhartha Gautama,

Frans av Assisi,

Og Bertrand Russell.

Jeg husker at vi elsket alle sine gjerninger,

Og at vi hadde en flott tid å snakke om dem.

Så jeg husker alle dansene,

For Homecoming var en klosset dans,

På grunn av folk som er sliping og whatnot,

Og snøball var greit,

Men det var ikke den største.

Imidlertid var promenadekonsert den største opplevelsen,

I begge år var stor med deg, kjære,

Og jeg elsket hvordan vi danset og hadde en god tid,

Uansett hva DJ lekte,

Selv om det var crappy rap musikk,

Ut-av-kontroll hip-hop,

Awesome rock and roll,

Kul pop musikk,  
En langsom sang,  
Country musikk av noe slag,  
Energisk swing dans,  
Eller selv dans til salsa  
Eller Macarena,  
Eller YMCA,  
Eller til og med kan-kan.  
Jeg hadde en flott tid med deg,  
Selv når våre venner drakk  
Punch som ble tilsatt avføringsmidler,  
Og når din venn kjole glefset,  
Avslørende litt for mye for ens egen smak.

Jeg husker vår eksamen,  
Og det var flott,  
For vi var det sammen,  
Og vi sa vi elsket hverandre,  
Og jeg vet at vi gjør,  
For jeg kan føle det i mitt hjerte.

Vi deretter gikk på college sammen,  
Og opplevelsen har vært stor for  
De siste tre årene,  
Og nå er vi seniorer,  
Og jeg er fortsatt glad for å være med deg, kjære.

Men har jeg noe å fortelle deg,  
For jeg er sikker på at du vil høre det,  
For jeg vil gi deg beskjed før vi gjør noen  
Store beslutninger i våre liv, kjære,  
For jeg elsker deg mer enn noe annet,  
Og jeg vet at vi er i kjærlighet,  
Men vårt forhold tar engasjement,  
Og mye mer enn det.

Min kjære, min kjæreste,  
Jeg elsker deg  
Og du vet at,  
Men det jeg vil si er at  
Jeg har tilbrakt hele mitt liv med deg,  
Og jeg vil være med deg

For resten av livet mitt,

For du er den største personen

I hele mitt liv,

Og det er ingen som deg.

Du er personen jeg kan alltid Le med,

Smil på når jeg har en god dag,

Se til å snakke med når jeg har problemer

Eller problemer av noe slag,

Se etter hjelp når jeg studerer noe

Crazy som molekylærbiologi,

Organisk kjemi,

Eller kalkulus, økonomi, Makroøkonomi

(Som er en vemmelig klasse, forresten) ,

Eller statistikk, quantum fysikk,

Eller selv bedriftsøkonomi,

Eller noe gale som regnskap,

Se til trøstende meg når jeg er trist,

Se etter hjelp når jeg er deprimert,

Se TV-serier som overnaturlige

Og Family Guy og South Park

Hver natt,  
Praktisere min tro med hver dag,  
For vi begge tror på Gud,  
Og han har gitt oss så mye,  
Snakke om bøker og vitenskapelige ting  
Og selv politikk og filosofi  
Og verdensproblemer med  
Og selv vitenskap med  
Fordi vi begge er forskere,  
Og personen jeg ville gifte seg  
Fordi jeg elsker deg mye,  
Og jeg ville elske deg for alltid.

jeg vil være med deg  
Evindeligg og alltid,  
Selv når vi går inn i himmelen sammen,  
Jeg ønsker å være med deg deretter,  
For jeg vil tilbringe livet mitt med deg,  
Og jeg vil aldri forlate deg for noen andre,  
Fordi du er den perfekte jenta  
Og den perfekte kvinnen for meg.

Du er kjæresten min nå,  
Men du kan være min forlovede  
Neste dag,  
Og jeg vil du skal være min kone.  
Jeg ønsker å gifte seg med deg,  
Og selv om din far  
Godkjenner virkelig ikke av meg,  
Jeg er sikker på at vi kan jobbe den ut,  
Og min far, svigerfar,  
Kan være en stor mann for meg,  
Som min far er veldig glad i deg,  
Og moren din er glad i meg,  
Og som min mor er glad i deg.

Jeg ønsker å gifte seg til deg,  
For ekteskap er en hellig ting,  
Og ekteskap vil virkelig uttrykke vår kjærlighet,  
For som Jesus sa,  
Når to gifte,  
'Mann og kvinne bli ett kjød'  
Og jeg ønsker å leve hver dag ifølge Jesu Kristi ord,

Og jeg vet at vi begge elsker Jesus like,

Og vi vil leve opp til sitt navn.

Vi vil være ett kjød,

Og vi vil aldri skilsmisse,

For vi har kjent hverandre i tjueen år,

Og vi kjenner hverandre i vår grad,

Og vi trenger ikke en ordliste

Å vite hva kjærlighet er,

For vi er bedre enn den

Gjennomsnittlig par som gifter seg etter et år.

Og vi kan ha barn hvis du vil,

Eller, vi trenger ikke å ha barn hvis du ikke vil,

For det er helt opp til deg,

Siden du er en som føder.

Hvis du vil ha barn naturlig,

Det er fint,

Eller hvis du ønsker å adoptere dem,

Det er bra, også,

For vi kan ha så mange barn som du ønsker,

Enten det er enebarn,

To barn,

Tre barn,

Fire barn,

Åtte barn,

Et dusin barn,

Femten barn,

Tjue,

1000 (ett tusen) ,

Eller til og med 4.000.000 (fire millioner)

Barn,

Det spiller ingen rolle, for avgjørelsen

Er opp til deg,

Og får du avgjøre

Hva du vil gjøre med kroppen din.

Så langt som navngiving barn,

Jeg har bare én begrensning:

At de ikke være noen crazy navn

For eksempel 'Twist' eller 'Chupacabra'

Eller noe sånt som 'La-a' eller 'Kvinne'.

Likevel, vi kan diskutere disse termene når tid kommer,

For det er når vi er faktisk gift,  
Og det er for oss å være enig eller uenig på i fremtiden.

Imidlertid kjæreste, jeg vil si  
At jeg vil at du i mitt liv,  
Og jeg elsker deg mer enn noe annet,  
Og hvis du ikke ønsker meg,  
Det er greit,  
Men jeg vil alltid elske deg,  
Og nå som vi er i ferd med å oppgradere,  
Jeg vil bare si at jeg ønsker å gifte seg med deg,  
Og ikke under college,  
Idet av rett nå  
Men etter at vi oppgraderer,  
Og vi begge har begynt karrierer,  
Men jeg vil si,  
At jeg likte å tilbringe livet mitt med deg,  
Og jeg vil fortsette å tilbringe livet mitt med deg,  
For resten av livet mitt,  
Gjennom det sanne og hellige sakramentet ekteskap.

Jeg ønsker å være med deg for resten av livet mitt,

For du er er den eneste jeg ønsker å være med,

Og det er, det er ikke noe annet å si,

Men at jeg elsker deg, kjære,

Og at jeg ønsker å være med deg.

Justin Reamer

# Med Dig

Min kære, jeg vil gerne fortælle jer

Noget, som er meget vigtigt for mig,

Og noget, der kan være

Meget vigtigt at du også

Hvis du værdsætter min kærlighed lige

Så meget, som jeg værdsætter deres.

Min kære, jeg har været med dig for

Så længe jeg kan huske.

Jeg kan huske da vi var småbørn,

Og vores forældre var naboer,

Og vi var naboer, samt

Selvfølgelig

Og vores forældre ville planlægge 'play-datoer '

Som de kaldt dem derefter tilbage og stadig gøre nu,

Og der var meget mere til den.

Du, din søster, og din bror ville komme over,

Og du ville hænge ud med min bror, min søster og mig.

Jeg husker tankegang at piger var brutto,

Og jeg ville undgå du,

Og du troede, at jeg havde en sygdom,

Så du ville undgå mig, alt for.

Men efter et par uger,

Vi blev venner,

Og vi fandt ud af at vi havde en masse til fælles,

Og at vi kunne stole på hinanden.

Vi blev meget tæt,

Og vi ville spille Super Mario Brothers sammen,

Og vi ville spille Pokémon,

Og vi ville se Disney tegnefilm,

Med Mickey Mouse, Fedtmule, og Donald Duck,

Og vi ville se Looney Tunes sammen,

Med Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,

Sylvester cat, Tweety fugl,

Wile E. Coyote, Roadrunner,

Og Marvin Martian,

Og vi ville se Tom og Jerry sammen,

Og så crazy kat-get slog ved

Meget smart og vittig musen.

Det var en masse sjov.

Jeg husker elementary school,  
I første lønklasse,  
Når vi ville have andre venner,  
Men vi var uadskillelige,  
For ingen kunne gøre os sidde væk  
Fra hinanden,  
For vi var bedste venner,  
Og ingen kunne stoppe der.

Jeg husker i anden klasse,  
Da vi var begge til læsning,  
Og vi har læst mange af de samme bøger,  
Herunder Junie B. Jones,  
Flad Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest, og Harry Potter-serien.  
Husk når vi vant til at tale om  
Harry Potter hele tiden,  
Og Husk, når vi var alle spændte  
Om den nye Harry Potter film kommer?  
Det var store.

Vi var stor venner.

Husk middle school?

Vi var så akavet derefter,

For vi troede, at vi ville

Aldrig dato på alle

For vi troede, dating var modbydelig,

Og endnu, vi har handlet som et par,

Men vi er begyndt at udøve bedre bøger,

Som Pendragon, the Underland Chronicles

Og så meget mere.

Derefter kan du huske high school?

Jeg gør, mine kære, og jeg må sige,

Det var awesome,

For der var når jeg indså at jeg havde følelser

For dig, og du havde følelser for mig, også

Og vi fik sammen,

Og vi var de største par nogensinde.

Vi vil studere sammen, husker?

Og vi ville tale om klassikere

Som dem skrevet af Charles Dickens,

Leo Tolstoj, William Shakespeare, Fjodor Dostoevsky,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (en af dine favoritter) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald og John Steinbeck

Og Virginia Woolf og Mary Ann Evans (både hvoraf

Var nogle af dine personlige favoritter) .

Husk, vi var også i filosofi, også

Især når vi talte om

Platon og Aristoteles,

Sokrates og St. Justin,

St. John og St. Paul,

St. Thomas Aquinas,

Augustin af Hippo,

St. Peter apostel,

Immanuel Kant,

Sofokles og Virgil,

Homer og Euripides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

René Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Konfutse og Sun Tzu,

Lao-TSE og Siddhartha Gautama,

St. Frans af Assisi,

Og Bertrand Russell.

Jeg kan huske at vi elskede alle deres værker

Og at vi havde en stor tid taler om dem.

Derefter husker jeg alle danse,

For Homecoming var en akavet dance

Folk slibning og whatnot,

Og Snowball var okay,

Men det var ikke den største.

Prom var dog den største oplevelse,

For begge år var store med dig, kære,

Og jeg elskede hvordan vi danser og havde en god tid

Uanset hvad DJ spiller,

Selvom det var crappy rap musik,

Ud-af-control hip-hop,

Awesome rock-and-roll

Cool pop musik,  
En langsom sang,  
Country musik af enhver slags,  
Den energiske swing dans,  
Eller endda dans til salsa  
Eller Macarena,  
Eller YMCA,  
Eller endda can-can.  
Jeg havde en stor tid med dig,  
Selv når vores venner drak  
Den punch, der var tilsluttet med laksantia,  
Og når din vens kjole i stykker,  
Afslørende lidt for meget for ens egen smag.

Jeg husker vores graduering, derefter  
Og der var stor,  
For vi var sammen, der  
Og så sagde vi, vi elskede hinanden,  
Og jeg ved, at vi gør det,  
For jeg kan føle det i mit hjerte.

Derefter gik vi til college sammen,  
Og erfaringer, der har været store for  
De sidste tre år,  
Og nu vi er pensionister,  
Og jeg er stadig glad for at være med dig, kære.

Men jeg har noget at fortælle,  
For jeg er sikker på, at ønsker du at høre det,  
For jeg vil lade dig vide, før vi foretager nogen  
Store beslutninger i vores liv, kære,  
For jeg elsker dig mere end alt andet  
Og jeg ved, at vi er i kærlighed,  
Men vores forhold vil tage engagement,  
Og meget mere end.

Min kære, min sweetheart  
Jeg elsker dig  
Og du ved, at  
Men vil sige er, at  
Jeg har brugt hele mit liv med dig,  
Og jeg vil gerne være med dig

For resten af mit liv,

Du er den største person

I mit hele liv,

Og der er ingen som dig.

Du er den person, jeg kan altid griner med,

Smil på når jeg har en god dag,

Ser til at tale med, når jeg har problemer

Eller problemer af enhver slags,

Søge efter hjælp, når jeg studere noget

Crazy ligesom Molekylærbiologi,

Organisk kemi,

Eller calculus, finanser, makroøkonomi

(Som er en horrid klasse, i øvrigt) ,

Eller statistikker, quantum fysik,

Eller endda business administration,

Eller noget crazy ligesom regnskabsføring

Ser til at trøste mig, når jeg er trist,

Søge efter hjælp, når jeg er deprimeret,

Watch TV shows som overnaturlige

Og Family Guy og South Park

Hver nat,  
Praktisere min tro med hver dag,  
For vi begge tror på Gud,  
Og han har givet os så meget,  
Tale om bøger og lærde ting  
Og ja, politik og filosofi  
Og verdens problemer med  
Og selv videnskab med  
Fordi vi begge er akademikere,  
Og den person, jeg ville gifte sig med  
Fordi jeg elsker dig meget,  
Og jeg vil elsker dig for evigt.

Jeg vil være sammen med dig  
For evigt og altid  
Selv når vi går ind i himlen sammen,  
Jeg vil gerne være med dig derefter,  
For jeg vil bruge mit liv med dig,  
Og jeg vil aldrig forlade du for nogen anden,  
Fordi du er den perfekte pige  
Og den perfekte kvinde for mig.

Du er min kæreste nu,  
Men du kunne være min forlovede  
Den næste dag,  
Og jeg vil du være min kone.  
Jeg ønsker at gifte sig med dig,  
Og selv om din far  
Ikke virkelig godkender af mig,  
Jeg er sikker på, vi kan arbejde det,  
Og min svigerfar  
Kan være en stor mand til mig,  
Da min far er meget glad for at du,  
Og din mor er glad for mig,  
Og som min mor er glad for du.

Jeg ønsker at blive gift til dig,  
For ægteskab er en hellig ting,  
Og ægteskabet vil virkelig give udtryk for vores kærlighed,  
For som Jesus sagde,  
Når to get gift,  
'Mand og kvinde blive ét kød'  
Og jeg vil gerne leve hver dag ifølge Jesus Kristi ord,

Og jeg ved, at vi begge elsker Jesus ligeligt,

Og vi vil leve op til sit navn.

Vi vil være en kødet,

Og vi vil aldrig skilsmisse,

For vi har kendt hinanden i 21 år,

Og vi kender hinanden i vores fulde omfang,

Og vi behøver ikke en ordbog

At vide, hvad kærlighed er,

For vi er bedre end den

Gennemsnitlige par, som får gift efter et år.

Og vi kan få børn, hvis du vil,

Eller, vi behøver ikke at have børn, hvis du ikke vil,

For det er helt op til dig,

Da du er den, der føder.

Hvis du vil have børn naturligvis

Det er fint,

Eller hvis du ønsker at vedtage dem,

Det er også godt,

For vi kan få så mange børn som du ønsker det,

Om det er et eneste barn,

To børn,

Tre børn,

Fire børn,

Otte børn,

Et dusin børn,

15 Børn,

Tyve,

1.000 (tusind) ,

Eller endda 4.000.000 (fire millioner)

Børn,

Det gør ikke noget, for beslutningen

Er op til dig,

Du kommer til at beslutte

Hvad du vil gøre med din krop.

Så vidt naming børn,

Jeg har kun én begrænsning:

At de ikke være nogen crazy navne

Som 'Twist' eller 'Chupacabra'

Eller noget som «La-a» eller «Kvindelige.»

Endnu, vi kan diskutere disse begreber, når tid kommer,

For det er, når vi er faktisk gift,  
Og det er vi enige eller uenige om i fremtiden.

Dog sweetheart, vil jeg sige

At jeg vil du i mit liv,

Og jeg elsker dig mere end alt andet

Og hvis du ikke vil mig,

Er det okay,

Men jeg vil altid elske dig,

Og nu hvor vi er ved at kandidateksamen,

Jeg vil blot sige, at jeg ønsker at gifte sig med dig,

Og ikke under college,

Fra lige nu

Men efter vi kandidateksamen,

Og vi begge har startet karriere,

Men jeg vil sige,

At jeg nydt udgifter mit liv med dig,

Og jeg vil gerne fortsætte med udgifterne mit liv med dig,

For resten af mit liv,

Gennem den sande og hellige nadveren af ægteskabet.

Jeg vil gerne være med dig resten af mit liv,

For du er er det eneste, jeg vil gerne være med,

Og er ting, der er intet andet at sige,

Men at jeg elsker dig, kære,

Og at jeg ønsker at være med dig.

Justin Reamer

# Med Du

Min kära, jag vill att du vet  
Något som är mycket viktigt för mig,  
Och något som kan vara  
Mycket viktigt att du även  
Om du värdesätter min kärlek bara  
Lika mycket som jag värdesätter era.

Min kära, jag har varit med er för  
Så länge jag kan minnas.  
Jag kommer ihåg när vi var småbarn,  
Och våra föräldrar var grannar,  
Och vi var grannar, samt,  
Självklart  
Och våra föräldrar skulle schemalägga 'spela-datum'  
Som de kallade dem då och fortfarande gör nu,  
Och det var mycket mer.  
Du, din syster, och din bror skulle komma över,  
Och du skulle umgås med min bror, min syster och mig.  
Jag minns tänkande att flickor var brutto,  
Och jag skulle undvika du,

Och du trodde att jag hade en sjukdom,

Så du skulle undvika mig också.

Men efter ett par veckor,

Vi blev vänner,

Och vi upptäckte att vi hade mycket gemensamt,

Och att vi kunde lita på varandra.

Vi blev mycket nära,

Och vi skulle spela Super Mario Brothers tillsammans,

Och vi skulle spela Pokémon,

Och vi skulle titta på Disney karikatyerna,

Med Musse Pigg, Långben, och Donald Duck,

Och vi skulle titta Looney Tunes tillsammans,

Med Bugs Bunny, Daffy Anka, Elmer Fudd,

Sylvester katt, Tweety fågel,

Gråben E. Coyote, Roadrunner,

Och Marvin Martian,

Och vi skulle titta på Tom och Jerry tillsammans,

Och såg galen katt få slå genom

Mycket smarta och spirituella musen.

Det var mycket roligt.

Jag minns elementary school,  
I första klass,  
När vi skulle ha andra vänner,  
Men vi var oskiljaktiga,  
För ingen kan göra oss sitta bort  
Från varandra.  
För vi var bästa vänner,  
Och ingen kunde stoppa som.

Jag minns i andra klass,  
När vi var båda till behandlingen,  
Och vi läser många av de samma böckerna,  
Inklusive Junie B. Jones,  
Flat Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest, och Harry Potter-serien.  
Minns när vi brukade tala om  
Harry Potter hela tiden,  
Och kom ihåg när vi var alla glada  
Om nya Harry Potter filmen kommer ut?  
Det var stor.

Vi var bra vänner.

Kom ihåg middle school?

Vi var så obekväma sedan

För vi trodde att vi skulle

Aldrig datum på alla

För vi trodde dejting var motbjudande,

Och ännu, vi agerat som ett par,

Men vi började bedriva bättre böcker,

Som Pendragon, Underland Chronicles,

Och så mycket mer.

Då minns du high school?

Jag, min kära, och jag måste säga,

Det var awesome,

Det var när jag insåg att jag hade känslor

För du, och du hade känslor för mig, även

Och vi fick tillsammans,

Och vi var det största paret någonsin.

Vi skulle studera tillsammans, kom ihåg?

Och vi skulle tala om klassiker

Som skrevs av Charles Dickens,

Leo Tolstoj, William Shakespeare, Fjodor Dostojevskij,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (en av dina Favoriter) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald och John Steinbeck,

Och Virginia Woolf och Mary Ann Evans (båda

Var några av dina personliga Favoriter) .

Kom ihåg, vi var också i filosofi, även

Särskilt när vi talade om

Platon och Aristoteles,

Sokrates och St. Justin,

St. John och St. Paul,

St. Thomas av Aquino,

St. Augustine av Hippo,

St. Peter aposteln,

Immanuel Kant,

Sofokles och Vergilius,

Homer och Euripides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Konfucius och Sun Tzu,

Laozi och Siddhartha Gautama,

St. Franciskus av Assisi,

Och Bertrand Russell.

Jag minns att vi älskade alla deras verk,

Och att vi hade en stor tid talar om dem.

Sedan minns jag alla danser,

Homecoming var en besvärlig dans,

Människor som slipning och allt,

Och snöboll var okej,

Men det var inte det största.

Balen var dock den största erfarenheten,

För båda dessa år var stor med er, kära,

Och jag älskade hur vi dansade och hade en bra tid,

Oavsett vilken DJ spelade,

Även om det var skit rap musik,

Out-of-control hip-hop,

Awesome rock-and-roll,

Coola popmusik,  
En långsam sång,  
Countrymusik av något slag,  
Energisk swing dans,  
Eller ens dansa till salsa  
Eller Macarena,  
Eller KFUM,  
Eller ens can-can.  
Jag hade en stor tid med dig,  
Även när våra vänner drack  
Hålslaget som var tillsatts med laxeringsmedel,  
Och när din väns klänning fästs,  
Avslöja lite för mycket för en egen smak.

Jag minns sedan vår examen,  
Och det var stor,  
För vi var där tillsammans,  
Och vi sade då vi älskade varandra,  
Och jag vet att vi gör,  
För jag kan känna det i mitt hjärta.

Vi gick sedan till college tillsammans,  
Och erfarenheterna har varit stor för  
De senaste tre åren,  
Och nu är vi seniorer,  
Och jag är fortfarande glad över att vara med er, kära.

Men har jag något att berätta,  
För jag är säker på att vill du höra det,  
För jag vill att du ska veta innan gör vi någon  
Stora beslut i våra liv, kära,  
För jag älskar dig mer än allt annat  
Och jag vet att vi är kärlek,  
Men vårt förhållande tar engagemang,  
Och mycket mer än så.

Min kära, my sweetheart  
Jag älskar dig  
Och du vet att  
Men vad jag vill säga är att  
Jag har tillbringat min hela livet med dig  
Och jag vill vara med dig

För resten av mitt liv,

Du är den största personen

I hela mitt liv,

Och det finns ingen som du.

Du är den personen som jag alltid kan skratta med,

Leende på varje gång jag har en bra dag,

Ser att prata med när jag har problem

Eller problem av något slag,

Söka efter hjälp när jag studera något

Crazy liksom molekylärbiologi,

Organisk kemi

Eller kalkyl, finanser, makroekonomi

(Vilket är en horrid klass, förresten) ,

Eller statistik, kvantfysik,

Eller även företagsekonomi,

Eller något galet som redovisning,

Ser att tröstar mig när jag är ledsen,

Söka efter hjälp när jag är deprimerad,

Titta på TV-program som Supernatural

Och Family Guy och South Park

Varje natt,

Utöva min tro med varje dag,

För vi båda tror på Gud,

Och han har gett oss så mycket,

Prata om böcker och akademiska saker

Och även politik och filosofi

Och problem med

Och även vetenskap med

Eftersom vi båda är forskare,

Och personen jag skulle gifta sig

Eftersom jag älskar du mycket,

Och jag skulle love you forever.

Jag vill vara med dig

Evigheters evighet,

Även när vi går till himlen tillsammans,

Jag vill vara med dig sedan,

För jag vill spendera mitt liv med dig,

Och jag kommer aldrig lämna dig för någon annan,

Eftersom du är den perfekta flickan

Och den perfekta kvinnan för mig.

Du är min flickvän nu

Men du kan vara min fästmö

Nästa dag,

Och jag vill att du ska vara min fru.

Jag vill gifta sig med dig,

Och även om din far

Inte verkligen godkänna av mig,

Jag är säker på att vi kan arbeta ut,

Och min svärfar,

Kan vara en bra man för mig,

Min far är mycket förtjust i dig,

Och din mamma är förtjust i mig,

Och som min mor är förtjust i du.

Jag vill gifta dig,

För äktenskap är en helig sak,

Och matrimony kommer verkligen uttrycka vår kärlek,

För som Jesus sade,

När två få gifta,

'Man och kvinna blir en kropp'

Och jag vill leva varje dag enligt Jesu Kristi ord,

Och jag vet att vi båda älskar Jesus lika,  
Och vi kommer att leva upp till sitt namn.

Vi kommer att vara en kropp,  
Och vi kommer aldrig skiljas,  
För vi har känt varandra i 21 år,  
Och vi känner varandra i vår fulla utsträckning,  
Och vi behöver inte en ordlista  
Att veta vad kärlek är,  
För vi är bättre än den  
Genomsnittliga par som blir gift efter ett år.

Och vi kan få barn om du vill,  
Eller, vi har inte ha barn om du inte vill,  
För det är helt upp till dig,  
Eftersom det är du som föder.  
Om du vill ha barn naturligtvis  
Det är bra,  
Eller om du vill anta dem,  
Det är bra, även  
För vi kan ha så många barn som du önskar,

Om det är enda barnet,

Två barn,

Tre barn,

Fyra barn,

Åtta barn,

Ett dussin barn,

Femton barn,

Tjugo,

1 000 (tusen) ,

Eller till och med 4 000 000 (fyra miljoner)

Barn,

Det spelar ingen roll, för beslut

Är du,

Och du får bestämma

Vad du vill göra med din kropp.

Vad gäller namngivning barn,

Jag har bara en begränsning:

Att de inte vara några galna namn

'Twist' eller 'Göteborg'

Eller något liknande 'La-a' och 'Kvinnliga'.

Men kan vi diskutera dessa termer när tiden kommer,

För det är när vi är faktiskt gifta,

Och det är för oss att komma överens eller inte håller på i framtiden.

Dock sweetheart, som jag vill säga

När jag vill att du i mitt liv,

Och jag älskar dig mer än allt annat

Och om du inte vill mig,

Det är okej,

Men jag kommer alltid älska dig,

Och nu när vi skall examen,

Jag vill bara säga att jag vill gifta sig med dig,

Och inte under college,

Från och med nu,

Men efter vi examen,

Och vi båda har börjat karriärer,

Men jag vill säga,

Att jag fick spendera mitt liv med dig,

Och jag vill fortsätta spendera mitt liv med dig,

För resten av mitt liv,

Genom matrimony sant och heliga sakrament.

Jag vill vara med dig för resten av mitt liv,

För du är den enda som jag vill vara med,

Och det är, det finns inget annat att säga,

Men att jag älskar dig, kära,

Och att jag vill vara med dig.

Justin Reamer

# Megalomania

I can be the best in the world;  
You just watch me!

Justin Reamer

# Meijer

Checkout lanes at maximum capacity,  
Customers by the thousands, waiting;  
Uneasy reticence amplified by a million,  
Accompanied by queasy fidgeting,  
The clicking of fingernails against teeth,  
The tapping of writing utensils on the wall,  
The cracking of knuckles echoing like  
My eardrums popping at extreme depths,  
I can barely focus on my job.

People watch me with piercing eyes,  
Arrows from an archery line  
Aimed at me from a medieval fortress,  
Attempting to cease my activity altogether.  
The conveyor belt, full of food I will never eat,  
Continues to carry the products as  
I move each item like a factory machine  
From hand-to-hand, mano-a-mano,  
To the plastic bags to the left of me.

The beeping of cash registers echoes  
Throughout the entire corridor like  
Impatient car horns on a Manhattan block;  
People share, think, and ponder, but  
Fail to see the man behind the desk.  
To them, I am the computer, grabbing food,  
Pushing buttons, and rotating the wheel,  
Another insignificant cog in the engine.  
I, however, possess no identity,  
Other than a programme stripped of humanity,  
Forever a piston in the machine.

Justin Reamer

# Memorare

Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thine intercession was left unaided.

Inspired by this confidence, ☐

I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my mother; to thee do I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Menagerie

A little boy dropped his ball on the ground,  
And the ball began to bounce all around,  
It flew high to the sky,  
Made birds nervous that flew by,  
And fell down while making a loud sound.

Justin Reamer

# Mentor

The mentor is the inspiration,  
Of whom I can't forget,  
He took the place of my father,  
In the point of life's regret.

Mum had met him,  
And had found him suitable,  
She introduced him to us,  
And he became our father figure.

His name was Bruce,  
And he regarded us with love,  
He gave us a bunch of his time,  
And he cared about us greatly.

Bruce was like a father to us,  
Teaching us everything we needed to know,  
He was my hero,  
Doing what was best for Sean and me.

Bruce had made me brave,  
As he had made Sean strong,  
He inspired my imagination,  
As he contributed to Sean's recreation.

He taught us how to fix things,  
Especially around the house,  
He taught us to be outdoorsmen,  
To love nature and its gifts.

Bruce was a kind man,  
Guiding us all the way,  
He truly cared for us,  
No matter what had happened.

Bruce taught us to be strong,  
To be physically fit,  
He taught us to pursue education,  
And to do our very best.

However, his emphasis was love,  
As he taught us for the past  
Eight years,  
He wanted us to love everyone,  
No matter what had happened.

Bruce is a mentor,  
He truly cares for us,  
He doesn't really hate us,  
And he was always there.

Unlike my father,  
Bruce did truly care,  
And unlike other people,  
He was always there.

Justin Reamer

# Merism

Lend me your ears,  
Lend me your hands,  
For I must say your feet have walked quite far,  
And your mouths speak of great truths,  
And your eyes, I see, see all wise and wonderful,  
But I insist that you give me your hearts,  
So that compassion may flow from them,  
And lend me your minds,  
So that I may help you understand  
The things I am about to tell you,  
And lend me your souls,  
So that you may grow in the faith you bear.

Justin Reamer

# Message In A Bottle

There was sand on the ground,  
Blowing all over in the strong  
Autumn winds as Aeolus  
Exhaled his mighty breath.

The sun rose in the sky as  
Helios pulled it with his  
Chariot over the bright blue sky,  
Illuminating the autumnal landscape,  
And the changing leaves on  
The beach trees.

The lake produced waves as  
They calmly swept  
Against the shore,  
But then Aeolus blew,  
And the waves crashed against the rocks,  
Making giant splashes of water  
Fly all around the air.

Sea gulls flew,  
Cawing and laughing their silly songs,  
Looking for whatever food  
They can smuggle and forage.

In the water was a lone  
Glass wine bottle with  
A cork in it,  
Floating aimlessly in the waves,  
Coming closer to the shore.

In the bottle was a note  
Proclaiming SOS,  
Which declared that someone  
Was in need,  
As he had been for several days.

Will someone get this note?  
Who knows?

The bottle has been in the  
Water for two weeks,  
And the man's ship had  
Long since sunk.  
Whether he is alive or not,  
No one will ever know.

Justin Reamer

# Met U

Mijn lieve, ik wil u laten weten

Iets dat is heel belangrijk voor mij,

En iets dat kan worden

Zeer belangrijk voor u,

Als u alleen de waarde van mijn liefde

Zo veel als ik hecht waarde aan jou.

Mijn lieve, heb ik met u voor

Zolang ik me herinneren kan.

Ik me kan herinneren toen we peuters,

En onze ouders waren burenen,

En we waren burenen, alsmede,

Natuurlijk

En onze ouders zou plannen 'play-data '

Zoals ze genoemd hen toen en nog steeds doen nu,

En er was veel meer bij kijken.

U, je zus en je broer zou komen

En u zou hangen met mijn broer, mijn zus en mij.

Ik herinner me denken dat meisjes bruto waren,

En ik zou u, vermijden

En je dacht dat ik had een ziekte,

Zo zou u mij, te vermijden.

Maar na een paar weken,

We werden vrienden,

En we ontdekten dat we veel gemeen hadden,

En dat we elkaar kunnen vertrouwen.

We werden zeer dicht,

En we zouden spelen Super Mario Brothers samen,

En we zouden spelen Pokémon,

En wij zou kijken naar Disney tekenfilms,

Met Mickey Mouse, Goofy, en Donald Duck,

En we zouden kijken Looney Tunes samen,

Met Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,

Sylvester de kat, de vogel, Tweety

Wile E. Coyote, de Roadrunner

En Marvin the Martian

En wij zouden samen kijken naar Tom en Jerry

En zag de crazy cat get beat up door

De muis zeer slim en geestig.

Het was een erg leuk.

Ik herinner me basisschool,  
In het eerste leerjaar,  
Wanneer wij andere vrienden, zou hebben  
Maar we waren onlosmakelijk met elkaar verbonden,  
Want niemand kon maken ons zitten weg  
Van elkaar,  
Want we beste vrienden waren,  
En dat kon niemand tegenhouden.

Ik herinner me in de tweede klas,  
Toen we waren beide in lezing  
En we lezen veel van de dezelfde boeken  
Junie B. Jones, inclusief  
Platte Stanley, boekenreeksen,  
Deltora Quest en de Harry Potter-serie.  
Onthoud wanneer we gebruikt om te praten over  
Harry Potter hele tijd,  
En herinner me toen we allemaal opgewonden waren  
Over de nieuwe Harry Potter film coming out?  
Het was geweldig.

We waren goede vrienden.

Herinner middelbare school?

We waren zo onhandig dan,

Voor we dachten dat we zouden

Nooit helemaal niet, datum

Voor we dachten dating was walgelijk,

En toch, we gehandeld als een paar,

Maar, we begonnen die betrokken zijn bij betere boeken,

Zoals Pendragon, de kronieken Underland

En nog veel meer.

Vervolgens herinner je je middelbare school?

Ik doen, mijn lieve, en ik moet zeggen,

Het was geweldig,

Dat was toen realiseerde ik me dat ik had gevoelens

Voor u, en u had gevoelens voor mij, ook

En we kregen samen,

En we waren de grootste paar ooit.

We zouden samen studeren, onthouden?

En we zouden praten over klassiekers

Zoals die zijn geschreven door Charles Dickens,

Leo Tolstoj, William Shakespeare, Fjodor Dostojevski,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (een van uw favorieten) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald en John Steinbeck,

En Virginia Woolf en Mary Ann Evans (beiden

Waren enkele van uw persoonlijke favorieten) .

Vergeet niet, dat we waren ook in filosofie, ook

Vooraf toen we spraken over

Plato en Aristoteles,

Socrates en St. Justin,

St. John en St. Paul,

St. Thomas van Aquino,

St. Augustinus van Hippo,

St. Peter de apostel,

Immanuel Kant,

Sophocles en Virgil,

Homer en Euripides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Confucius en Sun Tzu,

Laozi en Siddhartha Gautama,

St. Franciscus van Assisi,

En Bertrand Russell.

Ik herinner me dat wij hebben liefgehad alle van hun werken,

En dat we hadden een geweldige tijd het over hen.

Toen ik herinner me de dansen,

Voor Homecoming was een lastige dans,

Vanwege mensen slijpen en wat al niet,

En Snowball was al goed,

Maar het was niet de grootste.

Prom was echter de grootste ervaring,

Voor beide jaren waren geweldig met u, lieve,

En ik hield van hoe we dansten en had een goede tijd,

Geen kwestie wat de DJ speelde,

Zelfs als het waardeloze rapmuziek,

Out-of-control hip-hop,

Awesome rock-and-roll

Cool pop muziek,  
Een traag liedje,  
Country muziek van elke soort,  
De energetische swing dansen,  
Of zelfs aan de salsa dansen  
Of de Macarena  
Of YMCA,  
Of zelfs de can-can.  
Ik had een geweldige tijd met u,  
Zelfs wanneer onze vrienden dronken  
De punch die werd verrijkt met laxeermiddelen,  
En wanneer uw vriend jurk beet,  
Onthullen een beetje teveel voor iemands eigen smaak.

Ik herinner me vervolgens onze afstuderen  
En dat was geweldig,  
Voor we samen, er waren  
En we vervolgens zeiden dat wij hielden van elkaar,  
En ik weet dat we doen,  
Want ik voel het in mijn hart.

Toen gingen we naar school samen,  
En de ervaring is geweldig voor  
De afgelopen drie jaar,  
En nu zijn we senioren,  
En ik ben nog steeds blij te zijn met u, lieve.

Ik heb echter iets te vertellen,  
Want ik ben zeker dat u wilt horen,  
Voor ik wil u laten weten voordat we aanbrenge  
Grote beslissingen in ons leven, lieve,  
Want ik hou van je meer dan iets,  
En ik weet dat we in de liefde,  
Maar onze relatie zal nemen inzet,  
En nog veel meer dan dat.

Mijn lieve, mijn liefje,  
Ik hou van jou  
En u weet dat,  
Maar wat ik wil zeggen is dat  
Ik heb mijn hele leven doorgebracht met u,  
En ik wil met u

Voor de rest van mijn leven,  
Voor u zijn de grootste persoon

In mijn hele leven,

En er is niemand zoals jij.

U bent de persoon die ik altijd met lachen kan,

Glimlach op wanneer ik heb een goede dag,

Kijken om te praten op als ik problemen heb

Of problemen van welke aard,

Hulp zoeken bij studeer ik iets

Gek als moleculaire biologie,

Organische chemie,

Of calculus, overheidsfinanciën, macro-economie

(Dat is een akelige klasse, door de manier) ,

Of statistieken, quantumfysica,

Of zelfs bedrijfskunde,

Of iets gek als boekhouding,

Kijk naar de troost me wanneer ik verdrietig ben,

Kijk voor hulp als ik depressief ben,

TV kijken shows zoals Supernatural

En Family Guy en South Park

Elke nacht,  
Mijn geloof met elke dag oefenen  
Want we hebben allebei geloof in God,  
En hij heeft ons met zo veel,  
Praat over boeken en wetenschappelijke dingen  
En zelfs politiek en filosofie  
En de problemen van de wereld met  
En zelfs wetenschap met  
Omdat we beide geleerden,  
En de persoon die ik zou trouwen  
Omdat ik hou van je veel,  
En ik zou love you forever.

Ik wil bij jou zijn  
Voor eeuwig en altijd,  
Zelfs als we gaan naar de hemel samen,  
Ik wil met u vervolgens  
Want ik wil mijn leven met u, besteden  
En ik zal je nooit verlaten voor iemand anders,  
Omdat u het perfecte meisje  
En de perfecte vrouw voor mij.

U bent nu, mijn vriendin

Maar u zou mijn verloofde

De volgende dag,

En ik wil u mijn vrouw.

Ik wil met je, trouwen

En zelfs al uw vader

Niet echt goedkeurt van me,

Ik weet zeker dat we can work it out,

En mijn schoonvader

Een groot man voor mij, kan worden

Zoals mijn vader erg begaan met u is,

En uw moeder is dol op mij,

En als mijn moeder is dol op u.

Ik wil trouwen met u,

Voor het huwelijk is een heilige zaak,

En huwelijk zal echt onze liefde, express

Voor als Jezus zei,

Wanneer twee trouwen,

'De man en vrouw worden een vlees'

En ik wil leven elke dag volgens Jezus Christus het woord,

En ik weet dat we hebben allebei liefde van Jezus ook

En zullen we leven op zijn naam.

Wij zullen een vlees,

En we zullen nooit echtscheiding,

Want wij elkaar al eenentwintig jaar kennen,

En we kennen elkaar onze volle omvang,

En we hoeven niet een woordenboek

Om te weten wat liefde is,

Want wij beter dan zijn de

Gemiddelde paar die na een jaar getrouwd krijgt.

En kunnen we kinderen hebben als u wilt,

Of, we hebben niet om kinderen te krijgen als u niet wilt,

Daarvoor is volledig aan u,

Aangezien u bent degene die geeft geboorte.

Als u wilt hebben kinderen natuurlijk,

Dat is prima,

Of als u wilt overnemen,

Dat is ook goed,

Voor kunnen we zo veel kinderen als u wenst,

Of het nu een enig kind,

Twee kinderen,

Drie kinderen,

Vier kinderen,

Acht kinderen,

Een dozijn kinderen,

Vijftien kinderen,

Twintig,

1.000 (duizend) ,

Of zelfs 4.000.000 (vier miljoen)

Kinderen,

Het maakt niet uit voor het besluit

Is aan u,

En u krijgt om te beslissen

Wat u wilt doen met je lichaam.

Zoveel naamgeving kinderen,

Ik heb slechts één beperking:

Dat zij niet geen gekke namen worden

Zoals 'Twist' of 'Chupacabra'

Of iets als 'La-a' of 'Vrouwelijke'.

Toch kunnen we discussiëren over deze voorwaarden wanneer de tijd komt,

Want dat is wanneer we ons eigenlijk getrouwd,

En dat is voor ons om het eens of oneens over in de toekomst.

Echter, lieverd, ik wil zeggen

Dat wil ik u in mijn leven,

En ik hou van je meer dan iets,

En als u niet dat mij wilt,

Dat is oke,

Maar I will always love u,

En nu dat we zijn ongeveer om af te studeren,

Ik wil alleen maar zeggen dat ik wil met je, trouwen

En niet tijdens college,

Vanaf nu,

Maar nadat we afgestudeerd,

En wij beiden zijn begonnen loopbaan,

Maar ik wil zeggen,

Die ik genoten van mijn leven met u, uitgaven

En ik wil blijven uitgeven mijn leven met u,

Voor de rest van mijn leven,

Door het ware en heilig sacrament van het huwelijk.

Ik wil met u voor de rest van mijn leven,  
Want jullie de zijn de enige die ik wil zijn zijn  
En het ding is, er is niets anders te zeggen,  
Maar dat ik hou van je, lieve,  
En dat ik wil met u zijn.

Justin Reamer

# Metaphor

A bucketful of elephants,  
Sitting atop my chest,  
Butterflies in my stomach,  
Making me nervous inside,  
A smile that shines,  
That makes me sweat,  
And yet goes down with  
Every bead of width.

A shot from a gun,  
Going through my chest,  
An arrow in my heart,  
Making me nauseous,  
And pain that makes  
Me die right here and now,  
For I cannot stand to see  
This happening to my  
Very own soul.

Men are pigs,  
And women are monsters,  
Tearing apart everything  
They have together.

Men are simple  
And stupid,  
And have no emotions  
Whatsoever,  
And are cruel,  
And are hurtful.  
They are good at  
Tearing out people's hearts.  
Hence they are Mars,  
Who wages war on everyone,  
And are swine,  
Who gluttonous in all,  
And they are wolves,  
Dowsed in their own conceit.  
They are snakes,

Who are too proud and vain  
To help anyone else,  
And they are the owl,  
Who knows every dirty trick,  
And they are the hawk,  
Who cares for no one but himself,  
And is shrewd beyond all reckoning.

Women are complicated,  
For they have many emotions,  
And cannot explain what they are feeling,  
And, yet, they do,  
For they somehow manage.  
They are sirens,  
Who sing with a beautiful voice,  
But end up eating out the heart  
Of the man who loves her;  
They are hyenas,  
Who know how to play tricks,  
So they can get what they want,  
And get the food they deserve;  
They are foxes,  
Who are sly and sneaky,  
And are barely noticeable,  
For they are inconspicuous;  
They are wolves  
Who travel in packs  
And prey on the unfortunate;  
They are Venus,  
Who expresses her beauty,  
But ends up hurting people  
In the very end.

For an arrow in the heart  
Is a shot to the head,  
And a missing heart  
Is a missing soul,  
For this is how it is,  
If we do not fix it.

Justin Reamer

# Metre

Metre, you star of the metric system,  
Where would we be without you,  
If you were not hear with us,  
For science would not flourish,  
And we would not know the length  
Of anything whatsoever.  
We thank you for all you do.

Justin Reamer

# Mew

Short, simple and sweet,  
The cat and kitten mew together,  
Cutely making their way.

Justin Reamer

# Mice

Squeaking and talking,  
Mice run around with cheese,  
One goes on his knees.

Justin Reamer

# Middle School

I sit at a table,  
And I remember my past,  
And though it wasn't great,  
There were probably those  
Who had it worse than I did,  
But when I see my little sister,  
Talking about middle school,  
How I remember  
That awkward stage  
Of the pre-teen years,  
And the tween years,  
And the early onset  
Of puberty  
Starting at age 13.

I sit at the table,  
Knowing that this year is 2012,  
But when I started middle school,  
Several years ago,  
(7, to be exact) ,  
I remember the feelings  
That went on through my head.

It was Corpus Christi,  
The middle of the depression years,  
And it was the middle of 2005,  
When Star Wars III  
Had just come out.

I was about to start sixth grade,  
And I was there with  
My classmates,  
In that small,  
Private school  
That I learned to  
Disdain to this day.

Open House had begun,  
And I was as happy as can be,

And as a sixth grader,  
I was happy,  
Just to be me.

My best friend was beside me,  
His name Peter Triezenberg,  
And it was us against the world,  
For we needed no one else.

I had my good teachers,  
Who were nice to me that year,  
Including Miss Kozak,  
My English teacher,  
Miss Giroux,  
Who taught math and science,  
And Mr Ostrowski,  
Who taught History  
And religion.  
And there were the specials  
Teachers, as well,  
Including Mrs Hernandez,  
The Spanish teacher  
Who was outstanding and  
About to teach her final year,  
Mrs Fetters,  
The art teacher,  
Who had taught for forever,  
Mrs Sleeman,  
The short-tempered gym teacher,  
That I did not like,  
For I was no athlete,  
And Mr Good,  
The band teacher,  
Who was nice all the time.

I had no problems in sixth grade,  
Except for the onset of my disability,  
Which I had had forever,  
But which I was finally  
Realising existed,  
And that was when  
Things were challenging,

For I had troubles remembering  
Projects and homework,  
And kind of got bad grades.

But my teachers were nice,  
And they were very patient,  
For they did everything to help,  
And they did everything  
To help me remember things.

But then the bullies were back,  
And they picked on Peter and me,  
And soon Peter and I fought,  
And our friendship was pretty  
Much gone,  
For Peter wanted  
To hang out with other people,  
And I did not know how  
To talk to people at all.

I had ADD,  
Asperger's Syndrome,  
And Tourette's Syndrome.  
I was very shy,  
And I was very reserved.  
I was an introvert  
More than anything else,  
And when I got stressed out,  
The stretches, the fidgets,  
The cracks, the cramps,  
And the ticks all came back.  
I looked like a man  
Who was having a seizure,  
With involuntary movements,  
Constant fidgeting,  
The inability to sit still,  
Stretching like crazy,  
The cracking sound in the background,  
And the tick,  
Little sounds that annoyed people  
That sounded like 'uh.'

That was when people really  
Knew that I was  
Messed up,  
For they started harrassing me,  
And I really felt the depression worsen,  
Even towards the end of the year,  
When I began to feel very lonely.

During the summer,  
I found a security blanket,  
Just by being able to twirl my hair,  
I could stop the stretches,  
And the fidgets,  
And the ticks,  
And stop having a seizure idea,  
And look like a normal person,  
All relaxed on the outside,  
Though anxious on the inside.

However, people caught hold of that,  
And I was doomed.  
My seventh grade year came along,  
And I fell into a hole.

People started picking on me,  
And I started getting in trouble,  
Both the bullies and me,  
And it got bad.

When Matt poked my back,  
I made a smart comment,  
And then he called me 'gay, '  
And that made me cry.  
After that,  
I had been marked for doom.

Bullies began to  
Call me names,  
And say bad things about me,  
And make fun of me  
For whatever stupid thing I did,  
And I felt stupid

Just because of what they did.

I ended up getting in trouble, too,  
When I wrote on Nate's locker,  
And when someone declared  
That I said the 'F-bomb'  
In gym class.

I eventually got so depressed,  
That I began to do a bad thing  
In public,  
Which eventually led teachers to think  
I was an idiot.

I also had a horrible teacher,  
Who said that I was stupid,  
And always gave me a hard time,  
And never ever stopped,  
For how I remember her  
Making fun of my writing,  
And taking away my notebook,  
Which I was so fond of  
At that time.

And all the teachers turned on me,  
And the principal,  
And my own priest,  
And I fell into a deeper pit,  
And things became very hard.

I was then taken out of school,  
And I did my own studying there,  
And after a month,  
I went back to school  
In a different middle school,  
That place you call a wasteland.

I went to Mac Bay,  
And things were good at first,  
And then I did something stupid,  
And things just got worse.

I was made fun of,  
By everyone there was,  
And I had virtually no friends,  
And I was all alone.

Middle school was horrible,  
Even as eighth grade continued,  
And I need not go into detail,  
About everything that happened.

When I hear my brother and my sister  
Talk about how great middle school is,  
I laugh to myself  
And say, 'You're wrong, '  
For all it is is wasteland.

Middle school is a dump,  
An intellectual wasteland,  
I would never want to relive those years,  
Ever again in my life.

Justin Reamer

# Midnight Owl

Looking from the trees,  
Seeing everything in path,  
It approaches its dinner,

Seeing it from far,  
It rises for its speed,  
Diving with velocity.

Justin Reamer

# Midterms

A crack of the whip across the back,  
A slash of the sword across the stomach,  
A knife slitting a throat in misery,  
An arrow shot into the heart,  
A crowbar bludgeoning a skull,  
a bullet shot in the side,  
Pain grows more agonising  
As the torture of preparing for  
The exams takes hold,  
Slowly eviscerating the bowels of  
The poor victim falling prey to them.

As the exam arrives,  
The sword skewered in the stomach  
Shoves itself into the flesh,  
Further and further,  
Harder and harder,  
The torture growing unbearable  
Like fire scorching the flesh,  
Burning it crisp into ashes,  
Until the exam terminates,  
And the sword releases itself,  
Removed from the flesh  
As the student collapses on the ground,  
Half-dead from the chaos of academia.

Justin Reamer

# Mind

What goes on in one's mind,  
That makes us want to think?  
What goes on in our brains,  
That we want answers all the time?

Our minds are a piece of art,  
For in a way they are unique,  
For we all think differently,  
And in our own unique way.

I, well I  
Think creatively,  
And I think of new approaches,  
And I try to find an answer that  
Is nonconventional.

I may diverge in my thoughts,  
And sometimes I may converge,  
But I use deductive reasoning,  
As well as abstract reasoning,  
To figure out a problem.

How do you think?  
How do you solve your daily problems?  
How do you question the world around you?

You may think philosophically,  
Much like I do,  
Where you wonder what is right,  
Or you wonder what is wrong,  
Or you wonder what really makes  
The world exist around you.

You may think abstractly,  
Where you come up with questions  
With no concrete answer,  
And you may be able to answer it,  
In your very own words,  
And may be able to come

Up with a revolutionary idea.

You may think concretely,  
Where everything has a realistic answer,  
And you may know what is around you,  
Because of what you see.

You may think logically,  
Like Mr Spock in Star Trek,  
Where everything comes naturally to you,  
For there is no countersolution  
Or counterargument.

You may think creatively,  
Where no man has gone before,  
Like Captain Kirk tends to think,  
With a solution that is entirely new.

You may think divergently,  
Which takes you to new places,  
And wherever you go,  
It's up to you,  
For you know there are many answers.

You may think convergently,  
Where you know there may be only one solution,  
And you will find it somehow,  
And you will figure it out.

We all think differently,  
But why we think,  
I do not know,  
And I am not sure if you do, either.

Why we think is a mystery,  
But that is the mastery of the mind,  
For we can think things through,  
Before we choose to act.

Justin Reamer

# Mind Games Of Women

Have you ever noticed the  
Mind games of certain women?  
They stare at you,  
Stare you down,  
Expecting you to stare back at them,  
Then they look in the other direction,  
Making sure that you  
Are looking at them,  
Then look back,  
And tell their friends you are a creeper.

Sometimes you unintentionally look at them,  
But you can't help yourself,  
But then you get a label you  
Carry with you for the rest of your life  
That you cannot get rid of at all.

Sometimes they will look at you strangely,  
And if you simply say 'Hello' to them,  
They will ask,  
'Did that guy just say 'hi' to me? '  
They do whatever they can  
To hurt you,  
And these women are no point in pursuing,  
For like the Maiden,  
All they wish to do is harm.

Not all women are like that,  
But there are those who play these mind games,  
And by golly,  
Do they love to do it,  
For all they get is sadistic laughs.

Watch out for these women, my friend,  
For they may come along and hurt you.  
I warn you because I care about you,  
And nothing will ever change  
Our friendship that we have.

So be careful,  
And don't let them  
Take advantage of you,  
For you're a good man,  
And deserve someone great,  
For you have God on your side.  
Take care, my friend,  
And do well,  
And have success in all you do.  
May God be by your side everywhere you go.

Justin Reamer

# Minkles

Plentiful, plentiful,  
There is plentiful to see  
For there is so much to bear  
You can see the fatness and obesity  
Of the object in front of you,  
It is no wonder why it's so crazy to see!

Justin Reamer

# Miranda Burel

Miranda is a beautiful woman,  
A friend that I call dear,  
For kind she is to everyone she sees,  
And loved by everyone around her.

Miranda, this is your poem,  
To show how great of a person you are,  
And how wonderful of a friend  
You have been to all of us  
Here at Aquinas and back home in Lapeer.

You are an amazing person,  
Devoting yourself to your studies,  
Working hard to keep up with everything,  
And doing your best to do well.

Yet, you do more than study,  
For you are good with your friends,  
Have an amazing sense of humour,  
Make everyone laugh when you crack a joke,  
And have very good stories to tell.  
You are gregarious, jocose,  
Jocular, and amiable.  
Everyone loves to see you laugh  
And loves to see you join in  
On the conversation.

Your love of books and literature is remarkable,  
For you are the maiden of literature,  
The Sheik of Shakespeare,  
The Champion of Chaucer,  
The Amiable Austen,  
And so much more.  
You could go to Narnia and back  
And would enjoy the ride altogether.  
Harry Potter would become  
Your very best friend.  
Your love of literature is amazing,  
And the way you're willing to share

It with people is remarkable, too.

You are very beautiful,  
With pretty brown eyes,  
Long curly, wavy hair,  
A very nice smile  
That makes everyone know  
That you are one of the friendliest  
People around,  
And many things to fulfil  
The beauty you hold.  
You know how to dress nicely,  
And you do it very well,  
For people compliment you all the time,  
And your jewellery is perfect, also.  
Everyone knows your disposition,  
So when they lay eyes on you,  
They're friends with you automatically.

You are devoted to your friends,  
Willing to help them with anything,  
If needbe,  
And willing to be there for them  
In times of trouble.  
You are selfless,  
Always thinking about others,  
And making sure that they are okay,  
For you want them to be happy.

You are devoted to Ben,  
For he is good to you,  
And you are good to him,  
And together, you make a great couple,  
Possibly great parents someday.  
You communicate well together,  
Complement each other in all that you do,  
Know each other's thoughts,  
Are willing to help each other,  
Then work as one body to help others as well,  
Those who don't have people looking  
Out for them,  
You together express concern unanimously,

Which is an amazing feat for anyone.

You help those who need help,  
And you want to share with the world  
The knowledge you have sought,  
And that is remarkable.  
Your desire to give is great,  
Commendable and everything,  
For you know what it means to love,  
And selfless giving is prominent with you.  
You don't care what people think;  
Instead, you want to help those in need  
No matter what people think,  
And that is remarkable.

You are full of knowledge,  
Very smart,  
And you have a lot to pass on to others.  
You are good with children,  
And very compassionate to them,  
So you will be a great mother someday.  
Whether you marry Ben  
(Which you probably will, I'm betting;  
You guys are great together)  
Or someone else,  
You will be a great mother  
To the children you bear and care about.  
You will also be great at the career you choose,  
For you work hard and are so giving.

You are a follower of Jesus Christ,  
And you try to live in touch with Him;  
You love all of God's people,  
And that is a great thing,  
For you are a great friend,  
A great girlfriend,  
A great sister,  
A great daughter,  
And a great mother-to-be  
And a great wife-to-be.  
Your selflessness is great,  
So you have the potential to

Help the entire world if you wanted to.  
Your friendliness and amiability complement each other,  
Making you the great person you have become.  
People will look up to you,  
And they will see the wonderful soul  
Looking behind the beautiful eyes they seek.  
Your loyalty is great,  
And you will be commended for it.  
You try to be Christlike all the time,  
And you do very well at it.  
You are great in all that you do.

Miranda, all of us here in Insignis  
And at Aquinas want to say  
Thank you for everything you do,  
For you brighten up everyone's day,  
And you help us all get back on our feet.  
Your concern is never-ending,  
And helpful to many people.  
Your selflessness is limitless,  
And your beauty is pronounced and self-evident.  
People love you for who you are,  
And we at Aquinas love you for all  
That you have done and continue to do.  
Your goals are great,  
And we persuade you to keep going after them.  
Thank you, and good job.  
May God bless you in all that you do!

Justin Reamer

# Misogyny

I dislike women;  
They are mean;  
They make no sense to me;  
I'd rather be someone stupid.

Justin Reamer

# Missing You

I know this sounds crazy,  
But you have to believe me;  
It's true.  
I am missing you all the time.  
I pray that you are doing well,  
And I ask God to watch over you all the time,  
But you're always on my mind,  
And I can't help but think about you.

You are special to me,  
And no one could ever replace you  
In my own futile, mortal heart.  
You are the one I seek,  
And I just want you to be okay  
Because I love you unconditionally  
In every way.  
I pray you're okay,  
And I hope you're fine,  
For I will always love you,  
No matter what.

Justin Reamer

# Mit Ihnen

Mein lieber, ich möchte wissen  
Etwas, das mir sehr wichtig ist,  
Und etwas, das möglicherweise  
Sehr wichtig, auch Sie,  
Wenn Sie meine Liebe einfach Wert  
Wie ich Ihnen Wert.

Meine Liebe, habe ich mit Ihnen für  
Solange ich mich erinnern kann.  
Ich kann mich erinnern, als wir Kleinkinder waren,  
Und unsere Eltern waren Nachbarn,  
Und wir waren Nachbarn, als auch,  
Natürlich  
Und unsere Eltern würden 'Spiel-Dates, ' planen  
Wie nannten sie damals und jetzt noch tun,  
Und es gab viel mehr dahinter.  
Sie, Ihre Schwester und Ihr Bruder kommen würde,  
Und Sie würde hängen mit mein Bruder, meine Schwester und mich.  
Ich erinnere mich, dass Mädchen Brutto waren,  
Und ich möchte Sie vermeiden,

Und Sie dachten, dass ich eine Krankheit hatte,  
So würden Sie mich, zu vermeiden.

Aber nach ein paar Wochen,  
Wir sind Freunde geworden,  
Und wir fanden heraus, dass wir viel gemeinsam hatten,  
Und dass wir einander vertrauen konnte.  
Wir wurden sehr nah,  
Und wir würden Super Mario Brothers zusammen spielen,  
Und wir würden spielen Pokémon,  
Und wir würde Disney-Cartoons zu sehen,  
Mit doof, Mickey Mouse und Donald Duck,  
Und wir würden sehen Looney Tunes zusammen,  
Mit Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,  
Die Katze, der Vogel Tweety Sylvester,  
Wile E. Coyote, der Roadrunner,  
Und Marvin der marsmensch,  
Und wir würden sehen Sie Tom und Jerry zusammen,  
Und sah die verrückte Katze-Get von verprügeln  
Die Maus sehr klug und witzig.  
Es war eine Menge Spaß.

Ich erinnere mich, Grundschule,  
In der ersten Klasse  
Wenn wir andere Freunde haben würde,  
Aber wir waren unzertrennlich,  
Denn niemand uns entfernt sitzen machen könnte  
Von einander,  
Denn wir beste Freunde waren,  
Und niemand konnte das aufhören.

Ich erinnere mich, in der zweiten Klasse,  
Als wir beide zu lesen waren,  
Und wir lesen, dass viele der gleichen Bücher,  
Junie B. Jones u.a.  
Flache Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest und die Harry-Potter-Reihe.  
Denken Sie daran, wenn wir zu reden  
Harry Potter aller Zeiten,  
Und denken Sie daran, wenn wir alle begeistert waren  
Über den neuen Harry Potter Film herauskommen?  
Es war toll.

Wir waren gute Freunde.

Erinnern Mittelschule?

Wir waren also umständlich dann,

Denn wir dachten, wir würden

Nie bisher überhaupt

Denn wir Dativ ekelhaft hielten,

Und doch, wir verhielt sich wie ein paar,

Aber, wir haben begonnen, Beteiligung an bessere Bücher,

Z. B. Pendragon, die Underland Chroniken,

Und vieles mehr.

Dann erinnern Sie High School?

Ich tun, meine Liebe, und ich muss sagen,

Es war fantastisch,

Dafür war als ich merkte, dass ich Gefühle

Für Sie, und Sie auch Gefühle für mich hatte,

Und wir haben zusammen,

Und wir waren immer das größte Paar.

Wir studieren zusammen, denken Sie daran?

Und wir würden sprechen über Klassiker

Wie z. B. die von Charles Dickens,

Leo Tolstoi, Dostojewski, William Shakespeare,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (einer der Ihren Favoriten) ,

Ernest Hemingway und F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Steinbeck,

Und Virginia Woolf und Mary Ann Evans (beide

Ihre persönlichen Favoriten waren) .

Beachten Sie, dass wir waren auch in Philosophie, auch,

Vor allem, wenn wir darüber gesprochen

Platon und Aristoteles,

Sokrates und St. Justin,

St. Johannes und St. Paulus,

Thomas von Aquin,

St. Augustinus von Hippo,

St. Peter der Apostel,

Immanuel Kant,

Sophokles und Virgil,

Homer und Euripides,

Sir Francis Bacon

Rene Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Konfuzius und Sun Tzu,

Laozi und Siddhartha Gautama,

Franziskus von Assisi,

Und Bertrand Russell.

Ich erinnere mich, dass wir alle ihre Werke geliebt,

Und wir hatten eine tolle Zeit, die sie sprechen.

Dann erinnere ich mich all die Tänze,

Für Homecoming war ein peinliche Tanz,

Aufgrund Menschen Schleifen und so weiter,

Und Schneeball war in Ordnung,

Aber es war nicht die größte.

Prom war jedoch die größte Erfahrung,

Für beide Jahre waren großartig mit Ihnen, meine Liebe,

Und ich liebte, wie wir tanzten und hatten eine gute Zeit,

Egal was der DJ spielte,

Selbst wenn es beschissen Rap-Musik,

Out-of-Control-Hip-hop,

Ehrfürchtig Zulehner

Coole Popmusik,  
Ein langsames Lied,  
Country-Musik jeglicher Art,  
Das energetische schwingen, tanzen,  
Oder sogar die Salsa tanzen  
Oder die Macarena,  
Oder YMCA,  
Oder sogar den Can-Can.  
Ich hatte eine tolle Zeit mit Ihnen,  
Auch wenn unsere Freunde tranken  
Der durchschlag, der mit Abführmittel gespickt war,  
Und wenn dein Freund Kleid schnappte,  
Aufschlussreich, ein wenig zu viel für den eigenen Geschmack.

Ich erinnere mich dann unsere Graduierung,  
Und das war großartig,  
Denn wir zusammen lebten,  
Und wir haben dann gesagt, dass wir einander liebten,  
Und ich weiß, dass wir tun,  
Denn ich es in meinem Herzen fühlen kann.

Dann gingen wir zur Schule zusammen,  
Und die Erfahrung war großartig für  
Den letzten drei Jahren  
Und jetzt sind wir Senioren,  
Und ich bin immer noch glücklich mit Ihnen, Liebe.

Allerdings habe ich dir etwas zu erzählen,  
Ich bin sicher, dass Sie es hören wollen,  
Denn ich will, damit Sie wissen, bevor wir irgendwelche bilden  
Große Entscheidungen in unserem Leben, Liebe,  
Denn ich dich mehr als alles andere Liebe  
Und ich weiß, dass wir verliebt sind,  
Aber unsere Beziehung dauert Engagement,  
Und viel mehr als das.

Meine Liebe, mein Schatz,  
Ich liebe dich  
Und Sie wissen das,  
Aber was ich sagen will ist, dass  
Ich habe mein ganze Leben mit dir verbracht,  
Und ich will mit dir sein

Für den Rest meines Lebens,  
Für Sie sind die größte person  
In meinem ganzen Leben,  
Und es ist niemand wie du.

Sie sind die Person, die, der ich immer mit lachen können,  
Lächeln an wann habe ich einen guten Tag,  
Freuen Sie, wenn ich Probleme habe im Gespräch mit  
Oder Probleme jeglicher Art,  
Suchen Sie nach Hilfe, wenn ich etwas lerne  
Crazy wie Molekularbiologie,  
Organische Chemie,  
Oder Kalkül, Finanzen, Makroökonomie  
(Das ist eine schreckliche Klasse übrigens)  
Oder Statistiken, Quantenphysik,  
Oder sogar Betriebswirtschaftslehre,  
Oder etwas verrückt wie Rechnungswesen,  
Freuen Sie sich auf mich zu trösten, wenn ich traurig bin,  
Suchen Sie nach Hilfe, wenn ich depressiv bin,  
Watch TV-shows wie Supernatural  
Family Guy und South Park

Jede Nacht,  
Meinen Glauben mit jedem Tag zu üben,  
Denn wir beide an Gott glauben,  
Und er hat uns mit so viel vorgesehen,  
Bücher und wissenschaftliche Dinge reden  
Und auch Politik und Philosophie  
Und Probleme der Welt mit  
Und selbst die Wissenschaft mit  
Da wir beide Gelehrte sind,  
Und die Person würde ich heiraten  
Denn ich dich sehr Liebe,  
Und ich würde Sie für immer lieben.

Ich möchte bei dir sein  
Forever and ever  
Auch wenn wir in den Himmel zusammen gehen,  
Ich möchte mit Ihnen dann zu sein,  
Denn ich mein Leben mit dir verbringen möchte,  
Und ich werde dich nie verlassen, für alle anderen,  
Denn Sie die perfekte Mädchen sind  
Und die perfekte Frau für mich.

Sie sind jetzt meine Freundin,  
Aber Sie könnte meine Verlobte  
Am nächsten Tag  
Und ich möchte Sie zu meiner Frau zu sein.  
Ich will dich heiraten,  
Und obwohl Ihr Vater  
Nicht wirklich billigt mich,  
Ich bin sicher, dass wir es aus arbeiten können,  
Und mein Schwiegervater,  
Ein großer Mann zu mir sein kann,  
Wie mein Vater Sie sehr gern,  
Und deine Mutter ist mir lieb,  
Und als meine Mutter ist Sie gern.

Ich will Sie heiraten,  
Denn Ehe eine heilige Sache,  
Und Ehe wird unsere Liebe wirklich Ausdrücken,  
Denn als Jesus sagte,  
Wenn zwei heiraten,  
'Mann und Frau werden ein Fleisch '  
Und ich will jeden Tag nach Jesu Christi Wort zu leben,

Und ich weiß, dass wir beide gleichermaßen Jesus lieben,  
Und wir werden mit seinem Namen gerecht.

Wir werden ein Fleisch sein,  
Und wir werden nie scheiden,  
Denn wir einander seit einundzwanzig Jahren kennen,  
Und wir kennen unsere vollen Umfang,  
Und wir brauchen kein Wörterbuch  
Zu wissen, was Liebe ist,  
Denn wir besser als sind die  
Durchschnittliche Ehepaar, die nach einem Jahr heiratet.

Und wenn Sie möchten, können wir Kinder haben,  
Oder, wir haben nicht, Kinder zu haben, wenn Sie nicht wollen,  
Dafür ist ganz Ihnen überlassen,  
Seitdem sind Sie diejenige, die Geburt.  
Wenn Sie Kinder natürlich haben möchten,  
Das ist in Ordnung,  
Oder wollen Sie diese anzunehmen,  
Das ist gut,  
Denn wir, so viele Kinder haben können wie Sie wünschen,

Ob es sein einziges Kind,

Zwei Kinder,

Drei Kinder,

Vier Kinder,

Acht Kinder,

Ein Dutzend Kinder,

Fünfzehn Kinder,

Zwanzig,

1.000 (Tausend) ,

Oder sogar von 4.000.000 (4 Millionen)

Kinder,

Es kommt nicht, für die Entscheidung darauf

Ist Ihnen überlassen,

Und Sie entscheiden

Was wollen Sie mit Ihrem Körper.

Soweit Namensgebung Kinder,

Ich habe nur eine Einschränkung:

Dass sie keine verrückten Namen

Wie 'Drehen' oder 'Chupacabra'

Oder so etwas wie 'La-a' oder 'Weiblich'.

Doch können wir diese Begriffe diskutieren, wenn die Zeit kommt,

Für das ist, wenn wir tatsächlich verheiratet sind,  
Und das ist für uns zustimmen oder nicht auf in der Zukunft.

Aber mein Schatz, ich möchte sagen  
Dass ich Sie in meinem Leben will,  
Und ich liebe dich mehr als alles andere,  
Und wenn Sie mich nicht wollen,  
Das ist okay,  
Aber ich wird dich immer lieben,  
Und jetzt, wir sind ungefähr zu absolvieren,  
Ich möchte nur sagen, dass ich Sie heiraten möchten,  
Und nicht während des Studiums,  
Ab im Augenblick  
Aber nachdem wir Hochschulabschluss,  
Und wir beide haben begonnen, Karriere,  
Aber ich möchte sagen,  
Dass ich mein Leben mit dir verbringen genoss,  
Und ich will wieder mein Leben mit dir verbringen,  
Für den Rest meines Lebens,  
Durch das wahre und heilige Sakrament der Ehe.

Ich möchte mit Ihnen für den Rest meines Lebens zu sein,

Für Sie sind die einzige, die ich sein möchte, sind

Und die Sache ist, es gibt nichts anderes zu sagen,

Sondern dass ich dich, meine Liebe Liebe,

Und ich will mit dir sein.

Justin Reamer

# Modicum

There is only a small portion left,  
So we will have to share,  
Or we all may very well die  
If we don't strive to survive.

Justin Reamer

# Moiety

An investment, I see,  
Something one does not see every day,  
With stocks and bonds,  
And shares in a company,  
I was wondering,  
Since we founded this company together,  
Could I have a moiety,  
Or a half of the profits that we make?  
After all, we are both co-workers, are we not?  
I should definitely think so.

Justin Reamer

# Monomachia

We'll fistfight here and now,  
One on one,  
No weapons,  
Nothin',  
And we'll see who wins.

Justin Reamer

# Monster In His Lair

The monster comes out at night,  
Preys on the little children,  
Stealing them from their homes  
And eating them and wrecking his own  
Pleasure by taking their flesh.

He stuffs his mouth,  
Consumes them down,  
Fills his hungering heart,  
And yet he feels no remorse  
For anything he has done,  
And just eats away at his victims.

He has no pity, no guilt,  
Nothing that will ever stop him,  
Just his carnal desires  
That he has to fulfil.

Justin Reamer

# Monster In The Dark

Restless sleep,  
I try my best to rest,  
Delve into the subconscious,  
Let the fatigue overtake me  
As I convalesce for the next day.  
Sleep comes to no avail  
As I lie there, wide awake,  
My eyes cease to shut,  
My fear eminent and wary.

I peer at the dark corner opposite  
The window with the moonlight  
Seeping through the glass.  
A glance, awareness, a gasp.  
Glowing red eyes illuminate  
The vacuum of the room.  
My heart palpitates arrhythmically,  
Adrenaline shoots through my neurons,  
Sweat profusely drips down my forehead  
And covers the the surface of my palms.  
I know those eyes—I know them well—  
Those of the monster stalking me since childhood.

Lurking in my bedroom,  
He watches me in I sleep.  
When he's ready, he strikes me with his rage.  
The hideous creature, dark as night,  
Burning bright with the radiant infernos of hell,  
Attacks me with all his might.  
He curses and bludgeons me,  
Amputates my fingers and lacerates my scalp,  
Bites my limbs and consumes them  
As I try to struggle free,  
Eviscerates my intestines and  
Disembowels my stomach,  
Ingesting them as I lie there, screaming,  
In utter terror and indescribable pain.

Then Eros becomes his best comrade and

My worst adversary. He overtakes  
The monster's preposterous mind,  
Leaving him at his worst as  
He unclothes me and strikes me  
From the rear end,  
Painfully sticking a cork into my anus.

The pain—excruciating—  
Consumes me every night as I sleep;  
Nothing more unbearable or conceivable  
As I struggle to stay alive.  
The monster eats my heart,  
Killing me as he did before,  
I die, as I have millennia ago,  
Happening repeatedly.

Like Prometheus, I regenerate and revive each night,  
Suffering the same horrible fate as I am  
Eternally damned for the crime I never committed,  
But the monster—a true beast—continues to torment me,  
The pain spreads through my flesh like  
Machine guns lodging bullets in  
My vital organs—turning me to a corpse.  
I scream each time, each scream  
Echoing throughout the darkness.  
But no one hears them,  
No one comes to aide me,  
As I suffer the monster's wrath.

I am a prisoner, a victim,  
Never to be liberated,  
Never to know freedom,  
Beaten, bludgeoned, raped, and murdered  
As the monster returns to my beside.  
I can never shirk or evade him,  
He always finds me wherever I go  
Murdering me in the dark night,  
Where I revive and die again.

I am forever cursed, a wretch in pain;  
No one hears me, no one helps me,  
I am the monster's prey.

Alone in this world, helpless as  
I struggle for love and affection,  
Searching for ultimate serenity;  
But find it, I shall not.  
The creature knows my name,  
Tracking me wherever I go;  
It knows my name, my identity, my life;  
Thus is my eternal damnation,  
The zenith of my woes:  
The creature is my father,  
And I, its offspring.

Justin Reamer

# Monumental Madness

Madness is sanity,  
And sanity conformity,  
For what reason is there  
To see oneself as someone else?

To be like everyone,  
I see no reason,  
But to be someone,  
Is reason most divine.

Justin Reamer

# Moonlight

In the darkness lies,  
On your ever-caring eyes,  
The moonlight hath seen.

Justin Reamer

# Morning

A dark sky filled with stars and  
The moon illuminating the Earth,  
The sun rises over the horizon,  
Slowly crawling into the sky  
As Helios pulls the fire with  
His great chariot of flames,  
Drowning out the moon and the stars  
As it shines brightly in the sky.

With the oncoming light,  
The world awakens as  
They notice the great ball of fire,  
Demeter with her great locks,  
Nourishing the Earth as she  
Pulls water from her hair  
And nourishes the soil with vegetation,  
The day ready to commence.

Justin Reamer

# Mother

To whom I owe so much,  
I wish to let you know that I love you,  
All the year around,  
And that I am grateful for all  
That you have done for me.

You are the inspiration in my life,  
And you taught me how to be good to others  
And to be gracious, no matter what.

You taught me to turn the other cheek,  
No matter what happened to me,  
Good or bad.

You taught me to be selfless,  
Always to care about other people before myself,  
As you have always given to me;  
You taught me how to be responsible  
And to be a good man,  
And I am thankful for that.

You sacrificed yourself when I had my troubles,  
When I had adversaries who were coming after me,  
When I was stuck in a deep depression that I could not get out of,  
When I tried to find meaning in life,  
And yet could not find happiness,  
And when we had issues with our father.  
I thank you for that, too.

Most importantly, you taught me what it means to love,  
How Jesus would want us to act toward other people,  
And what it means to be a true Christian  
And a Child of God.  
You taught me agape,  
The most important love,  
Sacrificial love,  
To what is important to everyone in this world.  
You have given that to me,  
And I have given that to other people.

I thank you for it.

I want to say thank you for everything you do to me,  
And to thank you for standing by my back for all these years,  
And to wish you the best out of life,  
Whether it is Mother's Day,  
Your birthday,  
Christmas,  
Or another time of the year,  
I wish to celebrate your love and  
Your sacrifice every day of the year  
And to celebrate your life forever.  
Thanks, Mum, and I love you.

Justin Reamer

# Mother Goose In A Noose

Sometimes I can't stand nursery rimes,  
For they bother me all the time,  
That's why I hate Mother Goose,  
And put her in a noose,  
For she is the one making my riming,  
And man, it's really bad timing,  
But I know my name,  
And riming isn't my game,  
So I pull the lever,  
And, ah, much better.

Justin Reamer

# Mother's Love

The woman of utmost kindness,  
One which I've never known,  
The woman of great sacrifices,  
For her love is always shown.  
The woman whose love is unconditional,  
To all her children, she cares,  
The woman who is always present,  
No matter how anyone dares.  
The woman of great knowledge,  
The woman of inevitable wisdom,  
She loved her children very much,  
As she raised them through Christendom.  
Her experience is undeniable,  
Her morals she holds true,  
She has much to teach,  
To everyone born of new.  
She cares for their moral standards,  
And their possible future potential,  
She provides for education,  
Their secrets kept confidential.  
She treats everyone with respect,  
Although enemies may be,  
She cares about their well-being,  
And their ability to "see";  
Who is this woman of utmost strength?  
This woman whom no one can deny?  
Who is this woman with a heart of gold?  
Even though tender when forced to cry?  
This woman is my Mother,  
The person who cared for me,  
She is filled with sacrifice,  
More than ever can be.  
She took care of all of us,  
No matter the circumstances,  
She always loved us,  
Despite the consequences.  
I will always believe in her,  
For she has great courage,  
She will always be a heroine,

Never looking at her pourage.  
Mother, you are so great,  
You never will be hurt,  
We will always love you,  
And we will always be curt.  
You may make errors,  
And mistakes of time,  
But, remember,  
To err is human,  
And forgiveness is glorious divine.

Justin Reamer

# Mouse-Hunt

A mouse-hunt is he,  
Chasing after woman as  
If they were chaff in the wind,  
Making them feel like nothing at all,  
But never does the marry bind him,  
But instead does he feel remorse,  
But to be galled into darkness forever.

Justin Reamer

# Mr Hamann

Mr Hamann, please don't lose your mind.  
We have a long way to go.  
So, please keep your sanity.

Justin Reamer

# Mum's Birthday

Happy Birthday, Mum,  
And I wish you the best today,  
Since it is 9/2,  
And this day is for you,  
I hope you have the best today.

It is the second of September,  
On which this day was blest,  
When you were to be my mother,  
And everything like that,  
But I wish you a great day today,  
For you are the mother I will always love.

Mum, I love you so much,  
And I appreciate all you have  
Done for me,  
And now that I am grown,  
I wish to thank you  
For all you have done  
And also wish to give back to you,  
And I hope this day is special  
For you as I spend my  
Time with you as your  
Loving son.

Now, that you are turning 49,  
I hope you have a great day,  
And I hope your life always  
Remains happy,  
No matter what comes your way,  
If it is happy or sad,  
Or depressing or anything  
Of that sort,  
So that you will always stand tall  
And live life to the fullest  
And take on any challenge that  
Will bring you down.

I love you, Mum,

And I wish you the  
Very Best today,  
And I hope you enjoy it.  
May God bless you,  
And I want to let you  
Know I love you.

Thank you,  
And Happy Birthday!

Justin Reamer

# Music

Greatness

to my ear,  
How I can hear your  
Voice singing to me,  
And whispering  
In thy subtle voice,  
And telling me  
All of thine own secrets,  
Which I love to  
hear thou say,  
And I cannot forget  
That beloved symphony  
You love to  
sing and hum  
so much  
in your  
great compassion.  
For 'tis so beautiful,  
And so sweet,  
That I cannot  
forget that harmony  
that fills my ears  
with life itself,  
as you continue to whisper,  
and continue  
to tell me  
all of  
your  
secrets  
to me,  
for you are so beautiful,  
And I admire this harmony.

Justin Reamer

## Music (Ii)

Hearing a good beat,  
The guitar and piano play,  
The vocalist sings.

Justin Reamer

# My Brother

I notice a man walking  
With a swagger  
And a keen look in his eye  
And a smirk as long as a banana,  
With a sense of extreme pride  
And pomposity about him  
That he is ready to take on the world,  
With his egoism leading the way.

This man sees some ladies walking past him,  
All very beautiful,  
All what he calls 'hot, '  
With long legs,  
A young physique,  
'Youth' and 'freshness, '  
Fabulous clothes,  
Tight leggings,  
Skirts that covered their legs,  
Tight tank-tops,  
Long hair,  
And a teenage personage,  
All to make this man  
Become puerile and  
Exhilarated with delight.

He goes over and greets them,  
And they greet him,  
And he begins to talk,  
And they talk to him,  
And they flirt  
And tease  
And converse with pleasure,  
But all this man wants to do  
Is fornicate as soon as possible.  
And that he will do,  
For he always gets his way.

This man is my brother,  
Whom I lived with for 16 years,

Knowing him inside and out,  
And knowing how he acts.  
I know his thoughts,  
His language, his actions,  
His intentions, his dialect,  
His lingo, his logo,  
His 'style, ' his 'swag, '  
His physiognomy,  
And everything.  
He does not surprise me any more.

My brother is pompous,  
Thinking he is better than everyone else;  
He is proud and greedy,  
Ambitious at that,  
Getting whatever he wants,  
Apathetic to others' needs,  
And committing actions with no remorse  
Or guilt or regret.  
He is selfish and self-centred,  
And cares not for anyone else,  
And he goes about getting women,  
And ditching them around the block.  
His lust is great,  
For it feeds his greed,  
And envy makes it even stronger.  
He knows how to play the game,  
For love means nothing to him,  
And humanity is just a ball to throw.

From his physiognomy,  
One can tell his characteristics.  
He has brown hair, which is long  
And straight and combed,  
But it shines,  
As if some sort of veneer covered the evil within.  
His brown beady eyes  
Were ratlike,  
Almost weasel-like,  
Which showed his shrewd capabilities,  
And his mastery of trickery,  
His abilities of bribery,

His cleverness that eluded others,  
And confounded the most brilliant philosophers,  
Psychiatrists, and psychologists,  
And his never-ending quest for power.  
His smirk is twisted,  
Like that of a weasel,  
Implying he has a sort of con-artist  
Idea to him,  
The smuggler of smugglers,  
The larcenist of thieves,  
The man who knows the rip-off,  
The ultimate deceiver,  
The Lord of the Lies,  
The cruel torturer,  
The phisher of hackers,  
And so much more.

He is a man of many talents,  
Including many crimes,  
Such as hacking and phishing,  
Mail fraud and larceny,  
Arson and assault,  
Trickery and deceit,  
Smugglery and burglary,  
Assault and battery,  
Treachery and pyromania,  
Betrayal and theft,  
Manslaughter and murder.  
He is the ultimate con,  
And he uses his mastermind  
To use his wit well.

He is cruel and angry,  
Mean and selfish,  
Insulting and condescending,  
Demeaning and impertinent,  
And malevolent and malicious.  
He knows no bounds,  
And he creeps in the night,  
Ready to steal and to kill,  
And to slip away unscathed.

Yet, my brother has his good sides,  
For he can be very kind,  
And he can be very caring,  
And selfless when he wants to be,  
But he is capricious and malicious,  
And we will never know,  
What his intentions are  
Because he is quite clever  
And will trick us out of our wits.

Justin Reamer

# My Brother Told Us

Mommy, I want to be an air  
conditioner when I grow up, like you.

- You mean an engineer?

Yes, that.

I saw a movie about  
a rooster having babies.

If I were myself, I would  
tell you to stay home and screw yourself.

We can't take the Greyhound  
bus because the United States  
won't let James and me back in,  
so we'll be stuck in Canada.

And that's.

My not right, man.

Hey, Nick. I heard Thomas  
Jefferson's wife was hot  
My friend showed me a  
photograph of her.

Didn't Lee Harvey Oswald write 'The Wizard of Oz? '  
Oh, yeah, he killed Lincoln!  
Wait, didn't he write 'The Lord of the Rings? '  
Oh, he killed Kennedy, duh! Then who wrote  
'The Wizard of Oz? '

Mommy, is my belly button an eyeball?

They didn't have radios  
when the British were still around.  
They were extinct several years ago.

Police officers are so 'infectual; '  
They can't do anything.

I enjoy our 'nuclear' family;

They are quite interesting.

How much money did they make in  
The physical year, Mum?  
I think we made a lot.

I passed my fiscal,  
So now I can play sports in high school.

Mommy, I'm stuck! My bike  
Is stuck! Can't you help me?

Stop using all of your fucking big words!  
Just because you read so much  
Doesn't mean you're proving that your smarter  
Than people by saying things that some  
People do not understand.  
I could encroach you for it.

Mom, I wanna be a mommy  
like you one day, and I'll  
have children, too.

If I could be like you,  
it would be the best thing  
in the world.

You're the best mother ever.

To think of being the first  
One looking through a telescope!

Why are monster trucks called  
'monster trucks? ' They don't  
live in my closet.

There's a boogeyman under the bed?  
Well, isn't he supposed to be in my nose?

You are sweet, and I love you.  
You're the best Mom ever.

Where do babies come from?  
My friend told me his parents  
Bought him at Walmart.

Shopping's a bore; I don't  
know how grown-ups do it.

Why is the dog on the  
stuffed animal? Is he playing with it?

Mamma, you can keep my hand. I made this for you  
so that you can remember me when  
I was little.

You have Tourette's Syndrome, huh?  
Then that's why people call you an idiot  
Because you look like a complete spaz.

The part women pee through is the uvula,  
Also known as the birth canal.

I don't know what that word means,  
But whatever it is, I'm not it,  
And that's what YOU are.

Have you ever been to a 'liberry? '

Have you ever eaten a 'strawbrary? '

That man can speak many languids;  
It's no wonder he's so brilliant.

I feel rather language; I want to take a nap.

Don't hurt me; I'm innocuous!

Whatever his intentions are, they're innocent.  
They will never harm anyone.

You'll never know my valentine.

Dad, is money your valentine?

Dad, who was that woman you just kissed?  
It didn't look like Mommy to me.

I love you, Mommy.

Wait, what are those things in Venice called?  
Oh, yeah, Mum told me about you  
Guys riding a Ghanaian in Venice.  
It must have been really cool.

What's a gondola? I've never heard of it.

I'm American, and that's what counts.  
No one compares to me, myself, and I.

Justin Reamer

# My Choice

I am a man,  
A wondering man,  
And I do not know where  
Life has taken me,  
But from what I see,  
Life is not too great,  
For I seem very confused.

I do not know where I was the other day,  
For I am homeless,  
And I walked into nowhere,  
Going nowhere,  
Not sure of where to go at all.  
I carry this pack on my back,  
Not really sure what to do,  
And I don't know where to go,  
For this road is long,  
And I don't know what to do.

I remember I was a young man once,  
And I had many choices to make;  
I had all the love in the world,  
All the friends I could ever have,  
And everything I could ever want.  
I was a happy man,  
And it was perfect,  
Until my parents died,  
For that was when I became homeless.  
They died without saying good-bye.

I now walk the streets,  
Not sure what to do,  
Carrying a knapsack on my back,  
Trying to survive,  
And I do not know what I think,  
But in fact I don't think at all,  
But follow my instincts  
And go wherever they lead me,  
And I fight to survive.

I travel through the city,  
I travel through the country;  
I walk by day;  
I walk by night;  
I rarely get any sleep,  
For the predators can be very near;  
I fight for my survivor,  
Like an animal in the night,  
And I continue to wander on.

Sometimes, I wonder if I have a name,  
Because it seems like I have forgotten it,  
For I feel like an animal all the time,  
For I have followed my instincts for so long,  
And I wonder what I am,  
For I do not even know if I am human anymore,  
And more often than not,  
I wonder who I am,  
For who am I?  
I have only vague memories,  
And nothing that sets me apart from the animals I hunt.

I wonder if I have a choice at all,  
What choice I could ever have,  
That may set me apart.  
Do I have a choice?  
Now, I know I am thinking now,  
After all that travelling  
And living like a beast  
Or an animal.  
I am in the middle of nowhere,  
But there is a small town up ahead,  
As I carry my knapsack with me.  
What should I do?  
Should I become a human again  
Or remain a barbarous beast?  
I know not what to do.

I feel tired of being the barbarian,  
The beast in the night,  
The monster in the dark,

The creature who guards the road.  
If I remain a beast,  
It is unlikely I should survive,  
And I will never know human emotions,  
Such as sadness, madness,  
Anger, envy, greed,  
But most of all,  
Happiness and love.  
I will never know any of these things,  
For these are emotions long forgotten in my life,  
For I fight for my survival,  
And must scrounge for anything I can,  
But yet, it does have its good side,  
For I will not be persecuted like I was in my childhood,  
And I won't have to worry about being  
Treated like a monster.

Yet, I want to be human,  
For I can experience emotions,  
The things I always wanted to have,  
And I can experience love,  
Brotherhood and friendship,  
Living a good life,  
With morality in the background,  
For I know what I want to do.  
I want to be able to have a home,  
To have clean clothing,  
And food I can have to survive,  
But the only downfall is that I will have  
To learn to become human again,  
But that will not be a problem,  
I guess,  
For I can be patient.

But, I will be human again,  
And this is my choice,  
For I am tired of being the animal  
Who has slowly taken everything  
From my humanity,  
And now I will gain it back,  
And I will be happier than ever before.



# My Confession

My love, I hate to say it,  
But it's true,  
For I love you with all of my heart,  
And there is no one in this world  
That I could ever want more than you.

But that is not why I am speaking to you, my dear,  
For yes, you are a wonderful woman,  
Beautiful, smart, kind, and intelligent,  
And vivacious and wonderful,  
But I am not here to woo you tonight.

I am here because I love you unconditionally,  
And I know what will happen to you in the future.  
I know you have a boyfriend now,  
And I believe in fidelity wholeheartedly,  
But that's not why I am here talking to you.  
I am here because I love you,  
And I am concerned about you,  
And I know what's going to happen.

You have been cruel for so long  
To so many people,  
Including me,  
And you have mistreated them in so many ways,  
Not thinking once about the impact you have on  
Other people at all.  
You have ignored God every time  
He has tried to talk to you;  
You stubbornly ignore Him  
As if you are in control of your own life.

He wants to speak to you,  
But your heart is hard,  
So He is going to take everything away from you.  
You will be subject to the same pain  
That you have inflicted on the people you hurt.  
You will know what it means to suffer,  
And it will be the worst thing in the world.

If you don't change now  
And listen to God,  
You will lose everything you ever worked for.  
You will lose your friends,  
Your boyfriend at the moment,  
Your grades will drop,  
You will starve yourself,  
Your scholarship will be at risk,  
Your place in the honours college will be at risk,  
And you will lose everything.

My friend, I don't want to see you suffer,  
I don't want to see you get hurt;  
Instead, I want to see you succeed in everything you do;  
I want you to be happy,  
And graceful and gleeful in all you do.  
I love to see you smile,  
For it makes my day brighter,  
But to see you get hurt,  
That would mean the end of me.

I want you to know that I love you,  
And I care about you in every way.  
Your happiness is the utmost important  
Thing to me,  
And I cannot stand to see you suffer,  
For it would tear me apart.  
I pray for you all the time,  
My friend,  
And I don't want to see you get hurt,  
For I ask God for mercy all the time.

So, please, turn your heart back  
To God so He can help you find  
The pure soul that you once had;  
Listen to Him and see what He has to say.  
I love you, my friend,  
And I will never stop loving you.  
I will pray for you always,  
And I will always think of you in my heart.  
Just please turn back to God,

And let Him guide you.  
I don't want to see you suffer,  
And that would tear me apart.  
I hope you understand.  
Thanks, and  
May God bless you in all that you do.

Justin Reamer

# My Dear Friend

My dear friend,

I just wish to tell you  
Something that is vitally important,  
For I care about you  
Since our friendship matters  
Most to me,  
Above all things.

I think you are a great woman,  
Yes, this is true,  
And you are pretty,  
Beautiful, smart, kind,  
Creative and sweet,  
But there is something wrong.  
I feel the hostility in  
Your eyes,  
The anger that comes  
Whenever you look at me,  
The frustration with every  
Breath you make  
And every step you take,  
For there is something wrong.

You may think I am in love with you,  
But let me ask you how  
I could have feelings for  
Someone who hates me?  
Love cannot exist where  
There is prejudice;  
It can exist only  
Where there is peace.

My friend, I know you are  
Upset with me,  
But I will be honest with you.  
I care about you,  
Not because you are my dream girl,  
But because you are my friend.

Honestly, I was afraid of you  
Last semester because  
You reminded me of someone  
From high school,  
Who hurt me so badly,  
And turned all of my  
Friends against me.  
I was afraid you would  
Rip my throat out.  
When I sent you the Facebook Message,  
I thought I could start over  
And try to get to know you better,  
But maybe I am wrong.  
Am I wrong?  
Does God not want us to  
Be friends at all?  
I don't know.

However, my friend,  
I notice many things,  
For you assume so many things,  
And you are presumptuous,  
That you get angry with me.  
Why do you hold  
Prejudices against me?  
What have I done to hurt you?  
My Facebook message  
Was indeed sincere,  
And I love God as much  
As you do,  
And He told me to make  
Amends with you,  
And that I did.  
My friend, is there  
Any point in holding a grudge?  
Is that really what God wants?  
Is that what St. Paul wants?  
What did St. Paul say  
In 1 Corinthians 13?  
I am sure you would know  
Just as well as I do.  
Why do you not live by it?

I know not.

Listen, you barely even know me,  
And I barely even know you,  
And I think you are a very cool person,  
And I want to get to know you better,  
For I think you're special,  
But I cannot so  
Long as abhorrence is between us,  
For that is not friendship.

My friend,  
I care about you,  
And I want to get  
To know you better,  
And I am sorry if I  
Have done anything to you,  
But I do not intend to hurt you,  
For if I hurt you,  
I would punish myself.  
Honestly, I value your friendship,  
And I think you're a great person,  
But hatred will take us nowhere.  
I do not hate you,  
But I know you may hate me,  
And even though you may wrong me,  
I still forgive you,  
For you are my friend,  
And I care about you,  
Since you are one of God's people,  
And since I am His servant.  
I forgive you for everything.

My friend,  
I am not asking you  
To be a kind person to me,  
But I am just asking you  
If you would please try  
to be my friend without  
Judging me so harshly,  
And without prejudice.  
I know we can be great friends,

For we both believe in God  
And are His servants,  
We are both artists,  
Poets and writers,  
Musicians,  
Love the outdoors,  
Hiking, swimming,  
Biking, camping,  
Backpacking, water sports,  
Nature in general,  
Service to the community,  
Selfless giving,  
(Whether special-ed or  
Regular-ed or teaching across the country) ,  
Reading classics,  
The Bible,  
Nonfiction,  
And various fiction works,  
And love music,  
And so much more.  
If you would,  
I just want to get to know  
You better,  
For you are my friend,  
And your happiness matters to me,  
And you seem like one  
Of the nicest people I have  
Ever met in my life.  
I care about you  
Because you are my friend.  
So, I was wondering  
If we could be friends  
And start over and  
Get to know each other better?  
I would like that.  
You're a great woman,  
And I think we can  
Be great friends.  
I just want to thank  
You for your understanding,  
For you are great,  
And God is with you

In everything that you do.  
Thank you for your  
Understanding, my friend,  
And may God bless you.

Justin Reamer

# My Father In Heaven

Dear Lord,

You are my Father in Heaven,  
And You are the greatest  
Influence upon my life,  
And for that, I thank You.

I thank You for  
The blessings my family has,  
The educational opportunities I have,  
For giving me life,  
For saving me from Death four times,  
For saving me from my depression,  
For giving me the friends and family that I have,  
And so much more.

You have given me so many blessings,  
And I cannot thank You enough, Lord.  
Yet, I do not deserve Your blessings,  
For I am a sinner,  
And I am a mere human,  
And I am imperfect,  
Yet I am Your servant,  
And I shall do all that You ask of me,  
And I am Your instrument,  
And You shall work through me  
And my body if needbe.  
I love You,  
And I am indebted to You,  
And there is nothing I could do  
That I could do to repay You.

However, Lord, I try my best  
To be the best person I can be,  
And I try to give back to other people,  
And I try to do acts of kindness.  
Lord, I will express my gratitude  
Through my every thought,  
My every word,

And my every action.  
I will do what You ask of me.

Lord, even though I cannot thank You enough,  
I just have some things to ask of You,  
If you would not mind,  
For I know there are many people out there  
Who need Your help.

Lord, please help my family  
To be okay  
As I am gone,  
And please help them  
Not to be angry with me  
And to forgive me for my stupidity.  
Please help them to be happy,  
If at all possible.

Please help Mum  
To be okay,  
Even though she has  
To put up with my brother's moodiness,  
And help her to do well in work,  
And to maintain a healthy lifestyle.

Please help Elyse  
To continue to work  
Hard in U-M med school,  
And help her stay focused  
And do not let her get distracted  
Or agitated or fall into depression,  
And to do the best she can  
So that she can succeed.

Please help Sean to  
Stay focused on school  
And to get good grades  
So that he can get his dreams,  
And so that he can be safe.

Please help Aunt Marie  
To be okay as she suffers

Through her pain,  
And, if she cannot get well,  
Please relieve her of her misery,  
For she does not deserve the excruciating pain,  
And please, if her time is truly here,  
Help her make it to heaven,  
So that she may live a happy life  
With You and all the angels and saints,  
And help her husband and all of us  
Remember the good things about her  
And think about the good part of death,  
Instead of missing her,  
And help us to heal if that happens,  
And to remember that she is in heaven,  
Because Your Son, Jesus Christ,  
Died on the cross  
To forgive us of our sins.

Please help Uncle Art to  
Be okay as he struggles with diabetes,  
And help him to be fine,  
And help him to be safe as You guide him.  
Please bless his soul, Lord,  
For he is truly devoted to You.

Please bless Aunt Gert  
As she struggles with her illness,  
And she becomes older and older,  
And please help her to be safe  
When Your angel embraces her  
In his wonderful arms;  
For, when her time comes,  
Please help her to be safe,  
And please help her make it to heaven,  
For she is devoted to You, as well, Lord.

Please bless Stefanie,  
My little sister,  
And help her stay in the  
Mindset of school  
And help her to do well,  
And never let her lose

Her love of reading sci-fi,  
Art, movies, and writing.  
Help her to be safe, Lord.

Please bless Jennifer  
As she struggles with diabetes  
And help her to be well, as well,  
For she is a wonderful person.

Please help Grandma Ernie,  
Uncle Bryan's mother,  
To be safe  
As she struggles with her old age,  
And, if her time is right,  
Please guide her safely into heaven,  
For she, too, is completely devoted to You, Lord,  
And she needs Your comfort,  
And she deserves a wonderful life with You,  
Who has watched over her since she was born.

Please bless Joe,  
The man I served in Kansas,  
To be okay,  
And to be safe,  
And if he is still alive,  
Please let him know that  
I still care about him  
And that I remember him,  
And that I will never forget  
His perseverance and his strength,  
And, if he is with you, O Lord,  
Please let him know that he is loved.

Please bless Arline Robinson,  
Who lives on the Cheyenne Reservation,  
To be okay,  
And please let her know that I still  
Remember her strength and perseverance,  
As well,  
And please help her to be safe.

Please bless Irv West,

Who has given his life to  
So many children,  
And please let him know  
That I admire him for all he has done,  
And that he will always be loved.

Please bless Cabeto in Costa Rica,  
And please let him know  
That he is a great man,  
And no one will ever compare to him.

Please bless the vagabond I met two years ago,  
And please help him to  
Get a decent shelter  
Some clothes,  
Some food,  
Some clean water,  
And a home,  
And please help him  
To find employment,  
So that he may be safe  
And off the streets of Holland.

Please bless Brandon,  
My student,  
Whom I mentored,  
Who has Tourette's Syndrome,  
Whom I care about very much,  
And please help him  
Succeed academically,  
And please let him know  
That I still love him,  
No matter what,  
And please take care of him  
And watch over him, Lord.  
He is very pure,  
And he needs everything he can get.

Please bless Mrs Thompson  
And her blessed heart,  
For she looks out for her students,  
And she always cares about them,

And please keep her on the right track,  
And to do the best she can  
To take care of her students,  
And to be a great educator.

Please help James  
As he is in the embassy,  
And he defends the country,  
Please help him to be safe.

Please bless Eric  
Who is teaching English to Chinese  
In China  
In the cities of Shanghai  
And Beijing;  
Just please keep him safe,  
And please watch over him, Lord,  
For he has a great heart.

Please bless Chris,  
In every way possible,  
And please help him with his alcoholism,  
And please keep him safe,  
And out of harm's way,  
For he has a great heart,  
And we love him dearly.

Please bless my friends who  
Are in college,  
And please help them all  
To do well,  
And to stay on the right track,  
And not to veer off  
And lose everything they have worked for.  
Please keep them safe.

Please bless Avery,  
Who is at Trine University,  
And please keep her safe,  
And please keep her happy,  
For she did not deserve what  
Happened in high school;

Just make sure she is happy  
And watch over her, Lord,  
For I love her,  
And I want her to be safe.

Please bless Lyn,  
And please make sure she  
Is happy and sticking to all  
Of her responsibilities,  
And make sure she is all right,  
For I want her to be okay.

Please bless Mike Bowen,  
Who is doing whatever  
I may not know,  
And please help him to be safe,  
And please keep him from destructive decisions.

Please bless my friends still in high school,  
And please bless them  
And help them to be safe,  
And please help them stay on track,  
For I hope they succeed.

Please bless the homeless and the impoverished, Lord,  
And help them in whatever way You can,  
And make sure they are safe  
And have enough to live on,  
And no matter where they live,  
Help them in any way.

Please bless those who are persecuted,  
Whether they be Muslim,  
Catholic or Protestant,  
Black or White,  
Jewish or Buddhist,  
Hindu or Sikh,  
Gay or straight,  
Able or disabled,  
Man or woman,  
Please help them to be safe,  
And please offer them sanctuary,

For they need Your help.

Please bless those who are angry,  
And help them to find peace in their lives.

Please bless those who are depressed,  
And help them find joy in their lives.

Please bless those who are contemplating suicide,  
And please help them to see the good in people and in life.

Please bless those who mourn,  
And may they find happiness in Your heart.

Please bless those who are cynical,  
For they deserve comfort and understanding.

Please bless those who are weary,  
For they shall have rest.

Please bless those who are upset,  
For they shall have Your counsel.

Please bless those who are caring,  
For they shall inherit the Earth.

And, God, please bless me,  
And guide me to do the best I can,  
And help me to be the best I can be,  
And to do well in school,  
And to be responsible.

And please bless all the prayers  
That were shared in Bible Study,  
And please help them to be okay.

Thank You, Lord, for everything,  
And I know You will always be there for me,  
I love You,  
And I cannot thank You enough,  
And I have to say thank You,  
For I will always be in Your debt.

Thank You for everything.

In Your Name, I pray.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# My God

My God is an awesome God,  
For He has done so much for me,  
And I would be nothing without Him.  
He knew me when I was in  
My mother's womb,  
And He protected me as I sucked  
From my mother's breast.

He walked with me when  
I was in my childhood;  
He guided me on the path of righteousness;  
He saved me from my depression;  
He gave me the will to live;  
He gave me food to eat,  
Water to drink,  
A home to live in,  
A family to provide for me,  
Clothes that I wear on my back,  
An education for free,  
And a college education to help me out.

He gave me friends who had my back,  
Teachers and mentors who supported me,  
And so much more.  
He protected me from my father's wrath,  
Saved me from death four times,  
Helped me when I was sick,  
Made sure I was safe,  
And helped me get through my toughest years.  
God has done so much for me,  
And I cannot thank Him enough.

Justin Reamer

# My Heart

Sashaying with nonchalance,  
Uninterested in trivial madness,  
An organ pondering its own ennui.

Intellectual, not necessarily,  
As the cranium its superior,  
But something persevering,  
Especially in the most detrimental times.

Ambivalent with emotions innumerable:  
Vivacious loquacity with vivacity,  
Irritation with every encumbrance,  
Silent tears with deep depression,  
Hyperactivity mixed with distress.

Cringing in the face of grotesqueness,  
A long sigh uttered with complete relief,  
A peaceful inhale taken with utter serenity,  
An erratic beat with the spells of infatuation,  
Arrhythmia confronted with unexpected surprise,  
And sonic booms following violent rage.

Confronted with emotions, it struggles  
Broken from lost love, it shatters,  
But convalesces, it does over time,  
Restoring it to its invalescence,  
Gaining from experience newfound sagacity.

Justin Reamer

# My Inspiration

Where does my inspiration come from, you ask?  
Or is it even there at all upon that?  
Does it fall from trees?  
Or is it hit away by a bat?

My inspiration is something solid,  
It's something I cannot tell you,  
It is of many things  
Upon this great old venue.

Dickens did not inspire me,  
Though one of my favourites he is,  
And my brother did not inspire me,  
Even though he is good at ad-libs.

My father did not inspire me,  
For he was never there,  
And if he ever was for certain,  
It would be quite a scare.

The girl I like did not inspire me,  
Though she is the cutest in the world;  
My best friend did not inspire me,  
Even with this hair left curled.

My inspiration is not from the sky,  
And it does not fall from trees,  
It is certainly not a bat  
Or left out toward the bees.

Tolstoy did not inspire me,  
Though he was a great writer,  
MLK did not inspire me,  
Though he is a great fighter.

My inspiration came from solitude,  
When I had to let everything out,  
I had to write it on paper,  
So I would not dare shout.

I had not friends at the time,  
So writing was my biggest help,  
Born a natural writer, I am,  
So I do not flow like kelp.

Writing helped me along the way,  
When I needed it most,  
So to writing I cannot brag,  
But I dare propose a toast.

I love every bit of it,  
This talent that I have;  
It is something I will not let go  
Even around my dad.

I am glad to have my talents,  
I am glad to have my steed;  
It will make me happy,  
For it causes joy indeed.

Justin Reamer

# My Love For You

Honestly, there is no one else  
In the world that I want more  
Than someone like you,  
For you are special,  
And you are more to me than  
Anything else in this world.

My love for you is so great,  
That I would give you anything you desired,  
For I would give you my heart,  
My soul and my love,  
Every ounce of wealth that I have,  
In order to make you happy.

My love for you is like the ocean,  
It is peaceful and vast,  
Yet, it holds no bounds,  
And it is like the universe,  
For it is infinite,  
And it is limitless  
And unconditional.

I love you greatly,  
And honestly,  
Nothing is greater than you are,  
For my love for you is great,  
And I would do anything for you,  
For I am unconditionally and irrevocably in love with you.

Justin Reamer

# My Saviour

Who is He that saved me from my times of strife?  
Who is He helped me from my deep depression?  
Who is He that saved me from Death's embrace?  
He is my Saviour, the Lord I know  
Who saved me from my times of trouble,  
The one who did everything for me.

Who is this man, who saved everyone, including me,  
From eternal damnation?  
Who is He that sacrificed Himself for the good of others,  
Who selflessly cared about the human race?  
He is Jesus Christ,  
And He is my Saviour,  
And my Lord and Shepherd.

The Lord is the greatest influence in my life,  
For he has helped me along the way,  
When everything seemed dark and bleak,  
When everything was uncertain and undetermined.  
He guided me through my perils,  
And he helped my family and me  
Through all the problems we faced.  
He helped us overcome obstacles  
And persevere through the Dire Straits.  
He is our Saviour, as he is everyone's.

Who is the man who influenced me and so many others?  
He is the Light and the Way,  
He is the Shepherd,  
The Lord of lords,  
The King of kings,  
The Ruler of all rulers.  
Who is he? What does he do?  
He is the Word made flesh,  
He is the Messiah,  
The Christ,  
The Bread and the Holy Cup;  
He is the Lion and the Lamb,  
And He is the Saviour of all humankind.

He is the Son of God,  
And the right-hand ruler of the universe,  
And He is our greatest friend  
And Mentor one could ever ask for.  
He believed in His disciples,  
And His Apostles,  
Peter, Paul,  
James and John,  
Luke and Andrew,  
Bartholomew,  
Matthew and Mark,  
And so forth,  
And he believes in us all.  
He is a miracle worker,  
Who brought Lazarus back from the dead,  
Who healed the demented men,  
Who rid the possession of daemons,  
Who walked on water in the storm,  
Who rose from the dead on the final day,  
For He loves us all and is forgiving.

Jesus loves us unconditionally,  
For He loves my father even though he is not apologetic,  
He loves my brother even when he hurts other people's feelings,  
He loves my mother when she makes mistakes,  
He loves my elder sister when she acts selfishly,  
And He loves me even when I stray from the path.  
The Lord is the Lord of all,  
And He loves all of His brothers and sisters,  
No matter who they are,  
Or where they come from.  
He loves us all.

Jesus is my Saviour,  
And He is your Saviour, too,  
And He is the Saviour of mankind.

Justin Reamer

# Mystery

Mystery is here,  
And it is mystifying,  
As I clog my mind with fog,  
And I cannot think  
About how to solve the puzzle.

Justin Reamer

# Naani

Life can be rough,  
When times don't seem  
Quite right for us,  
For they seem to  
Hurt us on the  
Inside.

Justin Reamer

# Nature's Moonlight

They were there sitting in early spring,  
Sitting upon the lake with each ring,  
Looking at what nature might bring,  
The couple held hands as they lay in the sling,  
And with the moonlight, the birds began to sing,  
And they both realised it was a good spring,  
But then the man said an impudent thing,  
And the pain in the woman began to sting.  
Then the pain began to become more,  
And there was nothing in this to adore,  
And the girl said she was sore,  
But the man tried to mend her core,  
But with that bit of lore,  
The girl ran and was no more.

Justin Reamer

# Neb

The duck uses its beak  
To pick up little bits of seaweed  
And plankton the eye cannot see.  
It is a neb in which  
We can all stand in awe  
In nature's wonder.

Justin Reamer

# Nemo

A surname, I know not what,  
A Christian name, I possess not,  
Atoms of antimatter describe me,  
A forgotten dream is my essence,  
I lack any identity whatsoever.

To you, I am the emaciated orphan  
Wandering the streets without shelter;  
The abused dog whimpering in pain;  
The fledgling fallen out of its nest,  
Crying to its mother for help,  
But with no response.

To you, I am your last bowel movement,  
The dollar bill you gave away for coffee,  
The worm you squished with your foot,  
The spider you killed with a magazine,  
The bacterium on the palm of your hand,  
Exterminated with a single rinse.

Every day, you see, but never notice me;  
You saunter, ignorant of my existence.  
I am insignificant to you,  
No more important than a proton  
In the center of a hydrogen atom.  
Although I called you 'father, '  
You failed to call me 'son, '  
Therefore, I am Nemo: forever nameless.

Justin Reamer

# Neologism

A great way to make new words,  
Is it not, such as sexting,  
Phishing, and caching,  
All strange words of the twenty-first century,  
But it all works either way.  
No reason to be beating each other up,  
But, I guess we can letter rip.

Justin Reamer

# Newtown

The beautiful city of Newtown,  
The city in Connecticut,  
How great it was,  
And how beautiful,  
And how the innocent children  
Were enjoying themselves  
In the elementary school,  
And the kindergarteners, especially,  
For they were enjoying childhood,  
Standing in their own innocence and naivete.  
It was a normal day for everyone,  
And everything was bright,  
But then something bad happened this day,  
In which we will remember.

A boy came into the school,  
A teacher's son,  
It is said,  
And came with two revolvers,  
Both in his hands,  
And he shot everyone he came across,  
Every little boy who was looking in his locker,  
Every little girl who was using the hall pass,  
And every child who was going to  
Or returning from the washroom.  
They all fell dead,  
Limp,  
Amidst other students who wandered the hallway,  
And he then shot the teachers who tried  
To prevent him,  
And shouted and screamed,  
As they screamed in pain,  
And he came upon the kindergarten classroom,  
Burst open the door,  
As the door crashed and slammed into the wall,  
And the hinges came loose.

He looked at his mother and grimaced,  
His pain and his hatred were shown in his face,

Especially as his mother looked  
Upon him with fear,  
With tears in her eyes,  
Begging him not to do this,  
Kneeling on her knees,  
Pleading with him,  
Begging him,  
But the son did not listen,  
And presumed with his actions.

He pulled the trigger,  
And shot every child and adult in the room,  
All of the innocent children,  
Every boy and girl, that is,  
Who had done nothing wrong,  
And all the adults in the room.  
The children fell,  
Limp on the floor,  
Lying flat on their faces,  
Blood coming out of their little bodies,  
Like angels who were stabbed out of anger,  
And the adults lay limp,  
And flat,  
And lay on wherever they fell,  
And all of their blood poured from  
Their corpses,  
And their faces expressed pain,  
Which appeared after they had little time to react.

The mother then looked at her son,  
For she was still alive and pleaded with him,  
'Son, please don't do this,  
I do not know why you have done this,  
But do not kill anymore,  
For you are much better than this,  
And I love you,  
And you know it to be true,  
For I have always loved you,  
And will love you all the time.  
Son, save lives,  
And do not kill anyone else,  
I beg you,

Please remember who you are,  
And please spare all the others'  
Lives, and mine,  
As well.  
What have I done to you?  
What have they done to you?  
To deserve anything like this? '

The son looked at his mother and said,  
'Mother, you betrayed me,  
My father left me,  
And you let me suffer,  
For all you cared about were your stupid students,  
And I had no one to care for me,  
Especially as everyone teased me  
And gave me a hard time.  
I faced so much prejudice,  
And so much hardship,  
That no one ever understood me,  
And I was always the scapegoat,  
And humanity wronged me in every way,  
But now, it is I who take revenge on humanity,  
The beings that deem me imperfect,  
And have ruined my life entirely,  
And that will start with you,  
For you never loved me and  
Were too selfish to ever listen to my problems,  
And now you will pay along with everyone else  
In this cursed school,  
Where I was persecuted for so long.'

The mother pleaded with her son,  
But he would not listen,  
And so he took the pistol,  
Aimed it at his pleading mother,  
Who wept and sobbed with every ounce of her soul,  
And pulled the trigger,  
Making her fall limp on the ground,  
Her face expressing pain and sorrow  
As she lay dead on the floor.

The son then said,

'Now that I have received my revenge,  
There is no point in living,  
Because this world is imperfect,  
And I shall never see another happy day,  
And those that have cursed me,  
They shall be the bane of humanity,  
For they will suffer more than what I have,  
And life is bleak,  
And love is no more,  
For there is no point in living,  
So in this,  
I shall die,  
And bid Death his welcome.'

Here, he put the revolver to his head,  
And wept bitterly as his shaking hand  
Pushed closer the nozzle that would be his murderer,  
And the hand pushed closer,  
Shaking violently,  
And pulled the trigger,  
Leaving a hole in his head,  
And making the son fall limp  
To the floor,  
His corpse dropping in utter tragedy.

Once the police came in,  
They found the son, his mother,  
And all the victims all dead  
Because of the homicide-suicide  
That was committed there.  
They analysed it,  
But found nothing to be said.

As for Newtown,  
We will remember this day,  
As we do Columbine,  
Which happened 13 years ago,  
And will always be remembered in our hearts.  
May all those who died martyred  
And innocent deaths  
Be remembered today,  
And may they be welcomed into heaven,

Where the Father can bring them  
Into His Kingdom,  
Where they can be saved,  
And rest in peace.

We will remember this day,  
As we do 9/11,  
And Columbine,  
And everything else,  
For we will never forget this tragedy,  
And 'twill always be in our hearts.

Justin Reamer

# Nightfall

Nightfall has come upon us,  
Like a dark sheet or a curtain,  
She has covered over us,  
Then we know for certain.

The night bestows upon us,  
And the criminals come out,  
Ready to strike,  
We watch where we are going,  
To beware of Hitler's Third Reich.

There is much to beware,  
For you never know that evil stare.  
He may be staring at you,  
Wishing you to be true,  
Knowing you are part of his crew.

Beware of the monster in the night,  
That wishes you all harm,  
Beware of how he ponders,  
He makes you feel alarmed.

He stalks the night,  
Ready to eat,  
Hungry for what he smells,  
He knows your fright,  
Knows your meat,  
Knows everything you dwell.

He is a stalker,  
Who knows your very scent,  
He is your walker,  
Knowing everything you spent.

Beware of him,  
He knows your secrets,  
He knows each rumour that is true;  
He knows what to use  
To kill you,

Consume you down,  
Until you're black and blue.

He comes out at nightfall,  
Knowing what you do,  
He knows what is right and wrong,  
For he can detect your sin.

Do not be foolish  
When you see him  
Because he is no fool,  
He is good-looking,  
Dracula-like  
And no easy tool.

Beware of the monster that walks in the night,  
For he gives you such a fright.  
He's merciless without a cause,  
And knows when you shall pause.

Close your windows every night,  
Lock all of your doors,  
Close your bedroom windows,  
And close your every drawer.

He knows every house,  
And he knows which he prefers,  
You know not what to look for,  
If he ever concurs.

Present darkness,  
Endless strife,  
He steals your soul,  
Taking out your life.

Beware of him,  
He is no fool,  
He is merciless,  
And no doubt cruel.

Make your conscience clear,  
And you need not fear,

For he consumes sinners,  
That have voices in their ear.

Those of you with good souls,  
You need not fear him,  
He's afraid of you,  
On nature's wildest whim.

Justin Reamer

# Nina

Nina, my friend,  
I would never hurt you,  
And, besides,  
You have it all wrong,  
For I do not feel that way about you,  
For all I want is to be friends.

If I did anything wrong,  
I am sorry for what I did,  
But what I must say is that  
If I did anything to hurt you,  
I am sorry,  
And there is no reason to hate me,  
Or to fear me,  
Because I would never hurt you.

All I want is to be great friends,  
But if you feel you must feel that,  
Then it is your decision,  
But I will let you know  
That I forgive you of what you did to me,  
For I feel no reason to hold grudges,  
And I feel no reason to hate anyone,  
No matter what they did to me.

Anyway, I hope you do well in life,  
Just like my friend Shay,  
And I hope you achieve your goals,  
And I hope you do the best you can.

Justin Reamer

# Ninnyhammer

You're a nimrod,  
You know that,  
A fool,  
One who cannot  
Even brush his teeth  
The right way!  
Dang, go do something  
With your life, please!

Justin Reamer

# No One Else

I know you are special,  
And I know it to be true,  
For there may be many women in this world,  
And there may be many who are beautiful,  
And many who are pretty,  
And many who are gifted,  
And many who may be sexy,  
But I want no one else  
But you.

The only woman I want in this world  
Is the one that I am talking to right now,  
The one who stands in front of me,  
The one whom I believe is special in life,  
For I know why my heart beats for you,  
Because God has planned for us to be together,  
And He has marked our hearts for each other,  
And I know that I really do care about you,  
For you are the special one in my life.

There are many women in the world,  
And you know that,  
And I know that,  
But no one else can compare to you,  
For they do not have what you have.

No one has your smile,  
Which lights up an entire room,  
And makes others smile when they see it,  
And makes me happy when I see it on you.

No one has your beauty,  
Which is unique in every way,  
For no one has your eyes,  
Your nose,  
Your long, beautiful hair,  
And your lips,  
Your figure,  
Your fingerprints,

And your aura that surrounds you.  
No one has your beauty.

No one has your creativity,  
Which surrounds your entire life,  
And no one has your passion for music,  
That I really like to see in you,  
For we are both creative,  
And is something that we share,  
And there is no one else who has those gifts  
You have when I see you.

No one has your thoughtfulness,  
And your selflessness,  
For whenever you see a person,  
You want to help them all the same,  
And whenever you see someone in distress,  
You want to be there to serve them,  
Without any reward in return,  
And you have a passion for social justice,  
And you show compassion to everyone,  
And you are accepting of everyone,  
And your temper is very even and calm.

No one has your sense of humour,  
As you make jokes and tell them,  
And laugh the way you do,  
For no one could ever compare to what you have.

No one has your spirituality,  
For no one is devoted as you are,  
For you love God with all of your heart,  
And you would never abandon Him,  
For you know you need Him,  
As I have needed Him,  
And still have a relationship with Him,  
As I have,  
For you love Him with all your mind,  
All of your body,  
And all of your heart,  
Just as I do,  
And you are faithful to Him.

No one has your personality,  
Which is extroverted and amiable,  
For you are a great person,  
And have helped so many people,  
You are a blessing in this world,  
For no one else is like you,  
And no one has the gifts you do.

You are unique,  
And there may be many women in this world,  
But after all this searching,  
I know that there is no one else  
That I could want  
More than you.

Justin Reamer

# No One Like You

There is no one like you,  
For you are unique,  
And there is no one like you,  
Who can do the things you can do.

You are unique,  
And I want to be with you,  
For you are special to me,  
And you make my heart beat faster.

There is no one like you  
Who has your beautiful smile  
That lights up the world  
Around her,  
With teeth that light up an entire room,  
And a smile so contagious.

There is no one who has your laugh,  
For your laugh is unique,  
And only you can laugh the way you do,  
When you smile,  
And you sound so adorable with it,  
And when you laugh,  
Everyone else around you laughs.

There is no one with your creativity,  
No one who has your artistry,  
For no one can draw like you do,  
With pictures that look so alive,  
No one can write like you do,  
With words that sound like music,  
No one play music like you do,  
With instrumentation that is pleasing to the ear,  
No one can sing like you do,  
With a voice that sounds like the angels of heaven,  
Singing the great chorus of the God Almighty,  
No one can compose like you do,  
Pulling notes out of the air,  
And training your ear to every instrument,

Whether it be the flute,  
The clarinet or the oboe,  
The bassoon or the tuba,  
The trumpet or the trombone,  
The French horn or the cornet,  
The piano or the organ,  
Or the keyboard or synthesiser,  
The bugle or the brass,  
The violin or the viola,  
The guitar or the bass,  
The cello or the banjo,  
The drums or the bongos,  
The xylophone or the tambourine,  
Or the vocals of the choir,  
You make masterpieces with the perfect sounds and pitch,  
Matching frequencies with your trained ear,  
Pulling them out of thin air,  
Making songs of classical beauty,  
Of the smoothness of jazz,  
Of the grandeur of swing  
Of rock-and-roll awesomeness,  
Of popular splendour and glamour,  
Of the harmony of country,  
Of hip-hop swag,  
And of the fashion of electronica,  
And you are artistically unique.

No one has your sense of humour,  
No one has your compassion,  
No one has your thoughtfulness,  
No one has your selflessness,  
No one has your courtesy,  
No one has your generosity,  
No one has your fair judgement,  
No one has your passion for the arts like you do,  
No one has your unique intelligence,  
No one has your splendour,  
No one has your kindness,  
No one has your open-mindedness,  
No one has your abilities,  
And no one has your beauty  
That is unique to only you.

You are the one who is special to me,  
And you are the one I want to be with,  
For there is no one like you in this world,  
Except for you and you alone,  
And you are special to me,  
For that is why I want to be yours  
For the rest of my life  
And all of eternity.

Justin Reamer

# Nobody Know Me

It is all true,  
And all good, too,  
For no one knows who  
I really am,  
And I guess I prefer to  
Keep it that way for many  
Reasons I cannot share.

My darkest secrets I keep well-hidden,  
And you will never know them,  
For I prefer my privacy,  
And no one will ever know me.

Justin Reamer

# Non Sequitur

I like you a lot,  
But cheese feels delicious.

Justin Reamer

# Nostro Padre In Cielo

Chi è il padre in cielo?

Abbiamo la prova che egli esiste?

Abbiamo ogni ragione di credere in lui?

Anche se non abbiamo mai visto lui?

E non hanno mai visto la faccia?

Sì, abbiamo ragione di credere in lui,

E il nostro Padre celeste è molto reale,

Per lui è la ragione siamo vivi oggi,

E di vivere in questo mondo.

Dio è grande, e lui è bravo,

Per tutti noi, ama

Per noi sono tutti i suoi figli.

Egli si preoccupa di noi in ogni modo,

In ogni modo immaginabile,

E lui è la ragione che siamo vivi,

Poiché egli ci ha creati.

Dio è il creatore,

Ha creato l'universo,

Per lui è l'artista universale,  
E che non possiamo negare,  
Ha creato tutti i pianeti,  
Tutte le piante e gli animali,  
Ogni molecola che c'è da contare,  
E ogni batterio, protozoi,  
Paramecium, ameba, Idra,  
Elodea, streptococco, stafilococco,  
Dinosauro, funghi e virus che c'è.  
Conosce tutte le stelle nel cielo,  
Vasta come l'universo è,  
Modo che l'universo ha cominciato,  
Ogni pianeta ci mai è stato e sarà,  
E tanto altro ancora.  
Ha creato gli alberi,  
I fiori,  
I tulipani e margherite,  
I denti di Leone, i gigli,  
Lillà e Rose,  
E gli alberi di pino,  
E conifere,

E gli abeti,  
E gli abeti rossi,  
E aceri,  
E le querce,  
E le palme,  
E le betulle,  
E faggi,  
E frassini,  
E muschi,  
Ed equiseti,  
E licheni,  
E le felci,  
E le felci di frusta,  
E tanto altro ancora.

Ha creato i batteri,  
Tra cui e. Coli,  
Streptococco,  
Stafilococco,  
Lactobacillus,  
Hydra,

Morbillo,

La cosa che causa la tubercolosi,

E gli eubatteri e tanto altro ancora.

Ha creato tutti i funghi,

Compresi i lieviti e muffe,

Funghi e molto di più.

Ha creato delle alghe,

I protozoi e

Compreso diatomee,

Amebe,

Paramecia,

Elodea,

E tanto altro ancora.

Ha anche creato tutti gli animali,

Tra cui i lupi,

I cani che noi conosciamo come animali domestici,

Beagle e cocker spaniel,

Labrador e pit tori,

Cani di montagna e Husky,  
Cani segugio e Alani,  
E tutte le altre razze,  
Sappiamo come animali domestici, gatti  
Ghepardi e tigri,  
Ocelot e giaguari,  
Puma e leoni,  
Leoni di montagna e Puma,  
Orsi e Panda,  
Pinguini e foche,  
Leoni marini e le tartarughe marine,  
Orche e delfini,  
Balene e focene,  
Coccodrilli e ippopotami,  
Serpenti e lucertole,  
Rane e rospi,  
Tritoni e salamandre,  
Gufi e falchi,  
Canarie e cardinali,  
Capinere e blue jays,  
Gabbiani e pellicani,

Pulcinella di mare e cardellini,  
Falchi e piccioni,  
Anatre e oche,  
Cigni e uccelli acquatici,  
Polli e Galli,  
Mucche e tori,  
Cavalli e pony,  
Muli e asini,  
Asini e stalloni,  
Conigli e scoiattoli,  
Scoiattoli e scimmie,  
Cani della prateria e roditori,  
Talpe e castori,  
Donnole e furetti,  
Scimmie e scimpanzé,  
Gorilla e oranghi,  
Pesci e squali,  
Gli anemoni di mare e Medusa,  
Ricci e stelle marine,  
Polpi e ornitorinco,  
Alci e cervi,

Alci e renne,  
Caribou e bufali,  
Tartarughe e testuggini,  
Formichieri ed echidnas,  
Koala e lepri,  
Canguri e opossum,  
Topi e ratti,  
Girini e cose strane,  
Capre e pecore,  
E tutti gli insetti che sappiamo,  
Come le zanzare,  
Tafani e deerflies,  
Coleotteri e farfalle,  
Bruchi e curculioni,  
Punteruoli e falene,  
Cicale e libellule,  
E tanto altro ancora.

Dio creò la terra in cui viviamo  
Le foreste che tutti conosciamo e amiamo,  
Tutte le montagne che si vedono in lontananza,

E alcuni dei quali ci piace a scalare e a sciare;  
Ha creato le spiagge per nuotare,  
E il surf,  
E per molto altro ancora,  
E ha creato il nostro sole,  
E il nostro meraviglioso cielo blu,  
E tutti i giorni,  
E tutte le notti,  
E tutto il tempo,  
Se c'è il sole,  
Pioggia,  
Neve,  
Nevischio,  
O grandine.

Dio ci ha creati,  
Quando ha creato Adamo ed Eva,  
E anche se era caduto in disgrazia,  
Dio ha continuato a fornire loro,  
Anche se avesse peccato.  
Avevano i loro figli, Caino e Abele,

E Caino uccise Abele dall'invidia,  
Ma Dio sembrava ancora dopo di lui,  
Anche se Caino avesse peccato.

Quando Dio progettato una grande inondazione,  
Egli concesse Noah con la volontà di rendere una barca,  
E costruì l'arco,  
E dopo il diluvio,  
Ha ripopolato la terra.

Dio allora cominciò la sua alleanza con Abramo,  
Che continuò attraverso Isacco,  
Poi attraverso Giacobbe,  
Chi è stato chiamato 'Israele, '  
E poi, attraverso Mosè,  
E Giosuè,  
E tutti i re e i giudici,  
Fino a quando mandò suo figlio,  
Gesù Cristo,  
Per salvarci dai nostri peccati.

Dio ci ama,  
Perché noi siamo suoi figli.  
Ognuno di noi conosce personalmente,  
Perché sa ogni pelo sulle nostre teste,  
Ogni pensiero che abbiamo,  
E ogni idea che portiamo.  
Egli è Onnipotente  
E onnisciente,  
Per lui è l'essere più grande dell'universo.

Egli è misericordioso,  
Per lui ti ama,  
E farà di tutto per te,  
Al fine di portare a lui.  
Si vuole così male,  
Per voi sono il suo bambino,  
E lui amore sai cosa importa.

Dio è grande,  
E lui è buono,  
E lui sarà dopo di te,

Non importa quale,

Per questo è perché abbiamo ragione di

Credere in lui.

Justin Reamer

# Notes On Romance

Love, to be sure,  
Is a bunch of bollocks  
Scamming the hearts of  
Those who fall into it.

A toxic arrow to the heart,  
And madness creeps its way in,  
Grabbing hold of whatever  
Sense we have left and  
Sending us off into Dido's passions,  
Blinding us from reality.

That's love for us, simple as that;  
Nothing more than dying  
Embers on a funeral pyre.

Justin Reamer

# Notre Père Dans Le Ciel

Qui est le père dans le ciel?

N'avons-nous aucun élément de preuve qu'il existe?

Nous avons toute raison de croire en lui?

Même si nous n'avons jamais vu lui?

Et j'ai jamais vu son visage?

Oui, nous n'avons pas de raison de croire en lui,

Et notre Père céleste est bien réel,

Car c'est la raison pour laquelle nous sommes vivants aujourd'hui,

Et de vivre dans ce monde.

Dieu est grand, et il est bon,

Car il aime chacun de nous,

Parce que nous sommes tous ses enfants.

Il se soucie de nous, dans tous les sens,

Dans tous les sens imaginables,

Et c'est la raison pour laquelle que nous sommes vivants,

Car il nous a créés.

Dieu est le créateur,

Il a créé l'univers,

Parce qu'il est l'artiste universel,  
Et que nous ne pouvons pas nier,  
Il a créé toutes les planètes,  
Toutes les plantes et animaux,  
Chaque molécule de ce qu'il faut compter,  
Et chaque bactérie, protozoaire,  
Paramécie, amibe, hydra,  
Elodea, Streptococcus, Staphylococcus,  
Dinosaure, champignons et virus qu'il y a.  
Il connaît toutes les étoiles dans le ciel,  
Comment vaste est l'univers,  
La façon dont l'univers a commencé,  
Chaque planète il jamais a été et sera,  
Et bien plus encore.  
Il a créé les arbres,  
Les fleurs,  
Les tulipes et marguerites,  
Les pissenlits, les lis,  
Les lilas et les roses,  
Et les pins,  
Et les conifères,

Et les sapins,  
Et les sapins,  
Et les érables,  
Et les chênes,  
Et les palmiers,  
Et les bouleaux,  
Et les hêtres,  
Et les frênes,  
Et les mousses,  
Et les prêles,  
Et les lichens,  
Et les fougères,  
Et les fougères de fouet,  
Et bien plus encore.

Il a créé toutes les bactéries,  
Y compris e. Coli,  
Streptococcus,  
Staphylocoques,  
Lactobacillus,  
Hydra,

Rougeole,

La chose qui cause la tuberculose,

Et les eubactéries et bien plus encore.

Il a créé tous les champignons,

Y compris les levures et moisissures,

Champignons et beaucoup plus que cela.

Il a créé des algues,

Et protozoaires,

Y compris les diatomées,

Amibes,

Paramécies,

Elodea,

Et bien plus encore.

Il a aussi créé tous les animaux,

Y compris les loups,

Les chiens que nous connaissons comme animaux de compagnie,

Les beagles et les cockers,

Labradors et pit-bulls,

Chiens de montagne et les huskies,  
Hound dogs et Great Danes,  
Et toutes les autres races,  
Les chats que nous connaissons comme animaux de compagnie,  
Guépards et les tigres,  
Ocelots et jaguars,  
Pumas et les lions,  
Lions de montagne et les couguars,  
Ours et pandas,  
Manchots et des phoques,  
Lions de mer et les tortues de mer,  
Orques et les dauphins,  
Baleines et marsouins,  
Alligators et des hippopotames,  
Serpents et lézards,  
Grenouilles et crapauds,  
Les tritons et les salamandres,  
Hiboux et les faucons,  
Les canaris et cardinaux,  
La mésange et le Geai bleu,  
Goélants et pélicans,

Les macareux et les chardonnerets,  
Faucons et des pigeons,  
Canards et oies,  
Cygnes et oiseaux aquatiques,  
Poules et coqs,  
Vaches et taureaux,  
Chevaux et poneys,  
Mules et ânes,  
Ânes et étalons,  
Lapins et les écureuils,  
Tamias et singes,  
Chiens de prairie et de gaufres,  
Les taupes et les castors,  
Belettes et furets,  
Singes et chimpanzés,  
Gorilles et orangs-outans,  
Poissons et requins,  
Anémones de mer et les méduses,  
Oursins et étoiles de mer,  
Pieuvres et l'ornithorynque,  
Orignal et cerf,

Wapiti et Rennes,

Le caribou et le bison,

Tortues,

Fourmiliers et échidnés,

Koalas et lièvres,

Kangourous et opossums,

Souris et les rats,

Têtards et des choses étranges,

Ovins et caprins,

Et tous les insectes, que nous le savons,

Comme les moustiques,

Taons et taons,

Coléoptères et papillons,

Les chenilles et les charançons,

Foreurs et papillons de nuit,

Cigales et libellules,

Et bien plus encore.

Dieu crée la terre où nous vivons

Les forêts nous le savons tous et l'amour,

Toutes les montagnes que l'on voit dans le lointain,

Et certains dont nous aimons à grimper et faire du ski sur;  
Il a créé des plages pour la baignade,  
Et le surf,  
Et pour bien d'autres,  
Et il a créé le soleil,  
Et notre magnifique ciel bleu,  
Et tous les jours,  
Et de toutes les nuits,  
Et de tous le temps,  
S'il est exposé au soleil,  
Pluie,  
Neige,  
Sleet,  
Ou de la grêle.

Dieu nous a créés,  
Lorsqu'il a créé Adam et Eve,  
Et même s'ils sont tombés en disgrâce,  
Dieu a continué à fournir pour eux,  
Même s'ils avaient péché.  
Ils avaient leurs fils, Caïn et Abel,

Cain a tué Abel par envie,  
Mais Dieu a toujours regardé après lui,  
Même si Cain avait péché.

Quand Dieu a prévu une grande inondation,  
Il a accordé à Noé avec la volonté de faire un bateau,  
Il bâtit l'arc,  
Et après le déluge,  
Il repeupler la terre.

Dieu a alors commencé son alliance avec Abraham,  
Qui se poursuit à travers Isaac,  
Puis par Jacob,  
Qui devait s'appeler « Israël »  
Et puis, par l'intermédiaire de Moïse,  
Et Josué,  
Et tous les rois et les juges,  
Jusqu'à ce qu'il a envoyé son fils,  
Jésus Christ,  
Pour nous sauver de nos péchés.

Dieu nous aime,  
Parce que nous sommes ses enfants.  
Il sait que chacun de nous personnellement,  
Car il sait que tous les cheveux sur la tête,  
Chaque pensée que nous avons,  
Et toutes les idées que nous portons.  
Il est omnipotent  
Et il est omniscient,  
Car il est le plus grand étant dans l'univers.

Il est Miséricordieux,  
Pour qu'il vous aime,  
Et fera tout pour vous,  
Afin de vous ramener à lui.  
Il vous veut tellement mal,  
Car tu es son enfant,  
Et il l'amour tu sais ce qui comptera.

Dieu est grand,  
Et il est bon,  
Et il s'occupera de vous,

Quoi qu'il en soit,

C'est pourquoi nous avons raison de

Croire en lui.

Justin Reamer

# Noun

A person, place, thing, or idea.  
It's what this universe is made of.  
I am a noun,  
How about you?

Justin Reamer

# November

the eleventh month of the year,  
the month of very late fall,  
the month where the leaves are falling,  
and the trees are becoming bare,  
and the month of Thanksgiving,  
that celebrates the union  
between the Pilgrims and the Native American tribe,  
that taught them how to survive,  
and Squanto who taught them many things,  
and the month of all the saints,  
in the feast of All Saints' Day,  
and the month of all of the souls,  
in the feast of All Soul's Day,  
and the month where the Detroit Lions  
get creamed every year they play,  
and the month when the first snowfall comes,  
and makes everyone slightly unhappy.  
yet, it's the month of turkey,  
and it works entirely,  
for 'tis Thanksgiving, and 'tis a great month.

Justin Reamer

# Novena To The Divine Child Jesus

Divine Child Jesus, we believe in You; We adore You; and we love You; have mercy on us, sinners.

We've come to this Temple in response to your love. We've come in response to your mercy and grace. We are here because You invited us to come before You and to pour out the cares of our hearts to You since You deeply care for each of us.

We remember Your words to the disciples: Ask and you shall receive. Seek and you shall find. Knock and the door shall be opened. Trusting in your infinite goodness and trusting that You always keep your promise, we now ask this intention which we pray in the silence of our hearts...&lt;silently mention the request&gt;...

Thank you, Divine Child Jesus, for listening attentively to our prayers all the time. We hope that You will ask this before Our Heavenly Father. And, if what we ask for may not be good for our salvation and sanctification, we trust that you will grant us instead what we truly need, so that one day we may be with You for all eternity enjoying that ultimate happiness of Heaven.

Divine Child Jesus, bless and protect us.

Divine Child Jesus, bless and lead us.

Divine Child Jesus, bless and provide for us.

All this we ask through the intercession of your Holy Mother, Mary, and in Your powerful and Most Holy Name, Jesus. Amen

Justin Reamer

# Nuestro Padre En El Cielo

¿Quién es el padre en el cielo?

¿Tenemos alguna prueba de que él existe?

¿Tenemos alguna razón para creer en él?

¿A pesar de que nunca lo hemos visto?

¿Y nunca han visto su rostro?

Sí, tenemos razones para creer en él,

Y nuestro Padre celestial es muy real,

Porque él es la razón que estamos vivos hoy,

Y viviendo en este mundo.

Dios es grande, y es bueno,

Para todos nosotros, ama

Somos todos sus hijos.

Él se preocupa por nosotros en todos los sentidos,

En todos los sentidos imaginables,

Y él es la razón que estamos vivos,

Para que nos creó.

Dios es el creador,

Para él creó el universo,

Porque él es el artista Universal,  
Y que no podemos negar,  
Para él creó todos los planetas,  
Todas las plantas y animales,  
Cada molécula que hay que contar,  
Y cada bacteria, protozoos,  
Paramecium, Ameba, Hidra,  
Elodea, Streptococcus, Staphylococcus,  
Dinosaurio, hongos y virus que existe.  
Él conoce todas las estrellas en el cielo,  
Cuán grande es el universo,  
La forma en que el universo comenzó,  
Cada planeta que alguna vez fue y será,  
Y mucho más.  
Creó los árboles,  
Las flores,  
Los tulipanes y margaritas,  
El diente de León, los lirios,  
Las lilas y las rosas,  
Y los árboles de pino,  
Y las coníferas,

Y los árboles de abeto,

Y piceas,

Y los arces,

Y los Robles,

Y las palmeras,

Y los abedules,

Y los Robles,

Y los árboles de la ceniza,

Y los musgos,

Y los equisetos,

Y los líquenes,

Y los helechos,

Y los helechos de batidor,

Y mucho más.

Él creó todas las bacterias,

Incluyendo e. Coli,

Streptococo,

Estafilococo,

Lactobacillus,

Hydra,

Sarampión,

Lo que causa la tuberculosis,

Y las eubacterias y mucho más.

Él creó todos los hongos,

Incluyendo la levadura y el moho,

Setas y mucho más que eso.

Creó las algas,

Y protozoos,

Incluyendo las diatomeas,

Amebas,

Paramecia,

Elodea,

Y mucho más.

También creó todos los animales,

Incluyendo los lobos,

Los perros que conocemos como mascotas,

Beagles y cocker Spaniel,

Labradores y pit bulls,

Perros de montaña y huskies,  
Perros Hound y gran danés,  
Y todas las otras razas,  
Los gatos que conocemos como mascotas,  
Guepardos y tigres,  
Ocelotes y jaguares,  
Pumas y leones,  
Pumas y pumas,  
Osos y pandas,  
Pingüinos y sellos,  
Leones marinos y tortugas marinas,  
Orcas y delfines,  
Las ballenas y marsopas,  
Cocodrilos y los hipopótamos,  
Serpientes y lagartos,  
Ranas y sapos,  
Los tritones y salamandras,  
Búhos y halcones,  
Canarios y cardenales,  
Carboneros y blue jays,  
Las gaviotas y los pelícanos,

Frailecillos y jilgueros,  
Halcones y palomas,  
Patos y gansos,  
Cisnes y aves acuáticas,  
Pollos y gallos,  
Vacas y toros,  
Caballos y ponis,  
Mulas y burros,  
Culos y sementales,  
Conejos y ardillas,  
Ardillas y monos,  
Perros de la pradera y gophers,  
Moles y castores,  
Comadreja y hurones,  
Monos y chimpancés,  
Los gorilas y los orangutanes,  
Peces y tiburones,  
Las anémonas de mar y medusas,  
Erizos y estrellas de mar,  
Pulpos y platypus,  
Alces y los ciervos,

Alces y renos,  
Caribú y búfalos,  
Las tortugas y las tortugas,  
Osos hormigueros y equidnas,  
Koalas y liebres,  
Canguros y las zarigüeyas,  
Ratones y ratas,  
Renacuajos y cosas extrañas,  
Cabras y ovejas,  
Y todos los insectos que conocemos,  
Como los mosquitos,  
Tábanos y deerflies,  
Escarabajos y mariposas,  
Orugas y gorgojos,  
Perforadores y polillas,  
Cigarras y libélulas,  
Y mucho más.

Dios creadas la tierra en que vivimos

Los bosques que todos conocemos y amamos,

Todas las montañas que vemos en la distancia,

Y algunos de los cuales nos gusta escalar y esquiar

Creó las playas para nadar,

Y el surf,

Y para mucho más,

Y creó nuestro sol,

Y nuestro maravilloso cielo azul,

Y todos los días,

Y todas las noches,

Y todo el tiempo,

Si está soleado,

Lluvia,

Nieve,

Aguanieve,

O granizo.

Dios nos creadas a nosotros,

Cuando creó a Adán y Eva,

Y a pesar de que cayeron de la gracia,

Dios siguió prestando para ellos,

A pesar de habían pecado.

Tuvieron sus hijos, Caín y Abel,

Y Caín mató a Abel por envidia,  
Pero Dios parecía aún después de él,  
A pesar de que Caín había pecado.

Cuando Dios planeó una gran inundación,  
Concedió a Noah con la voluntad de hacer un barco,  
Y construyó el arco,  
Y después del diluvio,  
Él repoblaron la tierra.

Dios comenzó entonces su pacto con Abraham,  
Que continuó a través de Isaac,  
Luego a través de Jacob,  
¿Quién iba a ser llamado 'Israel',  
Y luego por medio de Moisés,  
Y Josué,  
Y todos los Reyes y los jueces,  
Hasta que él envió a su hijo,  
Cristo Jesús,  
Para salvarnos de nuestros pecados.

Dios nos ama,

Somos sus hijos.

Cada uno de nosotros sabe personalmente,

Porque sabe que cada pelo sobre nuestras cabezas,

Cada pensamiento que tenemos,

Y cada idea que llevamos.

Él es omnipotente

Y omnisciente,

Porque él es el ser más grande en el universo.

Él es misericordioso,

Porque él te ama,

Y hará cualquier cosa para usted,

Para traerle a él.

Él quiere tan mal,

Tú eres su hijo,

Y él amor sabes lo que importará.

Dios es grande,

Y es bueno,

Y él cuidará de usted,

No importa qué,

Para que es por qué tenemos razones para

Creer en él.

Justin Reamer

# Obama

President Barack Hussein Obama,

So, you are running  
For president this  
Fine year, are you?

So what do you plan to  
Do with this country  
If you are claiming that  
Romney is the problem?

Tell, me, what do you  
Plan to do with the country  
That will save it from  
Total disaster?

What are you going to do  
Differently than when  
You were president  
During your first term?

What are you going to do?

Are you going to give  
Illegal immigrants  
A free education  
(That is, those  
Who were in the country  
For less than five years) ?

Are you going to enforce  
'Obamacare, '  
As they call it,  
With an iron fist?

Are you going to swindle  
Americans of their money,  
No matter what the cost?

Are you going to exterminate  
The middle class while the  
Wealthy bastards on Wall Street  
Know all the loopholes  
And get away with it without  
Paying a single dime  
That hurts them?

Are you going to start taxing  
Everything you see?

Are you going to bring our  
Lost jobs back from  
China and give employment  
To those who were laid off  
Because of the economy?

Are you going to employ  
The unemployed, and  
Are you going to help  
Them in whatever way you can?

Are you really going to say  
That Americans do not  
Have to pay taxes on certain  
Programmes when you know  
Full well that they will  
Have to pay them anyway?

Will you help those in the  
Lower classes,  
Like those who are extremely poor,  
And who have to work  
Their asses off  
Just to get food for  
Their families?

Will you help homosexuals get  
Their rights and freedoms,  
As they deserve them?

Will you fire military

Generals just because they  
Are utilising the  
First Amendment,  
Which you should probably  
Know since you are a politician?

Do you have any regard  
To the Constitution at all,  
Especially when you make  
The bogus laws you make?

Will you be a good diplomat  
To Europe and Asia,  
To China and India,  
And to all the countries  
In the Middle East?

Will you cooperate with Iran  
And North Korea,  
Even though they may not like us,  
Will you just leave them alone?

Will you continue the endless  
War in the Middle East,  
When the Peace Corps  
Can help with the problems there,  
And our family members can come  
Back home,  
So they do not have  
To risk their lives  
For a pointless cause,  
Whatever your so-called  
'Cause' may be?

Obama, you  
Have not been  
A good president thus  
Far, for the  
American people  
Have lost many jobs  
Due to your stupidity  
And inexperience.

You do not know how  
To help the economy  
At all these days.  
You could lower taxes  
On industries so  
Companies do not have  
To pay so much  
And so that they will  
Be willing to make jobs here.  
I mean, if Europe was your inspiration,  
Then look at Switzerland,  
Who has a low industry tax  
In order to help their people,  
The Swiss which we all know,  
Get jobs in the first place.

Passing the DREAM Act  
Is just not fair,  
Because I am a college student,  
And I had to work my arse  
Off to get to where I am today,  
And I have to pay for everything,  
And someone who is not a citizen,  
Who has no right to be here,  
Gets an education for free.  
What is the point with that?  
How about you help those  
Who are very poor and  
Are minorities  
And are U.S. citizens?

I mean, think about  
An African American man  
Who is seventeen  
And lived in the slums  
Of Detroit all of his life,  
And he does not have any money  
To pay for college tuition,  
The textbooks and laptop,  
The room expenses,  
The board expenses,

The meal plan,  
The parking permit,  
Extra clothes and furniture,  
And none of that.  
I mean, he is a U.S. citizen,  
And his parents cannot  
Afford the tuition.  
Is it fair to him  
That he cannot go to college,  
Even though he had a 4.0  
In high school,  
And his dream was to become  
More than what he already was?

Obama, who are you  
To exclude the American  
People from things like this,  
And who are you to make  
Illegal immigrants  
Who are not citizens at all  
Get an advantage  
Over those who are minorities  
And U.S. citizens?

My friend, you are something else,  
And I must say that it is  
Very stupid to be wasting money  
Like that,  
Even when the national debt  
Keeps increasing.

And you passed Obamacare,  
And you expect it to work,  
Yet you do not even realise  
The consequences it puts on  
The American people.

So you think it would not  
Raise taxes at all?  
You think the American people  
Will not have to pay for Obamacare?  
Well, let me tell you, sonny,

That the American people,  
Especially the Middle Class,  
Will have to pay an extra 15%  
For that stupid programme of yours  
That you passed not too long ago.

You are going to rule out  
The middle class,  
And we are going to suffer greatly  
Just because of your incompetence.

The only good thing you  
May have managed to do  
Was killing Osama bin Laden,  
The creep Muslim  
Who was the leader of the  
Terrorist group al-Qaeda.

And, yet, you still  
Managed to tick off  
Hamid Karzai,  
The leader of Afghanistan,  
Who was trying to protect  
His people from  
The Taliban,  
The radical group  
Who were killing  
People left and right.

And Karzai was mad  
Because there were so  
Many innocent casualties,  
So he threatened to declare war  
On the United States,  
Saying that the United States  
Was not a helping force,  
But rather an invading force.

Do you want to be at war with  
An entire country  
When many Middle Eastern countries  
Hate us so much

Because of what we did  
With Israel,  
Making the nation  
(Which is not a bad thing) ,  
And protecting it,  
And supporting the Shah of Iran  
Just to get cheaper oil,  
While the Shah killed  
Thousands of people,  
Many of which were  
Political prisoners?  
I do not want to go there,  
Especially when Iran hates us,  
And Ayatollah Khomeini  
Called us the 'Great Satan'  
And Ahmadinejad declared  
That the Holocaust did  
Not exist  
And wants us destroyed  
And bin Laden  
Wanted all of us  
To die and suffer  
The way the Ottoman Empire  
Did in the early twentieth century  
When we included no one but the superpowers  
In the Treaty of Versailles  
After World War I,  
Which caused many of the problems  
In the late twentieth century,  
And early twenty-first century,  
With the Israelis and the Palestinians  
Fighting like dogs,  
And much of the Middle East killing  
Each other,  
Like Iraq did with the Sunnis and Shiites,  
And the Jordanians fought  
And killed each other,  
And Saudi Arabia,  
Egypt and Jordan,  
Oman and Yemen,  
And Syria,  
And Palestine,

And Qatar and Darfur  
All fought with Israel  
And amongst each other,  
And also when  
Saddham Hussein  
Tried to invade Kuwait,  
And also the problems  
That came with the Vietnam War,  
And also the problems  
That came with World War II,  
And the problems that came with  
The Corean War,  
And the problems that  
Came with the Cold War,  
Such as Greece,  
And Cuba,  
And much more.

I do not want to go there,  
And I do not know about you,  
But I do not want to ruin  
This country by running  
It into the ground.

Thank you for listening,  
And I hope you know  
That I just might not  
Vote for you this coming  
Election year.

Thank you, sir.

Justin Reamer

# Obamacare

What is this thing which we call Obamacare?

Socialised healthcare, of course.

Was it not intended to help the people?

I believe so,

But we will have to see what happens

With our good old election going on today

To see what will happen with it.

We will have to see for ourselves whether Obamacare

Is really worth it or not,

And we will have to decide in the future.

Justin Reamer

# Oboe

Oboe is a beautiful woman,  
Singing quite well  
As long as she doesn't squeak,  
But she is gregarious,  
Beautiful, and extroverted,  
And she is kind to everyone around her,  
Beyond any doubt.

Justin Reamer

# Ocean Twilight

A collage of colours illuminates the Southern Sky,  
Shades of luminescent tempera found in flames,  
Red, orange, yellow, and violet compounded together,  
Evoking the passion of the viewer looking on as  
The Great Ball of Fire sets over the horizon line,  
Its majesty pronounced as it makes its exodus,  
Only to return with a promise in the morning.

The ocean waves crash against the rocks,  
Washing whatever wounds man may have made,  
Purifying itself as twilight off its surface.  
Within its grand body, unknown civilisations exist,  
With colossal fortresses invisible to the naked eye,  
Housing invertebrates smaller than a human hand  
And the noble fish of a vast array of colours,  
Hosting every shade of the radiant rainbow,  
The sign God gave to preserve all of humanity.

The sea birds fly among the crystalline clouds,  
The whales singing songs of euphony as they  
Each climb to the surface for a breath of air and  
The dolphins jump in the midst of twilight,  
The light resonating off their smooth skin as  
They smile and laugh at the humans ashore,  
Mocking their stoicism like children at play,  
Going back into the waves to commune in peace.

As the waves calm and the sun slowly sets,  
A Being appears amidst the twilight,  
Extending His hands as a peace offering,  
Showing His artwork as His own creation as  
Nature rejoices in the midst of His presence,  
Singing praises to the One named Emmanuel.

Justin Reamer

# October

the tenth month of the year,  
but is supposed to be the eighth,  
for reasons I have already explained,  
but 'tis late fall,  
and the rain comes,  
and everything is cool,  
and the leaves have changed colour already,  
and 'tis the month of everything spooky,  
with Halloween,  
which is supposed to show the dark forces,  
but shows instead trick-or-treating,  
but known as All Hallow's Eve,  
for the holy days are to come next,  
and 'tis the month of my birthday,  
which is special to me.

Justin Reamer

# Odd

Odd ly

Enough it anc lo ny

eb het erpsno hatt anc eb anyhwrer

ta nceo rreerp tsop

htis si na

aanramg htat ouy stum vleos ni

rodre ot indf hte snwear tsop

Ereh si woh ti eogs:

Ym enam si oBb, nad i ovel ot alkw no het abehc tops

i njoey esenig eoplpe apphy tsop

i ma a nomtser tsop

i tea hclirdne ni hte gnith tsop

Htey rea uiqte cmrutposius tsop

tbu i ma ni rtubole tsop

i eedn uory ehlp tsop

i od otn ate lidchren tsop

wsat loyn a okej tsop

i ma a icen nomtsre tsop

i eedn oyur lhep tsop

Peasle lehp em tuo het setcol tsop

omesnoe si ytrgni ot illk em tsop

leaps elph em tsop

i not'd natw ot ied tsop

i opeh ouy egt hits essmgea ni imet tsop

erwthiseo lli eb aded tsop

leaps rackc het odec tsop

i dene oury elph onw tsop

aym dGo lesbs oury ulos tsop

i opeh oyu anc indf em tsop

i ma uonctngi no oyu tsop

tehersiweo i liwl ied tsop

nad hatt si otn oodg

i liwl eb setoryded nad i lliw tno eb oyur iferdn tsop

odog uclk tsop

i opeh oyu nac tsop imh tsop

lhpep em tsop

oodg yeb!

Justin Reamer

# Ode To Michigan

Oh, Michigan!  
How great you are,  
For you are the peninsula  
That surrounds the lakes,  
Touched by water everywhere.

Natural forest surrounds you,  
Making you the most beautiful  
Thing in the world,  
But you continue to be beautiful,  
Despite the harsh winters you have.

Animals live around you and in you,  
Fish in the lakes and seas,  
Birds in the sky,  
Mammals and reptiles crawling the land,  
Filled with wetlands, forests,  
And everything of that nature.  
The birds call in your forests,  
And the owls hunt at night,  
And the eagle trounces its prey,  
Knowing how to kill.

The beauty complements you,  
The Tahquamenon Falls looking wonderful,  
Isle Royale the most beautiful thing in the world,  
Lake Superior forever cold,  
And Lake Michigan warming up just fine  
As Lake Huron does the same.  
Lake Erie a little eery,  
But if you know it can be scary,  
With Mackinac Island with so much history,  
And Western Michigan looking wonderful.  
Nothing else like it.

Michigan, how wonderful you are,  
With Yoopers and Trolls,  
And soo locks alike,  
They are all unique,

One in the same.  
You will never be forgotten,  
My dear friend the state.

Justin Reamer

# Odysseus

They call me wily Odysseus,  
King of Ithaca,  
The great Cyclops, I did slay,  
Survivor of Scylla and Charybdis,  
The Trojan War, I did fight,  
And the Trojan Horse, I did build,  
Lover of beautiful Penelope,  
And friend of the great Achilles,  
Slayer of great Priam,  
Compatriot of Menelaus,  
Lover of Circe and Calypso,  
Aided by Athena herself,  
I am Odysseus, the great,  
The strong, the powerful.  
Adventurer, am I,  
And legend, I am.

Many years have passed  
Since ended the Trojan War,  
Many years gone by  
Since I made my way home.  
But now people see me,  
Know only of me,  
Knowing only my name,  
And knowing little of my fame.  
An old man, am I,  
Decrepit and dull,  
Nowhere to go,  
Languid of politics and governance,  
Desiring to move onward  
And explore the great world.  
Meant to be a king, I am not;  
Order is all folly to me;  
To go on the ocean,  
To explore the horizon,  
To navigate the unknown,  
That is my dream, my purpose.

Fit to be a king, I am not,

But 'tis fit for someone else.  
Leave the politics to my son, Telemachus,  
For order is his strong suit,  
I will vouchsafe for it.  
The tidings of the kingdom are his domain,  
For order and bureaucracy are his skills,  
So the kingdom of Ithaca,  
I leave to him,  
For he knows more than I.

But as for me,  
I am headed for open sea,  
Bound for the horizon to see  
What lies ahead,  
For life is filled with horizons,  
An interminable journey ahead,  
For Dawn shall rise morning next,  
And shall rise with the tides of time.  
There will always be new horizons to explore,  
New adventures to seek,  
To know the world,  
And to mount Olympus,  
That is my destiny.

Fear not, Telemachus,  
Fear not for me,  
For the world is my domain,  
And adventure is my calling.  
I shall always be out in the wild,  
Exploring the great frontier;  
But take heart and pride  
For your father with no fear,  
For his courage took him places  
And shall always live on.

Oh, my dearest Penelope,  
Worry not for my well-being;  
Mourn not my decision,  
For even this gallant heart  
May be tamed to love  
Such a beautiful maiden as you.  
But worry not for me,

For rest assured, you will  
Always be in my memories,  
My beloved queen,  
My beautiful princess,  
My devoted wife,  
For loyal you always were to me,  
Faithful I shall always be to you,  
Remembering you in my heart.

But onward, I must go,  
And adventure, I must seek,  
For the world is my calling,  
And the world I shall seek.  
Never to linger, never to stall,  
Forward and onward, go I shall.

Justin Reamer

# Off The Shoreline

Waves crash against the shore,  
Driven by the wind,  
The crash and crash,  
Without a rash,  
Until they have not sinned.

There are creatures in the water,  
Riding with the waves,  
Whatever happens,  
I do not know,  
Until they become knaves.

Dolphins jump wit the waves,  
Swimming with their fins,  
Schools of fish swim underneath,  
Which seem like endless twins.

Whales sing in the depths,  
Humming their graceful tunes,  
Birds hover overtop,  
Looking for the loons.

Sharks swim endlessly,  
With their toothy grins,  
Fish scamper away,  
With a stroke of their fins.

Colourful reefs are filled with life,  
Of every shape and size,  
They are like New York City,  
Filled with Nature's prize.

In the deepest depths,  
There lie fish  
With neon lights,  
for it is very dark down there,  
Like the dead of night.

What goes on off the shoreline,

We do not know for certain,  
But what we study  
Is mysterious,  
Like a closed curtain.

We take the boats into the waves,  
To get a glance or a clue,  
But what we don't know,  
We cannot fathom,  
For we know not the shade and hue.

Justin Reamer

# Old Memories

I'm back in St. Louis,  
With my friends from the Wobot Team,  
It is funny to think that  
More than 141 days ago,  
I was here with my Church,  
And my youth group, as well.

You have probably read my journal,  
The stuff I wrote when I was here,  
You probably read my personal thoughts  
That I recorded on a near-hourly basis.

My name is writer,  
As you already may know;  
That's why I kept the journals I kept  
When I travelled throughout the day.

I had been writing  
Since I was the age of six,  
And I had kept journals  
Since the age of twelve.

I kept my journals,  
The sheets that were a part of the normal,  
But there were the special ones,  
Like the trips that I went on.

I kept a journal for occasions  
Of all different sorts,  
You can just ask me,  
If you want to read my writing.

I kept a journal for Biloxi,  
For Work Camp and Isle Royale,  
For Costa Rica (my second) ,  
For the Keys and the Jambo,  
And for those on a daily basis.

But I came here for Work Camp,

When I went to St. Louis,  
I stayed at a Church,  
And I got closer to God.

When I had come down here,  
My heart was still mending,  
I was recovering from Shay,  
And I had a crush on Enjolie.

Enjolie was a friend of mine,  
And she had gone through  
Something similar to me,  
I thought we could heal together,  
And become more than we were.

I remember the daemon  
That possessed my very heart;  
I remember the pain and guilt  
I carried with me.

The daemon had torn me apart;  
He was eating my insides,  
Tearing at my organs,  
And ripping my heart apart.

I was guilty for what I had done,  
What I had done to a poor innocent girl;  
I felt like I was falling apart,  
Especially after my attempted suicide  
Only a few months before.

However, I was on a spiritual journey,  
One that would get me closer to God;  
Little did I know, He would lead me  
On an extraordinary path to  
Where I am today.

I remember seeing the Arch,  
With my friends Enjolie and Molly,  
And my dear brother Sean.  
I remember going up there  
And having a good time,

And having fun jumping  
And falling and sliding  
Like no other time before.

I remember Enjolie's smiling face,  
And Molly's god old grin,  
And Enjolie's involuntary laugh,  
And Sean's smirk upon his face.

I remember Sean joking with Enjolie  
As we went to the museum,  
I remember Molly shrugging  
Her shoulders at me,  
And giving an uneasy grin.

I remember Forrest Park,  
Such a beautiful place,  
It was great fun,  
Being there, as well.

But there was the spiritual journey,  
The one you have read,  
It turned me into who I am,  
With God right on my side.

I had played with little kids at the Tandy Centre,  
From all over the neighbourhood,  
They really loved to play,  
And they had a lot of fun.

I remember Bouvais Manour,  
The place for the old,  
I had taken care of them,  
And I helped them everywhere.

I also remember Lily's Place,  
The place for Women in Transition,  
They had sought shelter,  
From their abusive husbands.

We had sorted clothes there,  
Making sure it was okay,

And we helped everyone  
When everything went right.

The spiritual journey was complete,  
Especially the night I cried,  
My youth group was like family,  
Crying and holding each other tight.

Everyone said they loved my laugh,  
Trying to cheer me up,  
And Roger, the biker, held me tight,  
As I was going through my time  
Of the horrendous Time of Torment.

It was the conclusion  
Of the Depression Decade,  
When my friends held me tight,  
They were crying with me,  
And they embraced me like Christ Himself.

That year had been a bad year,  
One of the very worst,  
That's why I had let it all out,  
When the healing process took place.

It had been a ton of pain  
From the last ten years,  
As I told Lyn,  
I had worn a mask,  
To hide my falling apart.

But now I am here,  
And back again,  
And we are ready  
To go.

I hope that i relive the joy  
I had when I had come 230 days ago.  
I hope I can get close to Lyn,  
And see the smile she has on her face.

I want all my friends

To enjoy what I did,  
Even with the daemon inside me,  
I want them to have  
The time of their lives,  
When they come to see the beauty.

As Mark Twain said,  
It's as great as the  
Mighty Mississippi,  
And Samuel Clemens  
Was quite right,  
For the Mississippi  
Is a beauty.

I can't wait to relive  
What I did,  
Last summer when I went  
With my friends,  
I want them to have  
The time of their lives  
When we go up into the arch.

I cannot wait  
To see the joy on Lyn's face,  
Just like what I saw at prom,  
I cannot wait  
To see the Dream Team happy,  
With Sean and Mike and Mike,  
And their girlfriends,  
Meg and Gabby.

I cannot wait  
To see the Jets pound it,  
My bro's 'gang' I had recently noticed.  
I cannot wait to see Grant  
And Lucas and Adam and Cody  
All happy at the same time.

I cannot wait to see Lyssa smile,  
which she always does so rarely,  
I cannot wait to see a half-smile,  
Or at least a little smirk,

Which is what I haven't seen  
In a long, long time.

St. Louis will be a lot of fun,  
I assure you,  
Lots better than those sadistic days,  
It will be the best,  
Especially if Lyn comes by my side.

It will be a lot of fun,  
Reliving the memories I had,  
I assure you it will be great,  
And just as good as the last I came.

Justin Reamer

# Old Sayings

Birds of a feather stick together,  
They say,  
And we will either hang together or hang separately.

These sayings have a purpose of some sort,  
But no one really knows what they mean,  
Since the cliché continues over and over again.

Justin Reamer

# On My Honour

On my honour,  
I will do my best,  
To do my duty,  
To serve God and my country,  
And to obey the Scout Law,  
I will help other people at all times  
And keep myself physically strong,  
Mentally awake,  
And morally straight.

This is the Scout Oath,  
With a meaning that shows ambiguity,  
That it can be interpreted  
In different ways.

For years, I had been blindly saying it,  
Not knowing what it truly meant.  
I had been a little child that knew  
Nothing of it at all.  
But then I began to decode the Scout Oath  
And most importantly, the Scout Law.

When you take the oath,  
You are making a vow,  
And you are putting your life upon it.  
You agree to follow everything you  
Say in the Oath,  
Including the Scout Law.  
And the Scout Law represents  
The entire character of the Scout himself.

Trustworthiness is a main key,  
Which honour is mostly present,  
And honesty is required most of all.  
A Scout should not lie,  
For his peers trust him for whatever he says,  
And he is honest all the time,  
Even when trouble is lurking about.  
He is honest in times of peace,

And he is honest in times of chaos.  
He is entrusted with the whole truth,  
And nothing but the truth.

Loyalty is important to honour,  
And it shows the true character  
Of a true Boy Scout,  
And also an Eagle Scout.  
Whenever one of his friends is in trouble,  
An Eagle will stand up for him,  
And partake in his defence.  
He will show his true colours  
By being a true friend  
And standing up for him when  
When someone wishes to do his friend harm.  
Loyalty defines true character,  
It defines fidelity,  
And the root of friendship.  
An Eagle will stand for what is right,  
No matter what.

Helpfulness is another attribute  
Of the Eagle Scout.  
He is always willing to help  
Others whenever they are in need,  
Especially when no one else is  
Volunteering to help at all.  
He is always willing to lend a hand  
To the poor, the needy, the old,  
The very young, and the disabled.  
He always helps out whenever he can.  
His help can really change  
The world bit by bit.

Courtesy is another attribute  
An Eagle Scout wields.  
He is very polite and  
Withholds his tongue whenever  
Something crosses his mind.  
He is very polite,  
And he refrains from making  
Rude comments or gestures

That would hurt others.

Amity is another attribute  
The Eagle Scout wields in his sheath.  
He is welcoming to all Scouts,  
And he opens up to them,  
Making them feel accepted.  
An Eagle is accepting to all,  
And he is flexible and  
Accommodating in all situations,  
He does not make enemies.

Obedience is another attribute  
An Eagle Scout has.  
Now, he may listen to his mother and father,  
Which is very important.  
However, as he goes on,  
He obeys other authorities,  
Like our nation's laws (if they are just) ,  
Paying taxes, the laws of our community,  
His employer, his mentor,  
His family members,  
And the Laws of our Father in heaven.  
He also continues to obey the Scout Law,  
Putting it in his everyday life,  
As he had in his youth.  
He will continue to apply it  
As he moves to adulthood.

Kindness is another. An Eagle will  
Turn the other cheek, even when someone  
Is putting him down or provoking him.  
He passes no judgement on others,  
And he takes the time to know people.  
He takes care of his peers  
When they are ill. He comforts them  
When they are hurt.  
He also wishes the best for all of them.  
He is a good friend  
And a role model to all who look  
Upon him in one form or another.

Cheerfulness is another.

An Eagle always has a smile on his face,  
Even when he is taking on a hard task,  
Or even when times are very rough.  
He is always optimistic about the  
World around him, inviting others to  
Share in his happiness. He is encouraging  
To all his peers, telling them they can  
Do the best they possibly can.

Bravery is another attribute.

A Scout is willing to take on any ordeal,  
No matter how hard the task is. He is ready,  
Even when things seem scary and bleak.  
He is ready to take it on,  
And make the best out of it. He is  
Always willing to take on a challenge.

Thriftiness is another. A Scout will  
Be responsible with his resources.  
He has learned the Leave No Trace Principles,  
And he will also take care of his finances  
to support his family and their physical needs.  
He always saves whatever he has.

Cleanliness is another important factor.

A Scout is clean in his hygiene,  
In his speech, his mind, his heart,  
And his language. He will keep  
Them clean and pure.

Reverence is also important. A Scout  
Is reverent toward God.  
He listens to His rules,  
And he respects the religions of others.  
He attends Church,  
And he fulfils his duties daily.

This is what an Eagle is,  
And this is on my honour.



# One Look

One look at you,  
And I see the most beautiful  
Woman in the entire world,  
Someone who takes my heart away  
As I see your beautiful blue eyes  
That shine with so much youth,  
Fidelity piety, loyalty, and vivacity.  
I see you- beautiful as can be-  
The tenacity of your compassion  
Radiates through my existence  
As your soul shines to announce  
The glory of God  
And the love of Jesus Christ.

You take my heart away  
As you smile, filled with so  
Much love and compassion.  
Reticence has no knowledge of you;  
Taciturnity wots not of your existence;  
And happy you are,  
Adorably prattling about the  
Little things in life that  
You are thankful for and  
I have taken for granted, until now,  
Since you have pointed them out to me,  
The bland creature, am I,  
And you stand,  
Indulging in your curiosity,  
Engaging in intellectual thought,  
Exploring your wonderful world,  
Observing all its little wonders,  
Inquiring of our existence,  
And debating philosophical questions  
Off the top of your head.

And, this is why I love you,  
For you lack the ennui of  
The discontent but contain  
The inquisitive sentiment of

The scientist, the historian,  
And the philosopher.  
You prattle about little things,  
Things I once considered  
Insignificant but now have  
Come to appreciate,  
Because of you,  
And you discuss the deep,  
The questionable, and the unknown.  
You have intellect, and you  
Display your arbitrary and  
Abstract thoughts in a way  
That interests me all the more.

Yet, one look at you,  
And I see the beauty  
Of my dreams with her  
Beautiful smile, her wondrous eyes,  
Her long, flowing blond hair,  
Her intellect and creativity,  
And her piety altogether,  
Knowing she's the one I love.

Justin Reamer

# Onomatopoeia

Bang, bash!  
Slam, crash!  
Kabaam, splash!  
Boom, trash!  
Crack, clank,  
Ka-chik,  
Click, whack,  
Whap, wham,  
Gag, cough,  
Hark, scream,  
Shout!

Onomatopoeia is the sound words  
We use every day  
In our everyday lives  
That illustrate our language  
With magic.

It is truly amazing what you can  
Do with words like them,  
Such as banging a door,  
Or slamming it,  
Or crashing into a pole,  
Or whacking a tree,  
Or something along those lines.  
Onomatopoeia is amazing.

Justin Reamer

# Oppugning

You know, there's nothing to you,  
Because you're an idiot,  
And all you can do is sit around all day  
And sing your stupid songs,  
So go out there and fight,  
You stupid ragamuffin,  
Or nothin's comin' outta you.

Justin Reamer

# Organ

Organ is considered old-fashioned,  
But he's been helping people  
Stay together for centuries.  
He is a bit eccentric,  
And a little strange and senile,  
But the talent is still there,  
And no one can deny it.

Justin Reamer

# Ort

Aren't you going to eat it?  
I mean, there are people starving,  
And you're going to let a crumb bother you?  
Eat it,  
And the ort will be yours forever.

Justin Reamer

# Osman

A man of large stature,  
Buff with strong muscles that  
Can lift even the heaviest cement block,  
And possibly break down the Philistine Temple  
Of the false god Dagon  
Like Samson did in the Book of Judges,  
For this man is very strong,  
Is a Bosnian man from  
Bosnia and Herzegovina who  
Has immense strength,  
Immense prowess,  
A roar for a voice,  
A lion's heart,  
Filled with courage,  
A brave soul,  
And a very loud bark,  
Like that of a wolf.

His name is Osman,  
The grandfather of Dale Domer,  
A large Bosnian man who lived  
To see the Soviet Union and  
The Bolsheviks rise and fall,  
And upon their falling,  
And the succession of Gorbachev,  
His family was set free in order to come here,  
To the United States of America,  
So that his family would have freedom  
To live the way they wanted,  
And so they weren't oppressed by Stalinism,  
Or by the Russians who lived not too far away.  
The crocodile never chased them very far,  
For it had been following them all of their life,  
But now they were able to be free,  
So that they could live here freely,  
And live in the West for good.

Osman is a good man,  
An alpha male to his family,

A good father,  
A good mentor,  
A good guardian,  
And a good husband.  
He helped his children grow strong  
And independent,  
Teaching them how to work hard  
And how to be responsible.  
They learned from him,  
And his grandchildren are learning even more,  
And he is happy to see the day.

He works in the dish room at Aquinas College,  
And cannot bear to see irresponsibility;  
He may not understand English very well,  
And the language barrier may be great,  
But there is no reason to fear him,  
For once you get to know him,  
You get to see the kind gentleman  
He really is.  
You see his good attributes,  
His loving heart,  
His tender soul,  
His lovingkindness,  
His amiability,  
His jocosity,  
His jocularities,  
His gregariousness,  
His vivacity,  
His spirit,  
His youth,  
And so much more.

He yells, but it isn't on  
Purpose or for intention  
Of harming people,  
Rather, it is because of frustration  
And the language barrier he hates so much.  
Yet, you get to know him,  
And you see his real character,  
The kind, jocose man he really is.

Osman is a wonderful person,  
And I am glad I was able to meet him.  
He is a great man,  
And was a great mentor.  
He is a hard worker,  
An upright man,  
And a righteous and noble one at that.  
I have not met anyone better in my life,  
And I am glad I can say he's my friend.

Justin Reamer

# Othniel

Oh, Othniel,  
Great Judge of the Lord,  
Great Servant,  
Great Leader of Israel,  
How you fought for God and His people,  
And freed them from Cushanrishathaim,  
The King of Aram,  
And defeated him is amazing.

You were wise,  
And you were strong,  
For God chose you to save Israel,  
And to help your people.  
You were great,  
And for forty years,  
You reigned and fought for what was right.  
God bless you!

Justin Reamer

## Ottava Rima

A beautiful day it appears,  
To see such a beautiful sky;  
And I have no such fears,  
When I am going to fly;  
For life is like string to shears,  
So all you can do is try;  
You got to give it your best,  
Before you go to eternal rest.

Justin Reamer

# Our Father

Our Father,  
Who art in Heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name;  
Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done,  
On Earth that it is in Heaven;  
Give us this day  
Our daily bread  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive those  
Who trespass against us;  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil.  
And the power  
And the kingdom  
And the glory are Yours,  
Now and forever. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Our Father In Heaven

Who is the Father in Heaven?  
Have we any proof that He exists?  
Have we any reason to believe in Him?  
Even though we have never seen Him?  
And have never seen his face?  
Yes, we do have reason to believe in Him,  
And our Heavenly Father is very real,  
For He is the reason we are alive today,  
And living in this world.

God is great, and He is good,  
For He loves all of us,  
For we are all of His children.  
He cares about us in every way,  
In every way imaginable,  
And He is the reason we are alive,  
For He created us.

God is the Creator,  
For He created the universe,  
For He is the Universal Artist,  
And that we cannot deny,  
For He created all of the planets,  
All of the plants and animals,  
Every molecule that there is to count,  
And every bacterium, protozoa,  
Paramecium, amoeba, hydra,  
Elodea, Streptococcus, Staphylococcus,  
Dinosaur, fungus, and virus that there is.  
He knows every star in the sky,  
How vast the universe is,  
The way the universe began,  
Every planet there ever was and will be,  
And so much more.  
He created the trees,  
The flowers,  
The tulips, and daisies,  
The dandelions, the lilies,  
The lilacs, and the roses,

And the pine trees,  
And the conifers,  
And the fir trees,  
And the spruces,  
And the maples,  
And the oaks,  
And the palm trees,  
And the birches,  
And the beeches,  
And the ash trees,  
And the mosses,  
And the horsetails,  
And the lichens,  
And the ferns,  
And the whisk ferns,  
And so much more.

He created all the bacteria,  
Including E. Coli,  
Streptococcus,  
Staphylococcus,  
Lactobacillus,  
Hydra,  
Measles,  
The thing that causes tuberculosis,  
And the Eubacteria and so much more.

He created all of the fungi,  
Including yeast and mold,  
Mushrooms and much more than that.

He created algae,  
And protozoa,  
Including diatoms,  
Amoebas,  
Paramecia,  
Elodea,  
And so much more.

He also created all the animals,  
Including the wolves,  
The dogs we know as pets,

Beagles and cocker spaniels,  
Labradors and pit bulls,  
Mountain dogs and huskies,  
Hound dogs and Great Danes,  
And all the other breeds,  
The cats we know as pets,  
Cheetahs and tigers,  
Ocelots and jaguars,  
Pumas and lions,  
Mountain lions and cougars,  
Bears and pandas,  
Penguins and seals,  
Sea lions and sea turtles,  
Orcas and dolphins,  
Whales and porpoises,  
Alligators and hippos,  
Snakes and lizards,  
Frogs and toads,  
Newts and salamanders,  
Owls and hawks,  
Canaries and cardinals,  
Chickadees and blue jays,  
Gulls and pelicans,  
Puffins and goldfinches,  
Falcons and pigeons,  
Ducks and geese,  
Swans and waterfowl,  
Chickens and roosters,  
Cows and bulls,  
Horses and ponies,  
Mules and donkeys,  
Asses and stallions,  
Rabbits and squirrels,  
Chipmunks and monkeys,  
Prairie dogs and gophers,  
Moles and beavers,  
Weasels and ferrets,  
Monkeys and chimpanzees,  
Gorillas and orangutans,  
Fish and sharks,  
Sea anemones and jellyfish,  
Sea urchins and starfish,

Octopi and platypus,  
Moose and deer,  
Elk and reindeer,  
Caribou and buffalo,  
Turtles and tortoises,  
Anteaters and echidnas,  
Koalas and hares,  
Kangaroos and opossums,  
Mice and rats,  
Tadpoles and strange things,  
Goats and sheep,  
And all the insects we know,  
Such as mosquitoes,  
Horseflies and deerflies,  
Beetles and butterflies,  
Caterpillars and weevils,  
Borers and moths,  
Cicadas and dragonflies,  
And so much more.

God created the land in which we live on,  
The forests we all know and love,  
All of the mountains that we see in the distance,  
And some of which we like to climb and to ski on;  
He created the beaches for swimming,  
And surfing,  
And for so much more,  
And he created our sun,  
And our wonderful blue sky,  
And all of the days,  
And all of the nights,  
And all of the weather,  
Whether it is sunny,  
Rain,  
Snow,  
Sleet,  
Or hail.

God created us,  
When He created Adam and Eve,  
And even though they fell from grace,  
God continued to provide for them,

Even though they had sinned.  
They had their sons, Cain and Abel,  
And Cain killed Abel out of envy,  
But God still looked after him,  
Even though Cain had sinned.

When God planned a great flood,  
He granted Noah with the will to make a boat,  
And he built the arc,  
And after the flood,  
He repopulated the Earth.

God then began His covenant with Abraham,  
Which continued through Isaac,  
Then through Jacob,  
Who was to be called 'Israel, '  
And then through Moses,  
And Joshua,  
And all of the Kings and Judges,  
Until He sent His Son,  
Jesus Christ,  
To save us from our sins.

God loves us,  
For we are his children.  
He knows each of us personally,  
For he knows every hair on our heads,  
Every thought we have,  
And every idea we carry.  
He is omnipotent  
And omniscient,  
For He is the greatest being in the universe.

He is merciful,  
For He loves you,  
And will do anything for you,  
In order to bring you back to Him.  
He wants you so badly,  
For you are His child,  
And He will love you know matter what.

God is great,

And He is good,  
And He will look after you,  
No matter what,  
For that is why we have reason to  
Believe in Him.

Justin Reamer

# Our Lady Of Guadalupe

Our Lady of Guadalupe,  
Mystical Rose,  
make intercession for holy Church,  
protect the sovereign Pontiff,  
help all those who invoke you in their necessities,  
and since you are the ever Virgin Mary  
and Mother of the true God,  
obtain for us from your most holy Son  
the grace of keeping our faith,  
of sweet hope in the midst of the bitterness of life  
of burning charity, and the precious gift  
of final perseverance.  
Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Our Lady Of Lourdes

Hail Mary, poor and humble Woman, Blessed by the Most High! Virgin of hope, dawn of a new era, We join in your song of praise, to celebrate the Lord's mercy, to proclaim the coming of the Kingdom and the full liberation of humanity.

Hail Mary, lowly handmaid of the Lord, Glorious Mother of Christ! Faithful Virgin, holy dwelling-place of the Word, Teach us to persevere in listening to the Word, and to be docile to the voice of the Spirit, attentive to his promptings in the depths of our conscience and to his manifestations in the events of history.

Hail Mary, Woman of sorrows, Mother of the living! Virgin spouse beneath the Cross, the new Eve, Be our guide along the paths of the world. Teach us to experience and to spread the love of Christ, to stand with you before the innumerable crosses on which your Son is still crucified.

Hail Mary, woman of faith, First of the disciples! Virgin Mother of the Church, help us always to account for the hope that is in us, with trust in human goodness and the Father's love. Teach us to build up the world beginning from within: in the depths of silence and prayer, in the joy of fraternal love, in the unique fruitfulness of the Cross.

Holy Mary, Mother of believers, Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Our Lady Of Perpetual Help

O Mother of Perpetual Help, grant that I may ever invoke thy most powerful name, which is the safeguard of the living and the salvation of the dying. O Purest Mary, O Sweetest Mary, let thy name henceforth be ever on my lips. Delay not, O Blessed Lady, to help me whenever I call on thee, for, in all my needs, in all my temptations I shall never cease to call on thee, ever repeating thy sacred name, Mary, Mary.

Justin Reamer

# Our Lady, Help Of Christians

Most Holy Virgin Mary, Help of Christian,  
how sweet it is to come to your feet  
imploping your perpetual help.  
If earthly mothers cease not to remember their children,  
how can you, the most loving of all mothers forget me?  
Grant then to me, I implore you,  
your perpetual help in all my necessities,  
in every sorrow, and especially in all my temptations.  
I ask for your unceasing help for all who are now suffering.  
Help the weak, cure the sick, convert sinners.  
Grant through your intercessions many vocations to the religious life.  
Obtain for us, O Mary, Help of Christians,  
that having invoked you on earth we may love and eternally thank you in  
heaven.

Justin Reamer

# Para Ti

Sé que esto puede ser ridículo,

Pero tengo que saber,

Que a pesar de esta relación,

Aunque bastante absurdo,

Va bastante amok,

Debo decir que te amo,

No importa lo que nos pasa.

Bebé, te amo tanto

Que yo haría cualquier cosa para usted.

Me gustaría dar el mundo

Y todo lo haría en mi poder

Para ayudarle,

Y aunque usted no puede hacer eso

Para mí,

Siempre sería hacer eso para usted.

Usted, mi estimado, significa más para mí

En toda mi vida,

Dios nos ha unido,

Y él quiere que estar Unidos,  
Incluso si no es ahora,  
Tal vez más tarde,  
Pero no tengo ninguna intención de matrimonio,  
Pero lo que quiero ser es con usted.

Bebé, yo haré cualquier cosa para usted,  
A pesar de que estás molesto conmigo,  
Haré cualquier cosa que usted pida.

Si quieres disparar a mí mismo,  
Supongo que lo haré,  
Si quieres morir ahora,  
Saltando de un acantilado,  
Supongo que hará demasiado.

Sin embargo, siempre guardaré mis promesas,  
Si estás feliz,  
Me regocijaré con usted,  
Y si estás triste,  
Se escuchan  
Y se aconsejan a usted,

Y si estás enojado,  
Escucho pacientemente,  
Yo soy un hombre paciente,  
Y escucharé sus lamentaciones  
Y ayudarle en cualquier manera que posiblemente pueda.

Mi amor, voy a dar nada  
Sea mi biblioteca,  
Mi portátil, mi teléfono móvil,  
(Incluso si necesita prestada) ,  
Mi casa, mi perro,  
Mis libros, mi televisión,  
Mi teléfono, mi Biblia,  
Mi diccionario, mi tesoro,  
Mis revistas (si realmente los necesita) ,  
Mis ojos, mis oídos, mi boca,  
Mi cabeza, mi ropa,  
Mi camisa, mis pantalones,  
Mis calcetines, mi chaqueta,  
Mi suéter, mi PC,  
Mis sillas, mis muebles,

Mis tablas, mi refugio,  
Mi tienda, mi casa,  
Mi inodoro, mis artículos de higiene personal,  
Mi brazo, mi mano,  
Mi pierna, mi cerebro,  
Mis dientes, mi corazón,  
Mis pulmones, mi vida,  
Mi alma y mi amor.

Voy a dar nada, babe,  
Pues te doy mi amor,  
Y le doy mi respeto,  
Y aunque le di a  
Ya,  
Hago mejor darles a usted,  
Y voy a ser paciente  
Y voy a ser veraz,  
Honesto y amable,  
Agradable y sincero,  
Fiable y confiable,  
Thrifty y sabio,

Inteligente y útil,  
Escucha,  
Escuchar profundamente,  
Desinteresado,  
No pomposo,  
Dando y desinteresado,  
Cuidado y Cortés,  
Generoso y amoroso,  
Y mucho más,  
Para que voy a darle mi amor incondicional.

Si me necesitas  
Yo le llamará por teléfono todos los días,  
Y si me necesitas  
Email when I ' m gone,  
Y cuando estoy aquí,  
Me voy a gastar tanto tiempo contigo como sea posible,  
A pesar de que puede tomar el trabajo  
Ese tiempo valioso lejos de mí,  
Y estaré a casa todos los días del año,  
Aún hoy,

Cuando las cosas van bien,  
Y aunque no puede ir bien para usted,  
Estaré allí para ti,  
Por tanto, te amo  
Y me gustaría escribir cartas de amor a usted cada día,  
Y me gustaría escribir canciones para ti,  
Y cantar esas canciones,  
Y yo cantaba esas canciones como ninguna otra,  
Y aún cuando el día es joven,  
Estaré allí en la mañana,  
Y por la tarde,  
Y por la noche,  
Y la noche,  
Incluso cuando se hace tarde.

I believe in you, babe,  
Porque no hay nadie como tú,  
Y no tengo ninguna preguntas de ustedes,  
Y, si quería,  
Yo viajaría el mundo contigo,  
Y América del Norte,

Y Canadá,  
Y México,  
Y los países de América Latina,  
Como Costa Rica y Panamá,  
Y podríamos ver Brasil  
Y Perú,  
Y Argentina,  
Y Puerto Rico,  
Donde vive el Puerto Ricans,  
Y podríamos ir a Hawaii,  
Y podríamos ir a Australia  
Y ver la gran barrera de coral,  
Y nosotros podríamos nadar con peces,  
Tiburones y delfines,  
Y nos podríamos ir a ver ballenas,  
Nadar en sus familias,  
Y el canto fuera al mundo,  
Especialmente las orcas encantadoras,  
Que están tan contentos de ver a los seres humanos.  
  
Pudimos ver Europa,

Y viajar a Italia,  
Y comer comida italiana  
Con el pueblo italiano  
Comer pasta y espaguetis  
Y pizza y fettuccine alfredo,  
Y vino moscato,  
Que tanto apasiona.  
Pudimos ver el Vaticano,  
Y la visita del Papa,  
El Papa Benedicto XVI,  
Y ver la Basílica de San Pedro,  
Como Jesús le dijo a Pedro para construirla,  
Después resucitó de los muertos,  
Y estaba en el cielo  
Con su padre, Dios,  
Y sus padres humanamente,  
Santa María y San José;  
Y pudimos ver las hermosas catedrales,  
Y pudimos ver las obras de los artistas  
Leonardo da Vinci,  
Pablo Picasso al pintor,

Miguel Ángel,  
Quien hizo la escultura de David,  
Y Rafael,  
Y Botticelli,  
Y muchos de los artistas más famosos;  
Y podríamos visitar la tumba de Galileo,  
Y visitar la tumba de Dante Alighieri el poeta épico,  
Y la tumba de Virgilio,  
Otro poeta épico que escribió La Eneida,  
Con Eneas como su personaje principal o protagonista.

Podríamos visitar a Francia,  
Y ver todo París,  
Incluyendo la Torre Eiffel,  
Y la puerta de la victoria,  
Y Notre Dame,  
La maravillosa Catedral,  
Que ha sido en literatura francesa durante años,  
Y podríamos ver la cultura parisina,  
Y la cultura del pueblo francés, también,  
Y ver las casas y tumbas de

Victor Hugo y Alejandro Dumas,  
Dos autores muy famosos de la literatura francesa;  
Y cómo me encantaría ver la tumba de Victor Hugo,  
El autor de Los Miserables,  
El hombre fue tal en contacto con su mundo,  
Que fue un revolucionario,  
Y un héroe contra su emperador,  
Napoleón Bonaparte,  
Y el rey,  
Luis XVIII,  
Porque eran todos tontos,  
Y el hombre era grande;  
Y pudimos ver las pinturas  
De Claude Monet (el artista y pintor)  
Y Vincent van Gogh (otro pintor) ,  
Que pintó durante la época impresionista,  
Y aunque no eran populares durante su tiempo,  
Ahora, se consideraban maestros  
Pues me encantaría ver lirios de agua en su estado original,  
Y la Noche estrellada, así,  
Para que queden en el Louvre,

A la espera de nosotros, mi querida,

Y esperan más.

Podríamos ir a Japón,

Y disfrutar de la cultura japonesa

Para los japoneses son tan amigables,

Con el budismo Zen y sintoísmo

A su alrededor,

Y encanta su cultura,

Su cultura Oriental,

Y te gusta el anime,

Y el manga,

Que son una forma de sus artes,

Y usted y me encanta haikus,

La poesía que es tan hermosa,

Por su lenguaje es grande,

Y excelente,

Que no se puede negar.

Pero, mi amor, I will always love you,

Tú eres la mujer de mi vida,

Y la chica de mis sueños,  
Que quiero que seas mi novia por ahora,  
Pero eventualmente ser mi esposa,  
Y a casarse conmigo por el resto de la eternidad,  
Tú eres especial para mí,  
Y yo sé que soy especial para ti,  
Y we belong together,  
Y haré cualquier cosa para usted.

Por lo tanto, espero que me amas,  
Y espero que usted puede ser feliz,  
Para los ojos de Dios,  
Somos perfectos,  
Y nada nunca podría cambiar eso,  
Y te amo tanto  
Daré mi vida  
Y podemos llegar a «ser una sola carne»  
Y tiene hijos y criarlos,  
Y siempre seremos una familia.

Solo quiero decir, mi querida,

Que will always love you,

No importa qué,

Voy a hacerlo que quieras,

Nada que pido,

Todo para usted.

Justin Reamer

# Paradox

It is harder for a rich man  
To get into heaven  
Than for a camel to pass  
Through the eye of a needle.

This is one of Jesus'  
Paradoxes.

Justin Reamer

# Paralipsis

Something is being omitted here,  
Something very important,  
And we must not forget that it is important  
That we include ALL of the information  
We receive,  
For it is important that  
My opponent not mislead you in any way,  
So I will tell you the truth.

Justin Reamer

# Paternity

Turning his back on all of us,  
He knew what he did wrong,  
For he was done with us,  
And ready to go on  
With his life as he knew it.  
He was my father,  
Turning to no one for  
Redemption, atonement, or expiation,  
Hatred always crossing his mind,  
For betrayal was his name,  
Adultery was his game,  
And the profane was what he blamed.  
Abusive he was in his  
Emotions, his thoughts,  
Speech, and actions,  
And violent he was with all of us  
Like a barbarian making a war cry  
Or a beast hunting its prey in the night.  
How gruesome was his abhorrence,  
With cruelty at every whim,  
Insanity in his head,  
As Rostolnikhov nearly underwent,  
For he was malevolent,  
Playing us by our weaknesses,  
Smirking at our pain,  
Smiling at our torture,  
As he ripped us limb from limb,  
Stealing our hearts,  
Tearing them from our vulnerable chests,  
And dangling forever on end,  
And making the pain start,  
Which was worse than incest,  
For 'twas that we could not mend.  
Damn him for what he did,  
For negligence is better than pain,  
For there is no one he can turn to,  
For redemption is not near,  
And atonement not on site,  
But damn him forever more,

For I dare not see his face again,  
With his foul expressions not lending an ear,  
May we end this interminable freight!

Justin Reamer

# Patience

I can wait for the longest time  
For her to come to me...

Justin Reamer

# Patricia

Trish,

I am sorry that you hate me,  
And I am sorry that you must feel that way,  
But I will say that I value your friendship,  
And that I do not hate you at all.

I do not know what makes you angry,  
But if I did anything wrong,  
I am very sorry,  
For you hate me for  
No apparent reason.

Although you wronged me,  
I want to let you know  
That I forgive you,  
And I find no reason to hate you,  
For there is no point in holding grudges,  
Or hating anyone,  
No matter what anyone did to me.  
And even though you wronged me,  
And human nature gives in to hatred,  
I find no reason to hate you,  
No matter what you did to me.

I want to say  
That I forgive you,  
And that I am sorry  
That you feel that way,  
But I hope you do well in life,  
And achieve your goals,  
And get the best out of this world.

God bless you,  
And may you go in peace.

Justin Reamer

# Patrilineage

'Nine times out of ten, an abuse victim  
Will succumb to his abuser, repeating the  
Same monstrosities he suffered to other children.'  
A clap of thunder rumbles in the distance as  
This daunting statistic ruminates in my brain as  
I watch the fog cover the Lake Michigan surface,  
A confounding psychological state I can't comprehend.  
If everyone has a legacy, I know not mine;  
Whatever it is remains unclear, lost in the mist.

Looking into the fog, images of my father's legacy  
Begin to surround me: a punch in the face,  
Scars from the whiplash of a belt buckle,  
A bear hibernating during the winter months,  
Only to roar when rudely awakened by intruders.  
Traumatic, inglorious memories were his legacy,  
Causing subconscious pain and tears to fall from heaven,  
A past too murky to even attempt comprehension.  
It is all too painful to contemplate, but I wonder all the same:  
If this was my father's legacy, then what is mine going to be?

As I look into the fog, I ponder the things I'll pass onto my sons,  
The things I'll leave behind for them to remember me by.  
Will I offer them a world of happiness, a field of grass to enjoy?  
Or will I offer them sadness, a graveyard of misery to lament?  
Contemplation brings no avail as the fog in its ambiguity  
Envelops my mind in a mist of confounding confusion,  
Masking every possible future with obscurity and opacity.  
The future may be uncertain, though, but one thing is clear:  
I have a choice to the man my children require of me,  
Not another variable in the game of statistics.

Justin Reamer

# Peb Lo Lus

Kuv hlub, muaj ntau ntau yam nyob hauv ntiaj teb no

Tias kuv yuav hais thiab ua rau koj,

Tab sis, yog ib yam uas expresses ntawd, tag nrho

Qhov loj tshaj nyob hauv lub ntiaj teb,

Nws yog ib qhov khoom plig zoo tshaj rau txhua yam:

No peb lo lus uas kuv tau tso los ntawm kuv daim di ncauj,

'Kuv hlub koj.'

Hlub kuv, koj yuav xav tso dag tias kuv tabtom txaus,

Rau ib tug neeg jocose koj paub tias kuv yog,

Thiab koj yuav xav tias nws yog ib yam ntawm cov kws txuj ci dag,

Tej yam worthless,

Tab sis, kuv qhia koj qhov no yog qhov tseeb,

Kev qhia koj, 'kuv hlub koj '

Yog cov loj tshaj qhov kuv yuav hais rau koj

Vim nws piav tag nrho lub siab,

Tag nrho cov pwm,

Txhua tus xav,

Tag nrho cov passion,

Tag nrho cov compassion,

Thiab txhua tus hlub kuv muaj rau koj.

Nws piav ntau npaum li cas kuv kam

Ua dab tsi rau koj,

Txawm li cas qhov nqi no.

Nws piav txhua yam thiab

Tag nrho lub siab yuav ua rau koj.

Koj yuav xav tias nws yog kev vwm,

kuv tus hlub

Tab sis nws tsis yog muaj tseeb li kuv hais rau koj,

Rau kuv xav yeej tsis dag koj,

Thiab kuv tsis dag no,

Yog tsis pub yuav kuv puas tau dag rau koj

Believing txhua yam kuv qhia koj.

Tshaj plaws no kuv qhia koj tsis yog ib tug kws txuj ci dag,

Tsis muaj scandal,

Tsis muaj falsehood,

Los yog lus dag hauv uas peb nyob.

Cov neeg yuav hais tias kev hlub yog lus dag,

Tiam sis yog txoj, kuv hlub koj

Thiab so soj

Qhov no muaj tseeb tiag.

Kuv tus hlub, kuv yuav hais tias, 'kuv hlub koj '

Tsiv,

Tujtaws,

Ib txhij,

Thiab pheej,

Thiab kuv yuav nco ntsoov luag rau koj

Vim yog lub ntsiab lus qab heev

Kuv hais rau koj.

Nws piav tej yam kuv tau ua li cas

AM tsis kam noj,

Piav kev xav, kev xav,

Thiab cwj pwm txawv uas kuv tau ua phem rau koj,

Thiab txhua yam peb txoj kev yog raws li,

Rau peb cov lus no yog lub hauv paus

Cov muaj kev sib raug zoo teev ua ntej Vaj tswv.

Nws yeej muaj tseeb, thiab kuv yuav vam koj

Tau taub tias.

Kuv hlub koj, sweetheart,

Rau qhov muaj yog tsis muaj leej twg ua zoo,

Li compassionate, vivacious li,

Txawj xav li, zoo li,

Los hluv li koj.

Koj yeej zoo nkauj nrog

Koj ntev daj hau uas hlob zoo rau koj lub xub pwg nyom,

Shines hauv lub tshav ntev nyiam

Xaam kub nyuam qhuav tsis ntev los no tau moulded ntawm cov mine.

Kuv hluv koj kaj xiav muag uas pom kev

Nyiam Michigan thiab nco txog kuv

Kaj xiav ntuj qaib

Thaum noontime yog nyob ze.

Lawv pom txhua zaus thaum koj luag ntxhi,

Revealing lub portals rau koj plig,

Thiab cov uas qhia sawv daws yog muaj dabtsi hais txog koj.

Koj luag tseem zoo nkauj,

Rau nws illuminates ib chav tsev thaum tsaus ua los yog dimness

Lies thiaj kaw tau, tsis heev far off,

Thiab qhov luag yuav sib kis,

Kis rau sawv daws zoo ib yam li ib tug kab mob,

Ua lawv luag, ib yam nkaus thiab.

Kuv nyiam li koj luag,

Nws yog adorable thiab grandiose,  
Koj muab koj tus funny tis tias koj  
Rau lwm tus neeg rau luag, ib yam nkaus thiab,  
Thiab sawv daws hluv hnov no,  
Nws yog pleasing rau hauv pob ntseg.  
Yog koj lub cev thiab thiab yog ntshiv,  
Muab koj ib daim duab uas zoo nkauj.  
Koj ob lub mis yog ib yam li cov txiv hmab txiv ntoo rau txiv maj phaub ntoo,  
Raws li cov poet huab tais Solomon ntawm ua Ixayees,  
Cov tub cov vaj ntxwv Da-viv ua Ixayees thiab Jerusalem,  
Ib zaug hais,  
Thaum nws sau tau nws paj huam, cov nkauj rau nkauj,  
Rau koj ob lub mis yog ib yam li txiv siav,  
Bosoms loj loj thiab zoo nkauj,  
Npaj los cob qhia cov me nyuam uas yuav tuaj mus rau hauv lub ntiaj teb no.  
Lawv zoo nkauj,  
Rising thiab ntog nrog txhua ua pa qeeb koj noj,  
Ua koj daim duab zoo nkauj.  
Yog koj stature majestic,  
Koj mus gracefully wherever koj mus,  
Yeej tsis stumbling los yog ntog,

Tab sis kev nyiam tus zoo,

Muab poj niam muaj ntau lub sophistication.

Tsis muaj ntxiv rau koj tias kuv hlub.

Koj yog ib tus zoo tshuab raj

Leej twg tau plays ntau seev.

Koj yog ib tug violinist zoo,

Yawm pianist,

Thiab ib yawm guitarist.

Koj ua si cov nkauj laus ncas beautifully,

Paub txog txhua lub crescendo thiab decrescendo,

Si harmonies zoo,

Nyob zoo nrog suab,

Articulating sau ntawv zoo nrog koj hneev nti,

Ua suab paj nruag euphonious qhov txhia chaw uas koj mus,

Differentiating ntawm tempos zoo li no

Raws li allegro, andante, presto, largo, thiab moderato.

Koj paub txhua txhua ritardando thiab rallitendo,

Txhua txhua caesura, muaj staccato, marcato, fermata,

Sis, thiab tenuto.

Koj ua si ntawm suab paj nruag zoo,

Thiab koj hwj tau lub cev loj, yog

Thiab koj yuav tsis txhawj txog kev embouchure.

Ntawm piano, tus acoustics no yog koob thaum uas koj ua si,

Rau koj suab nyiam Ludwig van Beethoven thaum nws pib ua si,

Los yog Johann Sebastian Bach,

Los yog Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Koj ua si wonderfully,

Txhais tau hais tias koj yog ib tug songwriter.

Thaum twg koj ua si guitar,

Koj yog ib tug natural,

Rau koj ua si txhua txhua strum ua li

Yog tsis muaj dab tsi rau nws,

Thiab koj yuav ua nws sound zoo,

Zoo nkauj yuav luag,

Nws yog pleasing rau kuv pob ntseg,

Nyob rau hauv txhua txhua aural zoo siab.

Kuv yog ib tug trombonist,

Thiab kuv yog yooj yim piv

Kom koj tus zoo complexity

Thiab txuj ci,

Ntse nruab rau koj muaj siab,

Thiab suab paj nruag txawj cov ua cim.

Kuv nyiam koj qhov peev xwm ua suab paj nruas.

Koj yog ib tug outdoorswoman zoo,

Koj yuav tsis ntshai ntub,

Kab lo av, thiab surviving moj sab qhua hnyav.

Cov tawm sab nraud yog ib qhov chaw zoo,

Thiab koj nyiam kom pom txhua yam puag ncig koj,

Yam li kuv ua.

Kuv hlub uas hais txog koj,

Rau kuv paub tias koj nyiam mus hav,

Hiking, bicycling, da dej,

Canoeing, kayaking, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, skiing,

Rollerblading, skating, ua dej khov

Backpacking, caij txhiag dej, scuba diving,

Sailing, rowing, si laim, jogging,

Water-skiing, bird-watching, whale-menyuam,

Nuv boating, dav hlau-skiing, ntses, tsev campfires,

Ua noj marshmallows, mus taug kev, roob climbing,

Es txhua tsav txhua yam ntawd.

Kuv paub tias koj hlub xwm, cov tsiaj txhu thiab cov nroj tsuag.

Koj yog ib tug biologist ntuj,

Ntuj zoologist,

Thiab lub ntuj botanist muaj ntau txoj kev uas,

Thiab kuv zoo siab tau pom tias koj hlub cov tawm sab nraud heev.

Kuv nyiam heev li ntawd,

Rau kuv yog ib tug me nyuam tub Scout thiab qhov dav dawb hau Scout,

Thiab kuv tsis paub qhov twg kuv yuav yog kuv tus hluas nkauj

Koj puas tau tsis nyiam nyob nraum zoov yog thaum qaib

Thiab inclined dog dig mus rau qhov chaw txias txias thaum

Yog lub ntuj kaj,

Daus, ntau ntau

Thiab ib lub hnuv yog muaj caij no zoo kawg thiab.

Kuv zoo siab koj hlub cov tawm sab nraud,

Rau koj yuav tau zoo nyob rau txhua yam koj ua tau.

Kuv nyiam li cas koj yog ib tug singer yawm,

Koj lub suab yog zoo thiab harmonious,

Thiab ua kom tej suab zoo peb txog qhov twg koj mus,

Koj txhiaj ntau ntau,

Pob zeb nkauj sau los ntawm cov pob zeb classic ntxias

Xws li lub Beatles, Rolling pob zeb, thiab tus neeg;  
Los ntawm cov pob zeb kawm nyuab xws li kev lom zem;  
Zaj nkauj pop ua neeg xws li Katy Perry, Alicia daws,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson, thiab Carrie Underwood;  
Zaj nkauj mos pob zeb los folks xws li Billy Joel thiab cov nyiaj txiag Johnny;  
Christian Songs ntawm bands xws li thib peb hnuv, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, suav yas, The Newsboys, thiab ntau ntxiv;  
Teev cov nkauj uas nws tau sau ntau tus neeg,  
Tshwj xeeb tshaj yog hymns thiab whatnot sau los ntawm cov neeg ntseeg ntuj  
ib millennia dhau los;  
Kuv nyiam hu li cas koj nkauj jazz tunes xws li cov  
Tejyam uas Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Koj lub suab tseem zoo nkauj, vivacious, resonant,  
Euphonious, pleasing, thiab heev tshaj ntawd.  
Nws yog zoo li ib tug noog hu nkauj nyob rau hauv cov nplooj saum toj ntawm  
cov hav zoov.  
Kuv yeej tsis tau txaus rau nws.  
Nws ua rau kuv luag ntxhi txhua lub sij hawm kuv hnov koj lub suab alto,  
Cas nws fluctuates tones, pitches, thiab sau ntawv.  
Nws tseem zoo nkauj kiag li.  
Kuv hu, ib yam nkaus thiab,

Thiab kuv nyiam hu nkauj,

Thiab yuav tsum paub hais tias kuv muaj peev xwm tsim

Ua ib tug duet nrog lwm tus neeg uas nyiam

Hais nkauj ntau tus tib yam kuv ua

Yog ib tug zoo kuv yuav tsis nco.

Koj yog ib tug artist zoo,

Rau kuv nyiam koj daim duab no,

Thiab kuv hlub nws zoo li cas.

Koj pleev xim li koj saib hauv tus duab,

Koj kos txhais tau hais tias nws noj tau ib lub koob yees duab,

Thiab koj sculpt txhais tau hais tias koj nyuam qhuav tau lub neej,

Ntawm koj tus kheej dais ob txhais tes.

Koj paintings, sculptures,

Koj drawings thiab sketches,

Koj tapestries, quilts;

Lawv yeej zoo txhua works of art —

Tiag tiag li thiab radiant,

Vibrant thiab colourful,

Txhais los tsis tau glib los yog diffident,

Tab sis mirthful thiab kaj siab lug,

Qhia tawm cov kev foob mus rau lub qhov muag,

Thiab ua tau cov leb,

Yog li tag nrho cov ntsiab lus,

Ib tug tsis txhob ntsia lawv.

Koj yog ib tug artist poj nrog muaj txuj ci zoo li tsis muaj lwm;

Yog koj uniqueness incomparable

Yuav ua li cas lwm tus tau.

Koj yog ib ntaj Vinci los yog ib tug Michelangelo,

Nrog cov huab, plig, kev txawj ntse, thiab talents

Hais tias koj muaj.

Kuv nyiam koj daim duab no,

Thiab tab sis kuv tsis pab, contemplate

Thiab daim ntawv qhia cov kev zoo nkauj.

Koj talents yog cov zoo.

Koj sau ntawv los kuj zoo kawg li,

Koj yog ib tug yawm kws ntawv,

Thiab poj poet,

Rau kuv tau nyeem koj cov kwv huam,

Tshwj xeeb tshaj yog cov ib hu ua

'Kuv kawm txog cov Trinity hnuv no '

Uas yog ib tug uas zoo tshaj plaws uas yuav los ua kuv luag,

Nws qhia kuv txog kuv cov kwv tij

Thaum kuv nyeem nws.

Kuv tseem nco ntsoov txog cov paj huam 'Fireflies nyob hauv qhov tsaus ntuj zuag '

Mus ua kuv xav txog txhua yam koj

Twb sim qhia rau kuv,

Thiab kuv hlub nws, nyeem

Li ntawd ces sib sib zog nqus

Thiab ces tag nrho cov ntsiab lus;

Koj cov paj huam zoo li cov suab paj nruag rau kuv pob ntseg,

Euphonious thiab tag nrho cov suab paj nruag,

Tab sis kuv tsis pab, mloog cov

Lus mos txaws ntawm zaug,

Cua whispering hauv willows,

Cov deeg thiab allusion,

Cov assonance thiab dissonance,

Tus metaphors siv majestically,

Tus similes siv sagaciously,

Rau lawv txhua yam ntxiv txog koom tes nrog rau daim duab.

Koj yog poj poet,

Thiab koj cov paj huam yog nws;

Tsis koj tsis muab koj tus kheej tias.

Kuv hlub tus ntawd txuj ci, ib yam nkaus thiab,

Rau kuv txawj sau ntawv kuv tus kheej,

Thiab kuv zoo siab tau ntsib lwm tus neeg xws li kuv.

Koj bibliophilia no kuj zoo kawg thiab,

Rau tus kuv hlub uas koj nyiam nyeem ntawv,

Thiab kuv nco ntsoov txog txhua tus yawm suab ntawv

Koj cia rau hauv koj cov tsev qiv ntawv,

Thiab kuv nco ntsoov txog yam uas koj hais rau kuv

Hais txog txhua yam cov sau phau ntawv thiab writers uas koj nyiam,

Poets, novelists,

Lub essayists, thiab tag nrho tej yam li ntawd.

Kuv zoo siab kuv tau tham txog cov ntawv nyeem rau koj,

Thiab sau tshaj,

Vim koj nyiam nyeem phau ntawv no,

Peruse cov kwv huam,

Thiab nyeem ntawv yog koj strongpoint.

Kuv zoo siab kuv tau nrog ib tug kuv passions koj.

Koj yuav tsum tau Ministries yawm,

Koj tus kheej rau Yexus Khetos, devoting

Yam li kuv sim ua,

Rau txawm ho kuv yog ib tug kav thaus liv,

Thiab koj ib Reformed Protestant Dutch,

Peb leej ntseeg hauv txoj mi —

Tus hlub uas nws tus vaj tswv kheej uas tau muab rau peb

Txhua yam peb pom ua ntej peb,

Thiab tsis muaj dab tsi yuav tsum tau noj deb ntawm peb

Tsuav peb ntseeg nyob hauv nws.

Rau peb cov no yuav pab lwm tus thiab sib pab,

Thiab kuv qhuas koj Koomtes rau muab,

Thaum kuv npaj muab.

Nws tseem zoo saib koj cov ntseeg heev heev, loj hlob

Rau koj ntseeg tau tias nyob hauv nws leej rua lub ntiaj teb,

Peb Saviour Yexus Khetos leej pleev.

Kuv hlub, kuv kam ua dab tsi rau koj,

Yog hais tias koj yog tu siab, kuv yuav ntxias koj,

Yog hais tias koj zoo siab, kuv yuav luag nrog koj,

Yog hais tias koj muaj troubled, kuv yuav counsel koj,

Yog hais tias koj muaj conflicted, kuv yuav mloog thiab, ntxias koj;  
Yog hais tias koj muaj kev npau taws, kuv yuav sim mus mollify rau koj;  
Yog hais tias koj muaj kev txhawj xeeb, kuv mam reassure koj;  
Yog hais tias koj muaj kev txhawj xeeb, kuv yuav muaj rau koj.  
Kuv xav kom koj muaj kev zoo siab  
Vim tias koj zoo siab yog qhov tseem ceeb tshaj  
Kuv nyob hauv ntiaj teb no.  
Kuv yuav yuav koj paj thaum twg tsim nyog,  
Tau ib pob zeb diamond ntiv nplhaib tawm los qhia kuv kev,  
Sau tus paj huam zoo li no tuaj,  
Yuav muaj rau koj thiab koj tsev neeg thaum twg  
Koj xav tau kuv los yuav muaj;  
Kuv yuav tsum muaj rau peb cov me nyuam,  
Koj yog tshwj xeeb rau kuv.  
Kuv yuav coj koj mus rau qhov tsos,  
Xijpeem kuv yeej yuav pab kom koj paub tias ua  
Tias kuv yuav hlub koj ib txwm.  
Peb yuav muaj ntau li cov me nyuam yaus li koj  
Xav kom muaj,  
Rau nws yog koj lub cev uas kuv tabtom siv,  
Li ntawd, kuv yuav qhia rau koj txiav txim seb koj

Xav kom siv tau,  
Kom koj muaj ib tug hais rau nws.  
Koj yog kuv tus hluas nkauj,  
Kuv significant lwm,  
Tsis ntev yuav fiancée,  
Rau qhov peb muaj ntev kom tau affianced,  
Thiab ntev mus yuav poj niam,  
Rau peb noj yuav dawb huv matrimony  
Hauv no txoj kev ua ntej Vaj tswv.  
Peb yuav muaj tug tub thiab cov ntxhais ntawm peb tus kheej,  
Cov me nyuam uas peb yuav nco ntsoov hlub,  
Thiab peb yuav tsa lawv ua neeg zoo,  
Thiab peb yuav ua poj niam.  
Tej zaum koj yuav tau poj niam,  
Thiab kuv yuav muab ib tus yawm txiv.  
Koj yog tus hlub kuv lub neej, sweetheart;  
Kuv xav kom koj paub txog qhov no.  
Kuv ua koj tub qhe,  
Thiab koj yog ascas kuv;  
Muab kuv nroos rau kuv tus kheej rau koj  
Kom kuv tau raws li koj xav tau txhua txhua

Koj yuav zoo siab.

Kuv yog supple thiab submissive,

Rau qhov kuv muab rau koj kom koj zoo siab.

Kuv hlub txhua yam hais txog koj,

Thiab kuv kam ua tag nrho rau koj.

Kuv xav kom koj paub txog qhov no.

Koj yog kuv ua niam txiv plig,

Kuv yeej muaj tseeb hlub ib tug,

Thiab yeej tsis muaj leej twg zoo ib yam li koj

Leej twg complements kuv.

Kuv zoo siab tau paub koj

Thiab hlub koj tag nrho kuv lub plawv.

Li ntawd, kuv hlub, cov ntsiab lus no peb

Qhia rau koj paub txhua yam koj yuav tsum paub,

Rau lawv piav txhua yam kuv nyuam qhuav piav,

Txhua yam kuv xav ua phem rau koj,

Rau thaum kuv pom koj, kuv lub plawv palpitates,

Kuv serdtse arrhythmic, yuav

Yuav zoo siab rau ntawm qhov pom ntawm koj, kuv glubina dushy

Kuv lub siab tawv ntswj thiab churn;

Kuv luag yuav tsis,

Kuv luag uncontrollably,

Kuv xyu ntev thiab soft.

Kuv hlub koj, sweetheart,

Thiab kuv kam ua dab tsi rau koj.

Koj yog kuv ua niam txiv plig,

Thiab cov lo lus uas peb hais txog txhua yam

Founded peb kev sib raug zoo li:

Hlub, compassion, selflessness, peb tus kheej thiab nws tus kheej Vaj tswv lawm.

Nco ntsoov peb cov ntsiab lus no,

Thiab thaum kuv hais tias

Nco ntsoov lawv tus kheej,

Cov ntsiab lus no peb yog yawm,

Thiab kuv yuav tsum hais lawv rau koj ib hnuv sij hawm,

'Kuv hlub koj.'

Justin Reamer

# Perimeter

To walk around the block,  
You have to walk around its whole perimeter  
In order to measure the area around it.  
If that makes sense to you,  
Then carry an odometer with you,  
If that makes sense at all.  
I hope it helps you in  
Whatever way it can.

Justin Reamer

# Perkataan Tiga

Cinta saya, Terdapat banyak perkara di dunia ini  
Yang saya boleh katakan dan lakukan untuk anda,  
Tetapi ada satu perkara yang meluahkan semua itu,  
Perkara yang paling besar di dunia,  
Itulah Hadiah terbaik semua:  
Ini kata-kata tiga, yang saya menyebut dari bibir saya,  
'Saya suka kamu.'

Cinta saya, anda mungkin berfikir bahawa saya sedang bergurau,  
Bagi seseorang yang jocosse anda tahu saya,  
Dan anda boleh berfikir ia adalah semacam penipuan,  
Sesuatunya yang tidak bernilai,  
Tetapi saya memberitahu anda ini adalah benar,  
Untuk memberitahu anda, 'I love you '  
Adalah perkara yang paling besar yang saya boleh katakan kepada anda  
Kerana ia menerangkan semua perasaan,  
Semua emosi,  
Semua pemikiran,  
Semua kehairahan,  
Semua kasih sayang,

Dan kasih-sayang yang saya ada untuk anda.

Ia menerangkan berapa banyak saya bersedia

Untuk melakukan apa-apa untuk anda,

Tidak kira apa kos adalah.

Ia menerangkan semua tindakan dan

Semua perasaan yang saya akan lakukan untuk anda.

Anda mungkin berfikir ia adalah gila,

kekasihku

Tetapi ia adalah benar apa yang saya katakan kepada anda,

Bagi saya tidak pernah berbohong kepada anda,

Dan I am tidak berbohong sekarang,

Tidak akan saya pernah menipu anda ke

Mempercayai apa-apa saya beritahu anda.

Saya beritahu anda perkara ini bukanlah satu penipuan,

Bukan skandal,

Tidak kepalsuan,

Tidak Bohong di mana kita hidup.

Orang boleh mengatakan bahawa cinta adalah bohong,

Tetapi saya cintakan anda adalah tulen,

Dan Yakinlah,

Ini adalah benar.

Dear saya, saya boleh katakan, 'saya suka kamu,  
Berulang-ulang kali,  
Secara berterusan,  
Pada masa yang sama,  
Dan berterusan,  
Saya akan sentiasa senyum pada anda  
Kerana terdapat begitu banyak maksud di sebalik  
Apa yang saya katakan kepada anda.  
Ia menggambarkan tindakan-tindakan yang telah saya lakukan  
Dan saya bersedia untuk mengambil,  
Menerangkan pemikiran, perasaan,  
Dan emosi yang saya ada untuk anda,  
Dan segala-galanya hubungan kami adalah berdasarkan,  
Perkataan tiga ini akan menjadi asas kepada  
Daripada mana-mana kedudukan hubungan sebelum Tuhan.  
Memang benar, dan saya berharap anda  
Boleh memahami bahawa.  
  
I love you, sweetheart,  
Kerana tiada satu jenis,

Seperti belas kasihan, seperti vivacious,  
Yang bijaksana, yang indah,  
Atau seperti kasih sayang anda.  
Anda akan cantik dengan  
Rambut anda berambut panjang yang tumbuh ke bahu anda,  
Dan bersinar di cahaya seperti panjang  
Helai hanya Tempahan beracuan dari lombong emas.  
Saya suka mata biru terang yang Kasut  
Seperti Michigan dan mengingatkan saya tentang  
Langit biru terang di musim panas  
Apabila solstik adalah berhampiran.  
Mereka yang bercahaya setiap kali anda tersenyum,  
Mendedahkan Portal berkenaan untuk jiwa anda,  
Dan menunjukkan kepada semua orang apa ada kira-kira anda.  
Senyuman anda adalah cantik,  
Kerana itu illuminates sebuah bilik apabila kegelapan atau dimness  
Terletak sangat berhampiran, tidak sangat jauh,  
Dan senyuman berjangkit,  
Merebak kepada semua orang seperti penyakit,  
Membuat mereka tersenyum, terlalu.  
Saya suka cara anda ketawa,

Kerana ianya comel dan perancangan,

Untuk anda memberikan anda ketawa lucu sebab

Orang lain ketawa, terlalu,

Dan semua orang suka untuk mendengar

Kerana ia adalah menyenangkan pada telinga.

Tubuh yang ramping dan kurus,

Memberikan anda satu angka yang cantik.

Payudara anda akan seperti buah-buahan pada pokok kelapa,

Sebagai penyair King Solomon di Israel,

Anak Raja Daud dan Israel, Baitulmuqaddis,

Pernah berkata,

Bilakah beliau menulis puisi, lagu-lagu rakyat lagu,

Payudara anda adalah seperti buah-buahan yang masak,

Bosoms besar dan cantik,

Bersedia untuk memupuk kanak-kanak yang mungkin datang ke dunia.

Mereka akan indah,

Meningkat dan jatuh dengan setiap nafas yang perlahan yang anda mengambil,

Membuat Rajah anda cantik.

Kedudukan anda adalah majestic,

Untuk anda berjalan kaki anggun di mana sahaja anda pergi,

Jangan sekali-kali tersandung atau jatuh,

Tapi berjalan seperti yang indah,

Wanita yang betul dengan kecanggihan banyak.

Namun, ada lagi yang saya suka.

Anda adalah seorang ahli muzik yang indah

Yang memainkan instrumen yang pelbagai.

Anda adalah biola yang hebat,

Piano yang hebat,

Dan satu gitarist hebat.

Anda bermain biola indah,

Mengetahui setiap crescendo dan decrescendo,

Bermain harmonies baik,

Penalaan dengan Intonasi Bahasa Melayu,

Nota-Nota dengan anda bow, mengetengahkan

Membuat muzik euphonious mana-mana anda pergi,

Membezakan antara tempos tersebut

Serta allegro, valet, presto, largo, moderato.

Anda tahu setiap ritardando dan rallitendo,

Setiap caesura terputus, marcato, fermata,

Loghat Bahasa Melayu, dan tenuto.

Anda memainkan melodi yang baik,

Dan sikap anda yang besar,

Dan anda tidak perlu risau tentang embouchure.

Pada piano, akustik yang yang besar apabila anda bermain,

Anda Bunyi seperti Ludwig van Beethoven apabila dia mula bermain,

Atau Johann Sebastian Bach,

Atau Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Anda bermain indah,

Seolah-olah anda adalah seorang komposer.

Apabila anda memainkan gitar,

Anda adalah yang asli,

Untuk anda bermain strum setiap seperti

Ada apa-apa

Dan anda membuat bunyi yang indah,

Hampir cantik,

Kerana ia adalah menyenangkan ke telinga saya,

Dalam erti kata setiap aural.

Saya yang trombonist,

Dan saya mudah berbanding

Untuk anda kerumitan yang indah

Dan bakat,

Bagi anda yang berbakat,

Dan kemahiran muzik anda yang unik.

Saya suka pada kebolehan muzik anda.

Anda akan outdoorswoman yang hebat,

Kerana anda tidak takut semakin basah,

Semakin kotor, dan Gurun keras yang masih hidup.

Luar adalah tempat yang hebat,

Dan anda suka melihat segala-galanya di sekeliling anda,

Seperti yang saya lakukan.

Saya suka yang mengenai anda,

Kerana saya tahu anda mahu pergi perkhemahan,

Kembara Berjalan Kaki, Berbasikal, berenang,

Berkanu, berkayak, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, Berski,

Sepatu roda, ice skating,

Backpacking, meluncur, Menyelam skuba,

Belayar, mendayung, berlari, berjoging,

Water-skiing, tapak pemerhatian burung, menonton-ikan Paus,

Bot, jet-Berski, Memancing, bangunan unggun api,

Memasak marshmallows, berjalan kaki, mendaki gunung,

Dan segala-galanya seperti itu.

Saya tahu anda suka alam semula jadi, haiwan-haiwan dan tumbuh-tumbuhan.

Anda adalah ahli yang semula jadi,

Yang jadi zoologist,

Dan ahli botani semulajadi dalam pelbagai cara,

Dan saya gembira untuk melihat bahawa anda suka dengan aktiviti luar yang begitu banyak.

Saya suka itu,

Bagi saya untuk Pengakap lelaki dan Pengakap Helang satu,

Dan saya tidak tahu di mana saya akan Jika teman wanita saya

Tidak mahu berada di luar pada musim panas

Dan agak cenderung untuk pergi ke ketika sejuk

Terdapat satu langit yang jelas,

Banyak salji,

Dan satu hari musim sejuk yang hebat.

Saya gembira anda suka dengan aktiviti luar,

Untuk anda yang baik pada semua yang anda lakukan.

Saya suka cara anda adalah seorang penyanyi yang hebat,

Suara anda adalah indah dan harmoni,

Dan perkara-perkara yang membuat bunyi yang indah di mana sahaja anda pergi,

Untuk anda menyanyi lagu-lagu hebat yang banyak,

Lagu-lagu Rock yang ditulis oleh artis-artis rock klasik

Seperti Beatles, Rolling Stones, dan yang;

Oleh artis-artis rock kontemporari seperti bersenang-senang;

Lagu-lagu POP oleh orang-orang seperti Katy Perry, kekunci Alicia,

K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson, Carrie Underwood; dan

Lagu-lagu rock lembut oleh orang-orang seperti Billy Joel dan Johnny Tunai;

Christian Songs oleh Pancaragam-Pancaragam seperti hari ketiga, Chris Tomlin,

MercyMe, Britt Nicole, Mahkota mengira, The Newsboys, dan banyak lagi;

Lagu-lagu ibadat yang ramai orang telah menulis,

Terutamanya Mentera dan whatnot ditulis oleh orang-orang Kudus yang beribu tahun yang lalu;

Saya suka cara anda menyanyi jazz tunes seperti

Dinyanyikan oleh Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.

Suara anda adalah cantik, vivacious, resonant,

Euphonious, menyenangkan, dan banyak lagi.

Ianya seperti indah sebagai nyanyian burung di dalam kanopi hutan.

Saya tidak boleh mendapatkan cukup ia.

Ia membuatkan saya tersenyum sepanjang masa saya mendengar suara anda alto,

Bagaimana ia turun naik antara nada, sepak, dan Nota-nota.

Ianya benar-benar cantik.

Saya menyanyi, terlalu,  
Dan saya suka menyanyi,  
Dan untuk mengetahui bahawa saya boleh mungkin  
Adakah duet dengan orang lain yang suka  
Banyak perkara yang sama saya menyanyi  
Adalah satu perkara yang indah yang saya tidak boleh lupa.

Anda adalah seorang artis yang indah,  
Bagi saya suka seni anda,  
Dan saya suka bagaimana ia kelihatan.  
Anda melukis seperti anda melihat ke dalam gambar,  
Anda menarik seolah-olah ia telah diambil oleh kamera,  
Dan anda mengukir seolah-olah anda hanya membuat kehidupan,  
Dari tangan beruang anda sendiri.  
Anda lukisan, ukiran anda,  
Lukisan dan lakaran, anda  
Permaidani, selimut anda;  
Mereka adalah kerja-kerja seni yang indah semua —  
Terang dan bersinar,  
Meriah dan berwarna-warni,  
Tidak bermakna kepetakan atau diffident,

Tetapi mirthful dan yakin,

Mempamerkan rayuan mereka untuk mata,

Dan lagi mereka adalah simbolik,

Begitu penuh makna,

Salah satu tidak dapat berhenti menimbangkan mereka.

Anda adalah seorang artis yang hebat dengan bakat yang seperti tidak lain;

Keunikan anda tidak ada tolok bandingnya

Apa yang orang lain telah dilakukan.

Anda berada di da Vinci atau yang Michelangelo,

Dengan jenis Hadiah, kemahiran dan bakat

Yang kamu miliki.

Saya suka seni anda,

Dan saya tidak boleh membantu tetapi merenung mereka,

Dan notis Kecantikan mereka.

Bakat anda akan indah.

Tulisan ini juga tersergam,

Anda adalah seorang penulis yang hebat,

Dan seorang penyair yang hebat,

Kerana saya telah membaca sajak anda,

Terutamanya yang dipanggil

'Saya belajar tentang Trinitas hari ini '

Yang adalah satu perkara yang indah yang membuat saya ketawa,

Ia mengingatkan saya pada adik saya sendiri

Ketika saya membaca.

Saya juga masih ingat puisi 'Kelip di waktu senja yang '

Untuk saya Pertimbangkan segala-galanya anda

Cuba beritahu saya,

Dan saya suka membacanya,

Kerana ia adalah begitu mendalam

Dan penuh makna;

Sajak anda adalah seperti muzik ke telinga saya,

Euphonious dan penuh melodi,

Saya tidak boleh membantu tetapi mendengar kepada

Menenangkan percikan gelombang,

Angin berbisik di willows,

Keras dan didrawn,

Assonance dan percanggahan,

Metafora yang digunakan sama ada,

Similes yang digunakan sagaciously,

Bagi mereka semua Tambah sehingga melibatkan seni.

Anda adalah seorang penyair yang hebat,

Dan puisi anda unik;

Anda tidak boleh menolak diri anda itu.

Saya suka bahawa bakat, terlalu,

Bagi saya penulis sendiri,

Dan saya gembira untuk bertemu dengan seseorang yang lain seperti saya.

Bibliophilia anda yang besar,

Kerana saya suka yang anda suka membaca,

Dan saya ingat semua buku-buku yang hebat

Anda menyimpan dalam pustaka anda,

Dan saya ingat perkara-perkara yang anda memberitahu saya

Tentang semua pengarang dan penulis-penulis yang anda suka,

Penyair, penulis novel ini,

Essayists itu, dan tiap-tiap sesuatu seperti itu.

Saya gembira saya boleh bercakap tentang kesusasteraan dengan anda,

Dan penulisan khususnya,

Kerana anda mahu membaca buku-buku,

Meneliti puisi,

Dan membaca strongpoint anda.

Saya gembira saya boleh kongsi salah satu nafsu saya.

Anda juga adalah seorang Kristian yang hebat,

Devoting diri anda kepada Yesus Kristus,

Sama seperti saya cuba untuk melakukan,

Walaupun I am seorang

Dan anda yang Protestan Dewan Belanda,

Kedua-dua kami percaya sesuatu asli —

Rahmat Tuhan sendiri yang memberikan kita

Segala-galanya yang kita lihat sebelum kita,

Dan apa-apa yang boleh diambil dari kita

Selagi kita percaya kepadanya.

Untuk kita berada di sini untuk membantu orang lain dan untuk membantu satu sama lain,

Dan saya mengagumi kesanggupan anda untuk memberi,

Hanya kerana saya bersedia untuk memberi.

Ia adalah hebat untuk melihat iman anda berkembang begitu besar,

Untuk anda percaya pada dia yang menyelamatkan dunia,

Kami pula Isa Al-masih Al-masih itu.

Cinta saya, saya bersedia untuk melakukan apa-apa untuk anda,

Jika anda akan sedih, saya akan keselesaan anda,

Jika anda tidak bersedia, saya akan ketawa dengan anda,

Jika anda bermasalah, saya akan nasihat anda,  
Jika anda conflicted, saya akan mendengar dan memujuk anda;  
Jika anda marah, saya akan cuba untuk mollify anda;  
Jika anda bimbang, saya akan meyakinkan anda;  
Jika anda bimbang, saya akan berada di sana untuk anda.  
Aku ingin kau gembira  
Kerana kebahagiaan adalah perkara yang paling penting  
Kepada saya di dunia ini.  
Saya akan membeli bunga bila-bila masa yang diperlukan,  
Menda diamond ring untuk menunjukkan penghargaan,  
Menulis puisi yang sama seperti ini,  
Berada di sana untuk anda dan keluarga anda bila-bila masa  
Anda perlukan saya untuk berada di sana;  
Saya akan berada di sana untuk anak-anak kita,  
Untuk anda yang istimewa kepada saya.  
Saya akan membawa anda ke filem,  
Dan melakukan apa sahaja yang saya boleh menolong anda tahu  
Bahawa saya akan suka anda sentiasa.  
Kita akan mempunyai anak-anak yang banyak seperti yang anda  
Ingin memiliki,  
Kerana ia adalah tubuh saya menggunakan,

Jadi saya akan memberitahu anda apa yang anda

Ingin menggunakannya

Jadi anda mempunyai mengatakan yang di dalamnya.

Anda adalah teman wanita saya,

Saya lain yang penting,

Bakal suami

Kerana kami tidak lama lagi untuk menjadi affianced,

Dan tidak lama lagi untuk menjadi isteri,

Untuk kami akan mengambil perkahwinan yang Suci

Dalam hubungan ini sebelum Tuhan.

Kita akan mempunyai anak-anak lelaki dan anak perempuan kami sendiri,

Kanak-kanak kami akan sentiasa kasih sayang,

Dan kami akan mengumpul mereka menjadi orang-orang yang hebat,

Dan kita akan menjadi ibu bapa yang hebat.

Anda akan menjadi seorang ibu yang hebat,

Dan saya akan menjadi seorang bapa yang hebat.

Anda akan kasih sayang dalam hidup saya, sweetheart;

Saya mahu anda tahu ini.

Saya hamba anda,

Dan anda adalah tuan saya;

Saya RELA memberi diri saya kepada anda

Supaya saya boleh memenuhi setiap keperluan anda

Agar anda gembira.

Saya lembut dan peristiwa,

Bagi saya serahkan kepada anda untuk kebahagiaan anda.

Saya suka segala-galanya tentang anda,

Dan saya bersedia untuk melakukannya untuk anda.

Saya mahu anda tahu ini.

Anda adalah pasangan jiwa saya,

Cinta sejati saya satu,

Dan tidak ada orang lain seperti anda

Yang melengkapi saya.

Saya gembira untuk anda mengetahui

Dan cinta anda dengan semua hati saya.

Jadi, saya cinta, kata-kata ini tiga

Saya ceritakan segala-galanya yang anda perlu tahu,

Untuk mereka yang menerangkan segala-galanya yang saya hanya diterangkan,

Segala-galanya yang saya rasa

Kerana apabila saya melihat anda, hati saya palpitates,

Saya serdtse menjadi arrhythmic,

Saya glubina dushy menjadi gembira di sisi anda,

Berani saya twist dan melahirkan;

Senyuman saya menjadi sukarela,

Saya ketawa tanpa kawalan,

Saya sigh lama dan ringan.

I love you, sweetheart,

Dan saya bersedia untuk melakukan apa-apa untuk anda.

Anda adalah pasangan jiwa saya,

Dan tiga perkataan ini menggambarkan segala-galanya

Hubungan kami adalah diasaskan atas:

Kasih sayang, belas kasihan, tidak mementingkan diri, diri kita sendiri, dan Allah sendiri.

Ingat kata-kata tiga,

Dan apabila saya katakan kepada mereka,

Ingat kepentingan mereka,

Perkataan tiga ini yang besar,

Dan saya akan mengatakan mereka kepada anda satu masa yang lepas,

'Saya suka kamu.'

Justin Reamer

# Personification

The tree stands in the forest,  
Dancing as the wind plays its music,  
And whispers to me as I walk toward it.  
It tells me its story,  
Giving me everything I know,  
And I give it a thumbs up.

Justin Reamer

# Philia

Brotherly, Platonic,  
Sacrificing, friendship, talking,  
Great love for my friend,  
Philia.

Justin Reamer

# Philmont

When I walk in the forest  
In my backyard  
During the day,  
I feel the breeze against my head,  
And I hear birds chirping,  
And squirrels squeaking,  
And rabbits coming right out of the bushes,  
And deer walking slowly on the underbrush.

And, when night comes,  
I look up at the night sky,  
And see so many stars,  
That they remind me of New Mexico,  
Where that special place  
Will always be  
Forever in my mind,  
The place I remember,  
As Philmont.

It was Philmont Scout Ranch,  
Where Boy Scouts  
And Venturers  
Come from all over the country  
To go into the backcountry,  
And loving the wilderness  
That comes with it.

Philmont is for backpackers,  
Who love to hike  
And see the wilderness  
And all its glorious beauty,  
And for those who  
Love nature  
And cannot get enough of it.

Philmont is one of those  
Special places for me,  
Something that I will always remember,  
And something

I can never let go of.

I remember Philmont quite well,  
With all the wilderness,  
And not a single person in sight.  
I remember it well,  
And I can share with you  
Its unique description.

Philmont,  
God's Country,  
As many people have called it,  
Was inhabited by many,  
Such as the Pueblo Indians,  
Who inhabited the land for centuries;  
The Spanish conquistadors  
Who were looking for God, glory, and gold;  
Kit Carson and the mountaineers,  
Who shot and trapped their game;  
Lucien Maxwell,  
Who was in charge of the Maxwell Land Grant;  
And Waite Philips,  
Who owned the place,  
And gave it to the Boy Scouts of America.

Philmont is more than the  
People who just hiked the trails;  
It is the experiences there,  
And the wildlife  
And the wilderness itself  
That makes it truly unique.

How I remember the mountains,  
And all of their rocky features,  
Covering the horizon,  
Making an excellent view when  
You summit them.

How I remember the T-Rex track,  
that monstrous foot  
That once belonged to a monster  
That lived long ago.

How I remember the wildlife,  
All the birds that sing in the morning,  
And all the crickets that  
Chirp at night,  
And all of the owls that hooed  
In the darkness  
And the coyotes that howled at the moon,  
And the deer that  
Wandered in the sunlight,  
Feeding off the meadows,  
And eating all of the grass,  
Looking so graceful  
In their wild herds,  
With no fear of humans  
Whatever.

How I remember the rivers,  
That streamed through the mountains,  
And all of their fresh,  
Cold water,  
That refreshed one  
After he took a drink.  
And how the meadows grew around them,  
With their excellent beauty.

How I remember the meadows,  
Filled with wildflowers  
Of every kind,  
Such as daisy fleabanes,  
Oxeye daisies,  
Dragonheads,  
Primrose,  
Roses,  
Sneezeweeds of every sort,  
Smartweeds,  
Buttercups,  
Lilies of every specimen,  
Sunflowers,  
Vanity Fleabanes,  
And Black-eyed Susans,  
With all sorts of flowers

To even dream of,  
Making a landscape  
That looked like a painting  
That someone like  
Claude Monet  
or Vincent Van Gogh  
Would paint  
To his desire.

How I remember the vegetation,  
The beautiful trees that existed,  
Including the aspens,  
And the pines,  
And the oaks,  
And the birches,  
And the maples,  
And the chestnut trees,  
And the firs,  
And the spruces,  
And the beautiful trees  
That hold every sort of wildlife  
Imaginable.

How I remember Mt. Baldy,  
And the great view from up top  
The great rocky mountain,  
The Rocky Mountain of the Rocky Mountains,  
With the greatest climb,  
Up to 12,000 feet,  
In which there was everything to see,  
For I remember the great view,  
All the beautiful mountains beneath us,  
And the trail that took us down,  
And the towns that one could see from  
Far away,  
And all the people walking in the distance,  
Making their way up top,  
Or looking like periods from so far away,  
That they seemed to be about their daily lives.

How I remember the Tooth of Time,  
That crazy molar that existed

Atop of a rock,  
That we climbed at 4: 00 am,  
Just to see the sunrise,  
But we made it at 10,000 ft,  
And saw the morning sunrise,  
And how I remember seeing Cimarron,  
The village right below,  
And Base Camp,  
Where we would be heading that morning,  
And all the traffic that was there,  
As well.

The sunrise was so beautiful,  
From what I could see,  
I saw the glowing first light,  
And then the big ball of fire,  
Creeping into the night sky,  
Lighting the world,  
As morning came to be.

How I remember the tall tales,  
Of those who were there before us,  
Such as the loggers  
Who worked for the Continental Logging Company,  
Who worked for days and nights,  
With little pay and little rest,  
And not much food to eat;  
The Pueblano Boys who started their first union,  
Who fought for their rights,  
But then the company went out of business  
In 1932,  
And there was nothing left for them;  
The Miners who worked for French Henry,  
Who dug the gold out of Aztec Ponil  
In 1922,  
And suffered many hardships,  
As many of them died,  
For they had nothing left,  
Or even to live on;  
The ranchers who lived at Clarke's Fork,  
Who branded all their cattle,  
And branded all of their horses,

In 1951,  
And ran their business better  
Than any of the miners or loggers did,  
For they all had a better share  
Than any of their predecessors;  
The railmen who worked on the railroad,  
Throughout the 1870s,  
Who worked day and night,  
Assembled many,  
And suffered hardships,  
And many deaths;  
And the Risches,  
The pioneers,  
Who came down in 1898,  
Who wanted freedom  
And a new life,  
And started a settlement  
On land of their own.

All these people had big dreams,  
But they all suffered,  
And they all made it,  
Somehow or another.

How I remember the mini-bears,  
Those things that steal your food,  
For they are aggressive little things,  
And they steal your food no matter what.  
What are they, you ask?  
Well, they're the rodents of the forest  
And of the meadow,  
Whether they be the chipmunks in the ground,  
The squirrels in the trees,  
The mice in the abandoned cabin,  
The rabbits in the burrow,  
The weasels in the den,  
The gophers in the ranch,  
The prairie dogs in the desert,  
The groundhogs in the forest,  
The rats in the trees,  
The beavers in the river,  
The muskrat in the pond,

Or the raccoons in the tree trunk.  
The always like to steal your food,  
No matter what,  
So you better look out,  
Or they will surely get you.

How I remember the Red Roof Inn,  
That awful thing they call a loo,  
Where smells worse than B.O.  
Cause one to throw up,  
And where defecation and TP,  
Go inside the pit,  
Where decomposition is  
Good for the environment,  
And the ecosystem,  
They claim,  
And where there are walls back-to-back,  
And there are two-person pilot planes,  
And there are no walls  
And exposure to the wilderness;  
For they are the most awful  
But necessary  
Piece of hardware out there.

How I remember the BO,  
Since we could not wear deodorant,  
And we had to hide the smellables,  
For how much I knew we stank,  
And we had limited showers,  
It was Jack London calling us,  
And I felt just like him,  
As he was inspired  
With 'Call of the Wild'.

Philmont is God's Country,  
'Tis a place I shall never forget,  
With all of its beauty and majesty,  
There is nothing that could beat it,  
And it is special due to its experience,  
And everything that happened,  
I loved every minute of it,  
And go back to God's Country,

Once again,  
For God is always watching over us,  
As we go to that beloved place  
That we call Scouting Paradise.

Justin Reamer

# Philosophy

Philosophy is dead, they say;  
A rotten egg among fresh new ideas;  
A corpse among neonates,  
A carcass among living flesh.

To think abstractly is pointless;  
To speculate a waste of time;  
To think concretely is useful,  
To observe is helpful,  
To experiment is divine.

But can we experiment with morals?  
Can we hypothesise with right and wrong?  
Can we observe the right way to live?  
Can we explain human thought through equations?  
Are humans merely statistics to be analysed?

If so, philosophy is dead,  
But true, 'tis not.  
Philosophy, the key to life,  
The vehicle of truth and faith,  
Will always be a part of humanity.

Justin Reamer

# Phonograph

A giant box on a mantelpiece,  
Lifted open to reveal the instrument;  
A needle deftly lifted to the vinyl,  
Spinning in constant circles  
Like a ballerina doing a twirl;  
Placed carefully, music plays,  
The invisible vocalist singing with  
A band off in the distance.

The melody continues as the record spins,  
Every beat accounted for in each measure.  
It moves as the Earth moves,  
People of everyday life creating music  
As the record player does with their conversations,  
Unaware of the Earth's daily rotations  
And solar orbit around the great Sun.

The Earth itself a record,  
Spinning endlessly as its inhabitants  
Create music every day,  
Playing in the annual solar orbit.  
The great needle, providing life,  
Never ceases to give meaning to existence.

Justin Reamer

# Piano

Piano plays wonderfully,  
For he sounds wonderful to everyone around him,  
Making every pitch that he has to,  
And no one disapproves.  
He is handsome,  
And his voice is beyond all measure.

Justin Reamer

# Pilcrow

Do you know the paragraph mark well enough?  
For you use it in outlines and everything like that,  
Well it indicates indentation,  
And I hope you know it's true.

Justin Reamer

# Please Listen

My Dear,

I love you with all my heart,  
For you are a beautiful woman,  
And your charm has worn off on me,  
And I love you in a way you probably  
Would never begin to understand.

I don't desire to date you,  
For I have no romantic feelings for you  
At this point in time,  
And you are not an object of lust,  
Nor are you an object of desire.  
I love you unconditionally,  
And am willing to give my life to you,  
If necessary.

I know you have a significant other,  
And I am glad you have him,  
But I need to tell you that  
You will not have him for very long.  
The first month of the Fairy Tale Period has ended,  
And you only have three months and twenty days  
To do what I need to tell you.  
So please listen to me while I tell you.

You may think I am infatuated with you,  
So you may hate me for who I am,  
But I will tell you I am not,  
But rather, this is sacrificial love,  
Agape that you see before you.  
I love you unconditionally,  
And what matters to me is your happiness,  
And I want to maintain and preserve your happiness,  
For that is why I am here.

I know that the man you are with  
Is a very great man,  
And I know he is making you happy,

And the reason I am here is  
So you don't lose him,  
For you must listen to what I have to tell you.

God has been making plans for you,  
For you have ignored Him in every way;  
He wants you to focus on Him  
So that you can have a better life,  
But the way you have been treating people  
Has been unacceptable to Him,  
So please repent and turn toward Him.  
If you don't, I will tell you what will happen.

You will lose everything you worked for;  
You will lose your boyfriend and  
Many of your friends,  
Your LLC will be divided,  
Your scholarships will be threatened,  
You will be on probation in Insignis;  
Your grades will drop,  
You will be depressed,  
You may gain a little weight,  
No one will want to be around you,  
And you will suffer immensely,  
With a broken heart and verbal scars.

My dear, please listen and repent,  
For if you don't you will have to stand trial.  
I care about you,  
And I want to preserve your happiness,  
But bad things will happen if you don't turn to God.  
He wanted me to tell you these things  
Because you have a right to know  
What will happen to you,  
And it will hurt me to see you suffer.  
The things I see hurt me every night,  
Making me weep for you  
Because you have been hard-hearted.  
I want to help you,  
But you have to be willing to listen,  
So please, my dear,  
Please listen to me,

For I don't want to see you get hurt.

Your decision is your choice,  
So I will not hold you any longer,  
But please listen  
Because I don't want you to get hurt,  
So please hear me out  
And turn back to God.

Justin Reamer

# Poe

That man with crazy eyes,  
Obsession upon his mind,  
Death upon his sweating brow,  
Like an insect upon a man's body,  
Making a horrible itch,  
The author knows every little bit about it.  
The man who writes in the dark, dark lair,  
The man who knows skeletons like the back of his hand,  
Obsessed with death is what he is,  
For he is Edgar Allan Poe.

He is friends with the raven,  
The bird that knows all,  
Which gives him wisdom to whatever  
He may be pursuing,  
Undergoing any sort of whim he may have.

His mind is a pit,  
Full of funereal ideas,  
Real and obscene,  
Preposterous and crude,  
For no one knows what goes on inside  
The head of Mr Poe  
As he digs corpses out of their graves  
And spends time experimenting with death,  
For those are what his stories are about.

Justin Reamer

# Pomposity

I am better than you,  
And you know it,  
For I am greater and stronger,  
And better than the rest.  
I am capable of so many things,  
And nothing can hold me back.

Justin Reamer

# Poseidon

I am one of the Greek gods  
You may have heard about  
In some mythology class  
Or something like that;  
But let me  
Introduce myself,  
For I am Poseidon,  
King of the Oceans,  
And I am powerful  
When it comes to ruling  
The seas.

You probably know  
My brother Zeus,  
That jerk who rules  
The entire world  
In the heavens of  
Mt. Olympus,  
Sitting on his throne,  
And acting like he  
Is the boss of everyone.  
Well, I am not he,  
For I am more  
Even-tempered and more rational  
Than my brother who sits  
On the throne.

As you probably know,  
I was eaten by my father, Cronus,  
When I was only a toddler,  
And I have to say  
That it was not a  
Pleasant experience  
Being inside of his guts.  
Of course, ickle Zeussy-poo  
Had to be Mommy's favourite,  
So she saved him from  
Being chowed by our father,  
And, thus, he was raised in a cave

Off of Mt. Olympus,  
And he fought to free all of us  
From our father's bowels.

Well, I am thankful for what  
My brother did for me,  
But he keeps being such a jerk  
And keeps rubbing it in all of our faces,  
Saying that he is the Authority  
Figure in this place  
And that we should respect him  
Because of what he did for us.

And, we always have to obey  
All of his commands,  
Or we all have to suffer his  
Stupid short-tempered,  
Impulsive rage.  
It makes me angry  
To think that he gets  
To boss everyone around  
Without even giving us  
A single ounce of respect.  
It makes me angry.

Well, I am more even-tempered  
Than my brother,  
So I have not smitten  
As many people as he has,  
For I am not really  
The jealous type,  
And I am not really the  
Guy who is quick to anger.

I mean, despite what Zeus thinks,  
I have life pretty good,  
For I control the seas,  
And all the waves and all  
Of the sea creatures  
And whatnot,  
And, plus, I live  
In a giant golden

Palace in the bottom  
Of the Mediterranean Sea,  
So I have it pretty well.

I mean, in my palace,  
I have all the furniture  
I could ever need,  
All of the wine from  
My nephew Dionysus,  
All of the beautiful  
Women I could ever want,  
A nice brothel business,  
Some strip clubs and whatnot,  
A very beautiful wife  
Who has been with me all  
Of my days,  
And who is immortal as I am,  
And even when she gets pregnant,  
She instantly regains her figure,  
And never gets a single stretch mark  
On her beautiful torso,  
And her breasts never begin to  
Sag, either,  
So she never ages,  
Just as I never age,  
And I have lots of food,  
And I have a few 'pets, '  
If you will,  
And I have an empty nest,  
For my children (if you  
Want to call them children)  
Are all grown and independent  
And out of the house,  
So I am cool with that.  
So, yeah, my life is not too bad.

And, yes, I love my children,  
For I have many children,  
Such as Scylla and Charybdis,  
And Polyphemus,  
And many Cyclopes of sorts,  
The Kraken,

Cetus,  
The Leviathan,  
Some nymphs,  
And, my favourite,  
My demigod child you  
May have heard of named  
Percy Jackson.

And, as a father, I love my children,  
And the only way you  
Will make me angry is if you  
Attack, hurt, maim, or kill  
One of my family,  
And that means my children  
And my wives,  
And my concubines,  
And my harlots,  
And my slaves.  
That was why I was angry  
With Odysseus,  
Because that guy  
Was such a jerk  
That he hurt my own  
Son, Polyphemus,  
Whom I care about deeply,  
Even though I must admit  
That he is quite the crybaby,  
For that jerk gouged my  
Poor son's eyes out.

Now, smiting is not my style,  
For that is my brother's style,  
But, when I get angry,  
I do not kill mortals,  
But I still punish them  
By making them suffer.

Now when Odysseus, the jerk-off,  
Hurt my son Polyphemus,  
I made it impossible for  
Him to get home at all,  
So I made him suffer by

Making him get home in ten years,  
And starting that 'Odyssey'  
That he is so famous for.

So, yeah, everyone thought  
He was dead,  
And suitors went after  
His beautiful wife Penelope,  
And Telemachus did not know  
If his father was even alive,  
And Odysseus travelled for  
A very long time,  
And he had Circe and Calypso,  
Was blown away by Aeolus,  
Because some stupid mortal  
In his crew  
Opened the windbag he  
Was given,  
Suffered the torture  
Of sirens,  
Lost men to Scylla and  
Charybdis,  
(Which of my children  
Are definitely  
My least favourite) ,  
Lost all of his men to Helios,  
The Sun God who is one of my  
Half-brothers, I believe,  
And when he got home,  
He had to kill all of the  
Suitors in order to  
Get his wife back from  
Their lustful urges.  
So, yes, indeed,  
He suffered enough  
For hurting one of my  
Children,  
And I left Odysseus  
Alone after that.

Well, I must say  
That I am not very famous,

For the Greek mortals  
Are not very fond of me,  
For they are more fond  
Of my sister, Athena,  
Then they are of me.  
You probably figured that  
They named their capital  
After my sister, right?  
So, how did that come about, you ask?  
Well, my sister and I quarrelled about  
Who the capital should be named after,  
And then we decided to let the people decide,  
So I made a fountain of salt water,  
And my sister made an olive tree,  
And the Greeks all went for the olive tree  
Instead of my beautiful fountain,  
So they named it after Athena,  
And they called it Athens.

Ah, I guess that is why  
They call them Athenians,  
For they do not really  
Want to be called Poseidonians  
Or something like that,  
So, yes, it works.

I guess my life is good,  
And I am happy with everything  
That I have,  
And I am appreciative of it,  
So that is what I like.  
Life is good for me,  
And I do not know about you,  
But I am liking it.

It was nice meeting you,  
And I have to do some work,  
And thank you for listening  
To my story.

Justin Reamer

# Posy

My dear, you are wonderful to me,  
And nothing would ever change  
The way I truly feel for you,  
And on this wonderful wedding day,  
Mark this ring I give to you,  
And examine it closely.

Observe the shiny gold band  
As it reflects the sunlight this beautiful day,  
And look at the hollow hole that fits your  
Finger just so perfectly,  
As it is yours forever.  
Mark the inside of the ring,  
And you will see an inscription,  
For this is our motto,  
The thing that binds us together,  
And the way I truly feel about you.  
Read it; what does it say?  
'Semper simul erimus.'

This means 'Forever together, we shall be, '  
Meaning that we will always be together  
Even when we become parents,  
Even when our children become adults  
And move off to college and find occupations,  
Even when the nest is empty,  
Even when our children have children  
And we become grandparents,  
Even when we grow old together  
And have wrinkles across our foreheads,  
And even when Death comes to take us away,  
We shall always be together,  
For not even Death can tear us apart,  
For when we die, we shall be in heaven together,  
Cherishing every moment of our wonderful lives  
That God blessed us with.

Justin Reamer

# Poultice

You seem rather sick,  
Sick with a head cold or a sinus infection,  
With a fever burning out of the wazoo,  
So I will apply this poultice to you,  
Something made out of silk,  
Cloth, and whatnot,  
To provide medical treatment to you.  
I hope it helps you.

Justin Reamer

# Pound Sign

The # key is used on the phone,  
Known as the pound sign.  
It's also a no. sign and a hashtag.  
Pretty cool.

Justin Reamer

# Poverty Knock

Poverty, poverty, poverty knock,  
Knock, knock, knock, around the clock,  
Pounding away at my chamber door,  
Till I'm living, living no more.

The beat of drums resounds in my heart,  
The cadence echoing in my head,  
Pound, pound, pound, pound, it begins to smart,  
Resounding the war for which I dread.

Poverty, poverty, poverty knock,  
In ant of money, my least concern,  
Pounding, pounding, as my world falls in a box,  
I succumb to death as I watch the world burn.

Despair my adversary in my dear heart,  
Wanting joy as joy I depart,  
My world turns as nothing I see,  
Everything gone as I cease to be.

Poverty, poverty, poverty knock,  
The beat of drums resounds in my head,  
Turn of the world upon a block,  
Ratta-ta, ratta-ta, I am dead.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer 1

Lord, give me the strength to  
Do Your will,  
And help me to do my best,  
And do as You tell me to do.

In Your Name,  
I pray.  
Amen.

Justin Reamer

## Prayer By St Augustine

I beg of You, my God, let me know You and love You  
so that I may be happy in You. And though I cannot do this fully in this life,  
yet let me improve from day to day till I may do so to the full.  
Let me know You more and more in this life,  
that I may know You perfectly in heaven.  
Let me know You more and more here, so that I may love you perfectly there,  
so that my joy may be great in itself here, and complete in heaven with You.  
O Truthful God, let me receive the happiness of heaven  
which You promise so that my joy may be full.  
In the meantime, let my mind think of it, let my tongue talk of it,  
let my heart long for it,  
let my mouth speak of it, let my soul hunger after it,  
let my flesh thirst after it,  
let my whole being desire it,  
until such time as I may enter through death into the joy of my Lord,  
there to continue forever, world without end. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer For Aunt Marie

Dear Lord,

Please keep Aunt Marie in Your protection,  
And please help her to be okay.  
She will be going through surgery today,  
And she needs all of Your blessings, Lord.  
I just ask that You could keep her safe.  
She is very ill,  
And she has pneumonia, asthma, and something else,  
And just keep her safe, if at all possible.

Lord, I realise that everyone will  
Eventually die one day,  
And if it is Aunt Marie's time,  
Let it be according to Your Will.  
Yet Lord, if it is her time,  
Please help her to pass on  
Without any pain,  
And help her into Your loving arms,  
Where she can live peacefully and happily forever.

And, yet, if it is her time,  
Please console those who  
Will mourn her loss,  
And help them to remember  
Everything good about her,  
For she would not want people  
To be depressed in any way,  
But to celebrate her life,  
And to remember her in that way.

Yet, Lord, as she is going through surgery,  
Help her to stay safe,  
And help her to feel little pain,  
And if she survives, bless her soul,  
And if it is her time,  
Let her pass on into Your arms, Lord,  
And help her live in joy and happiness,  
As she has lived here on Earth.

Lord, Aunt Marie is devoted to You,  
So just help her in any way You can,  
And if her time comes to pass,  
Just help her pass on and  
Come into Your arms,  
And bless those who  
Shall mourn her death,  
And help them to remember all  
Of the good parts of her life.

Thank You for everything, Lord.

In Your Name, I pray. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer For Employment

God, our Father, I turn to you seeking your divine help and guidance as I look for suitable employment.

I need your wisdom to guide my footsteps along the right path, and to lead me to find the proper things to say and do in this quest. I wish to use the gifts and talents you have given me, but I need the opportunity to do so with gainful employment.

Do not abandon me, dear Father, in this search, but rather grant me this favor I seek so that I may return to you with praise and thanksgiving for your gracious assistance.

Grant this through Christ, our Lord.

Amen

Justin Reamer

# Prayer For Patricia's Birthday

Dear Lord,

Please bless Patricia today  
As it is her nineteenth birthday.  
Hold her close to Your heart,  
And make sure that she is safe.  
I know she has done wrong,  
And I know she must face her trial someday,  
But today, keep her safe  
And let her flourish within You.  
I know that she does not listen to You,  
And I know that she blasphemes You,  
But please take care of her,  
And let her have a good birthday.  
Bless her, and let her be okay.

In Your Name, I pray. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer For The Election 2012

Dear Lord,

Thank You for all we have,  
And thank You for all You have provided us with,  
But, as this is election day,  
Please bless the voters of our country.

Help them to make good decisions  
And to make the right decision  
For whom they believe would  
Be the right leader for the country  
So that the leader can help us  
In our times of turmoil.

Help all of us to go out and vote,  
And do the right thing,  
And be the star we were meant to be.

Thank You for everything, Lord,  
And please bless their judgement.

In Your Name, I pray. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer For The Year Of St. Paul

Glorious Saint Paul,  
Most zealous apostle,  
Martyr for the love of Christ,  
Give us a deep faith,  
A steadfast hope,  
A burning love for our Lord,  
So that we can proclaim with you,  
"It is no longer I who live,  
But Christ who lives in me."

Help us to become apostles,  
Serving the Church with a pure heart,  
Witnesses to her truth and beauty  
Amidst the darkness of our days.  
With you we praise God our Father:  
"To him be the glory, in the Church  
And in Christ,  
Now and forever."

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer Of Atonement

Dear Lord,

Please forgive me of my sins,  
For I know that I have done wrong,  
And that I have sinned against You.  
I have betrayed You and those  
That I love dearly and hold close to me,  
And I do not deserve Your mercy.

I can understand why Mum is angry,  
And I understand where her anger comes from,  
And I am sorry for what I have done,  
And what I have failed to do.  
I was financially irresponsible,  
And I feel horrible for what I have done, Lord,  
And I want to change,  
For I want to be a good person,  
And I want to follow you.

I know that I am imperfect,  
And a sinner I always am,  
For I am a Son of Adam,  
And a Son of Eve,  
And original sin  
Affects my soul just  
As much as it does  
Every other human being.  
But, Lord, even though I am human,  
I try to fight original sin,  
And I try to fight the temptations  
Of the Prince of Lies,  
Who is called Satan,  
The one who used to be Lucifer,  
Whom you loved so dearly.

Lord, I am sorry for what I have done,  
And I lost track on what was important in life,  
And I lost sight of You,  
My Father in Heaven,

Whom I love so dearly and thank  
For everything He has done for me.  
Lord, I am sorry,  
And I hope You can forgive me,  
For I want to be a better person,  
And I want to live in Jesus' example,  
For Jesus Christ, Your Son, is my Saviour,  
And He saved all of us.

Lord, please forgive me,  
And help me to be more responsible,  
For I was financially irresponsible,  
And I was squandering, thriftless, and reckless,  
And I was a spendthrift.  
I gave into temptation,  
But not in the way of hurting people,  
But in the way of losing trust  
With the ones you love,  
And in the way where you ultimately  
Will end up hurting yourself.  
Lord, please forgive me,  
And help me to be more responsible,  
And help me to make good decisions,  
And help me to do the best I can.  
I am Your servant, and  
I will do whatever You ask of me.

As Fr Andrew Wisdom said,  
You do speak in many ways,  
And with many ideas,  
And I can feel You everywhere,  
And Lord, I hope You can forgive me,  
For I am willing to change,  
And I will never do anything like this again,  
As long as I can make a conscious decision,  
And as long as I am living,  
I will try with all of my heart and soul.

Lord, if You can forgive me,  
I would be grateful,  
For I love You more than anything,  
And You have done so much for me.

I want to thank You for all You have done.  
Lord, I have done wrong,  
But I hope to improve,  
And I WILL improve,  
And I will become a better man.

So, Lord, please help Mum  
To listen to what I have to say,  
And please help her listen,  
Just listen,  
And to be open-minded,  
Even if she does not understand,  
Please help her to listen  
Instead of argue.  
Also, please help her to listen to  
My testimony and help her listen  
To my confession and  
My ideas of atonement.

Lord, if You can, please  
Help her find it in her heart  
To forgive me,  
For yes, I know I did wrong,  
But please help her to forgive me,  
For I love her dearly.  
Please help her know that I  
Want to change,  
And that I will do it with all  
Of my heart.

Lord, also, please help  
Me to be honest with my mother,  
And please help me to explain  
It to her in a way she understands,  
And help me to be truthful,  
And please help our relationship to mend.

Thank You for all You have done, Lord,  
For You are great,  
And I cannot thank You enough,  
And I am Your Servant,  
So I will do anything You ask of me,

And I will do whatever You need,  
For I will do Your Will,  
And I will express my gratitude  
Through everything I do,  
Through my thoughts, words, and actions,  
And I will serve those who need  
Help in this world.

Thank You for everything,  
And thank You for all You do.

In Your Name, I pray.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer Of Devotion

Dear Lord,

You are great,  
And no one is greater than You,  
For You watch over us  
Like a parent with unconditional love,  
And You created us,  
So that we would make this world a better place,  
And I cannot thank You enough for all You have done.

Lord, I want to thank You for all You have done,  
And I want to thank You for all of my blessings,  
Including good food to eat,  
Clothing I can wear,  
Shelter that I dwell in,  
A good education,  
And clean water I can drink  
When I do thirst.

Lord, I also want to thank You  
For saving me from Death four times,  
For giving me the will to live,  
For all of the friends and family that I have,  
For giving me good friends,  
Whether they be Dani or Holly,  
Lindsay or Avery,  
Peter or Max,  
For my mentor, Bruce Sturing,  
For the happiness I have found,  
And for Your love that You  
Have given to me.

Lord, I am grateful for all of  
The blessings that You have given me,  
But I do not deserve them,  
For I am a sinner,  
And I am imperfect,  
But I am Your servant,  
And I will do what You will.

Lord, I do not want to pray for me,  
But I do wish to pray for others  
In this world besides myself,  
So that they can get the help they deserve.

Lord, please watch over my family,  
And make sure that they are okay.  
Please be sure that everyone gets  
Along just fine,  
And help them all to be happy.

Lord, please bless Sean,  
And help him to calm his temper,  
And help him to respect other people,  
And help him to find peace  
And happiness within You.

Please bless Mum,  
And help her to be okay,  
And help her to be okay at work,  
And to do the best she can.

Please bless Elyse,  
And help her to do well in med school,  
Especially after she just broke up  
With Mark Spreitzer,  
Help her to be confident and hardworking  
Instead of idle and diffident.  
Help her do the best she can.

Please bless Stef,  
And help her to do well in school,  
And help her do the best she can,  
And maintain all the friends she has.

Please bless the depressed,  
And help them to find happiness.

Please bless those  
Who are angry,  
And mollify them

And help them to find peace  
Within You.

Please bless those who mourn,  
Help them find joy in life.

Please bless the unborn;  
Please give them a chance to live.

Please bless the soldiers  
In Iraq and Afghanistan,  
And help them to come home safely.

Please bless the poor and suffering,  
May they be welcomed into the kingdom of heaven.

Please bless the Iraqi Christians,  
May they come into heaven with You, Lord.

Please bless Aunt Irene,  
And help her to be okay,  
If at all possible,  
But if it is her time,  
Please welcome her into Your arms,  
And let her come safely.

Please bless Holly,  
And help her to be okay in school,  
And help her to stay on track,  
And help her in every way possible, Lord.

Please bless Dani,  
And bless her heart,  
For she is very sweet,  
And help her to continue giving,  
And to continue to be true to herself  
And to other people.

Please bless Uncle Bryan,  
As he struggles with his mother's ailments,  
And bless the Chisolm family  
As they go through this time.

Please bless Grandma Earnie Chisolm,  
As she slowly dies with age,  
But, bless her soul,  
For she has devoted her life to you,  
And welcome her into Your Kingdom, Lord,  
For she is a very good person,  
And help her to help her son  
In her final days on Earth.

Please bless all those who are about to die,  
And please deliver them peacefully,  
For they love You greatly, Lord,  
And help those who are suffering,  
Do what You will, Lord,  
And do what You must.

Please bless the Souls in Purgatory,  
For they await Your call,  
Just pray for them,  
As they wait,  
And when they are ready,  
Call them into heaven with you.

And Lord,  
Please help me  
To make responsible decisions,  
And help me to do the best I can,  
And lead me on the path of righteousness,  
And have me do as You would want me to.

Lord, I am grateful for all  
That You have done for me,  
And I will express my gratitude  
Through my every thought, action, and word,  
For You are great,  
And I cannot thank You enough.

Thank You, Lord,  
For everything that You do.

In Your Name, I pray. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer Of Immaculate Conception

1. 'Hail Mary, full of grace! '

Immaculate Virgin, here I am at your feet once again,  
full of devotion and gratitude.

I return to this historic Piazza di Spagna  
on the solemn day of your feast  
to pray for the beloved city of Rome,  
for the Church, for the whole world.

In you, 'humble and highest of creatures',  
divine grace had the full victory over evil.

You are for us, pilgrims on the paths of the world,  
the bright model of evangelical fidelity  
and the ever-living pledge of sure hope.

2. Virgin Mother, 'Salvation of the Roman People! '

Watch over, I pray you, the beloved Diocese of Rome:  
over pastors and faithful, parishes and religious communities.

Watch over families especially:

may love sealed by the Sacrament ever reign between spouses,  
may children walk on the paths of goodness and true freedom,  
may the elderly feel surrounded by attention and affection.

Inspire, Mary, in so many young hearts,  
generous replies to the 'call for the mission',  
a subject on which the diocese has  
been reflecting over the years.

Thanks to an intense pastoral program for vocations,  
may Rome be enriched by new young forces,  
dedicated with enthusiasm to proclaiming the Gospel  
in the city and in the world.

3. Blessed Virgin, Queen of Apostles!

Assist those who through study  
and prayer are preparing to labor  
on the many frontiers of the new evangelization.

Today I entrust to you, in a special way,  
the community of the Pontifical Urban College,  
whose historic headquarters are located in front of this pillar.

May this wonderful institution founded 375 years ago  
by Pope Urban VIII for the formation of missionaries,  
be able to continue effectively its ecclesial service.

May those it gathers, seminarians and priests,  
men and women religious and laity,  
be ready to put their energies at the disposition  
of Christ in service of the Gospel to the far corners of the globe.

4. 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us! '

Pray, O Mother, for all of us.

Pray for humanity for those who suffers poverty and injustice,  
violence and hatred, terror and war.

Help us to contemplate with the rosary

the mysteries of Him who 'is our peace',

so that we will all feel involved

in a persevering dedication of service to peace.

Look with special attention

upon the land in which you gave birth to Jesus,

a land that you loved together with Him,

and that is still so sorely tried today.

Pray for us, Mother of hope!

'Give us days of peace, watch over our way.

Let us see your Son as we rejoice in heaven'. Amen!

Justin Reamer

# Prayer Of St Augustine

Breathe in me, O Holy Spirit, that my thoughts may all be holy. Act in me, O Holy Spirit, that my work, too, may be holy. Draw my heart, O Holy Spirit, that I love but what is holy. Strengthen me, O Holy Spirit, to defend all that is holy. Guard me, then, O Holy Spirit, that I always may be holy. Amen.

Justin Reamer

## Prayer Of St. Faustina

I adore You, Lord and Creator, hidden in the Most Blessed Sacrament. I adore You for all the works of Your hands, that reveal to me so much wisdom, goodness and mercy, O Lord. You have spread so much beauty over the earth and it tells me about Your beauty, even though these beautiful things are but a faint reflection of You, incomprehensible Beauty. And although You have hidden Yourself and concealed Your beauty, my eye, enlightened by faith, reaches You and my soul recognizes its Creator, its Highest Good, and my heart is completely immersed in prayer of adoration.

My Lord and Creator, Your goodness encourages me to converse with You. Your mercy abolishes the chasm which separates the Creator from the creature. To converse with You, O Lord, is the delight of my heart. In You I find everything that my heart could desire. Here You light illumines my mind, enabling it to know You more and more deeply. Here streams of graces flow down upon my heart. Here my soul draws eternal life. O my Lord and Creator, You alone, beyond all these gifts, give Your own self to me and unite Yourself intimately with Your miserable creature.

O Christ, let my greatest delight be to see You loved and Your praise and glory proclaimed, especially the honor of Your mercy. O Christ, let me glorify Your goodness and mercy to the last moment of my life, with every drop of my blood and every beat of my heart. Would that I be transformed into a hymn of adoration of You. When I find myself on my deathbed, may the last beat of my heart be a loving hymn glorifying Your unfathomable mercy. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer To St Anne

Glorious St. Anne, filled with compassion for those who invoke you and with love for those who suffer, heavily laden with the weight of my troubles, I cast myself at your feet and humbly beg of you to take the present affair which I recommend to you under your special protection.

Vouchsafe to recommend it to your daughter, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and lay it before the throne of Jesus, so that He may bring it to a happy issue.

Cease not to intercede for me until my request is granted. (Here ask for favor you wish to obtain.)

Above all, obtain for me the grace of one day beholding my God face to face, and with You and Mary and all the saints, praising and blessing Him through all eternity. Amen.

Good St. Anne, mother of her who is our life, our sweetness and our hope, pray to her for us and obtain our request. (Three times) .

Justin Reamer

# Prayer To St Anthony

Wondrous Saint Anthony, glorious for the fame of your miracles, you had the happiness of receiving in your arms our blessed Lord as a little child. Obtain for me from His mercy this favor that I desire from the bottom of my heart: that I may one day make peace with the enemies of my past and that I may one day find the perfect person in this world who complements me.

Since you were so gracious to poor sinners, do not regard the lack of merit on the part of him who calls upon you, but consider the glory of God, which will be exalted once more through you, by the salvation of my soul and the granting of the petition that I now earnestly present to you.

As a pledge of my gratitude, I beg you to accept my promise to live henceforth more faithfully according to the teaching of the Gospel and to be devoted to the service of the poor whom you ever loved and still love so much. Bless this my resolution and obtain for me the grace to be faithful to it till death. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer To St Anthony For Lost Items

Saint Anthony, perfect imitator of Jesus, who received from God the Special power of restoring lost things, grant that I may find (mention Your petition) which has been lost. As least restore to me peace and Tranquility of mind, the loss of which has afflicted me even more than My material loss.

To this favor I ask another of you: that I may always remain in Possession of the true good that is God. Let me rather lose all things Than lose God, my supreme good. Let me never suffer the loss of my Greatest treasure, eternal life with God. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer To St Joseph

Oh, St. Joseph, whose protection is so great, so strong, so prompt before the throne of God. I place in you all my interests and desires. Oh, St. Joseph, do assist me by your powerful intercession, and obtain for me from your devine Son all spiritual blessings, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. So that, having engaged here below your heavenly power, I may offer my thanksgiving and homage to the most loving of Fathers.

Oh, St. Joseph, I never weary of contemplating you, and Jesus asleep in your arms; I dare not approach while He reposes near your heart. Press Him in my name and kiss His fine head for me and ask him to return the Kiss when I draw my dying breath. St. Joseph, Patron of departing souls - Pray for me. Amen.

Justin Reamer

## Prayer To St Joseph The Worker

Glorious St. Joseph, model of all who are devoted to labor, obtain for me the grace to work conscientiously, putting the call of duty above my natural inclinations; to work with gratitude and joy, considering it an honor to employ and develop, by means of labor, the gifts received from God, disregarding difficulties and weariness; to work, above all, with purity of intention and with detachment from self, having always before my eyes death, and the account which I must render of time lost, of talents wasted, of good omitted, of vain complacency in success, so fatal to the work of God. All for Jesus, all for Mary, all after your example, patriarch Joseph. This will be my watchword in life and in death. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer To St Michael

O glorious prince St. Michael,  
chief and commander of the heavenly hosts,  
guardian of souls, vanquisher of rebel spirits,  
servant in the house of the Divine King  
and our admirable conductor,  
you who shine with excellence  
and superhuman virtue deliver us from all evil  
, who turn to you with confidence  
and enable us by your gracious protection  
to serve God more and more faithfully every day.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer To St Michael The Archangel

St. Michael the Archangel,  
defend us in battle.

Be our defense against the wickedness and snares of the Devil.

May God rebuke him, we humbly pray,  
and do thou,

O Prince of the heavenly hosts,

by the power of God,

thrust into hell Satan,

and all the evil spirits,

who prowl about the world

seeking the ruin of souls. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer To St Michael The Archangel Original

O Glorious Prince of the heavenly host, St. Michael the Archangel, defend us in the battle and in the terrible warfare that we are waging against the principalities and powers, against the rulers of this world of darkness, against the evil spirits. Come to the aid of man, whom Almighty God created immortal, made in His own image and likeness, and redeemed at a great price from the tyranny of Satan.

Fight this day the battle of the Lord, together with the holy angels, as already thou hast fought the leader of the proud angels, Lucifer, and his apostate host, who were powerless to resist thee, nor was there place for them any longer in Heaven. That cruel, ancient serpent, who is called the devil or Satan who seduces the whole world, was cast into the abyss with his angels. Behold, this primeval enemy and slayer of men has taken courage. Transformed into an angel of light, he wanders about with all the multitude of wicked spirits, invading the earth in order to blot out the name of God and of His Christ, to seize upon, slay and cast into eternal perdition souls destined for the crown of eternal glory. This wicked dragon pours out, as a most impure flood, the venom of his malice on men of depraved mind and corrupt heart, the spirit of lying, of impiety, of blasphemy, and the pestilent breath of impurity, and of every vice and iniquity.

These most crafty enemies have filled and inebriated with gall and bitterness the Church, the spouse of the immaculate Lamb, and have laid impious hands on her most sacred possessions. In the Holy Place itself, where the See of Holy Peter and the Chair of Truth has been set up as the light of the world, they have raised the throne of their abominable impiety, with the iniquitous design that when the Pastor has been struck, the sheep may be.

Arise then, O invincible Prince, bring help against the attacks of the lost spirits to the people of God, and give them the victory. They venerate thee as their protector and patron; in thee holy Church glories as her defense against the malicious power of hell; to thee has God entrusted the souls of men to be established in heavenly beatitude. Oh, pray to the God of peace that He may put Satan under our feet, so far conquered that he may no longer be able to hold men in captivity and harm the Church. Offer our prayers in the sight of the Most High, so that they may quickly find mercy in the sight of the Lord; and vanquishing the dragon, the ancient serpent, who is the devil and Satan, do thou again make him captive in the abyss, that he may no longer seduce the nations. Amen.

V. Behold the Cross of the Lord; be scattered ye hostile powers.

R. The Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered the root of David.

V. Let Thy mercies be upon us, O Lord.

R. As we have hoped in Thee.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto Thee.

Let us pray.

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we call upon Thy holy Name, and as supplicants, we implore Thy clemency, that by the intercession of Mary, ever Virgin Immaculate and our Mother, and of the glorious St. Michael the Archangel, Thou wouldst deign to help us against Satan and all the other unclean spirits who wander about the world for the injury of the human race and the ruin of souls.  
Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer To St Paul

Glorious St Paul,  
Most Zealous Apostle,  
Martyr for the Love of Christ,  
give us a deep faith,  
a steadfast hope,  
a burning love for our Lord  
so that we can proclaim with you  
'It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me.'

Help us to become apostles  
serving the Church with a pure heart  
witnesses to her truth and beauty  
amidst the darkness of our days.

With you we praise God our Father  
'To Him be the glory, in the Church and in Christ  
Now and for ever'.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Prayer To St Sebastian

Dear Commander at the Roman Emperor's court, you chose to be a soldier of Christ and dared to spread faith in the King of Kings-for which you were condemned to die. Your body, however, proved athletically strong and the executing arrows extremely weak. So another means to kill you was chosen and you gave your life to the Lord. May athletes be always as strong in their faith as their Patron Saint so clearly has been. Amen.

Justin Reamer

## Prayer To St Stephen

O glorious St. Stephen, first Martyr for the Faith, filled with compassion for those who invoke you, with love for those who suffer, heavily laden with the weight of my troubles. I kneel at your feet and humbly beg you to take my present need(s) under your special protection... (mention here) . Vouchsafe to recommend it to our Lord Jesus. Cease not to intercede for me until my request is granted.

Above all, obtain for me the grace to one day meet God face to face, and with you and Mary and all the angels and saints praise Him through all eternity. O most powerful Saint Stephen, Deacon and Martyr, do not let me lose my soul, but obtain for me the grace of winning my way to heaven, forever and ever. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Preposition

In, on, by, to,  
Through, before, for,  
Around, up, down,  
After, inside, outside,  
Top, bottom, of, out,  
Over, under, asunder.

They are all prepositions,  
Describing the relationships  
Between words they describe.  
It's pretty sweet.

Justin Reamer

# Pretty Woman

There is a pretty woman,  
Who is greater than any  
Girl in the world,  
And who has caught my attention,  
And has, even though she  
May not know it,  
Lured me toward her,  
And I cannot help myself  
But smile every time  
I see her.

She has a beautiful figure,  
With a slender torso,  
And legs that are long and strong,  
And are full and muscular,  
Giving a beautiful look;  
And breasts that are full,  
And rise and fall with every breath,  
Giving her grace look like  
That of a goddess,  
And that rise and fall with  
Every little breath,  
Every little whisper,  
And every little sound  
That she utters,  
Which give her some sort  
Of human divinity,  
As she is one of the  
Greatest of God's creations,  
And her arms are long and slender,  
Yet muscular and strong,  
As she is independent,  
And confident with herself,  
Since she knows who she is,  
And what she wants to do with her life,  
And her hands are medium-sized,  
With a strong grip with them,  
Showing that she is not afraid  
To take on obstacles that will

Come in her way,  
But yet, they are soft and gentle,  
Giving a caring aura off  
Of her beautiful spirit,  
And her soul being reflected across  
The world around her,  
And when she breathes,  
She breathes in deeply and gracefully,  
As if to savour every moment of the world  
In which she lives in,  
Because she knows that she will only live once,  
And, when she walks,  
She sometimes walks in a rush,  
But she is poised and confident,  
And not afraid to take on the day,  
But, otherwise, she walks slowly,  
Yet gracefully,  
Taking in the world around her,  
And she walks with her legs  
Ambling slowly but gracefully,  
Like that of a princess or a queen,  
Who deserves the greatest in the world,  
And her arms sway from side to side,  
And they make her look Divine,  
As if she were a Greek goddess  
Or someone on that level.

Her hair is long and silky,  
Going down to her neck,  
And it reflects sunlight  
All across the world,  
Showing just how happy  
She is with life.

She has beautiful brown eyes  
That are filled with life,  
And know no bounds in which  
She cannot cross,  
And she is willing to see  
The world,  
Because she is ambitious  
And goal-oriented,

And she wants the best out of life.

She has a beautiful smile,  
Which is very luminescent,  
And lights up a room  
Because of the reflection  
It gives off,  
And how it lights up  
Everyone's days because  
It is as bright as the sun.  
Whenever I see her smile,  
I cannot help but smile back,  
Because I love seeing her so happy,  
For her smile is the most beautiful thing  
That I see on her,  
For I can see her soul,  
Which is full of life  
And so innocent  
And so pure,  
That it seeks the greatest  
Thing in the world-love;  
And it is giving in the way  
That it will give love to  
Anyone she loves,  
As I would to her  
If we were together.  
Yet, her smile is so contagious,  
And so bright and luminescent,  
That I cannot help but smile,  
Because she is the most  
Beautiful woman in the world.

I also love the way  
She laughs,  
For it is so cute,  
And I cannot help but  
Laugh myself,  
Because her laugh is so contagious,  
And she is so beautiful when she is happy.

I also like her personality,  
For she is very gregarious

And accepting,  
And she cares for everyone  
And is so selfless,  
That she is the sweetest  
Person I have ever met.

I also love her soul,  
Which is so good and pure,  
For she is devoted to God,  
And she cares about everyone around her,  
That she would not hurt anyone,  
And is very giving  
And is very kind.  
She is also very smart,  
Which I have noticed in her soul,  
For she knows the ways of the world,  
And she wishes to use it to help other people.  
An altruist she is,  
And that I am proud,  
For I know I care about her,  
And about the rest of the world,  
Just as she does, as well.

She is a pretty woman,  
And she is an altruist,  
And is a queen or of some Divinity,  
And is a great woman in all.  
I promise that I will take care of her,  
For I know she needs to be loved,  
And she is the most caring person  
I have ever met,  
And, so, I will always care for her,  
And, above all,  
She is great to me,  
So I have to say one thing:  
She is the most beautiful woman in the world,  
And I would never leave her.

Justin Reamer

# Pride

I am one of the Seven Deadly Sins,  
One of the human instincts,  
One of the dark sides of human nature,  
And one of the daemons from the Pit.

You may find me in your life  
If you are narcissistic,  
If you are selfish,  
If you are pompous,  
Stuck-up,  
Snotty,  
Snobbish,  
Self-centred,  
Rude,  
Snarky,  
Self-serving,  
Sarcastic,  
Elitist,  
Or just plainly proud.

I am the reason you may brag  
All the time,  
And why people do not like  
To be around you.

I am the reason that you  
Always have to be the centre  
Of every conversation,  
Because you think  
You are so important.

I am the reason that you  
Like to show off all the time,  
Because you think you have all the moves,  
And that everyone loves you for it.

I am the reason that  
You like to look at yourself  
In the mirror,

Because you think you  
Are so good-looking,  
That you cannot  
Get enough of yourself.

I am the reason  
You cannot have a stable  
Relationship,  
Because you think the ladies love you,  
And you think you have all the  
Stupid pick-up lines,  
And you think you're so good-looking,  
But you do not realise  
That you are a complete jerk.

I am the reason you are so pompous,  
Because you think you are so special,  
And you think you are so better than everyone else,  
That you go around  
Feeling good about yourself.

You see, my friend,  
I am the reason that Lucifer fell.  
Why Hitler fell,  
Why Stalin died,  
Why Julius Caesar was assassinated,  
Why Cain did not take responsibility  
For his actions,  
And why Ramses suffered agony  
When Moses was escaping from Egypt.

You see, my friend,  
Your life is tainted with me,  
And pretty soon you will be miserable,  
And it will amuse me to see you tortured,  
For I must admit,  
It will get fun.

I will eventually kill you,  
Since I am deadly,  
Working like a poison through your veins,  
Affecting your mind,

Poisoning it,  
And drugging it,  
And killing brain cells in the process.  
And then I will reach for your heart,  
Where I shall kill you in your sleep,  
For your heart,  
Which is almost none,  
Shall stop.

For you who are clean of us,  
Beware of us,  
For we are deadly,  
And will poison you in whatever  
Way we can,  
So beware of what we are capable of,  
And beware of our presence,  
For if we get to you,  
There is no escaping us.

Justin Reamer

# Prince Of Peace

Lord Jesus,

You are the greatest human  
To have ever lived  
On this Earth,  
And You are the Son of God,  
Who was created through love.

You were born from a virgin birth  
Through Mary,  
Your mother,  
Who was purified  
Through the Immaculate Conception,  
Which gave her life  
Without sin,  
So she was able to conceive  
You through the Holy Spirit.

Your parents were sent to Bethlehem  
Because of Augustus Caesar's census,  
Which made them move away  
From Nazareth.  
Joseph was supposed to move to  
His hometown,  
So that all of the citizens  
Could be counted.

You were born in a manger,  
Dear Lord,  
And you were born  
Of a modest birth,  
And you grew up,  
Learning Joseph's trade  
Of carpentry.

But you were  
More than that,  
For you were chosen  
by your Father

To teach us  
How to love each other.

Lord, you were baptized  
By St. John the Baptist,  
And you were sent forth by  
Your Father in Heaven.  
You went into the desert  
For forty days and  
Forty nights,  
And Satan tempted you,  
But you never gave in  
To his temptation.

You then went on to teach,  
And you performed miracles  
For people to see  
The glory of God,  
And you made many followers,  
Who were your disciples,  
And you had the Apostles,  
Which you selected,  
Including St. James,  
St. John,  
St. Matthew,  
St. Peter,  
St. Bartholomew,  
St. Andrew,  
St. Judas,  
Judas Iscariot,  
And much more.

You went around and  
Healed many,  
Including the paralysed man,  
The man possessed by daemons,  
The woman who had seizures,  
The lame people,  
The lepers,  
The woman who was crazy,  
The blind man,  
The child who could not walk,

The dead daughter,  
Lazarus,  
And many more,  
And you cared for  
All of them.

You also had your Last Supper,  
And you did everything  
According to your Father's will,  
And you did everything He asked of you.  
Judas Iscariot betrayed you,  
For he was taken by Satan,  
And then you were arrested,  
And sent before Herod,  
Who thought you were a fool,  
And before Pontius Pilate,  
Who thought you were innocent,  
But you were condemned by your own people,  
And crucified,  
And you suffered death.

But, you rose again,  
And you are now in heaven,  
Watching over us,  
And will come back to judge us,  
When the time is right.

Dear Lord, you are so selfless,  
For you have given your life  
To save everyone from  
Sin and damnation,  
And you cured us from our wrongs,  
And you have given us salvation,  
And for that, I thank you.

And Lord, as you have watched over everyone,  
I thank you for watching over me,  
For you have done a lot for me,  
And I thank you so much.

Help me to be like you, Lord,  
And give me the ability

To give to others  
And to guide me  
In kindness  
And generosity  
And selflessness.  
Please help me to  
Be more like you  
And to keep an even temper.

Lord, you have helped me  
When I have strayed off the path,  
And you have helped me  
When I was in times of trouble,  
But I will continue to serve you,  
And to do everything in your name,  
No matter what.

You are my shepherd,  
And I am your sheep,  
Lead me to the place  
Where you can help  
Me the best I can,  
And help me to serve other  
People as I have  
Always been,  
And lead me in the right  
Direction in life.

Thank you for everything,  
Lord,  
And thank you for all your blessings,  
And your endless love.

I will love people  
Just as you have loved me,  
And I will support them,  
As you have supported me.  
I will care for them  
As you have cared for me,  
And I will bless them  
As you have blessed me.  
I will be there for them

As you have been there for me,  
And I will listen to them  
As you have listened to me.  
I will counsel them,  
As you have counselled me,  
And I will help them,  
As you have helped me.  
I will serve people,  
As you have served me,  
I will give to them,  
As you have given to me.  
I will forgive them,  
If they ever wrong me,  
As you have forgiven me,  
For when I wrong others,  
And I will do much more,  
Because you have done so  
Much for me.

Dear Lord,  
Your love is the greatest  
Thing anyone can ask for,  
And I thank you for  
Everything you have given me,  
And I thank you for  
All of your blessings.  
I thank you for all of your  
Love and kindness,  
And I will continue to serve you  
And honour you  
Through every word, deed, and thought,  
And I will love other people  
As you have loved me.

Thank you.

In your name, I pray,

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Profession Of Faith

I believe in God,  
The Father Almighty,  
The Creator of Heaven and Earth,  
The Lord in Heaven,  
The One who is merciful,  
The One who is forgiving,  
The One who loves us,  
The One who made us.  
He is the One who made the animals,  
The plants,  
The water,  
The sky and the clouds,  
The land,  
The shores near the Ocean  
And Lake Michigan,  
The Earth,  
The planets,  
The stars,  
Bacteria,  
Viruses,  
And fungi,  
Asteroids,  
And comets,  
And constellations,  
The sun,  
And everything there is in  
This universe,  
And He is the One who made us.

He loves us more than anything,  
And He is selfless,  
And He is giving,  
And He is always willing to forgive  
Us of our sins as  
Long as we are willing to change.

He is the Alpha and Omega,  
And the Creator of everything  
Seen and Unseen,

Visible and Invisible,  
And everything else.

He is omniscient,  
For He knows all,  
And He is omnipotent,  
And He has been around  
Before the world began,  
And will be around after the world ends.

In God's eyes,  
There is no discrimination,  
For it does not matter if  
One is a Gentile or a Jew,  
A man or a woman,  
Black or white,  
Latino or Asian,  
Intelligent or deluded,  
Wealthy or impoverished,  
Of nobility or of peasantry,  
Has a mental handicap,  
Healthy or unhealthy,  
Athletic or sedentary,  
Seeing or blind,  
Hearing or deaf,  
Walking or lame,  
Paralysed,  
Jewish or Christian,  
Muslim or Sikh,  
Hindu or Buddhist,  
Confucian or Shinto,  
Taoist or Baha'i,  
Or even Zoroastrian.

There is no prejudice in His eyes,  
For He loves all of us,  
And there is no racism,  
No sexism,  
No ableism,  
No persecution of age,  
No Antisemitism,  
No persecution based on religion,

No persecution based on heritage,  
And nothing that will hurt you,  
For He loves all of us,  
And is willing to welcome all of us  
Into our arms,  
And is selfless beyond  
Anything we can possibly imagine,  
For that is why He gave us His Son.

I believe in Jesus Christ,  
The Son of God,  
The Word made flesh,  
The Lamb of God,  
The Good Shepherd,  
The Light and the Way,  
The One who led the right life,  
The One who took the sins away from the world.

Jesus was born a Virgin birth,  
From Mary,  
The Mother of God,  
Who was purified at the Immaculate Conception,  
And who had no sin,  
And thus gave birth to  
The Son of God.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem,  
After Joseph,  
His foster father was  
Called down there for  
A census.

He was born in a manger,  
Wrapped in swaddling clothes,  
And shepherds and wisemen,  
All came to see Him,  
Because they were spoken  
To by the angels,  
And they followed  
The Star of David,  
And when they arrived,  
They all gave Him gifts,

Such as gold, frankincense, and myrrh,  
And they all praised Him for who He was.

Jesus was raised as a carpenter,  
And he grew up in Nazareth.  
When he grew older,  
He began his ministry,  
And he told many people about the  
Ways of God.

He walked through the desert  
For forty days and forty nights  
And was tempted by Satan,  
And he beat him at his game.

Jesus preached to people,  
And he performed many miracles,  
And he saved many people from death,  
And showed people God's amazing powers.

Eventually he was betrayed by Judas,  
And died on the cross  
To forgive us of our sins,  
And he gave his life for us,  
And descended into death.

He then rose from the dead  
On the third day,  
And ascended into heaven,  
Where he sits at the right hand  
Of the Father,  
Where he will come back  
To judge the living and the dead.

He will care for everyone,  
And he will be there when  
The world ends,  
And he will be God's judge  
When the last judgment comes.

I believe in the Church,  
And this is my faith,

And I believe that God  
Loves all of us,  
No matter who we are,  
Or where we come from,  
For we are all the same in his vision.

This is my  
Profession of Faith.

Justin Reamer

# Proletariat

We are the wage earners,  
The people put to the kerb  
In the hierarchy;  
Things have to change,  
Or we will rise against those who  
Threaten us.

Justin Reamer

# Prom

I was walking in the shadows,  
When I came upon a house,  
That was when I saw my friend  
In the Windows,  
Wearing a beautiful pink blouse.  
I saw her in the window,  
And she had a great big smile;  
I knew that with the wind blow,  
It would be worth all the while.  
She greeted me with joy,  
And a great big hug,  
And never have I been a boy,  
With a feeling of a lug.  
I left to say good-bye,  
And we were going high.

Justin Reamer

# Pronoun

He, she, it,  
You, I, we, they,  
Them, her, us, me,  
Him, etc.

They're all good words  
To replace a noun.

Justin Reamer

# Providence

Dear Heavenly Father,

I want to thank You for all that  
You have done for me,  
And all the blessings You bestowed upon me,  
For You are great,  
And I cannot thank You enough for all that You do.  
You are the Creator of the World,  
The Presence in every room,  
The Worker of Nature,  
The Ultimate Artist,  
And the Master of All.  
You can do so much.

You knew me the moment I was born,  
When I was simply an ovum,  
Fertilised by sperm  
And conceived into a zygote,  
And You blessed me within my mother's womb.  
You took me out of her womb,  
Her uterus,  
And You entrusted me at her breast,  
Where I drank to nourishment.  
Though I had a head injury  
Given to me by Satan himself,  
You stood by my side as I struggled to learn,  
With Asperger Syndrome,  
Attention Deficit Disorder,  
And Tourette's Syndrome.  
You were patient with me and made sure I was okay.  
You anointed me and gave me Your blessing,  
And helped me stand through the trials  
I faced in the past  
When my teachers, my peers,  
My father, my principal,  
And my own priest stood against me.  
You blessed me in so many ways,  
And You have helped me become who I am today,  
And I thank You for that.

Thank You, Father,  
For the food I eat,  
The clean water I drink,  
The clothes I wear on my back,  
The shelter I live in,  
The bed I sleep in,  
The security You have provided,  
My pillow I lay my head on,  
The orca I have had since childhood,  
My wonderful library You have provided me,  
The gifts and talents You blessed me with,  
The sun, the moon, and stars,  
The outdoors and everything,  
Great experiences in the past,  
My dog, Lucy,  
The commodities I have,  
The Love You have shown me,  
My educational opportunities,  
My driver's licence,  
The ability to take back the points I had,  
My employment,  
The body I have,  
The very life I am living,  
My soul that You have given me,  
Jesus, who saved me and multitudes  
From their sins and from the Pit,  
And for all the friends and family,  
Most importantly,  
That I know and love.

Thank You, Father, for saving me from depression,  
Thank You for giving me the will to live;  
Thank You for Matthias, my guardian angel,  
Thank You for saving me from death five times;  
Thank You for helping my family,  
And protecting them from my father's wrath;  
Thank You for the Love we have known,  
And thank You for keeping all Your promises.

Father, I do not deserve  
Your blessings,

For I am human  
And am imperfect,  
But I am Your servant  
And will do anything You ask of me.  
If You need to tell me anything,  
Just let me know,  
And I will listen and obey You.  
I'll do whatever You need me to do,  
Just let me know what it might be.  
If You need me to be Your vessel,  
Then I will willingly consent to You,  
Or if You need me to travel,  
I will go where You need me to go.  
I will do whatever You ask of me,  
Just let me know what You need me to do.  
I trust You and love You with all of my heart.

Father, I just want to ask  
For some blessings on other people,  
So I will begin here.

Please bless the poor,  
May they find refuge in You.

Please bless the oppressed;  
May they be set free.

Please bless the depressed;  
May they find joy in life.

Please bless the suicidal;  
May they discover the good things life has to offer.

Please bless the angry;  
May they be mollified.

Please bless the conflicted and ambivalent;  
May they be consoled.

Please bless unfaithful;  
May they receive expiation.

Please bless the nonbelievers;  
May they have a chance to find You.

Please bless sinners everywhere;  
May they be forgiven and protected from harm.

Please bless the humble;  
May they be recognised for what they do.

Please bless the heartbroken;  
May they know they are loved.

Please bless those who are persecuted because of You;  
May their residence be with You forever.

Please bless the sick;  
May they get better if at all possible.

Please bless the mentally ill;  
May they find consolation.

Please bless the criminals;  
May they be forgiven and given a second chance.

Please bless those with learning disabilities;  
May they be remembered and rejoice in the life they have,  
Instead of the persecution they may potentially face.

Please bless the dying;  
May they be welcomed into Your eternal kingdom.

Please bless the unborn;  
May they have a chance at life.

Please bless the soldiers overseas;  
May they come home, if at all possible.

Please bless those who are dating;  
May they figure out who the 'right one' is.

Please bless the affianced;  
May they have a good transition in life.

Please bless the married;  
May they always stay together and look  
Out for their children.

Please bless missionaries everywhere;  
May they inspire people to be  
True to Your Word.

Please bless the clergy;  
May they devote their lives to You  
And remain devoted to You always.

Please bless the government;  
May they make good decisions for  
This country and the world.

Please bless the elderly;  
May the young learn from them.

Please bless the souls in purgatory;  
May they have a chance to come into Your eternal kingdom.

Please bless those who have no one  
To pray for them;  
May they be blessed in all that they do.

Please bless the homeless;  
May they have a safe place to stay tonight,  
And may they get their lives back in order soon.

Please bless the ignored;  
May they be noticed and remembered.

Please bless those who suffer every moment  
Of every hour of every day,  
May they find refuge in You.

Please bless all of my friends, Father,  
Wherever they may be.  
Keep them safe and help them  
Make good decisions so that

They stay out of trouble.

Please bless Mum,  
And help her to keep  
Moving on,  
And help her to do well  
In everything she does.

Please bless Elyse and Nick,  
Even though Nick will be moving away,  
Help them stay together if at all possible.  
Keep them safe, Father.

Please bless Sean,  
And help him to find happiness,  
And help him to rejoice in You.

Please bless Stef,  
And help her to do well in  
Everything that she does,  
And help her to walk with You always.

Please bless all the high school students  
Who are taking exams,  
Including Sophia;  
May they pass their classes and do very well.

Please bless Patricia, Father,  
Forgive her of her sins as I  
Have forgiven her,  
And be by her side at all times.  
Help her stray from evil,  
And protect her from harm.  
Help her evade the clutches of Satan,  
And inspire her to do great things.  
Be by her side,  
And never leave her.  
Even though she does wicked things,  
I still love her for who she is, Father,  
Because I love her with all my heart.  
Open her eyes and her heart  
So that she may learn how to love again.

Walk with her,  
And keep her safe until the time comes.

And, Father, please bless me.  
Help me to walk on the path of righteousness,  
And help me to do the right thing.  
Help me to be healthy and  
To watch my intake  
And to take care of myself.  
Help me to serve others like Jesus did,  
And help me to be what You want me to be.

Father, I cannot thank You enough for  
All that You do,  
For You are truly great,  
And I cannot thank You enough.  
I am forever grateful,  
And I will express my gratitude  
Through all my thoughts,  
All my words,  
And all my actions.  
Thank You, Father, for all that You do.  
I love You with all my heart,  
And I trust You with everything.  
Thank You for all You do,  
For You are truly great.  
Thanks.

In Your Name, I pray.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 1

Happy the man  
who never follows the advice of the wicked  
or loiters on the way that sinner take,  
or sits about with scoffers,  
but finds his pleasure in the Law of Yahweh,  
and murmurs His Law day and night.

He is like a tree that is planted  
by water streams,  
yielding its fruit in season,  
its leaves never fading;  
success attends all he does.  
It is nothing like this with the wicked, nothing like this!

No, these are like chaff  
blown away in the wind.  
The wicked will not stand firm when Judgement comes,  
nor sinners when the virtuous assemble.  
For Yahweh takes care of the way the virtuous go,  
but the way of the wicked is doomed.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 10

Why do You stand so afar off, O Lord?  
Why do You hide Yourself,  
Veiling Your eyes in times of trouble?

The wicked in pride and arrogance  
Hotly pursue and persecute the poor;  
Let them be taken in the schemes which  
They have devised.

For the wicked man boasts of his own heart's desire,  
And the one greedy for gain curses and spurns,  
Yes, renounces and despises the Lord.

The wicked one in the pride of his countenance  
Will not seek, inquire for, and yearn for God;  
All his thoughts are that there is no God,  
So He never punishes.

His ways are grievous at all times;  
Your judgements, Lord,  
Are far above and on high out of his sight,  
So he never thinks about them;  
As for his foes,  
He sniffs and sneers at them.

He thinks in his heart,  
I shall not be moved;  
For throughout all generations  
I shall not come to want or be in adversity.

His mouth is full of cursing, deceit, oppression;  
Under his tongue are trouble and sin,  
Mischief and iniquity.

He sits in ambush in the villages;  
In hiding places he slays the innocent;  
He watches stealthily for the poor,  
The helpless and unfortunate.

He lurks in secret places like a lion in his thicket;  
He lies in wait that he may seize the poor,  
The helpless and unfortunate;  
He seizes the poor when he draws them into his net.

The prey is crushed,  
Sinks down;  
And the helpless fall  
By his mighty claws.

The foe thinks in his heart,  
God has quite forgotten;  
He has hidden His face;  
He will never see my deed.

Arise, O Lord!  
O God, lift up Your hand;  
Forget not the humble,  
The patient and crushed.

Why does the wicked man condemn God?  
Why has he thought in his heart,  
You will not call to account?

You have seen it;  
Yes, You note trouble and grief,  
Vexation,  
To requite it with Your hand.  
The unfortunate commits himself to You;  
You are the helper of the fatherless.

Break the arm of the wicked man;  
And as for the evil man,  
Search out his wickedness until You find no more.

The Lord is King forever and ever;  
The nations will perish out of His land.

O Lord, You have heard the desire  
And the longing of the humble and oppressed;  
You will prepare and strengthen  
And direct their hearts,

You will cause Your ear to hear,  
To do justice to the fatherless and the oppressed,  
So man who is of the Earth,  
May not terrify them any more.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 100

Acclaim Yahweh, all the earth,  
serve Yahweh gladly,  
come into His presence with songs of joy!

Know that He, Yahweh, is God,  
He made us and we belong to Him,  
we are His people, the flock that He pastures.

Walk through His porticos giving thanks,  
enter His courts praising Him,  
give thanks to Him, bless His Name!

Yes, Yahweh is good,  
His love is everlasting,  
His faithfulness endures from age to age.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 101

My song is about kindness and justice;  
Yahweh, I sing it to You.  
I mean to make good progress, as the blameless do:  
when will You come to me?

In my household, I will advance  
in purity of heart;  
I will not let my eyes rest  
on any misconduct.

I hate the practises of the apostate,  
they have no appeal for me;  
perverted hearts must keep their distance,  
the wicked I disregard.

The man who secretly slanders his neighbour  
I reduce to silence;  
haughty looks, proud heart,  
I cannot tolerate these.

I look to my religious countrymen  
to compose my household;  
only the man who makes progress, as the blameless do,  
can be my servant.

There is no room in my house  
for any hypocrite;  
no liar keeps his post  
where I can see him.

Morning after morning I reduce to silence  
all who are wicked in this country,  
banishing from the city of Yahweh  
all evil men.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 102

Yahweh, hear my prayer,  
let my cry for help reach You;  
do not hide Your face from me  
when I am in trouble;  
bend down to listen to me,  
when I call, be quick to answer me!

For my days are vanishing like smoke,  
my bones smouldering like logs,  
my heart shrivelling like scorched grass  
and my appetite has gone;  
whenever I heave a sigh,  
my bones stick through my skin.

I live in a desert like the pelican,  
in a ruin like a screech owl,  
I stay awake, lamenting  
like a lone bird on the roof;  
my enemies insult me all day long,  
those who used to praise me now use me as a curse.

Ashes are the bread I eat,  
what I drink I lace with tears,  
under Your furious anger,  
since You only picked me up to throw me down;  
my days dwindle away like a shadow,  
I am as dry as hay.

Whereas, Yahweh, You remain for ever;  
each generation in turn remembers You!

Rise, take pity on Zion! -  
the time has come to have mercy on her,  
the hour has come;  
for Your servants prize her stones  
and are moved to pity by her dust.

Then will the nations fear the Name of Yahweh  
and all kings on earth respect Your glory;

when Yahweh builds Zion anew,  
He will be seen in His glory;  
He will answer the prayer of the abandoned,  
He will not scorn their petitions.

Put this on record for the next generation,  
so that a race still to be born can praise God:  
Yahweh has leaned from the heights of His sanctuary,  
has looked down on earth from heaven,  
to hear the sighing of the captive,  
and to set free those doomed to die.

Your servants' sons will have a permanent home,  
and their descendants be in Your Presence always,  
to proclaim the Name of Yahweh of Zion,  
His praise in Jerusalem;  
nations and kingdoms will be united  
and offer worship to Yahweh together.

My strength has already run out;  
tell me how much longer I have left.  
Do not take me prematurely,  
when You own life lasts for ever.

Aeons ago, You laid earth's foundations,  
the heavens are the works of Your hands;  
all will vanish, though You remain,  
all wear out like a garment,  
like clothes that need changing You will change them;  
but Yourself, You never change, and Your years are unending.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 103

Bless the Lord, O my soul,  
And all that is within me, bless His holy name.  
Bless the Lord, O my soul,  
And forget none of His benefits;  
Who pardons all your iniquities,  
Who heals all your diseases;  
Who redeems your life from the Pit,  
Who crowns you with lovingkindness and compassion;  
Who satisfies your years with good things,  
So that your youth is renewed like the eagle.

The Lord performs righteous deeds  
And judgements for all who are oppressed.  
He made known His ways to Moses,  
His acts to the sons of Israel.  
The Lord is compassionate and gracious,  
Slow to anger and abounding in lovingkindness.  
He will not always strive with us,  
Nor will He keep His anger forever.  
He has not dealt with us according to our sins,  
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.  
For as high as the heavens are above the earth,  
So great is His lovingkindness toward those who fear Him.  
As far as the east is from the west,  
So far has He removed our transgressions from us.  
Just as a father has compassion on his children,  
So the Lord has compassion on those who fear Him,  
For He Himself knows our frame;  
He is mindful that we are but dust.

As for man, his days are like grass;  
As a flower of the field, so he flourishes.  
When the wind has passed over it, it is no more,  
And its place acknowledges it no longer.  
But the lovingkindness of the lord is from  
Everlasting to everlasting on those who fear Him,  
And His righteousness to children's children,  
To those who keep His covenant  
And remember His precepts to do them.

The Lord has established His throne in the heavens,  
And His sovereignty rules over all.  
Bless the Lord, you His angels,  
Mighty in strength, who perform His Word,  
Obeying the voice of His Word!  
Bless the Lord, all you His hosts,  
You who serve Him, doing His will.  
Bless the Lord, all you works of His,  
In all places of His dominion;  
Bless the Lord, O my soul!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 104

Praise the Lord, my soul.

Lord my God, You are very great;

You are clothed with splendour and majesty.

The Lord wraps Himself in light as with a garment;

He stretches out the heavens like a tent

And lays the beams of His upper chambers on their waters.

He makes the clouds His chariot

And rides on the wings of the wind.

He makes winds His messengers,

Flames of fire His servants.

He set the earth on its foundations;

It can never be moved.

You covered it with the watery depths as with a garment;

The waters stood above the mountains.

But at Your rebuke the waters fled,

At the sound of Your thunder they took to flight;

They flowed over the mountains,

They went down into the valleys,

To the place You assigned for them.

You set a boundary they cannot cross;

Never again will they cover the earth.

He makes springs pour water into the ravines;

It flows between the mountains.

They give water to all the beasts of the field;

The wild donkeys quench their thirst.

The birds of the sky nest by the waters;

They sing among the branches.

He waters the mountains from His upper chambers;

The land is satisfied by the fruit of His work.

He makes grass grow for the cattle,

And plants for people to cultivate-

Bringing forth food from the earth:

Wine that gladdens human hearts,

Oil to make their faces shine,

And bread that sustains their hearts.

The trees of the lord are well-watered,

The cedars of Lebanon that He planted.

There the birds make their nests;  
The stork has its home in the junipers.  
The high mountains belong to the wild goats;  
The crags are a refuge for the hyrax.

He made the moon to mark the seasons,  
And the sun knows when to go down.  
You bring darkness, it becomes night,  
And all the beasts of the forests prowl.  
The lions roar for their prey  
And seek their food from God.  
The sun rises, and they steal away;  
They return and lie down in their dens.  
Then people go out to their work,  
To their labour until evening.

How many are Your works, Lord!  
In wisdom You made them all;  
The earth is full of Your creatures.  
There is the sea, vast and spacious,  
Teeming with creatures beyond number-  
Living things both large and small.  
There the ships go to and fro,  
And Leviathan, which You formed to frolic there.

All creatures look to You  
To give them their food at the proper time.  
When You give it to them,  
They gather it up;  
When You open Your hand,  
They are satisfied with good things.  
When You hide Your face,  
They are terrified;  
When You take away their breath,  
They die and return to the dust.  
When You send Your Spirit,  
They are created,  
And You renew the face of the ground.

May the glory of the Lord endure forever;  
May the Lord rejoice in His works-  
He who looks at the earth, and it trembles,

Who touches the mountains, and they smoke.

I will sing to the Lord all my life;  
I will sing praise to my God as long as I live.  
May my meditation be pleasing to Him,  
As I rejoice in the Lord.  
But may sinners vanish from the Earth  
And the wicked be no more.  
Praise the Lord, my soul.  
Praise the Lord!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 105

O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name:  
Make known His deeds among the people.  
Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him:  
Talk ye of His wondrous works.  
Glory ye in His holy name:  
Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.  
Seek the Lord, and His strength:  
Seek His face evermore.  
Remember His marvellous works that He hath done;  
His wonders, and the judgements of His mouth;  
O ye seed of Abraham His servant,  
Ye children of Jacob His chosen.  
He is the Lord our God:  
His judgements are in all the earth.

He hath remembered His covenant for ever,  
The word which He commanded to a thousand generations.  
Which covenant He made with Abraham,  
And His oath unto Isaac;  
And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law,  
And to Israel for an everlasting covenant:  
Saying, Unto thee I will give the land of Canaan,  
The lot of your inheritance:  
When they were but a few men in number;  
Yea, very few, and strangers in it.  
When they went from one nation to another,  
From one kingdom to another people;  
He suffered no man to do them wrong:  
Yea, He reprov'd kings for their sakes;  
Saying, Touch not Mine anointed,  
And do My prophets no harm.

Moreover He called for a famine upon the land:  
He brake the whole staff of bread.  
He sent a man before them,  
Even Joseph, who was sold for a servant:  
Whose feet they hurt with fetters:  
He was laid in iron:  
Until the time that His word came:

The word of the Lord tried him.  
The king sent and loosed him;  
Even the ruler of the people, and let him go free.  
He made him lord of his house,  
And ruler of all his substance:  
To bind his princes at his pleasure;  
And teach his senators wisdom.  
Israel also came into Egypt;  
And Jacob sojourned in the land of Ham.  
And he increased his people greatly;  
And made them stronger than their enemies.

He turned their heart to hate His people,  
To deal subtilly with His servants.  
He sent Moses His servant;  
And Aaron whom He had chosen.  
They shewed His signs among them,  
And wonders in the land of Ham.  
He sent darkness, and made it dark;  
And they rebelled not against His Word.  
He turned their waters into blood,  
And slew their fish.  
Their land brought forth frogs in abundance,  
In the chambers of their kings.  
He spake, and there came divers sorts of flies,  
And lice in all their coasts.  
He gave them hail for rain,  
And flaming fire in their land.  
He smote their vines also and their fig trees;  
An brake the trees of their coasts.  
He spake, and the locusts came,  
And caterpillars, and that without number,  
And did eat up all the herbs in their land,  
And devoured the fruit of their grant.  
He smote all the firstborn in their land,  
The chief of all their strength.

He brought them forth also with silver and gold:  
And there was not one feeble person among their tribes.  
Egypt was glad when they departed:  
For the fear of them fell upon them.  
He spread a cloud for a covering;

And fire to give light in the night.  
The people asked, and he brought quails,  
And satisfied them with the bread of heaven.  
He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out;  
They ran in the dry places like a river.  
For He remembered His holy promise,  
And Abraham His servant.  
And He brought forth His people with joy,  
And His chosen with gladness:  
He gave them the lands of the heathen:  
And they inherited the labour of the people;  
That they might observe His statutes,  
And keep His laws.  
Praise ye the Lord!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 106

Praise the Lord!

Oh give thanks to the Lord, for He is good;  
For His lovingkindness is everlasting.  
Who can speak of the mighty deeds of the Lord,  
Or can show forth all His praise?  
How blessed are those who keep justice,  
Who practice righteousness at all times!

Remember me, O Lord, in Your favour toward Your people;  
Visit me with Your salvation,  
That I may see the prosperity of Your chosen ones,  
That I may rejoice in the gladness of Your nation,  
That I may glory with Your inheritance.

We have sinned like our fathers,  
We have committed iniquity, we have behaved wickedly.  
Our fathers in Egypt did not understand Your wonders;  
They did not remember Your abundant kindnesses,  
But rebelled by the sea, at the Red Sea.  
Nevertheless He saved them for the sake of His Name,  
That He might make His power known.  
Thus He rebuked the Red Sea and it dried up,  
And He led them through the deeps, as through the wilderness.  
So He saved them from the hand of the one who hated them,  
And redeemed them from the hand of the enemy.  
The waters covered their adversaries;  
Not one of them was left.  
Then they believed His words;  
They sang His praise.

They quickly forgot His works;  
They did not wait for His counsel,  
But craved intensely in the wilderness,  
And tempted God in the desert.  
So He gave them their request,  
But sent a wasting disease among them.

When they became envious of Moses in the camp,  
And of Aaron, the holy one of the Lord,

The earth opened and swallowed up Dathan,  
And engulfed the company of Abiram.  
And a fire blazed up in their company;  
The flame consumed the wicked.

They made a calf at Horeb  
And worshiped a molten image.  
Thus they exchanged their glory  
For the image of an ox that eats grass.  
They forgot God their Saviour,  
Who had done great things in Egypt,  
Wonders in the land of Ham  
And awesome things by the Red Sea.  
Therefore He said that He would destroy them,  
Had not Moses His chosen one stood in the breach before Him,  
To turn away His wrath from destroying them.

Then they despised the pleasant land;  
They did not believe in His word,  
But grumbled in their tents;  
They did not listen to the voice of the Lord.  
Therefore He swore to them  
That He would cast them down in the wilderness,  
And that He would cast their seed among the nations  
And scatter them in the lands.

They joined themselves also to Baal-peor,  
And ate sacrifices offered to the dead.  
Thus they provoked Him to anger with their deeds,  
And the plague broke out among them.  
Then Phinehas stood up and interposed,  
And so the plague was stayed.  
And it was reckoned to him for righteousness,  
To all generations forever.

They also provoked Him to wrath at the waters of Meribah,  
So that it went hard with Moses on their account;  
Because they were rebellious against His Spirit,  
He spoke rashly with his lips.

They did not destroy the peoples,  
As the Lord commanded them,

But they mingled with the nations  
And learned their practices,  
And served their idols,  
Which became a snare to them.  
They even sacrificed their sons and their daughters to the daemons,  
And shed innocent blood,  
The blood of their sons and their daughters,  
Whom they sacrificed to the idols of Canaan;  
And the land was polluted with the blood.  
Thus they became unclean in their practices,  
And played the harlot in their deeds.

Therefore the anger of the Lord was kindled against His people  
And He abhorred His inheritance.  
Then He gave them into the hand of the nations,  
And those who hated them ruled over them.  
Their enemies also oppressed them,  
And they were subdued under their power.  
Many times He would deliver them;  
They, however, were rebellious in their counsel,  
And so sank down in their iniquity.

Nevertheless, He looked upon their distress  
When He heard their cry;  
And He remembered His covenant for their sake,  
And relented according to the greatness of His lovingkindness.  
He also made them objects of compassion  
In the presence of all their captors.

Save us, O Lord our God,  
And gather us from among the nations,  
To give thanks to Your Holy Name  
And glory in Your praise.  
Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel,  
From everlasting even to everlasting.  
And let all the people say, 'Amen! '  
Praise the Lord!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 107

Alleluia!

Give thanks to Yahweh, for He is good,  
His love is everlasting:  
let these be the words of Yahweh's redeemed,  
those He has redeemed from the Oppressor's clutches,  
by bringing them home from foreign countries,  
from East and West, from North and South.

Some had lost their way in the wilds and the desert,  
not knowing how to reach an inhabited town;  
they were hungry and desperately thirsty,  
their courage was running low.

Then they called to Yahweh in their trouble  
and He rescued them from their sufferings, ,  
guiding them by a route leading  
direct to an inhabited town.

Let these thank Yahweh for His love,  
for His marvels on behalf of men;  
satisfying the hungry,  
He fills the starving with good things.

Some were living in gloom and darkness,  
fettered in misery and irons  
for defying the orders of God,  
for scorning the advice of the Most High;  
who bent them double with hardship,  
to breaking point, with no one to help them.

Then they called to Yahweh in their trouble  
and He rescued them from their sufferings;  
releasing them from gloom and darkness,  
shattering their chains.

Let these thank Yahweh for His love,  
for His marvels on behalf of men;  
breaking bronze gates open,

He smashes iron bars.

Some, driven frantic by their sins,  
made miserable by their own guilt  
and finding all food repugnant,  
were nearly at death's door.

Then they called to Yahweh in their trouble  
and He rescued them from their sufferings;  
sending His Word and curing them,  
He snatched them from the Pit.

Let these thank Yahweh for His love,  
for His marvels on behalf of men.  
Let them offer thanksgiving sacrifices  
and proclaim with shouts of joy what He has done.

Others, taking ship and going to sea,  
were plying their business across the ocean;  
they too saw what Yahweh could do,  
what marvels on the deep!

He spoke and raised a gale,  
lashing up towering waves.  
Flung to the sky, they plunged to the depths,  
they lost their nerve in the ordeal,  
staggering and reeling like drunkards  
with all their seamanship adrift.

Then they called to Yahweh in their trouble  
and He rescued them from their sufferings,  
reducing the storm to a whisper  
until the waves grew quiet,  
bringing them, glad at the calm,  
safe to the port they were bound for.

Let these thank Yahweh for His love,  
for His marvels on behalf of men.  
Let them extol Him at the Great Assembly  
and praise Him in the Council of Elders.

Sometimes He turned rivers into desert,

springs of water into arid ground,  
or a fertile country into salt-flats,  
because the people living there were wicked.

Or again, He turned a desert into sheets of water,  
and an arid country into flowing springs,  
where He gave the hungry a home  
in which to found a habitable town.

There, they sow the fields and plant their vines,  
there, they show a profitable harvest.  
He blesses them, they grow in number,  
He sees that their livestock does not decrease.

Their numbers had fallen, they had grown weak  
under pressure of disaster and hardship.  
Pouring His contempt upon the nobly born,  
He left them to wander in a trackless waste.

But now, He lifts the needy out of their misery,  
and gives them a flock of new families;  
at the sight of which, upright hearts rejoice  
and wickedness must hold its tongue.

If you are wise, study these things  
and realise how Yahweh shows His love.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 108

My heart is ready, God  
- I mean to sing and play.  
Awake, my muse,  
awake, lyre and harp,  
I mean to wake the Dawn!

Yahweh, I mean to thank You among the peoples,  
to play music to You among the nations;  
Your love is high as heaven,  
Your faithfulness as the clouds.  
Rise high above the heavens, God,  
let Your glory be over the Earth!

To bring rescue to those You love  
save with Your right hand and answer us!

God promised us once from His sanctuary,  
'I the Victor will parcel out Shechem,  
and share out the Valley of Succoth.

'Gilead is Mine, Manasseh Mine,  
Ephraim is My helmet,  
Judah, My marshal's baton.

'Moab a bowl for Me to wash in!  
I throw My sandal over Edom  
and shout: Victory! over Philistia.'

Who is there now to take me into the fortified city,  
to lead me into Edom?  
God, can You really have rejected us?  
You no longer march with our armies.

Help us in this hour of crisis,  
the help that man can give is worthless.  
With God among us, we shall fight like heroes,  
He will trample on our enemies.



# Psalm 109

God whom I praise, break Your silence,  
now that the wicked and the false  
are both accusing me.

They are defaming me,  
saying malicious things about me,  
attacking me for no reason.

In return for my friendship, they denounce me,  
thought all I had done was pray for them;  
they pay me back evil for kindness  
and hatred for friendship.

'Give him a venal judge,  
find someone to frame the charge;  
let him be tried and found guilty,  
let his prayer be construed as a crime!

'Let his life be cut short,  
let someone else take his office;  
may his children be orphaned  
and his wife widowed!

'May his children be homeless vagabonds,  
beggared and hounded from their hovels;  
may the creditor seize his possessions  
and foreigners swallow his profits!

'May no one be left to show him kindness,  
may no one look after his orphans,  
may his family die out,  
its name disappear in one generation!

'May the crimes of his fathers be held against him  
and his mother's sin never effaced;  
may Yahweh bear these constantly in mind,  
to wipe their memory off the earth! '

That wretch never thought of being kind,  
but hounded the poor, the needy

and the broken-hearted to death.  
He loved cursing, may it recoil on him,  
had not taste for blessing, may it shun him!

He used to wrap curses round him like a cloak,  
let them soak right into him like water,  
deep into his bones like oil.  
May they now envelop him like a gown,  
be tied round his waist for ever!

May Yahweh pay all my accusers,  
all my detractors like this!  
Yahweh, defend me for the sake of Your Name,  
rescue me, since Your love is generous!

Reduced to weakness and poverty,  
my heart is sorely tormented;  
I am dwindling away like a shadow,  
they have brushed me off like a locust.

My knees are weak for lack of food,  
my body is thin for lack of oil;  
I have become an object of derision,  
people shake their heads at me in scorn.

Help me, Yahweh, my God,  
save me since You love me,  
and let them know that You have done it,  
that it was You, Yahweh, who did it.

Counter their curses with Your blessing,  
shame my aggressors, make Your servant glad!  
Clothe my accusers in disgrace,  
cover them with a cloak of shame.

I will give thanks to Yahweh  
and praise Him in the Assembly,  
for conducting the poor man's defence  
against those who would have sentenced him to death.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 11

In the Lord I take refuge;  
How can You say to my soul,  
'Flee as a bird to your mountain;  
For behold, the wicked bend the bow,  
They make their arrow upon the string  
To shoot in darkness at the upright in heart.  
If the foundations are destroyed,  
What can the righteous do? '

The Lord is in His holy temple;  
The Lord's throne is in heaven;  
His eyes behold, His eyelids test the sons of men.  
The Lord tests the righteous and the wicked,  
and the one who loves violence His soul hates.  
Upon the wicked He will rain snares;  
Fire and brimstone and burning wind will be the  
Portion of their cup.  
For the Lord is righteous,  
He loves righteousness;  
The upright will behold His face.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 110

Yahweh's oracle to you, my Lord, 'Sit at my right hand  
and I will make your enemies a footstool for you.'

Yahweh will force all your enemies  
under the sway of your sceptre in Zion.

Royal dignity was yours from the day you were born,  
on the holy mountains,  
royal from the womb, from the dawn of your earliest days.

Yahweh has sworn an oath which He never will retract,  
'You are a priest of the order of Melchizedek, and for ever.'

The Lord is at your right hand.  
When He grows angry He shatters kings,  
He gives the nations their deserts,  
smashing their skulls, He heaps the wide world with corpses.  
Drinking from the stream as He goes,  
He can hold His head high in victory.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 111

Alleluia!

I give thanks to Yahweh with all my heart  
where the virtuous meet and the people assemble.

The works of Yahweh are sublime,  
those who delight in them are right to fix their eyes on them.

Every work that He does is full of glory and majesty,  
and His righteousness can never change.

He allows us to commemorate His marvels.  
Yahweh is merciful and tenderhearted,

He provides food for those who fear Him;  
He never forgets His covenant.

He reminds His people of the power that He wields  
by giving them the inheritance of the nations.

All that He does is done in faithfulness and justice,  
in all His ways His precepts are dependable,

ordained to last for ever and ever,  
framed in faithfulness and integrity.

Quickly, He comes to His people's rescue,  
imposing His covenant once and for all;  
so holy His name, commanding our dread.

This fear of Yahweh is the beginning of wisdom,  
they have sound sense who practise it.  
His praises will be sung for ever.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 112

Alleluia!

Happy the man who fears Yahweh  
by joyfully keeping His commandments!  
Children of such a man will be powers on Earth,  
descendants of the upright will always be blessed.  
There will be riches and wealth for his family,  
and his righteousness can never change.  
For the upright he shines like a lamp in the dark,  
he is merciful, tenderhearted, virtuous.

Interest is not charged by this good man,  
he is honest in all his dealings.  
Kept safe by virtue, he is ever steadfast,  
and leaves an imperishable memory behind him;  
with constant heart, and confidence in Yahweh,  
he need never fear bad news.

Steadfast in heart he overcomes his fears:  
in the end he will triumph over his enemies.  
Quick to be generous, he gives to the poor,  
his righteousness can never change,  
men such as this will always be honoured,  
thought this fills the wicked with fury  
until, grinding their teeth, they waste away,  
vanishing like their vain hopes.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 113

Alleluia!

You servants of Yahweh, praise,  
praise the name of Yahweh!  
Blessed be the name of Yahweh,  
henceforth and forever!  
From east to west,  
praised be the name of Yahweh!

High over all nations, Yahweh!  
His glory transcends the heavens!  
Who is like Yahweh our God?  
Enthroned so high, He needs to stoop  
to see the sky and earth!

He raises the poor from the dust;  
He lifts the needy from the dunghill  
to give them the place with princes,  
with the princes of His people.  
He enthrones the barren woman in her house  
by making her the happy mother of sons.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 114

Alleluia!

When Israel came out of Egypt,  
the House of Jacob from a foreign nation,  
Judah became His sanctuary,  
and Israel His domain.

The sea fled at the sight,  
the Jordan stopped flowing,  
the mountains skipped like rams,  
and like lambs, the hills.

Sea, what makes you run away?  
Jordan, why stop flowing?  
Why skip like rams, you mountains,  
why like lambs, you hills?

Quake, earth, at the coming of your Master,  
at the coming of the God of Jacob,  
who turns rock into pool  
flint into fountain.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 115

Not by us, Yahweh, not by us,  
by You alone is glory deserved,  
by Your love and Your faithfulness!  
Do the pagans ask, 'Where is their God? '

Ours is the God Whose Will is sovereign  
in the heavens and on earth,  
whereas idols, in silver and gold,  
products of human skill,

have mouths, but never speak,  
eyes, but never see,  
ears, but never hear,  
noses, but never smell,

hands, but never touch,  
feet, but never walk,  
and not a sound from their throats.  
Their makers will end up like them,  
and so will anyone who relies on them.

House of Israel, rely on Yahweh,  
on Him, our Help and Shield!  
House of Aaron, rely on Yahweh,  
on Him, our Help and Shield!  
You who fear Yahweh, rely on Yahweh,  
on Him, our Help and Shield!

Yahweh remembers us, He will bless,  
He will bless the House of Israel,  
He will bless the House of Aaron,  
He will bless those who fear Yahweh,  
without distinction of rank.

May Yahweh add to your numbers,  
yours and your children's too!  
May you be blessed by Yahweh,  
Maker of heaven and earth!  
Heaven belongs to Yahweh,

earth He bestows on man.

The dead cannot praise Yahweh,  
they have gone down to silence;  
but we, the living, bless Yahweh  
henceforth and evermore.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 116

Alleluia!

I love! For Yahweh listens  
to my entreaty;  
He bends down to listen to me  
when I call.

Death's cords were tightening round me,  
the nooses of Sheol;  
distress and anguish gripped me,  
I invoked the name of Yahweh:

'Yahweh, rescue me! '

Yahweh is righteous and merciful,  
our God is tenderhearted;  
Yahweh defends the simple,  
He saved me when I was brought to my knees.

Return to your resting place, my soul,  
Yahweh has treated you kindly.  
He has rescued me from death, my eyes from tears,  
and my feet from stumbling.

I will walk in Yahweh's presence  
in the land of the living.

I have faith, even when I say,  
'I am completely crushed.'  
In my alarm, I declared,  
'No man can be relied on.'

What return can I make to Yahweh  
for all His goodness to me?  
I will offer libations to my Saviour,  
invoking the name of Yahweh.

I will pay what I vowed to Yahweh;  
may His whole nation be present!

The death of the devout  
costs Yahweh dear.  
Yahweh, I am Your servant,  
Your servant, son of a pious mother,  
You undo my fetters.

I will offer You the thanksgiving sacrifice,  
invoking the name of Yahweh.  
I will walk in Yahweh's presence  
in the land of the living.

I will pay what I vowed to Yahweh;  
may His whole nation be present,  
in the courts of the House of Yahweh,  
in your heart, Jerusalem.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 117

Alleluia!

Praise Yahweh, all nations,  
extol Him, all you peoples!  
For His love is strong,  
His faithfulness eternal.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 118

Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good;  
His love endures forever.

Let Israel say:

“His love endures forever.”

Let the house of Aaron say:

“His love endures forever.”

Let those who fear the Lord say:

“His love endures forever.”

When hard pressed, I cried to the Lord;

He brought me into a spacious place.

The Lord is with me; I will not be afraid.

What can mere mortals do to me?

The Lord is with me; He is my helper.

I look in triumph on my enemies.

It is better to take refuge in the Lord  
than to trust in humans.

It is better to take refuge in the Lord  
than to trust in princes.

All the nations surrounded me,  
but in the name of the Lord I cut them down.

They surrounded me on every side,  
but in the name of the Lord I cut them down.

They swarmed around me like bees,  
but they were consumed as quickly as burning thorns;  
in the name of the Lord I cut them down.

I was pushed back and about to fall,  
but the Lord helped me.

The Lord is my strength and my defense[a];  
he has become my salvation.

Shouts of joy and victory  
resound in the tents of the righteous:

“The Lord’s right hand has done mighty things!  
The Lord’s right hand is lifted high;  
the Lord’s right hand has done mighty things! ”

I will not die but live,  
and will proclaim what the Lord has done.

The Lord has chastened me severely,  
but he has not given me over to death.

Open for me the gates of the righteous;

I will enter and give thanks to the Lord.  
This is the gate of the Lord  
through which the righteous may enter.  
I will give you thanks, for you answered me;  
you have become my salvation.  
The stone the builders rejected  
has become the cornerstone;  
the Lord has done this,  
and it is marvelous in our eyes.  
The Lord has done it this very day;  
let us rejoice today and be glad.  
Lord, save us!  
Lord, grant us success!  
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.  
From the house of the Lord we bless you.[b]  
The Lord is God,  
and he has made his light shine on us.  
With boughs in hand, join in the festal procession  
up to the horns of the altar.  
You are my God, and I will praise you;  
you are my God, and I will exalt you.  
Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good;  
his love endures forever.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 119

Happy those whose way is blameless,  
Who walk by the teaching of the Lord.  
Happy those who observe God's decrees,  
Who seek the Lord with all their heart.  
They do no wrong;  
They walk in God's ways.  
You have given them the command  
To keep Your precepts with care.  
May my ways be firm  
In the observance of Your laws!  
Then I will not be ashamed  
To ponder all Your commands.  
I will praise You with sincere heart  
As I study Your just edicts.  
I will keep your laws;  
Do not leave me all alone.

How can the young walk without fault?  
Only by keeping Your words.  
With all my heart I seek You;  
Do not let me stray from Your commands.  
In my heart I treasure Your promise,  
That I may not sin against You.  
Blessed are You, O Lord;  
Teach me Your laws.  
With my lips I recite  
All the edicts You have spoken.  
I find joy in the way of Your decrees  
More than in all riches.  
I will ponder Your precepts  
And consider Your paths.  
In Your laws I take delight;  
I will never forget Your Word.

Be kind to Your servant that I may live,  
that I may keep Your word.  
Open my eyes to see clearly  
the wonders of Your teachings.  
I am a sojourner in the land;

do not hide Your commands from me.  
At all times my soul is stirred  
with longing for Your edicts.  
With a curse You rebuke the proud  
who stray from Your commands.  
Free me from disgrace and contempt,  
for I observe Your decrees.  
Though princes meet and talk against me,  
Your servant studies Your laws.  
Your decrees are my delight;  
they are my counselors.

I lie prostrate in the dust;  
give me life in accord with Your Word.  
I disclosed my ways and You answered me;  
teach me Your laws.  
Make me understand the way of Your precepts;  
I will ponder Your wondrous deeds.  
I weep in bitter pain;  
In accord with Your Word strengthen me.  
Lead me from the way of deceit;  
favour me with Your teaching.  
The way of loyalty I have chosen;  
I have set Your edicts before me.  
I cling to Your decrees, Lord;  
do not let me come to shame.  
I will run the way of Your commands,  
for You open my docile heart.

Lord, teach me the way of Your laws;  
I shall observe them with care.  
Give me insight to observe Your teaching,  
to keep it with all my heart.  
Lead me in the path of Your commands,  
for that is my delight.  
Direct my heart toward Your decrees,  
and away from unjust gain.  
Avert my eyes from what is worthless;  
by Your Way give me Life.  
For Your servant fulfil Your promise  
made to those who fear You.  
Turn away from me the taunts I dread,

for Your edicts bring good.  
See how I long for Your precepts;  
in Your Justice give me life.

Let Your love come to me, Lord,  
salvation in accord with Your promise.  
Let me answer my taunters with a word,  
for I trust in Your Word.  
Do not take the word of truth from my mouth,  
for in Your edicts is my hope.  
I will keep Your teachings always,  
for all time and forever.  
I will walk freely in an open space  
because I cherish Your precepts.  
I will speak openly of Your decrees  
without fear even before kings.  
I delight in Your commands,  
which I dearly love.  
I lift up my hands to Your commands;  
I study Your Laws, which I love.

Remember Your word to Your servant  
by which You gave me hope.  
This is my comfort in affliction,  
Your promise that gives me life.  
Though the arrogant utterly scorn me,  
I do not turn from Your teaching.  
When I recite Your edicts of old  
I am comforted, Lord.  
Rage seizes me because of the wicked;  
they forsake Your teaching.  
Your laws become my songs  
Wherever I make my home.  
Even at night I remember Your Name  
in observance of Your teaching, Lord.  
This is my good fortune,  
for I have observed Your precepts.

My portion is the Lord;  
I promise to keep Your Words.  
I entreat You with all my heart:  
have mercy on me in accord with Your promise.

I have examined my ways  
and turned my steps to Your decrees.  
I am prompt, I do not hesitate  
in keeping Your commands.  
Though the snares of the wicked surround me,  
Your teaching I do not forget.  
At midnight I rise to praise You  
because Your edicts are just.  
I am the friend of all who fear You,  
of all who keep Your precepts.  
The earth, Lord, is filled with Your love;  
teach me Your laws.

You have treated Your servant well,  
according to Your Word, O Lord.  
Teach me wisdom and knowledge,  
for in Your commands I trust.  
Before I was afflicted I went astray,  
but now I hold to Your promise.  
You are good and do what is good;  
teach me Your Laws.  
The arrogant smear me with lies,  
but I observe Your precepts with all my heart,  
Their hearts are gross and fat;  
as for me, Your teaching is my light.  
It was good for me to be afflicted,  
in order to learn Your laws.  
Teaching from Your lips is more precious to me  
than heaps of silver and gold.

Your hands made me and fashioned me;  
give me insight to learn Your commands.  
Those who fear You rejoice to see me,  
because I hope in Your Word.  
I know, Lord, that Your edicts are just;  
though You afflict me, You are faithful.  
May Your love comfort me  
in accord with Your promise to Your servant.  
Show me compassion that I may live,  
for Your teaching is my delight.  
Shame the proud for oppressing me unjustly,  
that I may study Your precepts.

Let those who fear You turn to me,  
those who acknowledge Your decrees.  
May I be wholehearted toward Your laws,  
that I may not be put to shame.

My soul longs for Your salvation;  
I put my hope in Your Word.  
my eyes long to see Your promise.  
When will You comfort me?  
I am like a wineskin shriveled by smoke,  
but I have not forgotten Your laws.  
How long can Your servant survive?  
When will Your edict doom my foes?  
The arrogant have dug pits for me;  
defying Your teaching.  
All Your commands are steadfast.  
Help me! I am pursued without cause.  
They have almost ended my life on Earth,  
but I do not forsake Your precepts.  
In Your kindness give me life,  
to keep the decrees You have spoken.

Your Word, Lord, stands forever;  
it is firm as the heavens.  
Through all generations Your truth endures;  
fixed to stand firm like the Earth.  
By Your edicts they stand firm to this day,  
for all things are Your servants.  
Had Your teaching not been my delight,  
I would have perished in my affliction.  
I will never forget Your precepts;  
through them You give me life.  
I am Yours; save me,  
for I cherish Your precepts.  
The wicked hope to destroy me,  
but I pay heed to Your decrees.  
I have seen the limits of all perfection,  
but Your command is without bounds.

How I love Your teaching, Lord!  
I study it all day long.  
Your command makes me wiser than my foes,

for it is always with me.  
I have more understanding than all my teachers,  
because I ponder Your decrees.  
I have more insight than my elders,  
because I observe Your precepts.  
I keep my steps from every evil path,  
that I may obey Your Word.  
From Your edicts I do not turn,  
for You have taught them to me.  
How sweet to my tongue is Your promise,  
sweeter than honey to my mouth!  
Through Your precepts I gain insight;  
therefore I hate all false ways.

Your word is a lamp for my feet,  
a light for my path.  
I make a solemn vow  
to keep Your just edicts.  
I am very much afflicted, Lord;  
give me life in accord with Your Word.  
Accept me freely offered praise;  
Lord, each me Your decrees.  
My life is always at risk,  
but I do not forget Your teaching.  
The wicked have set snares for me,  
but from Your precepts I do not stray.  
Your decrees are my heritage forever;  
they are the joy of my heart.  
My heart is set on fulfilling Your Laws;  
they are my reward forever.

I hate every hypocrite;  
Your teaching I love.  
You are my refuge and my shield;  
in Your word I hope.  
Depart from me, you wicked,  
that I may observe the commands of my God.  
Sustain me by Your promise that I may live;  
do not disappoint me in my hope.  
Strengthen me that I may be safe,  
ever to contemplate Your laws.  
You reject all who stray from Your laws,

for vain is their deceit.  
Like dross You regard all the wicked on Earth;  
therefore I love Your decrees.  
My flesh shudders with dread of You;  
I hold Your edicts in awe.

I have fulfilled Your just edict;  
do not abandon me to my oppressors.  
Guarantee Your servant's welfare;  
do not let the arrogant oppress me.  
My eyes long to see Your salvation  
and the justice of Your promise.  
Act with kindness toward Your servant;  
teach me Your laws.  
I am Your servant; give me discernment  
that I may know Your decrees.  
It is time for the Lord to act;  
they have disobeyed Your teaching.  
Truly I love Your commands  
more than the finest gold.  
Thus I follow all Your precepts;  
every wrong way I hate.

Wonderful are Your decrees;  
therefore I observe them.  
The revelation of Your words sheds light,  
gives understanding to the simple.  
I sigh with open mouth,  
yearning for Your commands.  
Turn to me and be gracious,  
Your edict for lovers of Your Name.  
Steady my feet in accord with Your promise;  
do not let iniquity lead me.  
Free me from human oppression,  
that I may keep Your precepts.  
Let Your face shine upon Your servant;  
teach me Your laws.  
My eyes shed streams of tears  
because Your teaching is not followed.

You are righteous, Lord.  
and just are Your edicts.

You have issued Your decrees in justice  
and in surpassing faithfulness.  
I am consumed with rage,  
because my foes forget Your words.  
Your servant loves Your promise;  
it has been proved by fire.  
Though belittled and despised,  
I do not forget Your precepts.  
Your justice is forever right,  
Your teaching forever true.  
Though distress and anguish come upon me,  
Your commands are my delight.  
Your decrees are forever just;  
give me discernment that I may live.

I call with all my heart, O Lord;  
answer me that I may observe Your laws.  
I call to You to save me  
that I may keep Your decrees.  
I rise before dawn and cry out;  
I put my hope in Your words.  
My eyes greet the night watches  
as I meditate on Your promise.  
Hear my voice in Your Love, O Lord;  
by Your edict give me life.  
Malicious persecutors draw near me;  
they are far from Your teaching.  
You are near, O Lord;  
reliable are all Your commands.  
Long have I known from Your decrees  
that You have established them forever.

Look at my affliction and rescue me,  
for I have not forgotten Your teaching.  
Take up my cause and redeem me;  
for the sake of Your promise give me life.  
Salvation is far from sinners  
because they do not cherish Your laws.  
Your compassion is great, O Lord;  
in accord with Your edicts give me life.  
Though my persecutors and foes are many,  
I do not turn from Your decrees.

I view the faithless with loathing,  
because they do not heed Your promise.  
See how I love Your precepts, Lord;  
in Your kindness give me life.  
Your every word is enduring;  
all Your just edicts are forever.

Princes persecute me without reason,  
but my heart reverts only Your Word.  
I rejoice at Your promise,  
as one who has found rich spoil.  
Falsehood I hate and abhor;  
Your teaching I love.  
Seven times a day I praise You  
because Your edicts are just.  
Lovers of Your teaching have much peace;  
for them there is no stumbling block.  
I look for Your salvation, Lord,  
and I fulfil Your commands.  
I observe Your decrees;  
I love them very much.  
I observe Your precepts and decrees;  
all my ways are before You.

Let my cry come before You, Lord;  
in keeping with Your word give me discernment.  
Let my prayer come before You;  
rescue me according to Your promise.  
May my lips pour forth Your praise,  
because You teach me Your laws.  
May my tongue sing of Your promise,  
for all Your commands are just.  
Keep Your hand ready to help me,  
for I have chosen Your precepts.  
I long for Your salvation, Lord;  
Your teaching is my delight.  
Let me live to praise You;  
may Your edicts give me help.  
I have wandered like a lost sheep;  
seek out Your servant,  
for I do not forget Your commands



# Psalm 12

Save us, Yahweh! There are no devout men left,  
fidelity has vanished from mankind.

All they do is lie to one another,  
flattering lips, talk from a double heart.

May Yahweh slice off every flattering lip,  
each tongue so glib with boasts,  
those who say, 'In our tongue lies our strength,  
our lips have the advantage; who can master us? '

'For the plundered poor, for the needy who groan,  
now I will act, ' says Yahweh.

'I will grant them the safety they sigh for.'

The words of Yahweh are without alloy,  
nature's silver coming from the Earth seven times refined.  
And You, Yahweh, hold us in Your keeping,  
against that breed protect us always.  
The wicked prowl on every side,  
baseness stands high among the sons of men.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 120

When I am in trouble, I call to  
Yahweh, and He answers me.  
Yahweh, save me from these lying lips  
and these faithless tongue!

How will he pay back the false oath?  
of a faithless tongue  
With war arrows hardened  
over red-hot charcoal!

This is worse than a life in Meshech,  
or camping in Kedar!

Too long have I lived  
among people who hate peace,  
who, when I propose peace,  
are all for war.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 121

I lift my eyes to the mountains:  
where is help to come from?  
Help comes to me from Yahweh,  
Who made heaven and earth.

No letting our footsteps slip!  
This guard of yours, He does not doze!  
The guardian of Israel  
does not doze or sleep.

Yahweh guards you, shades you,  
With Yahweh at your right hand  
sun cannot strike you down by day,  
nor moon at night.

Yahweh guards you from harm,  
He guards your lives,  
He guards you leaving, coming back,  
now and for always.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 122

How I rejoiced when they said to me,  
'Let us go to the house of Yahweh! '  
And now our feet are standing  
in your gateways, Jerusalem.

Jerusalem restored! The city,  
one united whole!  
Here the tribe come up,  
the tribes of Yahweh,

they come to praise Yahweh's name,  
as He ordered Israel,  
here where the tribunals of justice are,  
the royal tribunals of David.

Pray for peace in Jerusalem,  
'Prosperity in Your houses!  
Peace inside your city walls!  
Prosperity to your palaces! '

Since all are my brothers and friends,  
I say, 'Peace be with you! '  
Since Yahweh our God lives here,  
I pray for your happiness.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 13

How much longer will You forget me, Yahweh? For ever?  
How much longer will You hide Your face from me?  
How much longer must I endure grief in my soul,  
and sorrow in my heart by day and by night?  
How much longer must my enemy have the upper hand of me?  
Look and answer me, Yahweh my God!

Give my eyes light, or I shall sleep in death,  
and my enemy will say, 'I have beaten him, '  
and my oppressors have the joy of seeing me stumble.  
But I for my part rely on Your Love, Yahweh;  
let my heart rejoice in Your saving help.  
Let me sing to Yahweh for the goodness He has shown me.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 131

Lord, my heart is not proud;  
Nor are my eyes haughty.  
I do not busy myself with great matters,  
With things too sublime for me.  
Rather, I have stilled my soul,  
Like a weaned child to its mother,  
Weaned is my soul.  
Israel, hope in the Lord,  
Now and forever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 133

How good and how pleasant it is,  
When brothers dwell together as one!  
Like fine oil on the head,  
Running down upon the beard,  
Upon the beard of Aaron,  
Upon the collar of his robe.  
Like dew of Hermon coming down  
Upon the mountains of Zion.  
There the Lord has decreed a blessing,  
Life for evermore!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 134

O come, bless the Lord,  
All you servants of the Lord  
You who stand in the house of the Lord  
Throughout the nights.  
Lift up your hands toward the sanctuary,  
And bless the Lord.  
May the Lord bless you from Zion,  
The Maker of heaven and earth.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 14

The fool says in his heart,  
'There is no God! '  
Their deeds are corrupt and vile,  
there is not one good man left.  
Yahweh is looking down from heaven  
at the sons of men,  
to see if a single one is wise,  
if a single one is seeking God.

All have turned aside,  
all alike are tainted;  
there is not one good man left,  
not a single one.

Are they so ignorant, all these evil men  
who swallow my people  
as though they were eating bread  
and never invoke Yahweh?

They will be struck with fear,  
fear without reason,  
since God takes the side of the virtuous:  
decide as you may the poor man's hopes,  
Yahweh is his shelter.

Who will bring Israel salvation from Zion?  
When Yahweh brings His people home,  
what joy for Jacob, what happiness for Israel!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 15

Yahweh, who has the right to enter Your tent,  
or to live on Your holy mountain?

The man whose way of life is blameless,  
who always does what is right,  
who speaks the truth from his heart,  
whose tongue is not used for slander,

who does no wrong to his fellow,  
casts no discredit on his neighbour,  
looks with contempt on the reprobate,  
but honours those who fear Yahweh;

who stands by his pledge at any cost,  
does not ask interest on loans,  
and cannot be bribed to victimise the innocent.  
- If a man does all this, nothing can ever shake him.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 16

Look after me, God, I take shelter in You.

To Yahweh, you say, 'My Lord,  
You are my fortune, nothing else but You, '  
yet to those pagan deities in the land,  
'My princes, all my pleasure is in you.'

Their idols teem, after these they run:  
Shall I pour their blood-libations? - not I!  
Take their names on my lips? - never!

Yahweh, my heritage, my cup,  
You, and only You, old my lot secure;  
the measuring line marks out delightful places for me,  
for me the heritage is superb indeed.  
I bless Yahweh, who is my Counsellor,  
and in the night my inmost self instructs me;  
I keep Yahweh before me always,  
for with Him at my right hand nothing can shake me.

So my heart exults, my very soul rejoices,  
my body, too, will rest securely,  
for You will not abandon my soul to Sheol,  
nor allow the one You love to see the Pit;  
You will reveal the path of life to me,  
give me unbounded joy in Your presence,  
and at Your right hand everlasting pleasures.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 17

Yahweh, hear the plea of virtue,  
listen to my appeal,  
lend an ear to my prayer,  
my lips free from dishonesty.  
From Your Presence will my sentence come,  
Your eyes are fixed on what is right.

You probe my heart, examine me at night,  
You test me yet find nothing, no murmuring from me:  
my mouth has never sinned as most men's do.

No, I have treasured the words from Your lips;  
in the path prescribed walking deliberately  
in Your footsteps, so that my feet do not slip.

I invoke You, God, and You answer me;  
turn Your ear to me, hear what I say,  
display Your marvellous kindness, Saviour of Fugitives!

From those who revolt against You,  
guard me like the pupil of Your eye;  
hide me in the shadow of Your wings  
from the onslaughts of the wicked.

My enemies cluster round me, breathing hostility;  
entrenched in their fat, their mouths utter arrogant claims;  
now they are closing in,  
they have eyes for nothing but to see me overthrown.  
They look like a lion eager to tear to pieces,  
like a young lion crouching in its hide.

Rise, Yahweh, subdue him face to face,  
rescue my soul from the wicked with Your sword,  
with Your Hand, Yahweh, rescue me from men,  
from the sort of men whose lot is here and now.

Cram their bellies from Your stores,  
give them all the sons that they could wish for,  
let them have a surplus to leave their children!

For me the reward of virtue is to see Your face,  
and, on walking, to gaze my fill on Your likeness.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 18

I love You, Yahweh, my Strength,  
My Saviour, You rescue me from violence.  
Yahweh is my Rock and my Bastion,  
my Deliverer is my God.

I take shelter in Him, my Rock,  
my Shield, my Horn of Salvation,  
my Stronghold and my Refuge.  
From violence You rescue me.  
He is to be praised; on Yahweh I call  
and am saved from my enemies.

The waves of death encircled me,  
the torrents of Belial burst on me;  
the cords of Sheol girdled me,  
the snares of death were before me.

In my distress I called to Yahweh  
and to my God I cried;  
from His Temple He heard my voice,  
my cry came to His ears.

Then the Earth quivered and quaked,  
the foundations of the mountains trembled  
(they quivered because He was angry):  
from His nostrils a smoke ascended,  
and from His mouth a fire that consumed  
(live embers were kindled at it) .

He bent the heavens and came down,  
a dark cloud under His feet;  
He mounted a cherub and flew  
and soared on the wings of the wind.

Darkness He made a veil to surround Him,  
His tent a watery darkness, dense cloud;  
before Him a flash enkindled  
hail and fiery embers.

Yahweh thundered from heaven,  
the Most High made His voice heard;  
He let His arrows fly and scattered them,  
launched the lightnings and routed them.

The bed of the seas was revealed,  
the foundations of the world were laid bare,  
at Your muttered threat, Yahweh,  
at the blast of Your nostrils' breath.

He sends from on high and takes me,  
He draws me from deep waters,  
He delivers me from my powerful enemy,  
from a foe too strong for me.

They assailed me on my day of disaster,  
but Yahweh was my support;  
He freed me, set me at large,  
He rescued me, since He loves me.

Yahweh requites me as I act justly,  
as my hands are pure so He repays me,  
since I have kept the ways of Yahweh,  
nor fallen away from my God.

His judgements are all before me,  
His statutes I have not put from me;  
I am blameless in His Presence,  
I keep sin at arm's length.

And Yahweh repays me as I act justly,  
as my purity is in His sight.  
Faithful You are with the faithful,  
blameless with the blameless,  
pure with the one who is pure,  
but crafty with the devious,  
You save a people that is humble  
and humiliate eyes that are haughty.

Yahweh, You Yourself are my lamp,  
my God lights up my darkness;  
with You I storm the barbican,

with my God I leap the rampart.

This God, His way is blameless;  
the Word of Yahweh is without dross.  
He it is who is the Shield  
of all who take shelter in Him.

Who else is God but Yahweh,  
who else a Rock save our God?  
This God who girds me with strength  
and makes my way without blame,

who makes my feet like the hinds'  
and holds me from falling on the heights,  
who trains my hands for battle,  
my arms to bend a bow of bronze.

You give me Your saving Shield  
(Your right hand upholds me) ,  
with care You train me,  
wide room You make for my steps under me,  
my feet have never faltered.

I pursue my enemies and overtake them,  
nor turn back till an end is made of them;  
I strike them down, and they cannot rise,  
they fall, they are under my feet.

You have girt me with strength for the fight,  
bent down my assailants beneath me,  
made my enemies turn their backs to me;  
and those who hate me I destroy.

They cry out, there is no one to save,  
to Yahweh, but there is no reply;  
I crush them fine as dust before the wind,  
trample them like the mud of the streets.

You deliver me from a people in revolt,  
You place me at the head of the nations,  
a people I did not know are now my servants,

foreigners come wooing my favour,  
no sooner do they hear than they obey me,  
foreigners grow faint of heart,  
they come trembling out of their fastnesses.

Life to Yahweh! Blessed be my Rock!  
Exalted be the God of my salvation,  
the God who gives me vengeance  
and subjects the peoples to me,

who rescues me from my raging enemies.  
You lift me high above those who attack me,  
You deliver me from the man of violence.

For this, I praise You, Yahweh, among the heathen  
and sing praise to Your Name.

His king He saves and saves again,  
displays His love for His anointed,  
for David and his heirs for ever.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 19

The heavens declare the glory of God,  
the vault of heaven proclaims His handiwork;  
day discourses of it to day,  
night to night hands on the knowledge.

No utterance at all, no speech,  
no sound that anyone can hear;  
yet their voice goes out through all the Earth,  
and their message to the ends of the world.

High above, He pitched a tent for the sun,  
who comes out of His pavilion like a bridegroom,  
exulting like a hero to run His race.

He has His rising on the edge of heaven,  
the end of His course in its furthest edge,  
and nothing can escape His heat.

The Law of Yahweh is perfect,  
new life for the soul;  
the decree of Yahweh is trustworthy,  
wisdom for the simple.

The precepts of Yahweh are upright,  
joy for the heart;  
the commandment of Yahweh is clear,  
light for the eyes.

The fear of Yahweh is pure,  
lasting for ever;  
the judgements of Yahweh are true,  
righteous, every one,

more desirable than gold,  
even than the finest gold.  
His words are sweeter than honey,  
even than the honey that drips from the comb.

Thus Your servant is formed by them,

observance brings great reward.  
But who can detect his own failings?  
Wash out my hidden faults.

And from pride preserve Your servant,  
never let it dominate me.  
So shall I be above reproach,  
free from grave sin.

May the words of my mouth always find favour,  
and the whispering of my heart,  
in Your Presence, Yahweh,  
my Rock, my Redeemer!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 2

Why this uproar among the nations?  
Why this impotent muttering of pagans-  
kings on earth rising in revolt,  
princes plotting against Yahweh and His Anointed,  
'Now let us break their fetters!  
Now let us throw off their yoke! '

The One whose throne is in Heaven sits laughing,  
Yahweh derides them.  
Then angrily He addresses them,  
in a rage He strikes them with panic,  
'This is My king, installed by Me  
on Zion, my holy mountain.'

Let me proclaim Yahweh's decree;  
He has told me,  
'You are My son,  
today I have become your Father.  
Ask and I will give you the nations for your heritage,  
the ends of the Earth for your domain.  
With iron sceptre you will break them,  
shatter them like potter's ware.'

So now, you kings, learn wisdom,  
Earthly rulers, be warned:  
serve Yahweh, fear Him,  
tremble and kiss His feet,  
or He will be angry and you will perish,  
for His anger is very quick to blaze.

Happy all who take shelter in Him.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 20

May Yahweh answer you in time of trouble,  
may the Name of the God of Jacob protect you!

May He send you help from the sanctuary,  
give you support from Zion,  
remember all your oblations  
and find your holocaust acceptable;  
may He grant you your heart's desire,  
and crown all your plans with success;  
may we shout with joy for your victory,  
and plant our banners in the Name of our God!

May Yahweh grant all your petitions!

Now I know that Yahweh  
saves His anointed,  
and answers him from His holy heaven  
with mighty victories from His own right hand.

Some boast of chariots, some of horses,  
but we boast about the Name of Yahweh our God;  
theirs to crumple and fall,  
but we shall stand, and stand firm!

Yahweh, save the king,  
answer us when we call.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 21

Yahweh, the king rejoices in Your power;  
what great joy Your saving help gives him!  
You have granted him his heart's desire,  
not denied him what his lips entreated.

For You have met him with choicest blessings,  
put a crown of pure gold on his head;  
he asked for life, and You gave it him,  
length of days for ever and ever.

Great his glory through Your saving help,  
You have loaded him with splendour and majesty;  
yes, You confer on him everlasting blessings,  
You gladden him with the joy of Your Presence.

Yes, the king puts his trust in Yahweh,  
by grace of the Most High he reigns unshaken.

Your hand will unmask all Your enemies,  
Your right hand all who hate You;  
You will make them like a blazing furnace,  
the day that You appear,

Yahweh will engulf them in His anger,  
and fire will devour them;  
You will wipe their children from the Earth,  
their descendants from among the sons of men.

Plot though they do to harm You  
and weave their plan as they may, they cannot win;  
since You will make them turn tail,  
by shooting Your arrows in their faces.

Rise, Yahweh, in Your power!  
We will sing and play in honour of Your strength.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 22

My God, my God, why have You deserted me?  
How far from saving me, the words I groan!  
I call all day, my God, but You never answer,  
all night long I call and cannot rest.  
Yet, Holy One, You  
who make Your home in the praises of Israel,  
in You our fathers put their trust,  
they trusted and You rescued them;  
they called to You for help and they were saved,  
they never trusted You in vain.

Yet here am I, now more worm than man,  
scorn of mankind, jest of the people,  
all who see me jeer at me,  
they toss their heads and sneer,  
'He relied on Yahweh, let Yahweh save him!  
If Yahweh is his friend, let Him rescue him! '

Yet You drew me out of the womb,  
You entrusted me to my mother's breasts;  
placed on Your lap from my birth,  
from my mother's womb You have been my God.  
Do not stand aside: trouble is near,  
I have not one to help me!

A herd of bulls surrounds me,  
strong bulls of Bashan close in on me;  
their jaws are agape for me,  
like lions tearing and roaring.

I am like water draining away,  
my bones are all disjointed,  
my heart is like wax,  
melting inside me;  
my palate is drier than a potsherd  
and my tongue is stuck to my jaw.

A pack of dogs surrounds me,  
a gang of villains closes me in;

they tie me hand and foot  
and leave me lying in the dust of death.

I can count every one of my bones,  
and there they glare at me, gloating;  
they divide my garments among them  
and cast lots for my clothes.

Do not stand aside, Yahweh.  
O my Strength, come quickly to my help;  
rescue my soul from the sword,  
my dear life from the paw of the dog,  
save me from the lion's mouth,  
my poor soul from the wild bulls' horns!

Then I shall proclaim Your Name to my brothers and sisters,  
praise You in full assembly,  
you who fear Yahweh, praise Him!  
Entire race of Jacob, glorify Him!  
Entire race of Israel, revere Him!

For He has not despised  
or disdained the poor man in his poverty,  
has not hidden His face from him,  
but has answered him when he called.

You are the theme of my praise in the Great Assembly,  
I perform my vows in the presence of those who fear Him.  
The poor will receive as much as they want to eat,  
Those who seek Yahweh will praise Him.  
Long life to their hearts!

The whole earth, from end to end,  
will remember and come back to Yahweh;  
all the families of the nations will bow down before Him.  
For Yahweh reigns, the Ruler of Nations!  
Before Him all the prosperous of the Earth will bow down,  
before Him will bow all who go down to the dust.  
And my soul will live for Him,  
my children will serve Him;  
men will proclaim the Lord to generations still to come,  
His righteousness to a people yet unborn.

All this He has done.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Amp)

The Lord is my Shepherd  
To lead, guide, and shield me;  
I shall not lack.  
He lies me down in fresh, tender green pastures;  
He leads me beside the still and restful waters.  
He refreshes and restores my life;  
He leads me in the paths of uprightness  
And right standing with Him-  
Not for my earning,  
But for His Name's sake.  
Yes, though I walk through  
The deep, sunless Valley of the Shadow of Death,  
I will fear nor dread no evil;  
Your rod to protect and Your staff to guide,  
They comfort me.  
You prepare a table for me  
In the presence of my enemies.  
You anoint my head with oil;  
My brimming cup overflows.  
Surely goodness is with me always,  
And I will live with You forever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (D-R)

The Lord ruleth me:  
And I shall want nothing.  
He hath set me in a place of pasture.  
He hath brought me up on the  
Water of refreshment;  
He hath converted my soul.  
He hath led me on the paths of justice,  
For His Name's sake.  
For though I should walk in  
The midst of the Shadow of Death,  
I will fear no evils,  
For Thou art with me.  
Thy rod and Thy staff,  
They have comforted me.  
Thou hast prepared a table before me,  
Against them that afflict me.  
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;  
And my chalice which inebriated me,  
How goodly is it!  
And Thy mercy will follow me  
All the days of my life.  
And that I may dwell in  
The House of the Lord  
Unto length of days.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Esv)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He makes me lie down in green pastures,  
He leads me beside still waters.  
He restores my soul.  
He leads me in paths of righteousness  
for His name's sake.  
Even though I walk through the  
Valley of the Shadow of Death,  
I will fear no evil,  
For you are with me;  
Your rod and Your staff,  
they comfort me.  
You prepare a table before me  
in the presence of my enemies;  
You anoint my head with oil;  
My cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life  
And I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Geneva)

The Lord is my shepherd,  
I shall not want.  
He maketh me to rest in green pasture,  
and leadeth me by the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul,  
and leadeth me in the paths  
of righteousness for His Name's sake.  
Yea, though I should walk through the  
valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil:  
for Thou art with me:  
Thy rod and Thy staff,  
They comfort me.  
Thou dost prepare a table before  
me in the sight of mine adversaries:  
Thou dost anoint my head with oil,  
and my cup runneth over.  
Doubtless kindness, and mercy shall  
follow me all the days of my life,  
and I shall remain a long season  
in the house of the Lord.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Hcsb)

The Lord is my shepherd;  
There is nothing I lack.  
He lets me lie down  
in green pastures;  
He leads me beside quiet waters.  
He renews my life;  
He leads me  
along the right paths  
for His Name's sake.  
Even when I go through  
the darkest valley,  
I fear no danger,  
For You are with me;  
Your rod and Your staff-  
they comfort me.  
You prepare a table before me  
in the presence of my enemies;  
You anoint my head with oil;  
My cup overflows.  
Only goodness and faithful love  
will pursue me all the days of my life,  
And I will dwell in  
The House of the Lord as long as I live.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Kjv)

The Lord is my shepherd;  
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in  
green pastures: He leadeth me  
beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth  
me in the paths of righteousness  
for His Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the  
valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear not evil:  
for Thou art with me;  
Thy rod and Thy staff:  
they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies:  
Thou anointest my head with oil;  
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall  
follow me all the days of my life:  
and I will dwell in  
the House of the Lord for ever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Living Bible)

Because the Lord is my Shepherd,  
I have everything I need!  
He lets me rest in the meadow grass  
And leads me beside the  
Quiet streams.  
He restores my failing health.  
He helps me do what honours  
Him the most.  
Even when walking through the  
Dark Valley of Death,  
I will not be afraid,  
For You are close beside me,  
Guarding, guiding all the way.  
You provide delicious food for  
Me in the presence of my enemies.  
You have welcomed me as Your guest;  
Blessings overflow!  
Your goodness and unfailing  
Kindness shall be with me  
All of my life,  
And afterwards,  
I will live with You forever  
In Your Home.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Msg)

God, my shepherd!  
I don't need a thing!  
You have bedded me down in lush meadows,  
You find me quiet pools to drink from.  
True to Your Word,  
You let me catch my breath  
And send me in the right direction.

Even when the way goes through  
Death Valley,  
I'm not afraid when You  
Walk at my side.  
Your trusty shepherd's crook  
Makes me feel secure.

You serve me a six-course dinner,  
Right in front of my enemies.  
You revive my drooping head;  
My cup brims with blessing.

Your beauty and love chase after  
Me every day of my life.  
I'm back home in the  
House of God  
For the rest of my life.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Nab)

The Lord is my shepherd;  
there is nothing I lack.  
In green pastures You let me graze;  
to safe waters You lead me;  
You restore my strength.  
You guide me along the right path  
for the sake of Your Name.  
Even when I walk through a dark valley  
I fear no harm for You are at  
my side;  
Your rod and staff give me  
courage.  
You set a table before me  
as my enemies watch;  
You anoint my head with oil;  
my cup overflows.  
Only goodness and love will  
pursue me all the days of my life;  
I will dwell in the House of the  
Lord for years to come.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Nasb)

The Lord is my shepherd,  
I shall not want.  
He makes me lie down in green pastures;  
He leads me beside quiet waters.  
He restores my soul;  
He guides me in the path of righteousness  
for His name's sake.

Even though I walk through  
The Valley of the Shadow of Death,  
I fear no evil, for You are with me;  
Your rod and staff,  
They comfort me.  
You prepare a table before me in the  
Presence of my enemies;  
You have anointed my head with oil;  
My cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and loving kindness  
Will follow me all the days of my life,  
And I will dwell in the  
House of the Lord forever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Nce)

The Lord is my shepherd;  
I shall not want.  
In verdant green pastures,  
He gives me repose;  
Beside restful waters,  
He leads me;  
He refreshes my soul.  
He guides me in right paths  
For His Name's sake.  
Even though I walk in the dark valley,  
I fear not evil;  
For You are at my side with  
Your rod and Your staff  
That give me courage.  
You spread the table before me  
In the sight of my foes;  
You anoint my head with oil;  
My cup overflows.  
Only goodness and kindness  
Follow me all the days of my life;  
And I shall dwell  
In the House of the Lord  
For years to come.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Niv)

The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing.  
He makes me lie down in green pastures,  
He leads me beside quiet waters,  
He refreshes my soul.  
He guides me along the right paths  
for His name's sake.  
Even though I walk through  
the darkest valley,  
I will fear no evil,  
for You are with me;  
Your rod and Your staff,  
they comfort me.  
You prepare a table before me  
in the presence of my enemies.  
You anoint my head with oil;  
my cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and love  
will follow me all the days of my life;  
And I will dwell in  
the House of the Lord forever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Njb)

Yahweh is my shepherd, I lack nothing.  
In grassy meadows He lets me lie.

By tranquil streams He leads me  
to restore my spirit.  
He guides me in the paths of saving justice  
as befits His Name.

Even were I to walk in a ravine as dark as death  
I should fear no danger, for You are at my side.  
Your staff and Your crook are there to soothe me.

You prepare a table for me  
under the eyes of my enemies;  
You anoint my head with oil;  
my cup brims over.

Kindness and faithful love pursue me  
every day of my life.  
I make my home in the house of Yahweh  
for all time to come.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Nkjv)

The Lord is my shepherd;  
I shall not want.  
He makes me to lie down in green pastures;  
He leads me beside the still waters.  
He restores my soul;  
He leads me in the paths of  
Righteousness for His Name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the  
Valley of the Shadow of Death,  
I will fear no evil;  
for You are with me;  
Your rod and Your staff,  
they comfort me.  
You prepare a table before me  
in the presence of my enemies;  
You anoint my head with oil,  
My cup runs over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall  
follow me all the days of my life;  
And I will dwell in the  
House of the Lord forever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Nlt)

The Lord is my shepherd;  
I have all that I need.  
He lets me rest in green meadows;  
He leads me beside peaceful streams.  
He renews my strength,  
He guides me along right paths,  
Bringing honour to His Name.  
Even when I walk  
Through the darkest valley,  
I will not be afraid,  
For You are close beside me.  
Your rod and Your staff  
Protect and comfort me.  
You prepare a feast for me  
In the presence of my enemies.  
You honour me by anointing my head with oil,  
My cup overflows with blessings.  
Surely, Your goodness and unfailing love will pursue me  
All the days of my life,  
And I will live in  
The House of the Lord forever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Nrsv)

The Lord is my shepherd,  
I shall not want.  
He makes me lie down in green pastures;  
He leads me beside still waters;  
He restores my soul.  
He leads me in right paths  
For His Name's sake.  
Even though I walk through  
The darkest valley,  
I fear no evil;  
For You are right with me;  
Your rod and Your staff-  
They comfort me.

You prepare a table before me  
In the presence of my enemies;  
You anoint my head with oil;  
My cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and mercy  
Shall follow me all the days of my life,  
And I shall dwell in  
The House of the Lord  
My whole life long.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Rsv)

The Lord is my shepherd,  
I shall not want;  
He makes me lie down in green pastures.  
He leads me beside still waters;  
He restores my soul.  
He leads me in paths of righteousness  
For His Name's sake.

Even though I walk through the  
Valley of the Shadow of Death,  
I fear no evil;  
For Thou art with me;  
Thy rod and Thy staff,  
They comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me  
In the presence of my enemies;  
Thou anointest my head with oil,  
My cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall  
Follow me all the days of my life;  
And I shall dwell in  
The House of the Lord for ever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 23 (Tanakh)

The Lord is my shepherd;  
I shall not want.  
He makes me to lie down in green pastures,  
He leads me beside still waters,  
He restores my soul,  
He leads me in the  
Path of righteousness  
For His Name's sake.  
Even though I walk through  
The Valley of the Shadow of Death,  
I will fear no evil,  
For Thou art with me;  
Thy rod and staff,  
They comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
In the presence of my enemies;  
Thou anointest my head with oil;  
My cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall  
Follow me all the days of my life,  
And I will live forever.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 24

To Yahweh belong earth and all it holds,  
the world and all who live in it;  
He Himself founded it on the ocean,  
based it firmly on the Nether Sea.

Who has the right to climb the Mountain of Yahweh,  
who the right to stand in His holy place?  
He whose hands are clean,  
whose heart is pure,  
whose soul does not pay homage to worthless things  
and who never swears to a lie,

The blessing of Yahweh is his,  
and vindication from God his Saviour.  
Such are the people who seek Him,  
Who seek Your presence, God of Jacob!

Gates raise Your arches,  
rise, you ancient doors,  
let the King of Glory in!

Who is this King of Glory?  
Yahweh the strong, the valiant,  
Yahweh the valiant in battle!

Gates, raise your arches,  
rise, you ancient doors,  
let the King of Glory in!

Who is this King of Glory?  
He is Yahweh Sabaoth,  
King of Glory, He!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 25

To You, Yahweh, I lift up my soul,  
O my God.

I rely on You, do not let me be shamed,  
do not let my enemies gloat over me!  
No, those who hope in You are never shamed,  
shame awaits disappointed traitors.

Yahweh, make Your ways known to me,  
teach me Your paths,  
Set me in the way of Your Truth, and teach me,  
for You are the God who saves me.

All day long I hope in You  
because of Your goodness, Yahweh.  
Remember Your kindness, Yahweh,  
Your Love, that You showed long ago.  
Do not remember the sins of my youth;  
but rather, with Your love remember me.

Yahweh is so good, so upright,  
He teaches the way to sinners;  
in all that is right He guides the humble,  
and instructs the poor in His Way.

All Yahweh's paths are love and truth  
for those who keep His covenant and His decrees.  
For the sake of Your Name, Yahweh,  
forgive my guilt, for it is great.

Everyone who fears Yahweh  
will be taught the course a man should choose;  
his soul will live in prosperity,  
his children have the land of their own.  
The close secret of Yahweh belongs to them who fear Him,  
His covenant also, to bring them knowledge.

My eyes are always on Yahweh,  
for He releases my feet from the net.

Turn to me, take pity on me,  
alone and wretched as I am!

Relieve the distress of my heart,  
free me from my sufferings.  
See my misery and pain,  
forgive all my sins!

See how my enemies multiply,  
and how violent their hatred has grown.  
Watch over my soul, rescue me;  
let me not be shamed: I take shelter in You.  
Let innocence and integrity be my protection,  
since my hope is in You, Yahweh.

Redeem Israel, God,  
from all his troubles

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 26

Yahweh, be my Judge!  
I go my way in my innocence,  
My trust in Yahweh never wavers.  
Test me, Yahweh, and probe me,  
put me to the trial, loins and heart;  
for Your love is before my eyes,  
and I live my life in loyalty to You.

No sitting with wastrels for me,  
no associating with hypocrites;  
I hate the society of evil men,  
I refuse to sit down with the wicked.

I wash my hands in innocence  
and join the procession round Your altar,  
singing a hymn of thanksgiving,  
proclaiming all Your wonders.  
I love the house where You live,  
the place where Your glory makes its home.

Do not let my soul share the fate of sinners,  
or my life the doom of men of blood,  
men with guilt on their hands,  
whose right hands are heavy with bribes.

But I live my life in innocence,  
redeem me, Yahweh, take pity on me;  
my foot is set on the right path,  
I bless You, Yahweh, at the Assemblies.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 27

Yahweh is my light and my salvation,  
whom need I fear?

Yahweh is the Fortress of my life,  
of whom should I be afraid?

When evil men advance against me  
to devour my flesh,  
they, my opponents, my enemies,  
are the ones who stumble and fall.

Though an army pitched camp against me,  
my heart would not fear;  
though war waged against me,  
my trust would still be firm.

One thing I ask of Yahweh,  
one thing I seek:  
to live in the House of Yahweh  
all the days of my life,  
to enjoy the sweetness of Yahweh  
and to consult Him in the Temple.

For He shelters me under His awning  
in times of trouble;  
He hides me deep in His tent,  
sets me high on a rock.

And now my head is held high  
over the enemies who surround me,  
in His tent I will offer  
exultant sacrifice.

I will sing, I will play for Yahweh!

Yahweh, hear my voice as I cry!  
Pity me! Answer me!  
My heart has said of You,  
'See His Face.'  
Yahweh, I do seek Your Face;

do not hide Your Face from me.

Do not repulse Your servant in anger;  
You are my help.  
Never leave me, never desert me,  
God, my Saviour!  
If my father and mother desert me,  
Yahweh will care for me still.

Yahweh, teach me Your Way,  
lead me in the path of integrity  
because of my enemies;  
do not abandon me to the will of my foes-  
false witnesses have risen against me,  
and breathe out violence.

This I believe: I shall see the goodness of Yahweh,  
in the land of the living.  
Put your hope in Yahweh,  
be strong,  
let your heart be bold,  
put your hope in Yahweh.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 28

I cry to You, Yahweh,  
my Rock! Do not be deaf to me,  
for if You are silent, I shall go  
down to the Pit like the rest.

Hear my voice, raised in petition,  
as I cry to You for help,  
as I raise my hands, Yahweh,  
toward Your Holy of Holies.

Do not drag me away with the wicked,  
away with the evil men  
who talk of peace to their neighbours  
while malice is in their hearts.

Repay them for their actions, Yahweh,  
for the evil they commit,  
for their handiwork repay them,  
let them have what they deserve!

How blind they are to the works of Yahweh,  
to His own handiwork!  
May He pull them down and not rebuild them!

Blessed be Yahweh, for He bears  
the sound of my petition!

Yahweh is my Strength, my Shield,  
my heart puts its trust in Him;  
I have been helped, my flesh has bloomed again,  
I thank Him with all my heart.

Yahweh is the strength of His people,  
a saving fortress for His anointed.  
Save Your people! Bless Your heritage!  
Shepherd them; carry them for ever!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 29

Pay tribute to Yahweh, you sons of God,  
tribute to Yahweh of glory and power,  
tribute to Yahweh of the glory of His Name,  
worship in His sacred court.

The voice of Yahweh over the waters!  
Yahweh over the multitudinous waters!  
The voice of Yahweh in power!  
The voice of Yahweh in splendour!

The voice of Yahweh shatters the cedars,  
Yahweh shatters the cedars in Lebanon,  
making Lebanon leap like a calf,  
Sirion like a young bull.

The voice of Yahweh sharpens lightning shafts!

The voice of Yahweh sets the wilderness shaking.  
Yahweh shakes the wilderness in Kadesh.  
The voice of Yahweh sets the terebinths shuddering,  
stripping the forests bare.

The God of glory thunders.  
In His palace everything cries, 'Glory! '  
Yahweh sat enthroned for the Flood,  
Yahweh sits enthroned as King for ever.

Yahweh gives strength to His people,  
Yahweh blesses His people with peace.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 3

Yahweh, more and more are turning against me,  
more and more rebelling against me,  
more and more saying about me,  
'There is no help for him in his God.'

But, Yahweh, my encircling shield,  
my glory, You help me hold up my head.  
Loudly I cry to Yahweh,  
and He answers me from His holy mountain.

Now I can lie down and go to sleep  
and then awake, for Yahweh has hold of me:  
no tear of those tens of thousands  
posted against me wherever I turn.

Rise, Yahweh!  
Save me, my God!  
You hack all my enemies to the cheekbone,  
You break the teeth of the wicked.  
From Yahweh, rescue.  
On Your people, blessing!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 30

High praise, Yahweh, I give You, for You have helped me up,  
and not let my enemies gloat over me.

Yahweh, my God, I cried to You for help, and You have  
healed me.

Yahweh, You have brought my soul up from Sheol,  
of all those who go down to the Pit You have revived me.

Play music in Yahweh's honour, you devout,  
remember His Holiness, and praise Him.

His anger lasts a moment, His favour a lifetime;  
in the evening, a spell of tears, in the morning, shouts of joy.

In my prosperity, I used to say,  
'Nothing can ever shake me! '

Your favour, Yahweh, stood me on a peak impregnable;  
but then You hid Your face and I was terrified.

Yahweh, I call to You,  
I beg my God to pity me,

'What do you going by my blood if i go down to the Pit?  
Can the dust praise You or proclaim Your faithfulness?

'Hear, Yahweh, take pity on me;  
Yahweh, help me! '

You have turned my mourning into dancing,  
You have stripped off my sackcloth and wrapped me in gladness;  
and now my heart, silent no longer, will play You music;  
Yahweh, my God, I will praise You for ever.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 31

In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust;  
Let me never be ashamed.  
Deliver me in Thy righteousness.  
Bow down Thine ear to me; deliver me speedily:  
Be Thou my strong Rock,  
For an house of defence to save me.  
For Thou art my Rock and my fortress;  
Therefore for Thy Name's sake lead me, and guide me.  
Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me:  
For Thou art my strength.  
Into Thine hand I commit my spirit:  
Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.  
I have hated them that regard lying vanities:  
But I trust in the Lord.  
I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy:  
For Thou hast considered my trouble;  
Thou hast known my soul in adversities;  
And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy:  
Thou hast set my feet in a large room.  
Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am in trouble.  
Mine eye is consumed with grief, yea, my soul and my  
belly.  
For my life is spent with grief,  
and my years with sighing.  
My strength faileth because of mine iniquity,  
and my bones are consumed.  
I was a reproach among all mine enemies,  
But especially among my neighbours,  
and a fear to mine acquaintance:  
They that did see me without fled from me.  
I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind:  
I am like a broken vessel.  
For I have heard the slander of many:  
Fear was on every side:  
While they took counsel together against me,  
They devised to take away my life.  
But I trusted Thee, O Lord:  
I said, Thou art my God.  
My times are in Thy hand:

Deliver me from the hand of mine enemies,  
and from them that persecute me.  
Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant:  
Save me for Thy mercies' sake.  
Let me not be ashamed, O Lord;  
for I have called upon Thee:  
Let the wicked be ashamed,  
and let them be silent in the grave.  
Let the lying lips be put to silence;  
Which the grievous things proudly and  
contemptuously against the righteous.  
Oh how great is Thy goodness,  
which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee;  
Which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee  
Before the sons of men!  
Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy Presence  
from the pride of man:  
Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the  
strife of tongues.  
Blessed be the Lord: for He hath showed me His  
marvellous kindness in a strong city.  
For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before Thine eyes:  
Nevertheless Thou heardest the voice of my  
supplications when I cried unto Thee.  
O love the Lord, all ye His saints:  
For the Lord preserveth the faithful,  
And plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.  
Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen Your heart,  
All ye that hope in the Lord.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 32

How blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,  
Whose sin is covered!  
How blessed is the man to whom the Lord does not impute iniquity,  
And in whose spirit there is no deceit!

When I kept silent about my sin,  
My body wasted away  
Through my groaning all day long.  
For day and night Your hand was heavy upon me;  
My vitality was drained away as  
With the fever heat of summer.  
I acknowledged my sin to You,  
And my iniquity I did not hide;  
I said, 'I will confess my transgression to the Lord; '  
And You forgave the guilt of my sin.  
Therefore, let everyone who is godly pray to You  
In a time when You may be found;  
Surely in a flood of great waters  
They will not reach Him.  
You are my hiding place;  
You preserve me from trouble;  
You surround me with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct you and teach you  
In the way you should go;  
I will counsel you with My eye upon you.  
Do not be as the horse or the mule  
Which have no understanding,  
Whose trappings include bit and bridle  
To hold them in check.  
Otherwise they will not come near to you.  
Many are the sorrows of the wicked.  
But he who trusts in the Lord,  
Lovingkindness shall surround him.  
Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, you righteous ones;  
And shout for joy, all you who are upright in heart.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 33

Shout for joy to Yahweh, all virtuous men,  
praise comes well from upright hearts;  
give thanks to Yahweh on the lyre,  
play to Him on the ten-string harp;  
sing a new song in His honour,  
play with all your skill as you acclaim Him!  
The Word of Yahweh is integrity itself,  
all He does is done faithfully;  
He loves virtue and justice,  
Yahweh's love fills the earth.

By the Word of Yahweh the heavens were made,  
their whole array by the breath of His mouth;  
He collects the ocean waters as though in a wineskin,  
He stores the deeps in cellars.

Let the whole world fear Yahweh,  
let all who live on earth revere Him!  
He spoke, and it was created;  
He commanded, and there it stood.

Yahweh thwarts the plans of nations,  
frustrates the intentions of peoples;  
but Yahweh's plans hold good for ever,  
the intentions of His heart from age to age.  
Happy the nations whose God is Yahweh,  
the people He has chosen for His heritage.

Yahweh looks down from heaven,  
He sees the whole human race;  
from where He sits He watches  
all who live on the earth,  
He who moulds every heart  
and takes note of all men do.

A large army will not keep a king safe,  
nor does the hero escape by his great strength;  
it is delusion to rely on the horse for safety,  
for all its power, it cannot save.

But see how the eye of Yahweh is on those who fear Him,  
on those who rely on His Love,  
to rescue their souls from death  
and keep them alive in famine.

Our soul awaits Yahweh,  
He is our help and shield;  
our hearts rejoice in Him,  
we trust in His Holy Name.  
Yahweh, let Your Love rest on us  
as our hope has rested in You.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 34

I will bless Yahweh at all times,  
His praise shall be on my lips continually;  
my soul glories in Yahweh,  
let the humble hear and rejoice.

Proclaim with me the greatness of Yahweh,  
together let us extol His Name.  
I seek Yahweh, and He answers me  
and frees me from all my fears.

Every face turned to Him grows brighter  
and is never ashamed.  
A cry goes up from the poor man,  
and Yahweh hears,  
and helps him in all his troubles.

The angel of Yahweh pitches camp  
round those who fear Him; and He keeps them safe.  
How good Yahweh is- only taste and see!  
Happy the man who takes shelter in Him.

Fear Yahweh, you His holy ones:  
those who fear Him want for nothing.  
The young lion may go empty and hungry,  
but those who seek Yahweh lack nothing good.

Come, my sons, listen to me,  
I will teach you the fear of Yahweh.  
Which of you wants to live to the full,  
who loves long life and enjoyment of prosperity?

Malice must be banished from your tongue,  
deceitful conversation from your lips;  
never yield to evil, practise good,  
seek peace, pursue it.

The face of Yahweh frowns on evil men,  
to wipe their memory from the earth;  
the eyes of Yahweh are turned towards the virtuous,

His ears to their cry.

They cry for help and Yahweh hears  
and rescues them from all their troubles;  
Yahweh is near to the broken-hearted,  
He helps those whose spirit is crushed.

Hardships in plenty beset the virtuous man,  
but Yahweh rescues Him from them all;  
taking care of every bone,  
Yahweh will not let one be broken.

Evil will bring death to the wicked,  
those who hate the virtuous will have to pay;  
while Yahweh Himself ransoms the souls of His servants,  
and those who take shelter in Him have nothing to pay.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 35

Accuse my accusers, Yahweh,  
attack my attackers;  
grip shield and buckler,  
up, and help me;  
brandish lance and pike  
in the faces of my pursuers.  
Tell my soul, 'I am your salvation.'

Blame and dishonour on those  
who are out to kill me!  
Back with them! Cover with confusion  
those who plot my downfall!  
May they be like chaff before the wind,  
with the angel of Yahweh to chase them!  
May their way be dark and slippery,  
with the angel of Yahweh to hound them!

Unprovoked they spread their net for me,  
they dug a pit for me;  
but Ruin creeps on them unawares,  
the net they have spread will catch them instead,  
and into their own pit will they fall.

Then my soul will rejoice in Yahweh,  
exult that He has saved me.  
All my bones will exclaim, 'Yahweh,  
who can compare with You  
in rescuing the poor man from the stronger,  
the needy from the man who exploits him? '

Lying witnesses take the stand,  
questioning me on things I know nothing about;  
they repay my kindness with evil,  
there is desolation in my soul.

Yet, when they were sick,, I put sackcloth on,  
I humbled my soul with fasting,  
murmuring prayers to my own breast  
as though for a friend or brother;

and, like a person mourning his or her mother,  
went about dejected and sorrowing.

Now, I have fallen, they crowd round delighted,  
flocking for jeer at me;  
strangers I never even knew  
with loud cries tear me to pieces,  
riddling me with gibe after gibe,  
grinding their teeth at me.

How much longer, Lord, will You look on?  
Rescue my soul from their onslaughts,  
my dear life from these lions.  
I will give You thanks in the Great Assembly,  
praise You where the people throng.

Do not let my lying enemies  
gloat over me,  
do not let those who hate me for no reason  
exchange sly glances.

Peace is not what they discuss  
with the peaceloving people of the land;  
they think about false accusations,  
their mouths wide to accuse me,  
'Aha! Aha! ' they say  
'With our own eyes we saw it! '

Now break Your silence, Yahweh, You were looking too,  
Lord, do not stand aside,  
up, wake up, come to my defence,  
Lord my God side with me!  
Yahweh my God, You are righteous, so give verdict for me,  
and do not let them gloat over me.

Do not let them think, 'Just as we hoped! '  
Do not let them say, 'Now we have got him down! '  
Shame and dishonour on all  
who gloat over my misfortune;  
shame and discredit cover all  
who profit at my expense!

But shouts of joy and gladness for all  
who take pleasure in my virtue,  
give them constant cause to say,  
'Great is Yahweh,  
who likes to see His servant at peace! '

Then my tongue will shout Your goodness,  
and sing Your praises all day long.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 36

The wicked man's oracle is Sin  
in the depths of his heart;  
there is no fear of god  
before his eyes.

He sees himself with too flattering an eye  
to detect and detest his guilt;  
all he says tends to mischief and deceit,  
he has turned his back on wisdom.

How best to work mischief he plots,  
even when he is in bed;  
he persists in his evil course,  
he never rejects what is bad.

Your Love, Yahweh, reaches to the heavens,  
Your faithfulness to the clouds;  
Your righteousness is like the mountains of God,  
Your judgements like the mighty deep.

Yahweh, Protector of man and beast,  
how precious, God, Your Love!  
Hence the sons of men  
take shelter in the shadow of Your wings.

They feast on the bounty of Your House,  
You give them drink from Your river of pleasure;  
yes, with You is the Fountain of Life,  
by Your Light we see the Light.

Do not stop loving those who know You,  
or being righteous to upright hearts.  
Do not let arrogant feet crush me  
or wicked hands expel me.

The evil men have fallen, there they lie,  
beaten down, never to stand again.



## Psalm 37

Do not worry about the wicked,  
do not envy those who do wrong.  
Quick as the grass they wither,  
fading like the green in the field.

Trust in Yahweh and do what is good,  
make your home in the land and live in peace;  
make Yahweh your your only joy  
and He will give you what your heart desires.

Commit your fate to Yahweh,  
trust in Him and He will act:  
making your virtue clear as the light,  
your integrity as bright as noon.

Be quiet before Yahweh, and wait patiently for Him,  
not worrying about men who make their fortunes,  
about men who scheme  
to bring the poor and needy down.

Enough of anger, leave rage aside,  
do not worry, nothing but evil can come of it:  
for the wicked will be expelled,  
while those who hope in Yahweh shall have the land for their own.

A little longer, and the wicked will be no more,  
search his place well, he will not be there;  
but the humble shall have the land for their own  
to enjoy untroubled peace.

The wicked man plots against the virtuous,  
and grinds his teeth at him;  
but the Lord only laughs at the man,  
knowing his end is in sight.

Though the wicked draw the sword,  
and bend their bow, to kill the upright,  
their swords will only peirce their own hearts  
and their bows will be smashed.

The little the virtuous possesses  
outweighs all the wealth of the wicked,  
since the arms of the wicked are doomed to break,  
and Yahweh will uphold the virtuous.

Yahweh takes care of good men's lives,  
and their heritage will last for ever;  
they will not be at a loss when bad times come,  
in time of famine they will have more than they need.

As for the wicked- they will perish,  
these enemies of Yahweh;  
they will vanish like the beauty of the meadows,  
they will vanish in smoke.

The wicked man borrows without meaning to repay,  
but a virtuous man is generous and open-handed;  
those he blesses will have the land for their own,  
those he curses will be expelled.

Yahweh guides a man's steps,  
they are sure, and he takes pleasure in his progress;  
he may fall, but never fatally,  
since Yahweh supports him by the hand.

Now I am old, but ever since my youth  
I never saw a virtuous man deserted,  
or his descendants forced to beg for bread;  
he is always compassionate, always lending:  
his children will be blessed.

Never yield to evil, practise good  
and you will have an everlasting home,  
for Yahweh loves what is right,  
and never deserts the devout.

Those who do wrong will perish once and for all,  
and the children of the wicked shall be expelled;  
the virtuous will have the land for their own,  
and make it their home for ever.

The mouth of the virtuous man murmurs wisdom,  
and his tongue speaks what is right;  
with the Law of his God in his heart,  
his steps can never falter.

The wicked man spies on the virtuous,  
seeking to kill him;  
Yahweh will never leave him in those clutches,  
or let him be condemned under trial.

Put your hope in Yahweh, keep His Way,  
and He will save you from the wicked,  
raising you until you make the land your own  
and see the wicked expelled.

I have seen the wicked in his triumph  
towering like a cedar of Lebanon,  
but when next I passed, he was not there,  
I looked for him and he was nowhere to be found.

Observe the innocent man, consider the upright:  
for the man of peace there are descendants,  
but sinners will be destroyed altogether,  
the descendants of the wicked shall be wiped out.

The salvation of the virtuous comes from Yahweh,  
He is their Shelter when trouble comes;  
Yahweh helps and rescues them,  
He saves them because they take shelter in Him.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 38

O Lord, rebuke me not in Your anger,  
nor discipline me in Your wrath!  
For Your arrows have sunk into me,  
and Your hand has come down on me.

There is no soundness in my flesh  
because of Your indignation;  
there is no health in my bones  
because of my sin.  
For my inquiries have gone over my head:  
like a burden, they are too heavy for me.

My wounds stink and fester  
because of my foolishness.  
I am utterly bowed down and prostrate;  
all the day I go about mourning.

For my sides are filled with burning,  
and there is no soundness in my flesh.  
I am feeble and crushed;  
I groan because of the tumult of my heart.

O Lord, all my longing is before You;  
my sighing is not hidden from You.  
My heart throbs; my strength fails me,  
and the light of my eyes- it also has gone from me.  
My friends and companions stand aloof from my plague,  
and my nearest kin stand far off.

Those who seek my life lay their snares;  
those who seek my hurt speak of ruin  
and mediate treachery all day long.

But I am like a deaf man; I do not hear,  
like a mute man who does not open his mouth.  
I have become like a man who does not hear,  
and in whose mouth are no rebukes.

But for You, O Lord, do I wait;

it is You, O Lord my God, who will answer.  
For I said, 'Only let them not rejoice over me,  
who boast against me when my foot slips! '

For I am ready to fall,  
and my pain is ever before me.  
I confess my iniquity;  
I am sorry for my sin.  
But my foes are vigorous, they are mighty,  
and many are those who hate me wrongfully.

Those who render evil for good  
accuse me because I follow after good.  
Do not forsake me, O Lord!  
O my God, be not far from me!  
Make haste to help me,  
O Lord, my salvation!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 39

I said, I will take heed and guard my ways,  
That I may sin not with my tongue;  
I will muzzle my mouth as with a bridle  
While the wicked are before me.

I was dumb with silence,  
I held my peace without profit  
And had no comfort away from good,  
While my distress was renewed.

My heart was hot within me.  
While I was musing, the fire burned;  
Then I spoke with my tongue:  
Lord, make me to know my end and  
To appreciate the measure of my days-  
What it is;  
Let me know and realise how frail I am,  
How transient is my stay here.

Behold, You have made my days  
As short as handbreadths,  
And my lifetime is as nothing in Your sight.  
Truly every man at his best is merely a breath!  
Selah!  
Pause, and think calmly of that!

Surely every man walks to and fro-  
Like a shadow in a pantomime;  
Surely for futility and emptiness he is in turmoil;  
Each one heaps his riches,  
Not knowing who will gather them.

And now, Lord, what do I wait for and expect?  
My hope and expectation are in You.

Deliver me from all my transgressions;  
Make me the scorn and reproach of the self-confident fool!

I am dumb,

I open my mouth,  
For it is You Who has done it.

Remove Your stroke away from m;  
I am consumed by the conflict  
And the blow of Your hand.

When with rebukes You correct  
And chasten man for sin,  
You waste his beauty like a moth  
And what is dear to him consumes away;  
Surely every man is a mere breath.  
Selah!  
Pause, and think calmly of that!

Hear my prayer, O Lord,  
And give ear to my cry;  
Hold back not Your peace at my tears!  
For I am Your passing guest,  
A temporary resident,  
As all my fathers were.

O look away from me and spare me,  
That I may recover cheerfulness and encouraging strength  
And know gladness before I go  
And am no more!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 4

Answer me when I call You,  
O God who declares me innocent.  
Free me from my troubles.  
Have mercy on me and hear my prayer.

How long will you people ruin my reputation?  
How long will you make groundless accusations?  
How long will you continue your lies?  
You can be sure of this:  
The Lord set apart the godly for Himself.  
The Lord will answer when I call to Him.

Don't sin by letting anger control you.  
Think about it overnight and remain silent.  
Offer sacrifices in the right spirit,  
and trust the Lord.

Many people will say, 'Who will show us better times? '  
Let Your face smile on us, Lord.  
You have given me greater joy  
than those who have abundant harvests of grain and new wine.  
In peace I will lie down and sleep,  
for You alone, O Lord, will keep me safe.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 40

I waited patiently for the Lord;  
And He inclined unto me, and heard my cry.  
He brought me up also out of an horrible pit,  
Out of the miry clay,  
And set my feet upon a rock,  
And established my goings.  
And He hath put a new song in my mouth,  
Even praise unto our God;  
Many shall see it, and fear,  
And shall trust in the Lord.

Blessed is that man who maketh the Lord His trust,  
And respecteth not the proud,  
Nor such as turn aside to lies.  
May, O Lord my God, are Thy wonderful works  
Which Thou hast done.  
And Thy thoughts which are to us-ward:  
They cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee:  
If I would declare and speak of them,  
They are more than can be numbered.  
Sacrifice and offering Thou didst not desire;  
Mine ears hast Thou opened:  
Burnt-offering and sin-offering hast Thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I come:  
In the volume of the Book it is written of me,  
I delight to do Thy Will, O my God:  
Yea, Thy Law is within my heart.  
I have preached righteousness in the great congregation:  
Lo, I have not refrained my lips,  
O Lord, Thou knowest.  
I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart;  
I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation:  
I have not concealed Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth  
From the great congregation.  
Withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:  
Let Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth continually preserve me.  
For innumerable evils have compassed me about:  
Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me,

So that I am not able to look up;  
They are more than the hairs of mine head:  
Therefore, my heart faileth me.

Be pleased, O Lord, deliver me:  
O Lord, make haste to help me.  
Let them be ashamed and confounded together  
That seek after my soul to destroy it;  
Let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.  
Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame  
That say unto me, Aha, aha.  
Let all those that seek Thee rejoice and be glad in Thee:  
Let such as love Thy salvation say continually,  
The Lord be magnified.  
But I am poor and needy;  
Yet the Lord thinketh upon me:  
Thou art my help and my deliverer;  
Make no tarrying, O my God.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 41

Happy the man who cares for the poor and the weak:  
if disaster strikes, Yahweh will come to his help.  
Yahweh will guard him, give him life and happiness in the land;  
ah, do not let his enemies treat him as they please!  
Yahweh will be his comfort on his bed of sickness;  
most carefully do you make his bed when he is sick.

I for my part said, 'Yahweh, take pity on me!  
Cure me, for I have sinned against You.'  
My enemies say of me with malice,  
'How long before he dies and his name perishes? '  
They visit me, their hearts full of spite,  
they offer hollow comfort, and go out to spread the news.

All who hate me whisper to each other about me,  
reckoning I deserve the misery I suffer,  
'This sickness is fatal that has overtaken him,  
he is down at last, he will never get up again.'  
Even my closest and most trusted friend,  
who shared my table, rebels against me.

But, Yahweh, take pity on me!  
Raise me up, and I will pay them back;  
and by this I shall know that I enjoy Your favour,  
if my enemy fails to triumph over me;  
and I, whom You uphold, go unscathed,  
set by You in Your Presence for ever.

Blessed be Yahweh, the God of Israel,  
from all eternity and for ever!  
Amen. Amen!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 42

As the deer pants for streams of water,  
so my soul pants for You, my God.  
My soul thirsts for God, for the living God.  
When can I go and meet with God?  
My tears have been my food  
day and night.  
while people say to me all day long,  
'Where is your God? '  
These things I remember  
as I pour out my soul:  
how I used to go to the house of God  
under the protection of the Mighty One  
with shouts of joy and praise  
among the festive throng.

Why, my soul, are you downcast?  
Why so disturbed within me?  
Put your hope in God,  
for I will yet praise Him,  
my Saviour and my God.

My soul is downcast within me;  
therefore I will remember You  
from the land of the Jordan,  
the heights of Hermon- from Mount Mizar.  
Deep calls to deep  
in the roar of Your waterfalls;  
all Your waves and breakers  
have swept over me.

By day the Lord directs His love,  
at night His song is with me-  
a prayer to the God of my life.

I say to God my Rock,  
'Why have You forgotten me?  
Why must I go about mourning,  
oppressed by the enemy? '

My bones suffer mortal agony  
as my foes taunt me,  
saying to me all day long,  
'Where is your God? '

Why, my soul, are you downcast?  
Why so disturbed within me?  
Put your hope in God,  
for I will yet praise Him,  
my Saviour and my God.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 43

Vindicate me, O God, and plead my case against an ungodly nation;  
O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man!

For You are the God of my strength;

Why have You rejected me?

Why do I go mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out Your Light and Your Truth,

Let them lead me:

Let them bring me to Your holy hill

And to Your dwelling places.

Then I will go to the altar of God,

To God my exceeding joy;

And upon the lyre I shall praise You, O God, my God

Why are you in despair, O my soul?

And why are you disturbed within me?

Hope in God, for I shall again praise Him.

The help of my countenance and my God.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 44

We have heard with our ears, O God,  
Our fathers have told us,  
What work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old.  
How Thou didst drive out the heathen with Thy Hand,  
And plantedst them;  
How Thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.  
For they got not the land in possession by their own sword,  
Neither did their own arm save them:  
But Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance,  
Because Thou hadst a favour unto them.  
Thou art my King, O God:  
Command deliverances for Jacob.  
Through Thee will we push down our enemies:  
Through Thy Name will we tread them under  
That rise up against us.  
For I will not trust in my bow,  
Neither shall my sword save me.  
But Thou hast saved us from our enemies,  
And hast put them to shame that hated us.  
In God we boast all the day long,  
And praise they name for ever. Selah.  
But Thou hast cast off, and put us to shame;  
And goest not forth with our armies.  
Thou makest us to turn back from the enemy:  
And they which hate us spoil for themselves.  
Thou hast given us like sheep appointed for meat;  
And hast scattered us among the heathen.  
Thou sellest Thy people for nought,  
And dost not increase Thy wealth by their price.  
Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours,  
A scorn and a derision to them that are round about us.  
Thou makest us a byword among the heathen,  
A shaking of the head among the people.  
My confusion is continually before me,  
And the shame of my face hath covered me,  
For the voice of him that reproacheth and blasphemeth:  
By reason of the enemy and avenger.  
All this is come upon us;  
Yet have we not forgotten Thee,

Neither have we dealt falsely in Thy covenant.  
Our heart is not turned back,  
Neither have our steps declined from Thy way;  
Though Thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons,  
And covered us with the shadow of death.  
If we have forgotten the Name of our God,  
Or stretched our hands to a strange god;  
Shall not God search this out?  
For He knoweth the secrets of the heart.  
Yea, for Thy sake are we killed all the day long;  
We are counted as sheep for the slaughter.  
Awake, why sleepest Thou, O Lord?  
Arise, cast us not off for ever.  
Wherefore hidest Thou Thy Face,  
And forgettest our affliction and our oppression?  
For our soul is bowed down to the dust:  
Our belly cleaveth unto the earth.  
Arise for our help,  
And redeem us for Thy mercies' sake.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 45

My heart overflows for a pleasing theme;  
I address my verses to the king:  
my tongue is like the pen of a ready scribe.

You are the most handsome of the sons of men;  
grace is poured upon your lips;  
therefore God has blessed you forever.

Gird your sword on your thigh, O mighty one,  
in your splendour and majesty!

In your majesty ride out victoriously  
for the cause of truth and meekness and righteousness;  
let your right hand teach you awesome deeds!  
Your arrows are sharp  
in the heart of the king's enemies;  
the peoples fall under you.

Your throne, O God, is forever and ever.  
The sceptre of Your kingdom is a sceptre of righteousness;  
You have loved righteousness and hated wickedness.  
Therefore God, your God, has anointed you  
with the oil of gladness beyond your companions;  
your robes are all fragrant with myrrh and aloes and cassia.  
From ivory palaces stringed instruments make you glad;  
daughters of kings are among your ladies of honour;  
at your right hand stands the queen in gold of Ophir.

Hear, O daughter, and consider and incline your ear:  
forget your people and your father's house,  
and the king will desire your beauty.  
Since he is your lord, bow to him.  
The people of Tyre will seek your favour with gifts,  
the richest of the people.

All glorious is the princess in her chamber,  
with robes interwoven with gold.  
In many-coloured robes she is led to the king,  
with her virgin companions following behind her.

With joy and gladness they are led along  
as they enter the palace of the king.  
In place of your fathers shall be your sons;  
you will make them princes in all the earth.  
I will cause your name to be remembered in all generations;  
therefore nations will praise you forever and ever.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 46

God is our shelter, our strength,  
ever ready to help in time of trouble,  
so we shall not be afraid when the earth gives way,  
when the mountains tumble into the depths of the sea,  
and its waters roar and seethe,  
the mountains tottering as it heaves.

Yahweh Sabaoth is on our side,  
our citadel, the God of Jacob!

There is a river whose streams refresh the city of God,  
and it sanctifies the dwelling of the Most High.  
God is inside the city, she can never fall,  
at crack of dawn God helps her;  
to the roaring of nations and tottering of kingdoms,  
when He shouts, the world disintegrates.

Yahweh Sabaoth is on our side,  
our citadel, the God of Jacob!

Come, think of Yahweh's marvels,  
the astounding things He has done in the world;  
all over the world He puts an end to wars,  
He breaks the bow, He snaps the spear,  
He gives shields to the flames.

'Be still and know that I am God,  
exalted among the nations, exalted over the earth! '

Yahweh Sabaoth is on our side,  
our citadel, the God of Jacob!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 47

Clap your hands, all you peoples,  
acclaim God with shouts of joy;  
for Yahweh, the Most High, is to be dreaded,  
the Great King of the whole world.

He brings the peoples under our dominion,  
He puts the nations under our feet;  
for us He chooses our heritage-  
the pride of Jacob, whom he loved.

God rises to shouts of acclamation,  
Yahweh rises to a blast of trumpets,  
let the music sound for our God, let it sound,  
let the music sound for our King, let it sound!

God is king of the whole world:  
play your best in His honour!  
God is King of the nations,  
He reigns on His holy throne.

The leaders of the nations rally  
to the people of the God of Abraham.  
Every shield in the world belongs to God.  
He reigns supreme.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 48

Yahweh is great and supremely to be praised  
in the city of our God,  
the holy mountain, beautiful where it rises,  
joy of the whole world;

Mount Zion, deep heart of the North,  
city of the Great King;  
here among her palaces,  
God proved to be her fortress.

There was a rallying, once, of kings,  
advancing together along a common front;  
they looked, they were amazed,  
they panicked, they ran!

There they shuddered and writhed  
like women in labour,  
it was the east wind, that wrecker  
of ships of Tarshish!

What we had heard we saw for ourselves  
in the city of our God,  
the city of Yahweh Sabaoth,  
God-protected for ever.

God, in Your Temple,  
we reflect on Your love:  
God, Your praise, like Your Name,  
reaches to the ends of the world.

Your right hand holds the victory;  
Mount Zion rejoices,  
the daughters of Judah exult  
to have Your rulings.

Go through Zion, walk round her,  
counting her towers,  
admiring her walls,  
reviewing her palaces;

then tell the next generation  
that God is here,  
our God and leader,  
for ever and ever.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 49

Hear this, all nations,  
pay attention all who live on earth,  
important people, ordinary people,  
rich and poor alike!

My lips have wisdom to utter,  
my heart whispers sound sense;  
I turn my attention to a proverb,  
and set my solution to the harp.

Why should I be afraid in evil times,  
when malice dogs my steps and hems me in,  
of men who trust in their wealth  
and boast of the profusion of their riches?

But man could never redeem himself  
or pay his ransom to God:  
it costs so much to redeem his life,  
it is beyond him; how then could he live on for ever  
and never see the Pit-

when all the time he sees that wise men die,  
that foolish and stupid perish both alike,  
and leave their fortunes to others.

Their tombs are their eternal home,  
their lasting residence,  
though they owned estates that bore their names.

Man when he prospers forfeits intelligence:  
he is one with the cattle doomed to slaughter.  
So on they go with their self-assurance,  
with men to run after them when they raise their voice.

Like sheep to be penned in Sheol,  
Death will herd them to pasture  
and the upright will have the better of them.

Dawn will come and then the show they made will disappear,

Sheol the home for them!  
But God will redeem my life  
from the grasp of Sheol, and will receive me.

Do not be afraid when a man grows rich,  
when the glory of his House increases;  
when he dies he can take nothing with him,  
his glory cannot follow him down.

The soul he made so happy while he lived  
- 'look after yourself and men will praise you'-  
will join the company of his ancestors  
who will never see the light of day again.

Man in his prosperity forfeits intelligence:  
he is one with the cattle doomed to slaughter.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 5

Yahweh, let my words come to Your ears,  
spare a thought for my sighs.  
Listen to my cry for help,  
my King and my God!

I say this prayer to You, Yahweh,  
for at daybreak You listen for my voice;  
and at dawn I hold myself in readiness for You,  
I watch for You.

You are not a God who is pleased with wickedness,  
You have no room for the wicked;  
boasters collapse  
under Your scrutiny.

You hate all evil men,  
liars You destroy;  
murderers and frauds  
Yahweh detests.

But I, so great is Your love,  
may come to Your House,  
and before Your holy Temple bow down  
in reverence to You.

Yahweh, lead me in the path of Your righteousness,  
for there are men lying in wait for me;  
make Your way plain before me.

Not a word from their lips can be trusted,  
deep within them lies ruin,  
their throats are yawning graves;  
they make their tongues so smooth!

Pronounce them guilty, God,  
make their intrigues their own downfall!  
Hound them for their countless crimes,  
since they have rebelled against You.

But joy for all who take shelter in You,  
endless shouts of joy!  
Since you protect them, they exult in You,  
those who love Your Name.

It is You who bless the virtuous man, Yahweh;  
Your favour is like a shield covering him.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 50

Yahweh, God of gods,  
speaks, He summons the earth.  
From east to west.  
from Zion, perfection of beauty, He shines.

Let our God come, and be silent no more!

Preceding Him, a devouring fire,  
round Him, a raging storm;  
He summons the heavens above  
and the earth, to His people's trial;

'Assemble the faithful before Me  
who sealed My covenant by sacrifice! '  
Let the heavens proclaim His righteousness  
when God Himself is judge!

'Listen, My people, I am speaking;  
Israel, I am giving evidence against you!  
I charge, I indict you to your face,  
I, God, your God.

'I am not finding fault with your sacrifices,  
those holocausts constantly before Me;  
I do not claim one extra bull from your homes,  
nor one extra goat from your pens,

'since all the forest animals already are Mine,  
and the cattle on My mountains in their thousands;  
I know all the birds of the air,  
nothing moves in the field that does not belong to Me.

'If I were hungry, I should not tell you,  
since the world and all it holds is Mine.  
Do I eat the flesh of bulls,  
or drink goats' blood?

'No, let thanksgiving be your sacrifice to God,  
fulfil the vows you make to the Most High;

then you can invoke me in your troubles  
and I will rescue you, and you shall honour me'

But to the wicked God says:

'What business have you reciting my statutes,  
standing there mouthing the covenant,  
since you detest my discipline  
and thrust my words behind you?

'You make friends with a thief as soon as you see one,  
you feel at home with adulterers,  
your mouth is given freely to evil  
and your tongue to inventing lies.

'You sit there, slandering your own brother,  
you malign your own mother's son.  
You do this, and expect me to say nothing?  
Do you really think I am like you?

'You are leaving God out of account; take care!  
Or I will tear you to pieces where no one can rescue you!  
Whoever makes thanksgiving his sacrifice honours Me;  
to the upright man I will show how God can save.'

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 51

Have mercy on me, O God, in Your goodness,  
in Your great tenderness wipe away my faults;  
wash me clean of my guilt,  
purify me from my sin.

For I am well aware of my faults,  
I have my sin constantly in mind,  
having sinned against none other than You,  
having done what You regard as wrong.

You are just when You pass sentence on me,  
blameless when You give judgement.  
You know I was born guilty,  
a sinner from the moment of conception.

Yet, since You love sincerity of heart,  
teach me the secrets of wisdom.  
Purify me with hyssop until I am clean;  
wash me until I am whiter than snow.

Instil some joy and gladness into me,  
let the bones You have crushed rejoice again.  
Have Your face from my sins,  
wipe out all my guilt.

God, create a clean heart in me,  
put into me a new and constant spirit,  
do not banish me from Your Presence,  
do not deprive me of Your Holy Spirit.

Be my saviour again, renew my joy,  
keep my spirit steady and willing;  
and I shall teach transgressors the way to You,  
and to You the sinners will return.

Save me from death, God my Saviour,  
and my tongue will acclaim Your righteousness;  
Lord, open my lips,  
and my mouth will speak out Your praise.

Sacrifice gives You no pleasure,  
were I to offer holocaust, You would not have it.  
My sacrifice is this broken spirit,  
You will not scorn this crushed and broken heart.

Show Your favour graciously to Zion,  
rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.  
Then there will be proper sacrifice to please You  
- holocaust and whole oblation-  
and young bulls to be offered on Your altar.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 52

Why make a boast of your wickedness,  
you champion of villainy,  
all day plotting destruction?  
Your tongue is razor-sharp,  
you artist in perfidy!

You prefer evil to good,  
lying to honest speech;  
you love the destructive word,  
perfidious tongue!

That is why God will crush you,  
snatch you away for good,  
tear you out of your tent,  
uproot you from the land of the living.

Dread will seize the virtuous at the sight,  
they will laugh at his fate:  
'So much for the man who refused  
to make God his fortress,  
but relied on his own great wealth  
and drew his strength from crime! '

I, for my part, like an olive tree  
growing in the House of God,  
put my trust in God's love  
for ever and ever.

I mean to thank You constantly  
for doing what You did,  
and put my hope in Your Name, that is so full of kindness,  
in the presence of those who love You.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 53

The fool says in his heart,  
'There is no God! '  
They are false, corrupt, vile,  
there is not one good man left.

God is looking down from heaven  
at the sons of men,  
to see if a single one is wise,  
if a single one is seeking God.

All have turned aside,  
all alike are tainted  
There is not one good man left,  
not a single one.

Are they so ignorant, these evil men  
who swallow my people  
as though they were eating bread,  
and never invoke God?

They will be struck with fear,  
fear without reason,  
since God scatters the bones of the apostate,  
they are disgraced, for God rejects them.

Who will bring Israel salvation from Zion?  
When God brings His people home,  
what joy for Jacob, what happiness for Israel!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 54

God, save me by Your Name,  
by Your power see justice done to me;  
God, hear my prayer,  
listen to what I am saying!

Arrogant men are attacking me,  
brutes who are hounding me to death,  
people to whom God means nothing.

But now God Himself comes to help me,  
the Lord, supporter of my life.  
May their wickedness recoil on themselves,  
Yahweh, ever faithful, destroy my enemies!

How gladly I will offer sacrifice to You  
and praise Your Name, that is so full of kindness.  
He has rescued me from all my troubles,  
and let me see my enemies defeated.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 55

God, hear my prayer,  
do not hide from my petition,  
give me a hearing, answer me,  
I cannot rest for complaining.

I shudder at the enemy's shouts,  
at the howling of the wicked;  
they bring misery crashing down on me,  
and vent their fury on me.

My heart aches in my breast,  
Death's terrors assail me,  
fear and trembling descend on me,  
horror overwhelms me.

And I say,  
'Oh for the wings of a dove  
to fly away and find rest.'  
How far I would take my flight,  
and make a new home in the desert!

There I should soon find shelter  
from the raging wind,  
and from the tempest, Lord that destroys,  
and from their malicious tongues.

I can see how Violence  
and Discord fill the city;  
day and night they stalk together  
along the city walls.

Sorrow and Misery live inside,  
Ruin is an inmate;  
Tyranny and Treachery are never absent  
from its central square.

Were it an enemy who insulted me,  
I could put up with that;  
had a rival got the better of me,

I could hide from him.

But you, a man of my own rank,  
a colleague and a friend,  
to whom sweet conversation bound me  
in the House of God!

May the recoil in disorder,  
may Death descend on them,  
may they go down, still living, to Sheol-  
since Evil shares their homes.

I, for myself, appeal to God  
and Yahweh saves me;  
evening, morning, noon,  
I complain, I groan;  
He will hear me calling.

His peace can ransom me  
from the war being waged on me.  
How many are ranged against me!  
But God will hear me.

Sovereign from the first, He will humble them;  
no change of heart is for them,  
since they do not fear God.

He has attacked his friends,  
he has gone back on his word;  
through his mouth is smoother than butter,  
he has war in his heart;  
his words may soothe more than oil,  
but they are naked swords.

Unload your burden onto Yahweh,  
and He will support you;  
He will never permit  
the virtuous to falter.

As for these murderous, these treacherous men,  
You, God, will push them  
down to the deepest Pit

before half their days are out.

For my part, I put my trust in You.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 56

Take pity on me, God, as they harry me,  
pressing their attacks home all day.  
All day my opponents harry me,  
hordes coming in to the attack.

Raise me up when I am most afraid,  
I put my trust in You;  
in God, Whose Word I praise,  
in God I put my trust, fearing nothing;  
what can men do to me?

All day long they twist what I say,  
all they think of is how to harm me,  
they conspire, lurk, spy on my movements,  
determined to take my life.

Are they to go unpunished for such a crime?  
God, in fury bring the nations down!  
You have noted my agitation,  
now collect my tears in Your wineskin!  
Then my enemies will have to fall back  
as soon as I call for help.

This I know: that God is on my side.  
In God Whose Word I praise,  
in Yahweh, Whose Word I praise,  
in God I put my trust, fearing nothing;  
what can mad do to me?

I must fulfil the vows I made You, God;  
I shall pay You my thank-offerings,  
for You have rescued me from Death  
to walk in the Presence of God  
in the Light of the living.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 57

Take pity on me, God, take pity on me,  
in You my soul takes shelter;  
I take shelter in the shadow of Your wings  
until the destroying storm is over.

I call on God the Most High,  
on God who has done everything for me:  
to send from heaven and save me,  
to check the people harrying me,  
may God send His faithfulness and love.

I lie surrounded by lions  
greedy for human prey,  
their teeth are spears and arrows,  
their tongue a sharp sword.

Rise high above the heavens, God,  
let Your glory be over the earth!  
They laid a net where I was walking  
when I was bowed with care;  
they dug a pitfall for me  
but fell into it themselves!

My heart is ready, God,  
my heart is ready;  
I mean to sing and play for You,  
awake, my muse,  
awake, lyre and harp,  
I mean to wake the Dawn!

Lord, I mean to thank You among the peoples,  
to play music to You among the nations;  
Your love is high as heaven,  
Your faithfulness as the clouds.  
Rise high above the heavens, God,  
let Your glory be over the earth!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 58

Gods you may be, but do you give the sentences you should,  
and dispense impartial justice to mankind?  
On the contrary, in your hearts you meditate oppression,  
with your hands you dole out tyranny on earth.

Right from the womb these wicked men have gone astray,  
these double talkers have been in error since their birth;  
their poison is the poison of the snake,  
they are as deaf as the adder that blocks its ears  
so as not to hear the magician's music  
and the clever snake-charmer's spells.

God, break their teeth in their mouths,  
Yahweh, wrench out the fangs of these savage lions!  
May they drain away like water running to waste,  
may they wither like trodden grass,  
like a slug that melts as it moves,  
like an abortion, denied light of day!

Before they sprout thorns like the bramble,  
green or scorched, may the wrath whirl them away!  
What joy for the virtuous, seeing this vengeance,  
bathing their feet in the blood of the wicked!  
'So, ' people will say, 'the virtuous do have their harvest;  
so there is a God who dispenses justice on earth! '

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 59

Rescue me from my enemies, my God,  
protect me from those attacking me,  
rescue me from these evil men,  
save me from these murderers!

Look at them lurking to ambush me,  
they are strong and united against me;  
for no fault, no sin, no offence of mine,  
Yahweh, how they hurry into position!

Wake up, stand by me and look,  
Yahweh, God of Sabaoth, God of Israel,  
up, now, and punish these pagans,  
show no mercy to these villains and traitors!

Back they come at nightfall,  
snarling like curs,  
prowling through the town.

See how they slaver at the mouth,  
with swords between their teeth,  
'There is no one listening.'

Yahweh, You laugh at them,  
You make fun of these pagans.  
My Strength, I look to You.

My citadel is God Himself,  
the God who loves me is coming,  
God will show me my enemies defeated.

Slaughter them, God, before my people forget!  
Harry them with Your power and strike them down,  
Lord, our Shield!

Sin is in their mouths, sin on their lips,  
so let them be caught in their pride!  
For the curses and lies they utter,

destroy them in anger, destroy, until they are finished,  
until God is acknowledged as Ruler in Jacob  
to the remotest parts of the earth!

Back they come at nightfall,  
snarling like curs,  
prowling through the town;  
scavenging for food,  
growling ill they are full.

I, for my part, celebrate Your strength,  
I sign of Your love morning by morning;  
You have always been my citadel,  
a shelter when I am in trouble.

My Strength, I play for You,  
my citadel is God Himself,  
the God who loves me.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 6

Yahweh, do not punish me in Your rage,  
or reprove me in the heat of anger.  
Pity me, Yahweh, I have no strength left,  
heal me, my bones are in torment,  
my soul is in utter torment.  
Yahweh, how long will You be?

Come back, Yahweh, rescue my soul,  
save me, if You love me;  
for in death there is no remembrance of You:  
who can sing Your praises in Sheol?

I am worn out in groaning,  
every night I drench my pillow  
and soak my bed with tears;  
my eye is wasted with grief,  
I have grown old with enemies all round me.

Away from me, all you evil men!  
For Yahweh has heard the sound of my weeping;  
Yahweh has heard my petition,  
Yahweh will accept my prayer.  
Let all my enemies, discredited, in utter torment,  
fall back in sudden confusion.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 60

God, You have rejected us, broken us;  
You have been angry, come back to us!

You have made the earth tremble, torn it apart;  
now mend the rifts, it is tottering still!  
You have allowed Your people to suffer,  
to drink a wine that makes us reel.

Hoist the standard to rally those who fear You,  
to put them out of range of bow and arrow.  
To bring rescue to those You love,  
save with Your right hand and answer us!

God promised us once from His sanctuary,  
'I the Victor will parcel out Shechem,  
and share out the Valley of Succoth.

'Gilead is Mine, Manasseh Mine,  
Ephraim is My helmet,  
Judah, My marshal's baton.

'Moab a bowl for Me to wash in!  
I throw my sandal over Edom.  
Now shout, 'Victory, ' Philistia! '

Who is there now to take me into the fortified city,  
to lead me into Edom?  
God, can You really have rejected us?  
You no longer march with our armies.

Help us in the hour of crisis,  
the help that man can give is worthless.  
With God among us we shall fight like heroes,  
He will trample on our enemies.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 61

God, hear my cry for help,  
listen to my prayer!  
From the end of the earth I call to You,  
with sinking heart.

To the rock too high for me,  
lead me!  
For You are my refuge,  
a strong tower against the enemy.

Let me stay in Your tent for ever,  
taking refuge in the shelter of Your wings.  
You, God, accept my vows,  
You grant me the heritage of those who fear Your Name.

Let the king live on and on,  
prolong his years, generation on generation.  
May He sit enthroned in God's presence for ever!  
Assign Your Love and Faithfulness to guard him!

So, I shall always sing of Your Name,  
fulfilling the vows I have taken, day after day.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 62

In God alone there is rest for my soul,  
from Him comes my safety;  
with Him alone for my rock, my safety,  
my fortress, I can never fall.

How many times will You come rushing at a man,  
all of you, to bring him down  
like a wall already leaning over,  
like a rampart undermined?

Deceit their sole intention,  
their delight is to mislead;  
with lies on their lips they bless aloud,  
while cursing inwardly.

Rest in God alone, my soul!  
He is the source of my hope;  
with Him alone for my rock, my safety,  
and my fortress, I can never fall;  
rest in God, my safety, my glory,  
the rock of my strength.

In God, I find shelter; rely on Him  
people, at all times;  
unburden your hearts to Him,  
God is a shelter for us.

Ordinary men are only a puff of wind,  
important men delusion;  
put both in the scales and up they go,  
lighter than a puff of wind.  
Put no reliance on extortion,  
no empty hopes in robbery;  
though riches may increase,  
keep your heart detached.

God has spoken once,  
twice I have heard this:  
it is for God to be strong,

for You, Lord, to be loving;  
and You Yourself repay  
man as his works deserve.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 63

God, You are my God, I am seeking You,  
my soul is thirsting for You,  
my flesh is longing for You,  
a land parched, weary, and waterless;  
I long to gaze on You in the Sanctuary,  
and to see Your power and glory.

Your love is better than life itself,  
my lips will recite Your praise;  
all my life I will bless You,  
in Your Name lift up my hands;  
my soul will feast most richly,  
on my lips a song of joy and, in my mouth, praise.

On my bed I think of You,  
I meditate on You all night long,  
for You have always helped me.  
I sing for the joy in the shadow of Your wings;  
my soul clings close to You,  
Your right hand supports me.

But may those now hounding me to death  
go down to the earth below,  
consigned to the edge of the sword,  
and left as food for jackals.  
Then will the king rejoice in God,  
and all who swear by Him be able to boast  
once these lying mouths are silenced.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 64

God, hear me as I make my plea,  
protect me from this frightening enemy,  
hide me from the wicked and their schemes,  
from this mob of evil men,

sharpening their tongues like swords,  
shooting bitter words like arrows,  
shooting them at the innocent from cover,  
shooting suddenly, without warning.

Urging each other on to their wicked purpose,  
they discuss where to hide their snares.

'Who is going to see us?' they say.

'Who can probe out secrets?'

Who? He who probes the inmost mind  
and the depths of the heart.

God will shoot them down with His arrow,  
wound them without warning.  
He will destroy them for that tongue of theirs,  
and all who see them fall will shake their heads.

Then all will feel afraid,  
will tell others what God has done;  
they will understand why He has done it.

The virtuous will rejoice in Yahweh,  
will make Him their refuge;  
and upright their hearts will be able to boast.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 65

Praise is rightfully Yours,  
God, in Zion.

Vows to You must be fulfilled,  
for You answer prayer.

All flesh must come to You  
with all its sins;  
though our faults overpower us,  
You blot them out.

Happy the man You choose, whom You invite  
to live in Your courts.  
Fill us with the good things of Your house,  
of Your holy Temple.

Your righteousness repays us with marvels,  
God our Saviour,  
hope of all the ends of the earth  
and the distant islands.

Your strength holds the mountains up,  
such is the power that wraps You;  
You calm the clamour of the ocean,  
the clamour of its waves.

The nations are in uproar, in panic  
those who live at the ends of the world,  
as Your miracles bring shouts of joy  
to the portals of morning and evening.

You visit the earth and water it,  
You load it with riches;  
God's rivers brim with water  
to provide their grain.

This is how much You provide it:  
by drenching its furrows, by levelling its ridges,  
by softening it with showers, by blessing the first-fruits.

You crown the year with Your bounty,  
abundance overflows wherever You pass;  
the desert pastures overflow,  
the hillsides are wrapped in joy,  
the meadows are dressed in flocks,  
the valleys are clothed in wheat,  
what shouts of joy, what singing!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 66

Acclaim God, all the earth,  
play music to the glory of His Name,  
glorify Him with your praises,  
say to God, 'What dread You inspire! '

Your achievements are the measure of Your power.  
Your enemies cringe in Your presence;  
all the earth bows down to You,  
playing music for You, playing in honour of Your Name.

Come and see what marvels God has done,  
so much to be feared for His deeds among mankind:  
He turned the sea into dry land,  
they crossed the river on foot!

So let us rejoice in Him,  
who rules for ever by His power:  
His eyes keep watch on the nations,  
let no rebel raise his head!

You nations, bless our God  
and make His praise resound,  
who brings our soul to life  
and keeps our feet from faltering.

You tested us, God,  
You refined us like silver,  
You let us fall into the net,  
You laid heavy burdens on our backs,  
You let people drive our heads;  
but now the ordeal by fire and water is over,  
and You allow us once more to draw breath.

I bring holocausts to Your House,  
I bring them to fulfil those vows  
that rose to my lips,  
those vows I spoke when in trouble.

I offer You fat holocausts

and the smoke of burning rams,  
I offer You bullocks and he-goats.

Come and listen, all you who fear God,  
while I tell you what He has done for me:  
when I uttered my cry to Him  
and high praise was on my tongue,  
had I been guilty in my heart,  
the Lord would never have heard me.  
But God not only heard me,  
He listened to my prayer.

Blessed be God,  
who neither ignore my prayer  
nor deprived me of His love.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 67

May God show kindness and bless us,  
and make His face smile on us!  
For then the earth will acknowledge Your ways  
and all the nations will know of Your power to save.

Let the nations praise You, O God,  
let all the nations praise You!

Let the nations shout for joy,  
since You dispense true justice to the world;  
You dispense strict justice to the peoples,  
on earth You rule the nations.

Let the nations praise You, God,  
let the nations praise You!

The soil has given its harvest,  
God, our God, has blessed us.  
May God bless us, and let Him be feared  
to the very ends of the earth.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 68

Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,  
let those who hate Him flee before Him!  
As smoke disperses, they disperse;  
as wax melts when near the fire,  
so the wicked perish when God approaches.

But at God's approach, the virtuous rejoice,  
exulting and singing for joy.  
Sing to Yahweh, play music to His Name,  
build a road for the Rider of the Clouds,  
rejoice in Yahweh, exult at His coming!

Father of orphans, defender of widows,  
such is God in His holy dwelling;  
God gives the lonely a permanent home,  
makes prisoners happy by setting them free,  
but rebels must live in an arid land.

God, when You set out at the head of Your people,  
and marched across the desert, the earth rocked,  
the heavens deluged at God's coming,  
at the coming of God, the God of Israel.

God, You rained a downpour of blessings,  
when Your heritage was faint You gave it strength;  
Your family found a home, where You  
in Your goodness, God, provided for the needy.

The Lord gives His couriers the news,  
'Shaddai has scattered a huge army.'  
Kings are in flight, armies in flight,  
the women at home take pick of the loot.

Meanwhile you others were lolling in the sheepfolds.  
There were dove-wings covered with silver,  
on their pinions the sheen of green gold;  
jewels were there like snow on Dark Mountain.

The peak of Bashan, a mountain of God?

Rather, a mountain of pride, the peak of Bashan!  
Peaks of pride, have you the right to look down on  
a mountain where God has chosen to live,  
where Yahweh is going to live for ever?

With thousands of myriads of divine chariots  
the Lord has left Sinai for His sanctuary.  
God, You have ascended to the height, and captured prisoners,  
You have taken men as tribute,  
yes, taken rebels to Your dwelling, Yahweh!

Blessed be the Lord day after day,  
the God who saves us and bears our burdens!

This God of ours is a God who saves,  
to the Lord Yahweh belong the ways of escape from death;  
but God will smash the heads of His enemies,  
the hairy skull of the man who parades his guilt.

The Lord has promised, 'I will bring them back from Bashan,  
I will bring them back from the bottom of the sea,  
for your feet to wade in blood,  
for the tongues of your dogs to lap their share of the enemy.'

God, Your procession can be seen,  
my God's, my king's procession to the sanctuary,  
with cantors marching in front, musicians behind,  
and between them maidens playing tambourines.

Bless God in your choirs,  
bless the Lord, you who spring from Israel!

Benjamin, the youngest, is there in the lead,  
the princes of Judah in brocaded robes,  
the princes of Zebulun, the princes of Naphtali.

Take command, God, as befits Your power,  
that power, God, You have wielded on our behalf  
from Your Temple high above Jerusalem!  
Kings will come to you, bringing presents.

Rebuke the Beast of the Reeds,

that herd of bulls, those calves, that people,  
until, humbled, they bring gold and silver.  
Scatter those warmongering pagans!

Ambassadors will come from Egypt,  
Ethiopia will stretch out her hands to God.

Sing to God, you kingdoms of the earth,  
play for the Rider of the Heavens, the ancient heavens!  
Listen to Him shouting, to His thundering,  
and acknowledge the power of God!

Over Israel His splendour, in the clouds His power,  
God in His sanctuary is greatly to be feared.  
He, the God of Israel,  
gives power and strength to His people.

Blessed be God.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 69

save me, God! The water  
is already up to my neck!

I am sinking in the deepest swamp,  
there is no foothold;  
I have stepped into deep water  
and the waves are washing over me.

Worn out with calling, my throat is hoarse,  
my eyes are strained, looking for my God.

More people hate me for no reason  
than I have hairs on my head,  
more are groundlessly hostile  
than I have hair to show.  
(They ask me to give back what I never took.)

God, You know how foolish I have been,  
my offences are not hidden from You;

but let those who hope in You not blush for me,  
Yahweh Sabaoth!  
Let those who seek You not be ashamed of me,  
God of Israel!

It is for You I am putting up with insults  
that cover me with shame,  
that make me a stranger to my brothers,  
an alien to my mother's other sons;  
zeal for Your house devours me,  
and the insults of those who insult You fall on me.

If I mortify myself with fasting,  
they make this a pretext for insulting me;  
If I dress myself in sackcloth,  
I become their laughing-stock,  
the gossip of people sitting at the city gate,  
and the theme of drunken songs.

For my part, I pray to You, Yahweh,  
at the time You wish;  
in Your great love, answer me, God,  
faithful in saving power.

Pull me out of this swamp; let me sink no further,  
let me escape those who hate me,  
save me from the deep water!  
Do not let the waves wash over me,  
do not let the deep swallow me  
or the Pit close its mouth on me.

In Your lovingkindness, answer me, Yahweh,  
In Your great tenderness turn to me,  
do not hide Your face from Your servant,  
quick, I am in trouble, answer me;  
come to my side, redeem me,  
from so many enemies ransom me.

You know all the insults I endure,  
every one of my oppressors is known to You;  
the insults have broken my heart,  
my shame and disgrace are past cure;  
I had hoped for sympathy, but in vain,  
I found no one to console me.

They gave me poison to eat instead,  
when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink.

May their own trouble prove a trap for them,  
and their plentiful supplies, a snare!  
may their eyes grow dim, go blind,  
strike their loins with chronic palsy!

Vent Your fury on them,  
let Your burning anger overtake them;  
may their camp be reduced to ruin,  
and their tents left unoccupied:  
for hounding a man after You had struck him,  
for adding more wounds to those which You inflicted.

Charge them with crime after crime,

deny them further access to Your righteousness,  
blot them out of the Book of Life,  
strike them off the roll of the virtuous!

For myself, wounded wretch that I am,  
by Your saving power, God, lift me up!  
I will praise the name of God with a song,  
I will extol Him with my thanksgiving,  
more pleasing to Yahweh than any ox  
or bull with horn and hoof.

Then, seeing this, the humble can rejoice:  
long life to Your hearts, all you who seek for God!  
Yahweh will always hear those who are in need,  
will never scorn His captive people.  
Let heaven and earth acclaim Him,  
the oceans and all that moves in them!

For God will save Zion,  
and rebuild the towns of Judah:  
they will be lived in, owned,  
handed down to His servants' descendants,  
and lived in by those who love His Name.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 7

I come to you for protection, O Lord my God.  
Save me from my persecutors- rescue me!  
If you don't, they will maul me like a lion,  
tearing me to pieces with no one to rescue me.  
O Lord my God, if I have done wrong  
or am guilty of injustice,  
if I have betrayed a friend  
or plundered my enemy without cause,  
then let my enemies capture me.  
Let them trample me into the ground  
and drag my honour in the dust.

Arise, O Lord, in anger!  
Stand up against the fury of my enemies!  
Wake up, my God, and bring justice!  
Gather the nations before You.  
Rule over them from on high.  
The Lord judges the nations.  
Declare me righteous, O Lord,  
for I am innocent, O Most High!  
End the evil of those who are wicked,  
and defend the righteous.  
For You look deep within the mind and heart,  
O righteous God.

God is my Shield,  
saving those whose hearts are true and right  
God is an honest Judge.  
He is angry with the wicked every day.

If a person does not repent,  
God will sharpen His sword;  
He will bend and string His bow.  
He will prepare His deadly weapons  
and shoot His flaming arrows.

The wicked conceive evil;  
they are pregnant with trouble  
and give birth to lies.

They dig a deep pit to trap others,  
then fall into it themselves.  
The trouble they make for others backfires on them.  
The violence they plan falls on their own heads.

I will thank the Lord because He is just;  
I will sing praise to the Name of the Lord Most High.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 70

Oh come and rescue me, God,  
Yahweh come quickly and help me!  
Shame and dishonour on those  
who are out to kill me!

Down with them! Disgrace on those  
who enjoy my misfortune!  
May they be aghast with shame,  
those who say to me, 'Aha! Aha! '

But joy and gladness  
for all who seek You!  
To all who love Your saving power  
give constant cause to say, 'God is great! '

To me, poor wretch,  
come quickly, God!  
My helper, my saviour, Yahweh,  
come without delay!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 71

In You, Yahweh, I take shelter;  
never let me be disgraced.  
In Your righteousness rescue me, deliver me,  
turn Your ear to me and save me!

Be a sheltering rock for me,  
a walled fortress to save me!  
For You are my Rock, my Fortress.  
My God, rescue me from the hands of the wicked,  
from the clutches of rogue and tyrant!

For You alone are my hope, Lord,  
Yahweh, I have trusted You since my youth,  
I have relied on You since I was born,  
You have been my portion from my mother's womb,  
and the constant theme of my praise.

To many I have seemed an enigma,  
but You are my firm refuge.  
My mouth is full of Your praises,  
filled with Your splendour all day long.

Do not reject me now I am old,  
nor desert me now my strength is failing,  
for my enemies are uttering threats,  
spies hatching their conspiracy:

'Hound him down now that God has deserted him,  
seize him, there is no one to rescue him! '  
God, do not stand aside,  
my God, come quickly and help me!

Shame and ruin on those  
who attack me;  
may insult and disgrace cover those  
whose aim is to hurt me!

I promise that, ever hopeful,  
I will praise You more and more,

my lips shall proclaim Your righteousness  
and power to save, all day long.

I will come in the power of Yahweh  
to commemorate Your righteousness, Yours alone.  
God, You taught me when I was young,  
and I am still proclaiming Your marvels.

Now that I am old and grey,  
God, do not desert me;  
let me live to tell the rising generation  
about Your strength and power,  
about Your heavenly righteousness, God.

You have done great things;  
who, God, is comparable to You?  
You have sent me misery and hardship,  
but You will give me life again,  
You will pull me up again from the depths of the earth,  
prolong my old age, and once more comfort me.

I promise I will thank You on the lyre,  
my ever-faithful God,  
I will play the harp in Your honour,  
Holy One of Israel.

My lips shall sing for joy as I play to You,  
and this soul of mine which You have redeemed.  
And all day long, my tongue  
shall be talking of Your righteousness.  
Shame and disgrace on those  
whose aim is to hurt me!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 72

God, give Your own justice to the king,  
Your own righteousness to the royal son,  
so that he may rule Your people rightly  
and Your poor with justice.

Let the mountains and hills  
bring a message of peace for the people.  
Uprightly He will defend the poorest,  
He will save the children of those in need,  
and crush their oppressors.

Like sun and moon He will endure  
age after age,  
welcome as rain that falls on the pasture,  
and showers to thirsty soil.

In His days virtue will flourish,  
a universal peace till the moon is no more;  
His empire shall stretch from sea to sea,  
from the river to the ends of the earth.

The Beast will cower before Him  
and His enemies will grovel in the dust;  
the kings of Tarshish and of the islands  
will pay Him tribute.

The kings of Sheba and Seba  
will offer gifts;  
all kings will do Him homage,  
all nations become His servants.

He will free the poor man who calls to Him,  
and those who need help,  
He will have pity on the poor and feeble,  
and save the lives of those in need;

He will redeem their lives from exploitation and outrage,  
their lives will be precious in His sight.  
(Long may he live, may gold from Sheba be given Him!)

Prayer will be offered for Him constantly,  
blessings invoked on him all day long.

Grain everywhere in the country,  
even on the mountain tops,  
abundant as Lebanon its harvest,  
luxuriant as common grass!

Blessed be His name for ever,  
enduring as long as the sun!  
May every race in the world be blessed in Him,  
and all the nations call him blessed!

Blessed be Yahweh, the god of Israel,  
who alone performs these marvels!  
Blessed for ever be His glorious Name,  
may the whole world be filled with His glory!  
Amen. Amen!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 73

God is indeed good to Israel,  
the Lord is good to pure hearts.

My feet were on the point of stumbling,  
a little further and I should have slipped,  
envying the arrogant as I did,  
and watching the wicked get rich.

For them, no such thing as pain,  
their bodies are healthy and strong,  
they do not suffer as other men do,  
no human afflictions for them!

So pride is their chain of honour,  
violence the garment that covers them;  
their spite oozes like fat,  
their hearts drip with slyness.

Cynical advocates of evil,  
lofty advocates of force,  
they think their mouth is heaven  
and their tongue can dictate on earth.

This is why my people turn to them  
and lap up all they say,  
asking, 'How will God find out?  
Does the Most High know everything?  
Look at them: these are the wicked,  
well-off and still getting richer! '

After all, why should I keep my own heart pure,  
and wash my hands in innocence,  
if You plague me all day long  
and discipline me every morning?

Had I said, 'That talk appeals to me, '  
I should have betrayed Your children's race.  
Instead, I tried to analyse the problem,  
hard though I found it-

until the day I pierced the mystery  
and saw the end in store for them:  
they are on a slippery slope, You put them there,  
You urge them on to ruin,

until suddenly they fall,  
done for, terrified to death.  
When You wake up, Lord, You shrug them off  
like the phantoms of a morning dream.

When my heart had been growing sourer  
with pains shooting through my loins,  
I had simply failed to understand,  
my stupid attitude to You was brutish.

Even so, I stayed in Your Presence,  
You held my right hand;  
now guide me with advice  
and in the end receive me into glory.

I look to no one else in heaven,  
I delight in nothing else on Earth.  
My flesh and my heart are pining with love,  
my heart's Rock, my own, God for ever!

So then: those who abandon You are doomed,  
You destroy the adulterous deserter;  
whereas my joy lies in being close to God.  
I have taken shelter in the Lord,  
continually to proclaim what You have done.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 74

God, have You finally rejected us,  
raging at the flock You used to pasture?  
Remember the people You long since made Your own,  
Your hereditary tribe whom You redeemed,  
and this Mount Zion where You came to live.

Pick Your steps over these endless ruins:  
the enemy have sacked everything in the sanctuary.  
They roared where Your Assemblies used to take place,  
they stuck their enemy emblems over the entrance,  
emblems we had never seen before.

Axes deep in the wood, hacking at the panels,  
they battered them down with mallet and hatchet;  
then, God, setting fire to Your sanctuary,  
they profanely razed the House of Your Name to the ground.

Determined to destroy us once and for all,  
they burned down every shrine of God in the country.  
Deprived of signs, with no prophets left,  
who can say how long this will last?

How much longer, God, is the oppressor to blaspheme,  
is the enemy to insult Your Name for ever?  
Why hold back Your hand,  
why keep Your right hand hidden?

Yet, God, my king from the first,  
author of saving acts throughout the earth,  
by Your power You split the sea in two,  
and smashed the heads of monsters on the waters.

You crushed Leviathan's heads,  
leaving him for wild animals to eat,  
You opened the spring, the torrent,  
You dried up the inexhaustible rivers.

You are master of day and night,  
You instituted light and sun,

You fixed the boundaries of the world,  
You created summer and winter.

Now, Yahweh, remember the enemy's blasphemy,  
how frenzied people dare to insult Your Name.  
Do not betray Your turtledove to the beast,  
do not forget Your wretched people for good.

Respect the covenant! We can bear no more-  
every cave in the country is the scene of violence!  
Do not let the hard-pressed retreat in confusion,  
give the poor and needy cause to praise Your Name.

Rise, God, say something on Your own behalf,  
do not forget the madman's day-long blaspheming,  
remember the shouting of Your enemies,  
this ever-rising clamour of Your adversaries.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 75

We give thanks to You, God,  
we give thanks as we invoke Your Name,  
as we recount Your marvels.

'At the moment I decide  
I will dispense strict justice;  
the earth shall quake and all its inhabitants,  
it is I Who poised its columns.

'I said to the boastful: 'Enough of boasting! '  
and to the wicked: 'How dare you raise your horn,  
how dare you raise your horn like that,  
how dare you speak so boldly! "

Not from the east, nor from the west,  
not from the desert, nor from the mountains,  
but from God the judgement comes,  
lowering one, raising another.

Yahweh is holding a cup  
of frothing wine, heavily drugged;  
He pours it out, they drain it to the dregs,  
all drink of it, the wicked of the earth.

But I will never stop proclaiming the god of Jacob  
or playing in His honour;  
I will cut off the horns of all the wicked  
and raise the horns of the virtuous.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 76

God is renowned in Judah,  
His name is great in Israel;  
His tent is pitched in Salem,  
His home is in Zion;  
there He has broken the lightning-swift arrow,  
the shield, the sword and the line of battle.

You the Illustrious and Majestic:  
mountains of spoil have been captured;  
heroes are now sleeping their last sleep,  
the warriors' arms have failed them;  
at Your reproof, God of Jacob,  
chariot and horse stand spellbound.

You the Terrible! Who can oppose You  
and Your furious onslaught?  
When Your verdicts thunder from heaven,  
earth stays silent with dread;  
when God stands up to give judgement  
and to save all the humble of the earth.

Man's wrath only adds to Your glory;  
the survivors of Your wrath You will draw like a girdle  
around You;  
fulfil the promises you make to Yahweh your God,  
make offerings to the Terrible, you who surround Him;  
He snuffs out the lives of princes,  
He is terrible to the kings of the earth.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 77

Loudly I cry to God,  
loudly to God Who hears me.

When in trouble I sought the Lord,  
all night long I stretched out my hands,  
my soul refusing to be consoled.  
I thought of God and sighed,  
I pondered and my spirit failed me.

You stopped me closing my eyes,  
I was too distraught to speak;  
I thought of the olden days,  
years long past came back to me,  
I spent all night meditating in my heart,  
I pondered and my spirit asked this question:

'If the Lord has rejected you, is this final?  
If He withholds His favour, is this for ever?  
Is His love over for good  
and the Promise void for all time?  
Has God forgotten to show mercy,  
or has His anger overcome His tenderness?

'This, ' I said then, 'is what distresses me:  
that the power of the Most High is no longer what it was.'  
Remembering Yahweh's achievements,  
remembering Your marvels in the past,  
I reflect on all that You did,  
I ponder on all Your achievements.

God, Your ways are holy!  
What god so great as God?  
You are the God who did marvellous things  
and forced nations to acknowledge Your power,  
with Your own arm redeeming Your people,  
the sons of Jacob and Joseph.

When the waters saw it was You, God,  
when the waters saw it was You, they recoiled,

shuddering to their depths.  
The clouds poured down water,  
the sky thundered,  
Your arrows darted out.

Your thunder crashed as it rolled,  
Your lightning lit up the world,  
the earth shuddered and quaked.  
You strode across the sea,  
You marched across the ocean,  
but Your steps could not be seen.

You guided Your people like a flock  
by the hands of Moses and Aaron.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 78

Listen to this Law, my people,  
pay attention to what I say;  
I am going to speak to You in parable  
and expound the mysteries of our past.

What we have heard and known for ourselves,  
and what our ancestors have told us,  
must not be withheld from their descendants,  
but be handed on by us to the next generation;

that is: the titles of Yahweh, His power,  
and the miracles He has done.  
When He issued the decrees for Jacob  
and instituted the Law in Israel,

He gave our ancestors strict orders  
to teach it to their children;  
the next generation was to learn it,  
the children still to be born,

and these in their turn were to tell their own children  
so that they too would put their confidence in God,  
never forgetting God's achievements,  
and always keeping His commandments,

and not becoming, like their ancestors,  
a stubborn and unruly generation,  
a generation with no sincerity of heart,  
in spirit unfaithful to God.

The sons of Ephraim, who were bowmen,  
turned tail when the time came to fight;  
they had not kept God's covenant,  
they refused to follow His Law;

they had forgotten His achievements,  
the marvels He had shown them:  
He had worked wonders for their ancestors  
in the plains of Zoan, down in Egypt:

dividing the sea, bringing them through,  
making the waters stand up like dikes,  
leading them with a cloud by day  
and a fiery glow at night,

splitting rocks in the wilderness,  
quenching their thirst with unlimited water,  
conjuring streams from the rock  
and bringing down water in torrents.

They only sinned against Him more than ever,  
defying the Most High in the desert,  
deliberately challenging God  
by demanding their favourite food.

They blasphemed against God,  
'Is it likely, ' they said, 'that God  
could give a banquet in the wilderness?

'Admittedly, when He struck the rock,  
water gushed, torrents streamed out,  
but bread now, can He give us that,  
can He provide meat for His people? '

Yahweh was enraged when He heard them,  
a fire flared on Jacob,  
the wrath attacked Israel  
for having no faith in God,  
no trust in His power to save.

He gave orders to the skies above,  
He opened the doors of heaven,  
He rained down manna to feed them,  
He gave them the wheat of heaven;  
men ate the bread of Immortals,  
He sent them more food than they could eat.

He stirred up an east wind in the heavens,  
He conjured up a south wind by His power,  
He rained down meat on them like dust;  
birds as thick as sand on the seashore

He sent tumbling into their camp,  
in all directions around their tents.

They all had enough and to spare,  
He having provided what they wanted;  
but they had hardly satisfied their craving,  
the food was still in their mouths,

when the wrath of God attacked them,  
slaughtering their strongest men  
and laying the flower of Israel low.

Despite all this they went on sinning,  
and put no faith in His marvels;  
for which He blasted their days  
and their years in a flash.

Whenever He slaughtered them they sought Him,  
they came to their senses and sought Him earnestly,  
remembering that God was their rock,  
God the Most High, their redeemer.

But though they outwardly flattered Him  
and used their tongues to lie to Him,  
in their hearts they were not true to Him,  
they were unfaithful to His covenant.

Compassionately, however,  
He forgave their guilt instead of killing them,  
repeatedly repressing His anger  
instead of rousing His full wrath,  
remembering they were creatures of flesh,  
a puff of wind that passes and does not return.

How often they defied Him in the wilderness,  
how often they outraged Him in the desert,  
repeatedly challenging God,  
provoking the Holy One of Israel-  
entirely oblivious of His hand  
and of the time He saved them from the oppressor:

by imposing His signs on Egypt,

by displaying His wonders in the plains of Zoan,  
by turning their rivers into blood  
to stop them drinking from their streams,

by sending horseflies to eat them  
and frogs to devastate them,  
by consigning their crops to the caterpillar  
and their hard-won harvest to the locust,

by killing their vines with hail  
and their sycamore trees with frost,  
by condemning their cattle to plague  
and their flocks to feverish pests,

by unleashing His fierce anger, rage,  
indignation and hardship on them,  
a mission of angels of disaster,  
by giving His anger free rein,

by not even exempting them from death,  
by condemning them to plague,  
by striking down all the first-born in Egypt,  
the first-fruits of their virility in the tents of Ham,

by driving His people out like sheep,  
by leading them through the wilderness like a flock,  
by guiding them safe and unafraid  
while the sea engulfed their enemies,

by bringing them to the sacred frontier,  
the highlands conquered by His own right hand,  
by expelling the pagans in front of them  
and by marking out a heritage for each,  
in which the tribes of Israel could pitch their tents.

Even so, they went on challenging God the Most High,  
rebelliously disregarding His decrees;  
as perverse and disloyal as their ancestors,  
treacherous as a bow with a warp,  
provoking Him with their high places  
and rousing His jealousy with their idols.

God was enraged when He heard them,  
He rejected Israel out of hand,  
He left His home in Shiloh,  
that tent where He once lived with men.

He consigned His power to captivity,  
His splendour to the enemy's clutches;  
He condemned His own people to the sword,  
He raged at His heritage,

whose young men were then burnt to death-  
no brides to hear the wedding song;  
whose priests fell by the sword-  
no widows left to raise the dirge.

Then, like a sleeper, like a hero  
fighting-mad with wine, the Lord woke up  
to strike His enemies on the rump  
and put them to everlasting shame.

Rejecting the tent of Joseph,  
not choosing the tribe of Ephraim,  
instead He chose the tribe of Judah  
and his well-loved mountain in Zion,  
where He built His sanctuary, a copy of high heaven,  
founding it firm as the earth for ever.

Choosing David as His servant,  
He took him from the sheepfolds,  
called him from tending ewes in lamb  
to pasture His people Jacob  
and Israel His heritage:  
Who did this with unselfish care  
and led them with a sensitive hand.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 79

God, the pagans have invaded Your heritage,  
they have desecrated Your holy Temple;  
they have reduced Jerusalem to a pile of ruins,  
they have left the corpses of Your servants  
to the birds of the air for food,  
and the flesh of Your devout to the beasts of the earth.

They have shed blood like water  
throughout Jerusalem, not a gravedigger left!  
we are now insulted by our neighbours,  
butt and laughing-stock of all those around us.  
How much longer will You be angry, Yahweh? For ever?  
Is Your jealousy to go on smouldering like a fire?

Pour out Your anger on the pagans,  
who do not acknowledge you,  
and on those kingdoms  
that do not call on Your Name,  
for they have devoured Jacob  
and reduced his home to desolation.

Do not hold our ancestors' crimes against us,  
in tenderness quickly intervene,  
we can hardly be crushed lower;  
help us, God our saviour,  
for the honour of Your Name;  
Yahweh, blot out our sins,  
rescue us for the sake of Your Name.

Why should the pagans ask, 'Where is their God? '  
May we soon see the pagans learning what vengeance  
You exact for Your servants' blood shed here!  
May the groans of the captive reach You,  
by Your mighty arm rescue those doomed to die!

Pay our neighbours sevenfold, strike to the heart  
for the monstrous insult proffered to You, Lord!  
And we Your people, the flock that You pasture,  
giving You everlasting thanks,

will recite Your praises for ever and ever.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 8

Yahweh, our Lord,  
how great Your Name throughout the Earth!

Above the heavens is Your Majesty chanted  
by the mouths of children, babes in arms.  
You set Your stronghold firm against Your foes  
to subdue enemies and rebels.

I look up at Your heavens, made by Your fingers,  
at the moon and stars You set in place-  
ah, what is man that You should spare a thought for him,  
the son of man that You should care for him?

Yet You have made him little less than a god,  
You have crowned him with glory and splendour,  
made him lord over the work of Your hands,  
set all things under his feet,

sheep and oxen, all these,  
yes, wild animals, too,  
birds in the air, fish in the sea  
travelling the paths of the ocean.

Yahweh, our Lord,  
how great Your name throughout the Earth!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 80

Shepherd of Israel, listen,  
You who lead Joseph like a flock;  
enthroned on the cherubs, shine  
on Ephraim, Benjamin and Manasseh;  
rouse Your strength,  
come us and save us!

Yahweh Sabaoth, bring us back,  
let Your face smile on us and we shall be safe.

Yahweh Sabaoth, how much longer  
will You smoulder at Your people's prayer?  
Having fed us on the bread of tears,  
having made us drink them in such measure,  
You now let our neighbours quarrel over us  
and our enemies deride us.

Yahweh Sabaoth, bring us back,  
let Your face smile on us and we shall be safe.

There was a vine: You uprooted it from Egypt;  
to plant it, You drove out other nations,  
You cleared a space where it could grow,  
it took root and filled the whole country.

It covered the mountains with its shade,  
the cedars of God with its branches,  
its tendrils extended to the sea,  
its offshoots all the way to the river.

Why have You destroyed its fences?  
Now anyone can go and steal its grapes,  
the forest boar can ravage it  
and wild animals eat it.

Please, Yahweh Sabaoth, relent!  
Look down from heaven, look at this vine,  
visit it, protect  
what Your own right hand has planted.

They threw it on the fire like dung,  
but one look of reproof from You  
and they will be doomed.

May Your hand protect the man at Your right,  
the son of man who has been authorised by You.  
We shall never turn from You again;  
our life renewed, we shall invoke Your Name.

Yahweh, Sabaoth, bring us back,  
let Your face smile on us and we shall be safe.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 81

Shout for joy to honour God our strength,  
shout to acclaim the God of Jacob!

Start the music, sound the drum,  
the melodious lyre and the harp;  
sound the New Moon trumpet,  
at the full moon, on our feastday!

This is a statute binding on Israel,  
an ordinance of the God of Jacob,  
this decree He imposed on Joseph  
when He went to war against Egypt.

I can hear a voice I no longer recognise,  
'It was I who relieved your shoulder of the burden,  
your hands could drop the labourer's basket;  
you called in your trouble, so I rescued you.

'Hidden in the storm, I answered you,  
I tested you at the waters of Meribah.  
Listen, you are My people, let Me warn you.  
Israel, if you would only listen to Me!

'Tolerate no foreign god,  
worship no alien god;  
I, Yahweh, am your God,  
I who brought you here from Egypt;  
you have only to open your mouth for Me to fill it.

'My people refused to listen to Me,  
Israel refused to obey Me,  
so I left them to their stubborn selves  
to do whatever they pleased.

'If only My people would listen,  
if Israel could follow My ways,  
at one blow I would defeat their enemies  
and strike at all who attack them.

'Then those that hate Yahweh would cringe,  
their doom being sealed for ever;  
while I would feed you on pure wheat  
and satisfy you with the wild rock honey.'

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 82

God stands in the divine assembly,  
among the gods He dispenses justice:

'No more mockery of justice,  
no more favouring the wicked!  
Let the weak and the orphan have justice,  
be fair to the wretched and destitute;  
rescue the weak and needy,  
save them from the clutches of the wicked! '

Ignorant and senseless, they carry on blindly,  
undermining the very basis of earthly society.  
I once said, 'You too are gods,  
sons of the Most High, all of you, '  
but all the same, you shall die like other men;  
as one man, princes, you shall fall.

Rise, God, dispense justice throughout the world,  
since no nation is excluded from Your ownership.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 83

God, do not remain silent;  
do not be unmoved, O God, or unresponsive!  
See how Your enemies are stirring,  
see how those who hate You rear their heads.

Weaving a plot against Your people,  
conspiring against those You protect, they say,  
'Come, we will finish them as a nation,  
the name of Israel will be forgotten! '

Unanimous in their plot,  
they seal a treaty against You:  
the tents of Edom and the Ishmaelites,  
Moab and the Hagrites,  
Geba, Ammon, Amalek,  
Philistia and the Tyrians,  
and now Assur has joined them  
to reinforce the sons of Lot.

Treat them like Midian and Sisera,  
like Jabin at the river of Kishon,  
wiped out at En-dor,  
they served to dung the ground.

Treat their generals like Oreb and Zeeb,  
their commanders like Zebah and Zalmunna,  
those who once said, 'Let us take for ourselves  
possession of the Dwellings of God! '

My God, bowl them among the tumbleweed,  
like chaff at the mercy of the wind;  
as fire devours the forest,  
as the flame licks up the mountains,

drive them on with Your whirlwind,  
rout them with Your tornado;  
cover their faces with shame,  
until they seek Your Name, Yahweh.

Shame and panic be always theirs,  
disgrace and death; and let them know this:  
You alone bear the Name Yahweh,  
Most High over the whole world.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 84

How I love Your palace,  
Yahweh Sabaoth!  
How my soul yearns and pines  
For Yahweh's courts!  
My heart and my flesh sing for joy  
To the living God.

The sparrow has found its home at last,  
The swallow a nest for its young,  
Your altars, Yahweh Sabaoth,  
My King and my God.

Happy those who live in Your house  
And can praise You all day long;  
And happy the pilgrims inspired by You  
With courage to make the Ascents!

As they go through the Valley of the Weeper,  
They make it a place of springs,  
Clothed in blessings by early rains.  
Thence they make their way from height to height,  
Soon to be seen before God on Zion.

Yahweh Sabaoth, hear my prayer,  
Listen, God of Jacob;  
God our shield, now look on us  
And be kind to Your anointed.

A single day in Your courts  
Is worth more than a thousand elsewhere;  
Merely to stand on the steps of God's house  
Is better than living with the wicked.

For God is battlement and shield,  
Conferring grace and glory;  
Yahweh withholds nothing good  
From those who walk without blame.

Yahweh Sabaoth,

Happy the man who puts his trust in You!

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 85

Yahweh, You favour Your own country,  
You bring back the captives of Jacob,  
You take You people's guilt away,  
You blot out all their sins,  
You retract all Your anger,  
You abjure Your fiery rage.

Bring us back, God our saviour,  
master Your resentment against us.  
Do You mean to be angry with us for ever,  
to prolong Your wrath age after age?

Will You not give us life again,  
for Your people to rejoice in You?  
Yahweh, show us Your love,  
grant us Your saving help.

I am listening. What is Yahweh saying?  
What God is saying means peace  
for His people, for His friends,  
if only they renounce their folly;  
for those who fear Him, His saving help is near,  
and the glory will then live in our country.

Love and Loyalty now meet,  
Righteousness and Peace now embrace;  
Loyalty reaches up from earth  
and Righteousness leans down from heaven.

Yahweh Himself bestows happiness  
as our soil gives its harvest,  
Righteousness always preceding Him  
and Peace following His footsteps.

Justin Reamer

## Psalm 86

Listen to me, Yahweh, and answer me,  
poor and needy as I am;  
keep my soul: I am Your devoted one,  
save Your servant who relies on You.

You are m God, take pity on me, Lord,  
I invoke You all day long;  
give Your servant reason to rejoice,  
for to You, Lord, I lift my soul.

Lord, You are good and forgiving,  
most loving to all who invoke You;  
Yahweh, hear my prayer,  
listen to me as I plead.

Lord, in trouble I invoke You,  
and You answer my prayer;  
there is no god to compare with you,  
no achievement to compare with Yours.

All the pagans will come and adore You, Lord,  
all will glorify Your Name,  
since You alone are great, You perform marvels,  
You God, You alone.

Yahweh, teach me Your way,  
how to walk beside You faithfully,  
make me single-hearted in fearing Your Name.

I thank You with all my heart, Lord my God,  
I glorify Your Name for ever,  
Your love for me has been so great,  
You have rescued me from the depths of Sheol.

Now arrogant men, God, are attacking me,  
a brutal gang hounding me to death:  
people to whom You mean nothing.

Lord God, You who are always merciful and tender-hearted,

slow to anger, always loving, always loyal,  
turn to me and pity me.

Give me Your strength, Your saving help,  
me Your servant, this son of a pious mother,  
give me one proof of Your goodness.

Yahweh, make my opponents ashamed,  
show them that You are my help and consolation.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 87

Yahweh loves His city  
founded on the holy mountain;  
He prefers the gates of Zion  
to any town in Jacob.  
He has glorious predictions to make of you,  
city of God!

'I will add Egypt and Babylon  
to the nations that acknowledge Me.  
Of Philistia, Tyre, Ethiopia,  
'Here so and so was born' men say,  
But all call Zion 'Mother, '  
since all were born in her.'

It is He who makes what she is,  
He, the Most High, Yahweh;  
and as He registers the peoples,  
'It was here' He writes 'that so and so was born.'  
And where will be princes dancing there.  
All find their home in you.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 88

Yahweh my God, I call for help all day,  
I weep to You all night;  
may my prayer reach You  
hear my cries for help;

for my soul is all troubled,  
my life is on the brink of Sheol;  
I am numbered among those who go down to the Pit,  
a man bereft of strength:

a man alone, down among the dead,  
among the slaughtered in their graves,  
among those You have forgotten,  
those deprived of Your protecting hand.

You have plunged me to the bottom of the Pit,  
to its darkest, deepest place,  
weighted down by Your anger,  
drowned beneath Your waves.

You have turned my friends against me  
and made me repulsive to them;  
in prison and unable to escape,  
my eyes are worn out with suffering.

Yahweh, I invoke You all day,  
I stretch out my hands to You:  
are Your marvels meant for the dead,  
can ghosts rise up to praise You?

Who talks of Your love in the grave,  
of Your faithfulness in the place of perdition?  
Do they hear about Your marvels in the dark,  
about Your righteousness in the land of oblivion?

But I am here, calling for Your help,  
praying to You every morning:  
why do You reject me?  
Why do You hide your face from me?

Wretched, slowly dying since my youth,  
I bore Your terrors- now I am exhausted;  
Your anger overwhelmed me,  
You destroyed me with Your terrors  
which, like a flood, were around me, all day long,  
all together closing in on me.  
You have turned my friends and neighbours against me,  
now darkness is my one companion left.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 89

I will celebrate Your love for ever, Yahweh,  
age after age my words shall proclaim Your faithfulness;  
for I claim that love is built to last for ever  
and Your faithfulness founded firmly in the heavens.

'I have made a covenant with My Chosen,  
I have given my servant David My sworn word:  
I have founded Your dynasty to last for ever,  
I have built You a throne to outlast all time.'

Yahweh, the assembly of holy ones in heaven  
applaud the marvel of Your faithfulness.  
Who in the skies can compare with Yahweh?  
Which of the heaven-born can rival Him?

God, dreaded in the assembly of holy ones,  
great and terrible to all around Him,  
Yahweh, God of Sabaoth, who is like You? -  
mighty Yahweh, clothed in Your faithfulness!

You control the pride of the ocean,  
when its waves ride high, You calm them;  
You split Rahab in two like a carcass  
and scattered Your enemies with Your mighty arm.

The heavens are Yours and the earth is Yours,  
You founded the world and all its holds,  
You created the north and south;  
Tabor and Hermon hail Your Name with joy.

Yours was the arm, and Yours the prowess,  
mighty and exalted Your right hand;  
Righteousness and Justice support Your throne,  
Love and Faithfulness are Your attendants.

Happy the people who learn to acclaim You!  
Yahweh, they will live in the light of Your favour;  
they will rejoice in Your Name all day  
and exult in Your righteousness.

You are their glory and their strength,  
You, by Your kindness, raise our fortunes,  
since both our shield and our king  
belong to Yahweh, the Holy One of Israel.

Once You spoke in vision  
and said to Your friends,  
'I have conferred the crown on a hero,  
and promoted one chosen from My people.

'I have selected My servant David  
and anointed him with My holy oil;  
My hand will be constantly with him,  
he will be able to rely on My arm.

'No enemy will be able to outwit him,  
no wicked man to worst him,  
I Myself will crush his opponents,  
I will strike dead all who hate him.

'With My faithfulness and love,  
his fortunes shall rise in My Name.  
I will give him control of the sea,  
complete control of the rivers.

'He will invoke Me, 'My Father,  
my God and Rock of my safety, '  
and I shall make him My first-born,  
the Most High for kings on earth.

'I will keep My love for him always,  
My covenant with him shall stand,  
I have founded his dynasty to last for ever,  
his throne to be as lasting as the heavens.

'Should his descendants desert My Law  
and disregard My rulings,  
should they violate My statutes  
and not keep My commandments,

'I will punish their sins with the rod

and their crimes with the whip,  
but never with draw My love from him  
or fail in My faithfulness.

'I will not break My covenant,  
I will not revoke My given Word;  
I have sworn on My holiness, once for all,  
and cannot turn liar to David.

'His dynasty shall last for ever,  
I see his throne like the sun,  
enduring for ever like the moon,  
and faithful witness in the sky.'

And yet You have rejected, disowned  
and raged at Your anointed;  
You have repudiated the covenant with Your servant  
and flung his crown dishonoured to the ground.

You have pierced all his defences,  
and laid his forts in ruins;  
anyone may go and loot him,  
his neighbours treat him with scorn.

You have let his opponents get the upper hand,  
and made all his enemies happy,  
You have snapped his sword on a rock  
and failed to support him in battle.

You have stripped him of his glorious sceptre,  
and toppled his throne to the ground,  
You have aged him before his time  
and covered him in shame.

Yahweh, how much longer will You hide? For ever?  
How much longer must Your anger smoulder like a fire?  
Remember me, the short time I have left  
and the void to which You destine mankind.  
What man can cling to life and not see death?  
Who can evade the clutches of Sheol?

Lord, where are those earlier signs of Your Love?

You swore Your oath to David on Your faithfulness!  
Lord, do not forget how Your servant was insulted,  
how I take these pagans' taunts to heart,  
insults, Yahweh, that Your enemies have offered,  
insults to Your anointed wherever he goes.

Blessed be Yahweh for ever.

Amen. Amen!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 9

I will give thanks to You, Lord, with all my heart;  
I will tell of all Your wonderful deeds.  
I will be glad and rejoice in You.  
I will sing the praises of Your Name, O Most High.

My enemies turn back;  
they stumble and perish before You.  
For You have upheld my right and my cause,  
sitting enthroned as the righteous judge.  
You have rebuked the nations and destroyed the wicked;  
You have blotted out their name for ever and ever.  
Endless ruin has overtaken my enemies,  
You have uprooted their cities;  
even the memory of them has perished.

The Lord reigns forever;  
He has established His throne for judgement.  
He rules the world in righteousness  
and judges the peoples with equity.  
The Lord is a refuge for the oppressed,  
a stronghold for times of trouble.  
Those who know Your Name trust in You,  
for You, Lord, have never forsaken those who seek  
You.

Sing the praises of the Lord, enthroned in Zion;  
proclaim among the nations what He has done.  
For He who avenges blood remembers;  
He does not ignore the cries of the afflicted.

Lord, see how my enemies persecute me!  
Have mercy and lift me up from the gates of death,  
that I may declare Your praises  
in the gates of Daughter Zion,  
and there rejoice in Your salvation.

Their nations have fallen into the pit they have dug;  
their feet are caught in the net they have hidden.  
The Lord is known by His acts of justice;

the wicked are ensnared by the work of their hands.  
The wicked go down to the realm of the dead,  
all the nations that forget God.  
But God will never forget the needy;  
the hope of the afflicted will never perish.

Arise, Lord, do not let mortals triumph;  
let the nations be judged in Your Presence.  
Strike them with terror, Lord;  
let the nations know they are only mortal.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 90

Lord, You have been  
our refuge age after age.

Before the mountains were born,  
before the earth or the world came to birth,  
You were God from all eternity and for ever.

You can turn man back into dust  
by saying, 'Back to what you were, you sons of men! '  
To You, a thousand years are a single day,  
a yesterday now over, an hour of the night.

You brush men away like waking dreams,  
they are like grass  
sprouting and flowering in the morning,  
withered and dry before dusk.

We too are burnt up by Your anger  
and terrified by Your fury;  
having summoned up our sins  
You inspect our secrets by Your own light.

Our days dwindle under Your wrath,  
our lives are over in a breath  
- our life lasts for seventy years,  
eighty with good health,

but they all add up to anxiety and trouble-  
over in a trice, and then we are gone.  
Who yet has felt the full force of Your fury,  
or learnt to fear the violence of Your rage?

Teach us to count how few days we have  
and so gain wisdom of heart.  
Relent, Yahweh! How much longer do we have?  
Take pity on Your servants!

Let us wake in the morning filled with Your love  
and sing and be happy all our days;

make our future as happy as our past was sad,  
those years when You were punishing us.

Let Your servants see what You can do for them,  
let their children see Your glory.

May the sweetness of the Lord be on us!

Make all we do succeed.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 91

If You live in the shelter of Elyon  
and make Your home in the shadow of Shaddai,  
You can say to Yahweh, 'My refuge, my fortress,  
my God in whom I trust! '

He rescues you from the snares  
of fowlers hoping to destroy you;  
He covers you with His feathers,  
and you find shelter underneath His wings.

You need not fear the terrors of the night,  
the arrow that flies in the daytime,  
the plague that stalks in the dark,  
the scourge that wreaks havoc in broad daylight.

Though a thousand fall at your side,  
ten thousand at your right hand,  
you yourself will remain unscathed,  
with His faithfulness for shield and buckler.

You have only to look around  
to see how the wicked are repaid,  
you hwo can say, 'Yahweh my refuge, '  
and make Elyon your fortress.

No disaster can overtake you,  
no plague can come near your tent:  
He will put you in His angels' charge  
to guard you wherever you go.

They will support you on their hands  
in case you hurt your foot against a stone;  
you will tread on lion and adder,  
trample on savage lions and dragons.

'I rescue all who cling to Me,  
I protect whoever knows My Name,  
I answer everyone who invokes Me,  
I am with them when they are in trouble;

I bring them safety and honour.  
I give them life, long and full,  
and show them how I can save.'

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 92

It is good to give thanks to Yahweh,  
to play in honour of Your Name, Most High,  
to proclaim Your love at daybreak  
and Your faithfulness all through the night  
to the music of the zither and lyre,  
to the rippling of the harp.

I am happy, Yahweh, at what You have done;  
at Your achievements I joyfully exclaim,  
'Great are Your achievements, Yahweh,  
immensely deep Your thoughts! '  
Stupid men are not aware of this,  
fools can never appreciate it.

The wicked may sprout as thick as weeds  
and every evil-doer flourish,  
but only to be everlastingly destroyed,  
whereas You are supreme for ever.  
See how Your enemies perish,  
how all evil men are routed.

You raise my horn as if I were a wild ox,  
You pour fresh oil on my head;  
I was able to see those who were spying on me,  
to overhear what the wicked were whispering,  
so the virtuous flourish like palm trees  
and grow as tall as the cedars of Lebanon.

Planted in the house of Yahweh,  
they will flourish in the courts of our God,  
still bearing fruit in old age,  
still remaining fresh and green,  
to proclaim that God is righteous,  
my rock in whom no fault is to be found!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 93

Yahweh is king, robed in majesty,  
Yahweh is robed in power,  
He wears it like a belt.

You have made the world firm, unshakeable;  
Your throne has stood since then,  
You existed from the first, Yahweh.

Yahweh, the rivers raise,  
the rivers raise their voices,  
the rivers raise their thunders;

greater than the voice of ocean,  
transcending the waves of the sea,  
Yahweh reigns transcendent in the heights.

Your decrees will never alter;  
holiness will distinguish Your house,  
Yahweh, for ever and ever.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 94

Yahweh, God of revenge,  
God of revenge, appear!  
Rise, judge of the world,  
give the proud their deserts!

Yahweh, how much longer are the wicked,  
how much longer are the wicked to triumph?  
Are these evil men to remain unsilenced,  
boasting and asserting themselves?

Yahweh, they crush Your people,  
they oppress Your hereditary people,  
murdering and massacring  
widows, orphans and guests.

'Yahweh sees nothing, ' they say,  
'the God of Jacob takes no notice.'  
You most stupid of men, you fools,  
think this over and learn some sense.

Is the inventor of the ear unable to hear?  
The creator of the eye unable to see?  
The punisher of the pagans unable to punish?  
Yahweh the teacher of mankind  
knows exactly how men think,  
how their thoughts are a puff of wind.

Yahweh, happy the man whom You instruct,  
the man whom You teach through Your Law;  
his mind is at peace though times are bad,  
while a pit is dug for the wicked.

For Yahweh has not abandoned  
or deserted His hereditary people;  
for verdict will return to righteousness again,  
and, in its wake, all upright hearts.

No one ever stood up for me against the wicked,  
not a soul took a stand to save me from evil men;

without Yahweh's help, I should, long ago,  
have gone to the House of Silence.

I need only say, 'I am slipping, '  
and Your love, Yahweh, immediately supports me;  
and in the middle of all my troubles  
You console me and make me happy.

You never consent to that corrupt tribunal  
that imposes disorder as law,  
that takes the life of the virtuous  
and condemns the innocent to death.

No! Yahweh is still my citadel,  
my God is a rock where I take shelter;  
He will pay them back for all their sins,  
He will silence their wickedness,  
Yahweh our God will silence them.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 95

Come, let us praise Yahweh joyfully,  
acclaiming the Rock of our safety;  
let us come into His Presence with thanksgiving,  
acclaiming Him with music.

For Yahweh is a great God,  
a greater King than all other gods;  
from depths of earth to mountain top  
everything comes under His rule;  
the sea belongs to Him, He made it,  
so does the land, He shaped it too.

Come in, let us bow, prostrate ourselves,  
and kneel in front of Yahweh our Maker,  
for this is our God,  
and we are the people He pastures,  
the flock that He guides.

If only you would listen to Him today,  
'Do not harden your hearts as at Meribah,  
as you did that day at Massah in the wilderness,  
when your ancestors challenged Me, tested Me,  
although they had seen what I could do.

'For forty years that generation repelled Me,  
until I said: How unreliable these people  
who refuse to grasp My ways!  
And so, in anger, I swore that not one  
would reach the place of rest I had for them.'

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 96

Sing Yahweh a new song!  
Sing to Yahweh, all the earth!  
Sing to Yahweh, bless His Name.

Proclaim His salvation day after day,  
tell of His glory among the nations,  
tell His marvels to every people.

Yahweh is great, loud must be His praise,  
He is to be feared beyond all gods.  
Nothingness, all the gods of the nations.

Yahweh Himself made the heavens,  
in His presence are splendour and majesty,  
in His sanctuary power and beauty.

Pay tribute to Yahweh, families of the peoples,  
tribute to Yahweh of glory and power,  
tribute to Yahweh of His Name's due glory.

Bring out the offering, bear it before Him,  
worship Yahweh in His sacred court,  
tremble before Him, all the earth!

Say among the nations, 'Yahweh is king! '  
Firm has He made the world, and unshakeable,  
He will judge each nation with strict justice.

Let the heavens be glad, let earth rejoice,  
let the sea thunder and all that it holds,  
let the fields exult and all that is in them,  
let all the woodland trees cry out for joy,

at the presence of Yahweh, for He comes,  
He comes to judge the earth,  
to judge the world with justice  
and the nations with His truth.



# Psalm 97

Yahweh is king! Let earth rejoice,  
the many isles be glad!  
Cloud and Darkness surround Him,  
Righteousness and Justice support His throne.

A fire precedes Him as He goes,  
devouring all enemies around Him;  
His lightning lights up the world,  
earth observes and quakes.

The mountains melt like wax  
at the coming of the Master of the world;  
the heavens proclaim His righteousness,  
all nations see His glory.

Shame on those who worship images,  
who take pride in their idols:  
bow down as He passes, all you gods!

Zion hears and rejoices,  
the daughters of Judah exult  
at the rulings You utter, Yahweh.

For You are Yahweh  
Most High over the world,  
far transcending all other gods.

Yahweh loves those who repudiate evil,  
He guards the souls of the devout,  
rescuing them from the clutches of the wicked.

Light dawns for the virtuous,  
and joy, for upright hearts.  
Rejoice in Yahweh, you virtuous,  
remember His holiness, and praise Him!

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 98

Sing Yahweh a new song  
for He has performed marvels,  
His own right hand, His holy arm,  
gives Him the power to save.

Yahweh has displayed His power;  
has revealed His righteousness to the nations,  
mindful of His love and faithfulness,  
to the House of Israel.

The most distant parts of the earth have seen  
the saving power of our God.  
Acclaim Yahweh, all the earth,  
burst into shouts of joy!

Sing to Yahweh, sing to the music of harps,  
and to the sound of many instruments;  
to the sound of trumpet and horn  
acclaim Yahweh the King!

Let the sea thunder and all that it holds,  
and the world, with all who live in it;  
let all the rivers clap their hands  
and the mountains shout for joy,

at the presence of Yahweh, for He comes  
to judge the earth,  
to judge the world with righteousness  
and the nations with strict justice.

Justin Reamer

# Psalm 99

Yahweh is king, the nations tremble;  
He is enthroned on the cherubs, earth quakes;  
Yahweh is great in Zion.

He is high over all nations;  
may they praise Your great and terrible name,  
'Holy is He, and mighty! '

You are a king who loves justice,  
insisting honesty, justice, virtue,  
as You have done for Jacob.

Let us extol Yahweh our God,  
and worship at His footstool,  
'Holy is He! '

Moses, Aaron one of His priests, and Samuel  
His votary, all invoked Yahweh:  
and He answered them.

He talked with them in the pillar of cloud;  
they obeyed His decrees, the Law He gave them.

Yahweh, our God, You responded to them,  
a God of forgiveness for them,  
in spite of punishing their sins.

Extol Yahweh our God,  
worship at His holy mountain,  
'Holy is Yahweh our God! '

Justin Reamer

# Quackery

Hello, sister,  
I know you are a doctor,  
But I hope you're not a quack,  
Because your medical licence  
Sure does seem very real,  
But that man over there is a fraud,  
And he has methods that are fraudulent,  
For he cheated the MCAT,  
And was hired without meeting  
The AMA's standards,  
If you know what I mean,  
And he was hired with a fake  
Medical Degree in the first place.  
Please be careful;  
Don't be like him.

Justin Reamer

# Quarter Past Midnight

It is a quarter past midnight,  
And I begin to register for my classes,  
And the internet is working fine,  
But it suddenly begins to crash.

I then wonder, WTF?  
What is wrong with this thing?  
What could possibly  
Wrong with this computer?

I then pull up an error message,  
And it says,  
'Maximum Occupancy Required, '  
Which meant that the server was already filled.

I tried to refresh,  
But the damned thing would not go through,  
And then I started to swear,  
With profanity coming out  
Like a waterfall  
From the canyon in my mouth.

I shouted and screamed,  
For what the hell was going on here?  
Nothing could be as stupid as this!  
I wanted to sign up for classes,  
And I was not getting in.

I then turned to my roommate,  
Who was having similar problems,  
And asked him if he was having similar  
Problems on the internet,  
And he said  
That yes, he was,  
And he did not know what to do.

Damn! What is wrong with this freaking computer?  
Why cannot I get the classes that I want?  
Why can't I register,

Just simply register?  
This is so fucking stupid!

I shouted and smote my desk  
With my fist,  
And I pouted and screamed,  
For anger swelled within me.

I could not believe what had just happened,  
The server had kicked me out,  
This was so stupid,  
And the portal had already opened up.

As it turned out,  
Everyone in my hall was having the same issue,  
They were getting the blank screen as well.  
We were all competing for the same classes,  
And there was no way I was going to get them,  
With what I saw in front of me,  
For I saw BY 162 (Zoology)  
Flash before my very eyes,  
And I knew I was not going to get it,  
From the sounds of it.  
I was not going to get EH 221 (Intro to Lit) ,  
For I knew that the system crashed,  
And it was harder and harder for all of us.

Oh, the pain!  
Oh, the horror!  
Why would our college do something like this?  
Why would they torture us poor freshmen  
With such an abomination  
As the registrar known as MyAQ?

Why, oh why,  
Do we have to put up  
With a bad ELM?  
Why, oh why,  
Do we have to go under  
Pressure and not  
Get the classes that we  
So desire with our majors and minors?

I wanted to curse and pout,  
Shout and scream;  
I even ended up banging  
And bashing my head against the wall  
Because of the misery and the stress  
And the pressure that came with it.

It took forever,  
And the hours passed,  
And I was up for four hours,  
Till 5: 00 a.m.,  
When I got into only two classes  
That I wanted so dearly.

I was so angry,  
And now,  
I am so tired,  
I wish this would end,  
And apparently it did.

I know it did not work out,  
But I sure hope it will be better  
Next year,  
When everything will be organised  
For good.

Justin Reamer

# Quatern

France is a beautiful place,  
With so much history to see,  
And so many people to meet,  
And so much food to eat.

This is what makes it fun because  
France is a beautiful place,  
And meeting Victor Hugo would be great,  
And meeting French poets even greater.

The Enlightenment happened here,  
With Montaigne, Rousseau, and Diderot, since  
France is a beautiful place,  
And Alexandre Dumas would have been proud.

Kings and queens ruled here,  
Until Robespierre took control,  
And democracy started, and ah,  
France is a beautiful place.

Justin Reamer

# Quatrain

The life that belonged to me  
Is now going on to you,  
But it's true that it may be  
Too good to be true.

Justin Reamer

# Quiet Man

He is a man who rarely speaks,  
Always listening to everyone around him;  
He scans the room and accepts  
People for who they are,  
Yet he is wise,  
Although introverted and reticent,  
He will listen to what one has to say.

He listens carefully,  
Yet speaks little,  
For he hides so many things,  
But he loves to be with people,  
Nevertheless,  
Despite being an introvert.

Yet people do not know things about him,  
For he reveals very little about himself,  
But he has many talents that no one knew,  
Unless they catch him in the act.

He is an artist,  
A man who can draw the reality  
Expressed in a photograph,  
Who can draw cartoons that were funnier than ever,  
And who can paint the sketches  
Of the Earth with exact precision.

He can beat-box,  
With good beat,  
Where rappers would love  
To rhyme to his rhythm,  
And where it is perfect to do such things.

He loves to serve,  
To see other people be happy,  
To help them in any way he can,  
And to help them do well in school  
Or in whatever state they are in.

He has so many talents,  
Yet they are all unknown to them  
Because he rarely ever speaks,  
And when he does,  
There is a lot to learn from him,  
His experiences,  
His talents,  
And so much more;  
They all give way to his personality  
And the art of being human.

Justin Reamer

# Quincunx

What a weird structure,  
Five objects,  
In the shape of a rectangle,  
One in each corner,  
And one in the middle;  
How weird is that?

Justin Reamer

# Quinzaine

I'm a very strong man.  
Are you a man?  
Are you very strong?

Justin Reamer

# Quoth Dr Chesley

Buonjourno!

Welcome, persons of quality!

Next time we shall discuss the Avengers,  
And the Daily Step is important; remember that.

Please point to your classmates' seats  
To help them find it when when they come in late.  
I know that I am not very subtle when I do it,  
So I look like a complete idiot;  
So, I am sure you are subtler than I am.

As Aquinas students, I am sure  
You don't judge other people.  
You've all been trained in this way  
And so you're far superior due to  
Your discipline, so it makes sense, right?  
You aren't like the rest of the world.

Now please don't go walking out of class  
Today and say, 'Dr Chesley said the British  
Are God's chosen people.' I'm just telling you  
What they thought, that's all.

That was brilliant!  
Please tell your classmates that  
We didn't conspire before class  
To make you say such a thing.

You know, cats are interesting;  
They are superior to people.

Poetry hasn't made it under  
The umbrella quite well in  
Academic writing workshops,  
But you're all looking at me  
As if I'm a plumber  
Talking about poetry.  
Well...talk to Dr Dail-Whiting about it,  
For she surely knows.

I will admit I know nothing.

Poetry used to be read back in  
The eighteenth century,  
Printed in newspapers and such,  
Making it very popular.  
You don't see much poetry  
Published today, now, do you?  
For reasons I will not go into,  
For I could go at it for hours,  
Poetry isn't popular among today's readers  
Because we can't find our own conclusions.  
So, I guess it isn't published in  
Newspapers anymore, right?

For you poets out there,  
There is no market out  
There for poetry anymore,  
If you want a day job, anyway.  
You need to have a day job  
Because no one seems to want to read it.  
The only market for it is greeting cards,  
And that is some of the most  
Godawful bullshit I have read in  
My entire life.  
Sometimes, I think those poetasters  
Have nothing better to do than write  
Complete crap for a living.  
Damn the economical system!  
Damn American society!  
People are too cheap to write their  
Own letters anymore, so the  
Poetasters of the greeting card industry  
Insult poets everywhere throughout the ages,  
Bringing sacrilege to the name of poetry itself!

Do you have anything on your minds?  
No takers? Wow, you're all  
Looking at me as if you're  
Trying to read my mind.  
'Maybe if we try hard enough,  
We can find the answers.'

I love the sound of my voice.  
I love it so much that,  
As you can see,  
I love being the centre of attention,  
So, I can talk all day and  
Would never have a problem with  
It at all, though you're all  
Looking at me, telling me  
You're tired of hearing my voice,  
So I will give you a chance to speak.

Am I right? Aren't siblings just awful?  
I grew up an only child, so I was fortunate.  
But don't siblings just argue all the time?  
I mean, come on. I'm glad I didn't have any,  
Or I would have gone insane by the time  
I turned eighteen or something!  
Off to the mental ward for me!

I was never much of a sports person, Kelli,  
So I completely understand your dilemma.  
But both of my parents were bookworms,  
Unlike your father, the basketball coach.  
I can't really relate to you,  
But I can imagine it must be difficult  
To try to fit the role your father  
Wants you to be, especially when  
You don't fit the role at all.  
I completely empathise.

Ask any one of my colleagues,  
And they will tell you I love gossip.  
I love gossip so much that  
I share it with other people.  
I mean, don't you love gossip?  
I don't know about you,  
But I love gossip,  
Especially about people who  
Have been dead for centuries.  
It's fascinating.

My wife actually worries about you;  
She believes that I talk you  
All to the point of death.  
So, every time I go home,  
She asks me about your welfare,  
For if I am unrestrained,  
I shall surely kill all of you.  
She is more mature than I am,  
Even though there is a  
Seven-year age difference between us.  
I won't deny it.

I am taking an exercise class with my wife,  
So it's been hard for me to keep  
Up with their routines.  
So, I've invented my own exercises  
Such as the collapsing windmill  
And the leg stumble.  
I always fall over since  
I am choreographically challenged.  
I am not necessarily the class clown  
So much as the most conspicuous.  
Everyone looks at me and thinks,  
'Oh, right. This guy is going to fall.'  
And so they ignore every stumble I make.  
I suck at exercise.

To think that people actually  
Exercise for fun is frightening to me;  
I can't exercise at all,  
But to think someone can run for fun  
Is mind-blowing as all hell.  
What the hell is wrong with me?  
I really don't know, but it's okay.

When I met my wife in grad school,  
I made a reference to Samuel Johnson,  
And she, incredibly clever, she is,  
Insulted me in return,  
And I was taken aback.  
Holy hell, it was crazy.

This is what people with  
Doctorate Degrees get each other  
For Christmas: biographies.  
Don't laugh at me.

Oh, was that a signal?  
I didn't realise that.

Milton had women problems;  
I had confidence issues.  
After reading 'Paradise Lost'  
For the first time at nine years of age,  
I felt emasculated for eternity.

Let Fate sort out where we sit.  
Anyone care to shuffle the deck?  
Fate calls upon Shelby Denhof;  
What do you say, Shelby?

Shelby, tell them we didn't meet  
Beforehand and conspire to  
Say that in class today.  
Please tell them I'm not  
A criminal mastermind.

It's okay;  
You don't have to like it;  
It's not Jane Austen.

'Pride and Prejudice' is the  
Best novel written in the  
English language!  
It's filled with wit,  
Satire, and all sorts of cleverness.

I consider myself the fuss budget,  
So I will make the fuss budget appeal.

Let us thank our fellow author.  
Now, let's go to Ryanne James.  
Do you remember the part  
Where you wet your pants?

It was like an explosion,  
You bursting into a fountain of urine.  
I just broke out laughing  
Because I thought it was so hilarious.

As Aquinas students, I am  
Sure you never trust anything  
You read on the internet  
Because, I am sure, you are  
Smarter, kinder, and much more  
Disciplined than the rest of the world.

Hooks are cheap, especially in book,  
But they work!  
I don't know about you,  
But they work for me!  
In 'Criminal Minds, ' when they  
Show next week's episode,  
A sneak peak, I always hope  
It can be next week already  
Because it takes so damn long  
To get there in the first place.

Wait, what's in this novel, you ask?  
Graphic scenes, you ask?  
Yes, don't be afraid.  
Sex is in these novels.  
Consider your innocence,  
Long since kept,  
Officially destroyed starting  
At this very moment onward.

When I was a kid,  
When I read a biography,  
I felt inferior to the man.  
I was always imperfect, damn it!  
Abe Lincoln was chopping lumber,  
Ben Franklin was reading on his own,  
And George Washington never lied,  
For Heaven's sake!  
How the hell do you compete with that?  
I don't know, but they're freaking gods!

When I read a narrative,  
I always want to fix things.  
When I read Ryanne's piece,  
I wanted to go in there and  
Pick up the three-foot child,  
Struggling with her bladder,  
And save her from that tragedy.  
A situation gone horribly wrong,  
I wanted to go in and fix  
It for her since I know it  
Would be humiliating.  
But, alas, things didn't  
Work that way. Oh, well.

I'm obsessed with Henry Fielding,  
But I see you don't want  
To hear any more Fielding trivia,  
Or you will put a gun to your head,  
And pull the trigger, intending  
To say, 'Kill me now.'

Wasn't that a great fun fact?  
Okay, you're all looking at me  
Like it wasn't that great.  
It was lame, you say.  
Okay, onto the novel!

Dry humour is the way I function,  
So deal with it.

Sometimes, I don't think my students  
Ever know I am making a joke;  
Apparently I am too monotonous or something.  
For when I make a joke,  
No one ever laughs,  
Rather confusion arises on their faces.  
I guess I better stop trying to fulfil  
My dream of being a stand-up comedian.  
I would fail miserably at it.

He's the guy we named our cat after,

For crying out loud. Damn it!  
He's important!

Any more comments?  
If not, I'll gladly take over.  
I love to speak, as you know.

If you have any steps for me,  
I have steps to give back to you.  
Every test is not a test, by the way;  
It is a written celebration.  
Why not celebrate as much as we can?

CourseConnect is clearly stupid.  
It doesn't recognise you  
As you log in,  
So it asks you to log in again.  
Upon further notice,  
It fails to recognise you again.  
In addition, it loses assignments  
Like squirrel loses its nut.  
I'm telling you, I might be one of  
Those squirrels one day,  
Going nuts over losing my nuts!  
So, to put it simply, it is  
The most incompetent thing  
I've ever encountered.  
Squeak.  
Did I mention I got a concussion?  
Squeak.  
Never mind.  
Squeak.

Fantasy does not fascinate me;  
I don't know why, but it doesn't.  
I never saw the purpose of 'Harry Potter.'  
How could anyone get into it?

You think they're strange?  
It was everyday life for them.  
You just wait: someday,  
When people look back on us,

They'll see just how strange you are!

Jane Austen is a genius;  
You cannot argue with me.  
I rest my case.

Horace Walpole was the  
Great-great-grandfather to  
Modern horror, so don't  
Be surprised because horror  
Was still in development.

Oh, well, thanks for taking away  
Johnson's credit! I was going to  
Show you the dictionary,  
But I might as well take it away,  
Since you don't appreciate it.

I am fascinated by the stupid  
Things people do throughout history.  
my wife asks me how I remember this stuff,  
But I shrug and tell her  
It fascinates me, anyway. Not much to it.

Who's a cat person?  
I can tell you a cat story.

Well, good day to all of you.  
May Fate guide you and  
Give you good fortune as  
You progress forward in your endeavours.

Justin Reamer

# Rage

Blinded by anger,  
Love is no longer a faculty as  
Narcissism and injured pride  
Become the main focus,  
Unaware of the harm done to  
Its unfortunate victim,  
A loved one destined to suffer  
Violent, uncontrollable abuse.

Justin Reamer

# Rain Dance

Falling from clouds of vapour,  
Rain lands on the earth,  
Making the rhythm of Nature's dance.  
The wind blows with gale,  
Playing a hollow flute,  
And the trees dance in rhythm,  
Whispering the lyrics to each other.

The thunder crashes in the sky,  
The bass drum beating in the background,  
And the animals, all instrumentalists,  
Play their enchanting tunes.

Squirrels squeak like trumpets,  
While frogs croak like tubas;  
Songbirds sing like piccolos,  
As owls hoot the clarinet.  
The eagle screeches the C major scale,  
As the bat plays supersonically,  
And the canines and felines  
Take centre stage,  
Singing the melody together,  
Only to end when the rain stops.

Justin Reamer

# Raining

It's raining, it's pouring,  
The old man is snoring,  
He fell off his bed,  
And bumped his head,  
And did not wake up 'til morning.

Justin Reamer

# Rancorousness

I cannot stand it;  
I hate him so much.  
Why does he have to do it?

Justin Reamer

# Raucousness

How harsh can you be,  
How crazy you are,  
For all you can do is hurt people!  
Have mercy, man!  
For that's what we need!  
A merciful person in this seat!

Justin Reamer

# Rave Dream

One night, I was very tired,  
So I fell asleep straight and fast,  
And I did not bother to hesitate  
To wake up because  
My fatigue was so great.

But then I entered something else,  
And I found myself sitting in a room,  
A room quite large,  
Like we were at a club or a mansion or something,  
And there were sofas and couches everywhere.

I did not know how I got to this room,  
But it was quite weird how I got there in  
The first place,  
For I can't recall how I got there.

The smell of something burning was in the air,  
And I looked around me,  
And I saw many of my friends sitting around me,  
Including Max, Sean, Faith,  
Peter, Lindsay, Corey, Cassie,  
Zach, Ruben, Holly, Erica, Brooke,  
Nina, Lindsey Friend, Katie, and multiple others.

I then turned to see Mick Jagger and Keith Richards  
Of the Rolling Stones turning my way,  
And they greeted me.  
Michael Jackson was with a couple  
Little boys whom he was 'baby-sitting' for the night.  
Pamela Anderson was having a good time  
Being the person she is,  
Whereas Katy Perry was having a good time, too.  
Lindsay Lohan was having a wonderful time,  
Kesha had her eyes elsewhere,  
John Lennon and Ringo Starr were having a jolly time,  
And Jimmy Paige was having the night of his life.  
Kanye West did a little, 'Yo, '  
Eminem nodded in delight,

And K'Naaan and Lil' Wayne were having some fun.  
Ozzy Osbourne was nodding at me,  
And he was having a jolly good time.  
Megan Fox and Sofia Vergara were there,  
Jessica Simpson and Jessica Alba,  
Jordan Carver and Christina Hendricks,  
Paris Hilton and Candice Michelle,  
Eve Torres and Howie Berry,  
Brad Pitt and Nicholas Cage,  
Bruce Willis and Arnold Schwarzenegger,  
Tom Cruise and John Travolta,  
Channing Tatum and Justin Bieber,  
Miley Cyrus and many more.

My celebrity crush  
AnnaSophia Robb sat next to me,  
And she greeted me with the prettiest smile  
That I had ever seen.  
She talked to me,  
And I talked to her,  
And we had a good time together.

Someone then brought out the ecstasy,  
The pot, the coke, the angeldust,  
The Novocaine, the crack, the acid, and the meth.  
People began to take it,  
Including my friends, the celebrities,  
And others.  
Anna sat next to me,  
Urging me to try it.  
I told her I didn't do drugs,  
But she wanted me to give it a try.  
She gave me some acid,  
And my world  
Began to

Go wild.

I saw hallucinations

of every sort

and every

sense

of chaos.

I was

seeing spirals,

and the rave

was going

crazy.

The celebrities started doing strange things,

and they were things

I did not

really understand.

My senses then came back to me,  
As my acid trip soon ended,  
But then someone put ecstasy in my drink,  
And my mind was HYPER HYPER HPYER! ! ! !

My punctuation, went? crazy! ' and \$#2 I don't know  
What else, happened; in that" same; event: that night,  
But then I managed @ % to # get ^ ahold of\*\*() myself.

I was on a dopamine high, though,  
And I was happy to see Anna,  
And she was happy to see me,  
And I made out with her that very night.

I then began to see things that were really weird,  
For I had never seen them before.  
John Lennon was making jokes about the past two  
Presidents of the United States,  
President Bush and President Obama,  
Making them seem like total idiots.  
Ringo Starr was involved in the joking  
And having a good time with it.  
Keith Richards, Jimmy Paige, and Mick Jagger  
Were writing dark poetry,

Or drug-induced poetry of some sort,  
And it was kind of crazy.

It was like:

Crows bashing together,

Interminably!

The moth says, 'Hello! '

It was crazier than all get-out.

Pamela Anderson, Candice Michelle,  
Eve Torres, Jessica Alba, Sofia Vergara,  
Megan Fox, and others were strip dancing;  
Lindsay Lohan was making out with my friend Sean,  
Kanye West was doing Kesha and Katy Perry,  
Michael Jackson had fun with his little boys,  
Ozzie Osbourne bit off the head of a chicken,  
Tom Cruise and John Travolta were rambling  
About scientologist bullshit,  
And Brad Pitt enjoyed riding a bear in the  
Middle of the party like Pierre Bezukhov  
In Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy's War and Peace  
Did when he was extremely drunk.  
It was the weirdest party ever.

But Anna took me by my shoulder and had  
Me looking into her beautiful eyes.

She was staring me down with the most  
Beautiful look I had ever seen.

'So, ' she said, 'do you want to have some fun? '

I nodded. 'I guess so.'

She smiled. 'I am glad to hear it, James;

'I am glad to hear it.'

We then had the time of our lives doing stuff,  
And then,

CRASH! ! !

Someone who looked like Channing Tatum

Whacked me on the head while Justin Bieber was lap-dancing  
On Michael Jackson's waist.  
I fell out cold, and I forgot where I was,  
And then I woke up,  
Realising it was all a dream,  
The weirdest one I ever had.

Justin Reamer

# Reason

Reason is such a silly thing,  
Even though we use it so much,  
It is quite crazy, honestly.  
There is no point to it.

Justin Reamer

# Recondition

We are dealing with very  
Difficult subject matter here,  
So if you would care to help us,  
That would be great.

Justin Reamer

# Red

A colour  
Communism  
Nazism  
Fascism  
Russia  
Republican  
Anger  
Passion  
Sexy  
Hot  
Happy  
Mirthful  
Vivacious  
Warm  
Fire  
Fall  
Apple  
Christmas  
Blood  
Sacrifice  
Steamy  
Fiery  
Hell  
China  
Cuba  
Soviet Union  
Evil  
Greed  
Malevolence  
Exciting  
Attractive  
Glib

Justin Reamer

# Reflect, My Friend

Reflect, and you will always have time to think,  
But you will gain insights into the world  
Around you, and you will understand the things  
That really matter in this world,  
For that is most important.

Justin Reamer

# Regina Coeli

Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia. / For He whom you did merit to bear, alleluia.

Has risen, as he said, alleluia. / Pray for us to God, alleluia.

Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary, alleluia. / For the Lord has truly risen, alleluia.

Let us pray. O God, who gave joy to the world through the resurrection of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, grant we beseech Thee, that through the intercession of the Virgin Mary, His Mother, we may obtain the joys of everlasting life. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Remember

Remember who you are,  
And remember who you always will be,  
Because that is important to you,  
As we move through history,  
And go into the future,  
So remember who you are,  
And remember that your people need you,  
Your country needs you,  
And that those who love you need you,  
And remember that God needs you to do His will,  
And that I need you, too.  
Remember all that,  
For that is important to you,  
And it will help you as you go on with life.

Justin Reamer

# Residuum

What is left of me?  
I don't know,  
For I have been gone so long,  
Disappearing with every day,  
And, alas, in a year,  
I shall be invisible to every man,  
Alive but dead to all around me,  
As if H.G. Wells could not have been  
More pleased with what  
I had to do.  
The residuum is almost gone,  
And I will soon fade away.

Justin Reamer

# Rest

The darkness in the room  
Invites so much imagination,  
But the eyes can go no longer,  
So they begin to close.

Rest, my dear, rest;  
You will be satisfied.

The darkness comes,  
And dreams begin to shape,  
The soul leaves this world,  
And enters another,  
Where imagination is the centre,  
And the dream is only a block away.

Rest, my dear, rest;  
You will be satisfied.

The dream takes place,  
And the entrance begins,  
And I begin to experience the changes  
All around me,  
Where the trees are like pillows,  
Made of cotton candy;  
The rivers are filled with water,  
Streaming down the field,  
Giving a long swishing sound,  
As it splashes along the shore.

Rest, my dear, rest;  
You will be satisfied.

The sound comforts me,  
And I feel relaxed as  
I hear the stream,  
And as the wind  
Whispers to me,  
With its wonderful whims,  
I wander about and

Become wary.

Rest, my dear, rest;  
You will be satisfied.

Creatures wander about me,  
The birds begin to sing;  
They chant all the time,  
With their wonderful whistles,  
Their crescendos and harmonies,  
Fortes and pianos,  
And their tempos  
Of andante, largo, and presto.

Rest, my dear, rest;  
You will be satisfied.

Dogs saunter around me,  
Barking and wagging their tails,  
For they know I am a friend,  
And I will do nothing wrong  
To hurt them.

Rest, my dear, rest;  
You will be satisfied.

I then wander about,  
And I see the sun before me,  
I know the comfort I receive  
When it shines down upon me.  
I smile,  
And close my eyes,  
And my soul  
Begins to rest.

Rest, my dear, rest;  
You will be satisfied.

Justin Reamer

# Restiveness

I cannot stand you controlling me,  
So will you cut it out?

Justin Reamer

# Retail Therapy

How about it?

You gotta cheer yourself up by going shopping?

You are strange,

But I guess there are things that work for everyone.

Justin Reamer

# Retard

Hi, I'm Sammy!  
People love me because  
I have lots of friends.  
The jocks are cool and  
Laugh with me because  
They like my big nose.  
Women are my friends because  
They laugh with me about  
How short I am.  
They love the way I talk, too,  
For they think it's funny.  
I make them laugh,  
Which is cool.  
I stutter a lot,  
And my voice is squeaky,  
But they think it's funny,  
So they laugh with me.

Sometimes, I do silly things  
Like wet my pants,  
Make involuntary noises or movements,  
Fall off my chair accidentally  
Because of my poor balance,  
Shake like crazy,  
Or something like that,  
All involuntary,  
And everyone laughs because  
They love me for who I am.  
Laughing makes me happy,  
So I know they're my friends.  
They even tell me jokes-  
About me-  
Which make me laugh, too.  
I cannot help but laugh.

Sometimes, I'll hear people  
Say my name,  
And I will smile because they're  
Saying good things about

Me since they are saying my name  
And how they like my big nose,  
And how it's funny when I  
Stumble, stutter, tick,  
Fidget, say things sporadically,  
Grunt, shake, dally, totter,  
And so on.

I think it's cool to  
Have friends,  
And I'm happy to love  
Everyone.

Justin Reamer

# Retardation

An insignificant thing time forgot,  
A gifted mind squandered by limbo lost,  
I am the being that Nature begot,  
But only to be living at a cost.  
Identity was what I sacrificed,  
Involuntarily giving my life,  
Mediocrity my final price,  
Transforming my capacity to strife.  
Communication is the cross I bear,  
Trapped in a prison I cannot escape.  
Although trapped, I'll continue without fear,  
Allowing my humanity to take its shape.  
No matter the amount of pain I face,  
I'll fight to thrive and join the human race.

Justin Reamer

# Rhinovirus

The Rhinovirus is in my system,  
Causing a lot of irritation,  
It's causing lots of trouble,  
And lots of inflammation.

Rhiney is in my system,  
Causing coughing and sneezing,  
Oh, yes, I do enjoy it,  
All this gagging and wheezing.

Rhiney is inside of me,  
He's making brand new friends;  
He's giving me a runny nose,  
That goes on till it ends.

Rhiney is going places,  
Visiting everyone,  
I wonder where he's gonna be,  
When he is almost done.

I wonder why he likes me,  
When he could be hanging out with Sporey;  
I wonder why he likes all of us,  
Especially my friend Laurie.

Apparently, I'm a rave apartment,  
Or maybe we all are,  
If this goes on again,  
We'll never meet morningstar.

Justin Reamer

# Rigour

Rigour is harsh,  
Which makes us disciplined.

Justin Reamer

# Ringworm

I walk around the house,  
Feeling like such a gimp,  
I always wonder why I had this,  
Because I have an awkward limp.

You wonder why I limp, do you?  
So you can plainly see?  
So I can ask you a question,  
Why did you have to be?

Well, I'll tell you why I'm limping,  
It's something simple and sick,  
It is called a ringworm,  
Something like an 'ikh.'

The Ringworm, mind you, isn't a parasite,  
Nor is it a literal worm,  
It does not go through my intestines,  
Eating them with every squirm.

It is actually a fungus,  
Growing on the sole of my foot,  
How I love Sporey,  
Who has a personality of soot.

Sporey is my friend's name,  
The guy who loves my sole,  
Sometimes I just want to hug him,  
Or hit him on a pole.

That good old friend of mine,  
Can be a real pain in the arse,  
And, man, does he do a good job,  
Making me come to pass.

Sporey, my good old friend,  
You cause me a lot of pressure,  
But you can stay on my foot,  
It would be my pleasure.

I can handle old Sporey,  
As long as he stays on me,  
I don't want him bugging others,  
Especially my family.

Sporey causes me a lot of pressure,  
Putting paint into my skin,  
But I will be quite fine, thank you,  
As long as he doesn't bother my kin.

Now, I don't want him going anywhere,  
Except the very soles of my feet,  
Or I will attack him earnestly,  
Like rain or hail or sleet.

Now, I can handle him,  
As long as I take my ibuprofen,  
And even though he itches and burns,  
I think I'll stay unbroken.

But then I'll see the doctor soon,  
And Sporey will have to leave me,  
He will go on with his life,  
And he will be quite lonely.

But solitude does not matter to him,  
For he has no family,  
But he will move on with his life,  
Dealing with his agony.

I will be glad to be rid of Sporey,  
For the doctor will force him out,  
I will be rid of pain,  
For I will not scream and shout.

I will be better without Sporey,  
For he's not my only friend,  
But he is the fungus on my foot,  
And he will meet his end.



# Rispetto

I know he can be a beast,  
When you look into his eyes;  
I know how he feasts,  
Especially as he tells lies.

It is not surprising to me  
To see that you are free;  
At least you're away from,  
So he won't make your mind so dim.

Justin Reamer

# Roadrunner

Running at top speed,  
Speaking through its honking horn,  
Comes by in a flash.

Justin Reamer

# Robert Frost

Robert Frost,

Your wisdom is great,  
And you know all there is to know,  
And we appreciate what you teach us.

To me, you are the grandfather I never had,  
For you are great,  
And you give great advice,  
And you are wise,  
And you seek the greatness in everyone.  
You are a mentor to me and many others,  
And your wisdom knows no bounds.  
We cannot thank you enough  
For the insight you have provided.

Thank you for everything you have done  
And all the great poems you have left behind.

Justin Reamer

# Robin Hemley

A man of a resigned attitude,  
Quiet, withdrawn reticence,  
A stature of bulky composure,  
A calm composed breath,  
And a smirk of obvious delight,  
Robin Hemley speaks as he is warm  
Yet awkward at the same time.

His interpersonal skills are eschew,  
But his compassion and his understanding  
Are greater than what people give him credit for.  
A good listener, is he,  
For he takes in every phrase,  
Understands each word and phrase,  
And formulates a response in his mind.

A man, an introvert with Asperger's Syndrome,  
He may be hard to connect to for the common man,  
But his advice, once chosen sagaciously,  
Is wise, well-thought-out, and beneficial.  
He chooses his words after much thought and contemplation,  
And what comes out is perhaps the best advice you  
May ever have come to you,  
Save from your wise grandfather (if he is one) ,  
Robert Frost if he were still alive,  
Or Leo Tolstoy if you were ever to speak  
To the old man in Russian while he was still alive.

Robin Hemley understands the world around him,  
Inquires of it with curiosity and inquisitiveness,  
Explores it for a deeper understanding of his surroundings,  
And understands everything that may come into his path.  
He is a man of great talent,  
A man very contemplative and complex,  
Understanding and knowledgeable,  
Above all else, for he knows  
The world and seeks to discover more  
Before he passes away into satisfaction,  
Where heaven shall give him eternal rest.

Justin Reamer

# Roman-Fleuve

Series, sagas,  
They're all the same to me,  
But I do like book series,  
And I like the Icelandic sagas,  
For they are pretty cool,  
And the Norse are awesome.  
But, yes,  
Even 'Le Morte D'Arthur, '  
The best written transcribed  
Version of the Arthurian Legends,  
Or the Arthurian Cycle  
About King Arthur,  
Is one of the best roman-fleuves,  
Or sagas,  
That has ever existed.  
I don't know where the world  
Would be without it.

Justin Reamer

# Romney

Dear Governor Romney,

Tell me, sir,  
What will you do with this country  
That will make you any better than Obama?  
I mean, good sir, Obama  
May have screwed up the country quite a bit,  
And has not helped people much,  
And has only helped people with Health Care,  
(Which I admit I must admire) ,  
But what will you do that  
Will make this country better?

I mean, yes, your opponent is incompetent,  
And that I will agree,  
But what will you do that is different,  
And will make this country a better place?

Obama did not get us all jobs,  
And he did not help the economy,  
And, in fact, he raised taxes,  
And that made a lot of Americans angry.

So, good sir, what are you going  
To do that is different from  
Your opponent the incumbent?  
Are you going to get us jobs?  
Are you going to protect our freedoms?  
Are you going to help us succeed in life?  
Will you help us students who  
Cannot pay off federal loans right away?  
Are you going to help the poor,  
Who are in need of money just  
As much as all of the other Americans?  
What will you do,  
Besides protect the Freedom of Religion  
And the First Amendment?

You are not an ableist, are you?

So you will not judge me just  
Because I have Asperger's,  
Tourette's, and ADD?  
Will you help my people  
Get their jobs and  
Fulfil their dreams  
And get out of the way  
Of prejudice?  
Or, do you not care at all?

Do you believe in helping the poor,  
Who are unemployed,  
Who need employment to survive,  
So that they can have a better quality of life?

Are you a homophobe,  
Who believes that gays should  
Have no rights at all,  
And should not fall in love,  
And devote themselves to one another,  
In love of the form of agape?

Are you a racist,  
Who believes that Hispanics should have no rights,  
That Orientals are just stupid,  
And that African Americans are just dumb  
And should go back to slavery?

Are you a sexist  
Who believes that  
Women belong in the kitchen,  
And in the house,  
And should not have a job  
That they are willing to work for?

Well, sir, if you are any of those,  
My friend, you will not receive my vote,  
For I am not a sexist,  
An Anti-Semitist,  
An Anti-Catholic,  
A racist,  
A homophobe,

Or an ableist,  
And my goal in life is  
To get equality for all people  
Who wish to work for something greater  
Beyond themselves,  
And I will fight ableism,  
As I have dealt with it in the past,  
And I will fight for my students,  
As I work as a teacher of Special Education.

Sir, I hope you know what you are doing,  
For I am hesitant about voting for you,  
And I don't like either you  
Or your opponent,  
And I am hesitant about the lesser evil,  
For if you are the lesser evil,  
You may receive my vote,  
But if not,  
You can say Sayonara,  
And have a good day.

So, may God bless you  
In this presidential election,  
And may you have a great day,  
For I know that someone will win,  
But we'll see what happens  
When history moves on forward.

Justin Reamer

# Rose

O, Rose,  
How beautiful your name is,  
Since you are named after the most  
Beautiful flower there ever was,  
And how your beauty describes  
The very essence of thine beautiful name.

Your red hair is long and thick,  
Like that of the petals of the rose,  
And your eyes are a vibrant brown,  
Which gives off the liveliness  
Of the flower that you  
Were named after.

You are thin and beautiful,  
Giving the rose a very beautiful compliment,  
And you complement the flower quite well.

Your personality is so endearing,  
That any man would consider himself  
Lucky to have a woman like you,  
For you know what you are good at,  
And you do quite well at  
Everything you do,  
And you definitely know  
What you want out of life.

Rose, you are so gregarious,  
That you stand out in the crowd,  
And you are so wonderful,  
That any man would want  
To have you in his heart.

You are so friendly,  
And so unprejudiced,  
That anyone would become  
Your friend,  
But, you hold true  
To who you are,

And you are honest and forthright,  
Unlike the Maiden I once knew.

You are a good friend to everyone,  
Including me,  
And I thank you for your acceptance  
And your open-mindedness  
And your philial love  
For everyone,  
And I appreciate everything you do.

I believe you can be  
Just like my sister,  
Who will be an epidemician,  
Who will work for the CDC.  
You will be a great cardiologist,  
Just like the man who helped  
Me try to solve my mysterious  
Illness, not too long ago.

Since you were valedictorian in high school,  
I know you will work very hard,  
And I know you will get into a great med school,  
Whether it be around here,  
Like U-M or MSU,  
Or out of state,  
Like the Ohio State University,  
Or even in the Ivy Leagues,  
Like Harvard, Cornell, Brown, Princeton, or Yale.  
I know you will do well.

I know that you probably will not  
Get a Bachelor's Degree  
And a Master's Degree  
At the same time,  
Like my sister who  
Got a Bachelor's in Biochemistry,  
A Master's in Biomedical Engineering,  
And two minors in Anthropology  
And General Health,  
But you will still do  
Well at Aquinas,

Where you can get your  
Bachelor's,  
Whether it be in Biology  
And/or Chemistry,  
And where you can become  
A well-rounded person  
By doing service stuff,  
Just like my sister  
Did in Ghana and Nicaragua.

I believe you can be on the Dean's List,  
Just like my sister with a 3.98,  
For you might get a 4.0,  
Or even, at least, a 3.8,  
Which would be good for you.

I know you will be a great doctor,  
Since you really care about people,  
And I know you will be a great cardiologist,  
Since your greatest gift is from the heart.  
I wish you luck with your academics,  
And I wish you well and clear,  
For you are just like the flower  
We all know,  
Blooming brightly and beautifully.

Justin Reamer

# Roses

Roses of the meadow,  
Sweet in which they spawn,  
Make such an aroma,  
That they remind me of a fawn.

They have their pointed leaves,  
Thorns along their stem,  
And a spiral flower,  
Along the top of its hem.

It is given to a woman,  
Which amplifies her beauty,  
The giver looks at her,  
Astonished,  
For he says she is a cutie.

The man looks at his lover,  
His passionate divine,  
Who he considers more significant,  
Than all things in this world,  
He smiles at her,  
Touches her cheek,  
And releases a speech unfurled.

The girl looks at her man,  
The one she considers strong,  
The one who shall protect her,  
She gives him a beautiful smile,  
Puts a hand to his heart,  
And sings a song as light as a feather.

They embrace each other,  
The man with the heart of gold,  
And girl with the rose in hand,  
They release,  
And they converse,  
And do many things there is to understand.

Roses of the meadow,

You have touched this couple's hearts,  
Stand strong and never falter,  
You shall bring them to the arts.

Justin Reamer

# Running

The first step takes flight,  
Taking off into the air  
As each foot picks up pace,  
Soon shooting into the  
Atmosphere for take-off.

Like a bird flying with the wind,  
Its wings extended in entirety,  
Drifting with each draft,  
The wind blows in the face,  
The heartbeat accelerates faster,  
Legs pick up for altitude,  
And like a bullet shot from a gun,  
Projects into Earth's uncharted oblivion.

The velocity excites me as adrenaline  
Pumps through exhilarated veins,  
Burning fat with each exhalation,  
And soon bursting into open air as  
High altitudes are soon reached,

Making soaring an understatement as  
I leave Earth's atmosphere like the  
Enterprise traveling at warp speed,  
Accelerating faster than light itself  
As I disappear into the Final Frontier,  
Never to be seen or heard from again.

Justin Reamer

# S Vámi

Drahoušku, chci, abyste vedeli

Neco, co je velmi důležité pro me,

A neco, co muze byt

Velmi důležité pro vás, taky,

Pokud hodnota mou lásku jen

Stejne jako tvoje vážím.

Drahá, jsem byl s vámi pro

Tak dlouho, jak si vzpomínám.

Já si pamatuji, když jsme byli batolata,

A naši rodice byli sousedi,

A my jsme byli sousedi, také,

Samozrejme

A naši rodice by plánování 'play data'

Jak říkali jim tehdy a ještě udelat ted,

A tam bylo mnohem víc.

Svou sestru a tvuj bratr by přijít,

A by povest ven s mym bratrem, moje sestra a já.

Jsem si říkal, ze dívky jsou hrubé,

A já bych se vás,

A vy jste si mysleli, že jsem měl nemoc,

Takže by se mi, taky.

Ale po několika týdnech,

Stali jsme se přáteli,

A zjistili jsme, že jsme měli mnoho společného,

A že bychom mohli navzájem duverují.

Stali jsme se velmi blízko,

A chtěli bychom hrát Super Mario Brothers společně,

A chtěli bychom hrát Pokémon,

A sledujeme by Disney Kreslené,

S Mickey Mouse, Goofy a Donald Duck,

A by sledujeme Looney Tunes společně,

S Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,

Sylvester kocka, pták, Tweety

Wile E. Coyote, Roadrunner,

A Marvin Marsu,

A sledujeme by Tom a Jerry

A videl get crazy cat zmlátit od

Myš velmi chytrý a vtipný.

Bylo to hodně legrace.

Vzpomínám si, základní školy,  
V první třídě  
Když budeme mít další přátele,  
Ale my jsme byli nerozlucní,  
Pro nikdo mohl učinit nás sedět dál  
Od sebe,  
Protože jsme měli nejlepší přátelé,  
A nikdo by to zastavit.

Vzpomínám si, v druhé třídě,  
Když jsme byli oba do čtení,  
A jsme četli mnoho stejných knih,  
Včetně Junie B. Jones,  
Flat Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest a série Harry Potter.  
Pamatujte si, když jsme zvyklí mluvit o  
Harry Potter celou dobu,  
A pamatujte si, když jsme byli všichni nadšeni  
O novém filmu Harry Potter coming out?  
Bylo to skvelé.

Byli jsme skvelé přátele.

Pamatujte si střední školu?

Byli jsme tak trapné,

Pro jsme si mysleli, že bychom

Nikdy vůbec, datum

Jsme Seznamka myšlení bylo nechutné,

A presto jsme se choval jako pár,

Ale jsme začali, zapojit se do lepších knih,

Například Pendragon, Underland Chronicles

A mnohem víc.

Pak pamatujete si střední školu?

Jsem to, drahoušku, a musím říct, že

Bylo to úžasné,

Za to bylo, když jsem si uvědomil, že jsem měl pocity

Pro vás a jste měl pocity, pro mne,

A my se dali dohromady,

A my jsme byli největší pár vůbec.

Jsme by studovat společně, pamatuješ?

A by hovoríme o klasiku

Napríklad napsal Charles Dickens

Lev Tolstoj, William Shakespeare, Fjodor Dostojevskij,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (jeden z vašich obľíbenych) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald a John Steinbeck,

A Virginia Woolf a Mary Ann Evans (oba z nich

Byly nekteřé z vašich obľíbenych osobní) .

Pamatujte si, ze jsme byli také do filozofie, taky,

Zejména, když jsme mluvili o

Platóna a Aristotela,

Sokrates a St. Justin,

Svatého Jana a svatého Pavla,

Sv.,

St. Augustine hrocha,

Svatého Petra apoštola,

Immanuel Kant,

Sofoklés a Virgil,

Homer a Euripides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

René Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Konfucius a Sun Tzu,

Laozi a Siddhartha Gautama,

Svaty František z Assisi,

A Bertrand Russell.

Pamatuji si, že jsme milovali všech svých děl,

A že jsme měli skvělý čas mluvit o nich.

Pak si pamatuji všechny tance,

Návrat domu byl neohrabaný tanec,

Protože lidé broušení a kdoví co ještě,

A sněhová koule byl v pořádku,

Ale to není největší.

Nicméně ples byl největší zážitek,

Pro oba lety byly skvělé s vámi, Vázení,

A já jsem miloval, jak jsme tancovali a měl dobrý čas,

Bez ohledu na to, co DJ hrál,

I když to byl mizerný rapovou hudbu,

Mimo of-control hip-hop,

Super rock-and-roll,

Cool pop music,  
Pomalé skladby,  
Country hudba jakéhokoliv druhu,  
Energicky swing tance,  
Nebo dokonce tanec salsa  
Nebo, Macarena,  
Nebo YMCA,  
Nebo dokonce i can-can.  
Měl jsem skvělý čas s vámi,  
I když pili naši přátelé  
Punc, který byl špicatý s projímadla,  
A je-li váš přítel šaty prasklo,  
Odhalení trochu příliš mnoho pro vlastní vkus.

Pak jsem si naše maturitní  
A to bylo skvělé,  
Byly jsme tam spolu,  
A my pak rekla, že jsme se milovali navzájem,  
A já vím, že děláme,  
Pro já cítím to v mém srdci.

Pak jsme šli do školy společně,  
A zkušenost byla skvelá pro  
Poslední tři roky,  
A teď jsme se seniory,  
A já jsem stále rád, že se s vámi, milí.

Však já jsem něco říct,  
Jsem si jistý, že chcete slyšet,  
Pro chci, abys vedel před některou  
Velké rozhodnutí v životě, drahá,  
Pro Miluji te víc než cokoli jiného,  
A já vím, že jsme v lásce,  
Ale náš vztah bude mít závazek,  
A mnohem víc než to.

Můj milý, můj miláčku,  
Miluju te  
A víte, že,  
Ale to, co chci říct je, že  
Strávil jsem celý svůj život s vámi,  
A já chci být s tebou

Pro zbytek mého života,

Pro vás jsou největší clovek

V celém mém zivote,

A není nikdo, jako jsi ty.

Jste clovek, který si vzdycky smát

Úsmev na vzdy, když mám s Dobry den,

Podívejte se mluví, když mám problémy

Nebo problémy jakéhokoliv druhu,

Hledejte pomoc, když jsem studoval neco

Crazy jako molekulární biologie,

Organická chemie,

Nebo kalkul, finance, makroekonomie

(Což je hrozná třída, mimochodem) ,

Nebo statistiky, kvantová fyzika,

Nebo dokonce i obchodní administrativy,

Nebo neco šíleného, jako je účetnictví,

Podívejte se na uklidňující me, když jsem smutná,

Hledejte pomoc, když jsem deprimovaný,

Sledujte televizní porady jako nadpřirozené

A Family Guy a South Park

Kazdou noc,  
Procvicovat svou víru s kazdy den,  
Jsme oba verí v Boha,  
A on nám poskytl tolik,  
O knihách a vedeckou veci  
A dokonce i politiky a filozofie  
A svetové problémy s  
A dokonce i veda s  
Protoze jsme oba ucenci,  
A osoba, které by si vzít  
Protoze Miluji te moc,  
A já bych te navzdy.  
  
Chci byt s tebou  
Veky veky,  
I kdyz pujdeme do nebe dohromady,  
Já chci byt s tebou  
Pro chci strávit cely zivot s tebou,  
A já se nikdy nechat pro nekoho jiného,  
Protoze jsi dokonalá holka  
A dokonalá zena, pro me.

Jsi moje přítelkyne teď,

Ale mohl by být moje snoubenka

Další den,

A já chci, abys byla moje žena.

Chci si vzít

A i když váš otec

Neschvaluje opravdu mě,

Jsem si jistý, že můžeme pracovat ven,

A můj tchán,

Může být velký muž ke mě,

Jak můj otec je velmi rád

A tvoje matka je rád mě,

A moje matka je rád vás.

Chci se ženit

Manželství je posvátnou věc,

A manželství opravdu vyjádřit naši lásku,

Pro jako Ježíš řekl,

Když dva vdát,

'Muž a žena se jedním tělem'

A já chci zít každý den podle Ježíše Krista je slovo,

A já vím, že oba milujeme Ježíše

A budeme zít do jeho jméno.

Budeme jedním telem,

A my se nikdy rozvod,

Pro My známe dvacet let,

A víme, že se navzájem naše plném rozsahu,

A nepotřebujeme slovník

Vedet, co je láska,

Jsme lepší než

Průmerný pár, který po roce ožení.

A můžeme mít děti, pokud chcete,

Nebo není nutné mít děti, pokud chcete

Za to je zcela na vás,

Protože jste ta, která porodí.

Pokud chcete mít děti přirozeně,

To je v pořádku,

Nebo pokud chcete přijmout

To je dobrý, taky,

Budeme mít tolik dětí, jak si jen přejete,

At jiz se jedná jediné dítě,

Dve deti,

Tri deti,

Ctyri deti,

Osm dětí,

Dvanáct dětí,

Patnáct dětí,

Dvacet,

1000 (tisíc) ,

Nebo dokonce 4000000 (ctyri miliony)

Deti,

Nevadí, za rozhodnutí

Je jen na vás,

A dostanete se rozhodnout

Co chcete udelat se svym telem.

Co se tyce pojmenování dětí,

Mám jen jedno omezení:

Ze nemuze byt žádné šílené jména

Například 'Twist' nebo 'Chupacabra'

Nebo neco jako 'La-a' nebo 'Zena'.

Presto muzeme diskutovat o techto termínu, kdyz prijde cas,

Na to je, když jsme vlastně ženaty,

A to je pro nás souhlasit nebo nesouhlasit na v budoucnosti.

Nicméně miláčku, chci říct

Ze chci te v mém životě,

A já te miluju víc než cokoli jiného,

A pokud chcete me,

To je v pořádku,

Ale já budu vždy milovat vás,

A teď, že jsme se chystáte absolvent,

Já jen chci říct, že chci si vzít

A ne při vysoké škole,

Od teď,

Ale poté, co jsme absolvent,

A oba jsme začali kariéru,

Ale já chci říct,

Že jsem rád strávil svůj život s vámi,

A chci i nadále trávit svůj život s vámi,

Pro zbytek mého života,

Skrze pravdivé a svaté Svátost manželství.

Já chci být s tebou po zbytek mého života,

Pro vás jsou jediny, chci být s,

A jde o to, nic jiného říci,

Ale, že miluji te, drahá,

A že chci být s tebou.

Justin Reamer

# Sacred Heart

I give myself and consecrate to the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ, my person and my life, my actions, pains and sufferings, so that I may be unwilling to make use of any part of my being other than to honor, love and glorify the Sacred Heart. This is my unchanging purpose, namely, to be all His, and to do all things for the love of Him, at the same time renouncing with all my heart whatever is displeasing to Him. I therefore take You, O Sacred heart, to be the only object of my love, the guardian of my life, my assurance of salvation, the remedy of my weakness and inconstancy, the atonement for all the faults of my life and my sure refuge at the hour of death.

Be then, O Heart of goodness, my justification before God the Father, and turn away from me the strokes of his righteous anger. O Heart of love, I put all my confidence in You, for I fear everything from my own wickedness and frailty, but I hope for all things from Your goodness and bounty.

Remove from me all that can displease You or resist Your holy will; let your pure love imprint Your image so deeply upon my heart, that I shall never be able to forget You or to be separated from You.

May I obtain from all Your loving kindness the grace of having my name written in Your Heart, for in You I desire to place all my happiness and glory, living and dying in bondage to You.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Sansarrun

Into the world with beautiful skies,  
Major valleys and mountains,  
And all things one sees here,  
There is a world that is  
Like no other,  
Nothing like you see here,  
Where there is magic,  
And creatures that live in forests  
The caverns, the seas, and in the skies.

There are the gods that rule over  
The land, and there are the Elsonari,  
The mysterious people of the outer world.  
In the middle of this mysterious world  
Lies the Arbourial Forest,  
The land filled with lots of vegetation.  
'Tis filled with many flora and fauna  
And every obscure specimen one can  
Think of, if his mind is right.  
There are the temperate trees,  
And the tropical trees,  
Like the ones you see in the rainforest,  
There are flowers, fruit, and epiphytes, ,  
That the forest has no time or place.  
The forest spans for 300 km,  
Something we never see in our own world.  
It is so big that it is feared,  
For those reasons will come to follow.

There are fauna, of course,  
Lots of bears, squirrels, chipmunks,  
Rodents, owls, bats, ospreys, songbirds,  
Raptors, ocelots, and other temperate creatures,  
But the Arbourial Forest,  
With its plethora of flora,  
Also has the plethora of fauna, as well.  
It has monkeys, tigers, jaguars, cougars,  
Snakes of different sizes, anacondas,  
Boas, tree frogs, chimpanzees, wolves,

Tapyrs, and lizards, and other tropical  
Creatures one would find in the  
Temperate climate.

And, there are the reasons to fear the Forest, as well.

There is said to be cannibalistic plants,  
Man-eating trees, meat-eating flowers,  
Flowers that shoot projectiles at  
Everything that passes,  
Arazaks,  
Punkos, lashlingers, Ra'zac,  
Groeks, Gralians, unicorns, centaurs,  
Satyrs, winged horses, bloka burstidi, anala,  
Sephos, and ents that actually talk.  
There is said to be druids with hairy  
Faces that eat anything that passes.  
There is said to be an insane old man  
Who is always pondering things  
And kills anyone who enters his house.  
There is said to be an evil  
Beast that rules the wood  
And acts like a god,  
Which he is not,  
And has worshippers who feed him  
Every night so that they don't  
Get eaten, as well.  
This is the Arbourial Forest in  
The middle of the continent of  
The incredible world where a story  
Is written.

But when you move west,  
Out of the wood,  
You will remain in The Fertile Plains.  
Nothing goes on over here,  
For it has two rivers,  
The Aquarius and the Pyronus,  
That run through it.  
In here, there is farmland,  
Where most of the humans settle.  
They live here, in their many cities,  
In which they have nothing to fear.

Temperate creatures live in these plains,  
Such as the prairie dog and the bison.  
The only monster that lives there,  
In multitudes, that is,  
Are the giant Urks of the pit.  
They open their mouths wide in the ground,  
And if you step in,  
They swallow you whole.  
But if you manage to stay away,  
Then you will be just fine.

Further north is the Alamea,  
A forest like no other.  
In this forest, it is temperate  
And peaceful, filled with creatures  
Like here in Michigan.  
and this forest is inhabited,  
Surprisingly, by the dear elves of old,  
And they have settled here,  
Living amongst the trees,  
And in their capital, Eldulare.  
Here, they are ruled by a solemn,  
Yet wise, ruler, and here, there  
Lives a boy no older than 20 years old.  
But that is a different story to be told,  
If anything, so there's not point at all.

To the Southeast, there are the  
Geolos Mountains, the home to the  
Dwarves, and the hobbits and the  
Quite brutal orcs. They each live  
In caverns among the mountainsides,  
And they each have their own disputes.  
The mountains are also  
Filled with monsters, at least  
Those that take to the air,  
If you are not careful,  
They will attack and take you  
Out in an instant.

In the far east, there is the Blogada Ocean,  
In which many creatures live.

Not only are there the normal ones,  
But there are those that will kill man, as well.  
There is also an island in which  
No one lives, except for the  
Creatures and spirits that haunt it.  
Phobias is a place of desolate  
Landscape, with an estranged  
Necromancer, as well.

To the far west,  
There are the Wastelands,  
Where an evil ruler lives.  
He is trying to take over  
All of the world and make it his  
Own domain in which he lives.  
The goblins live there, as well as  
The drow and the creatures of the  
Underground. The Undead live there,  
Walking the land, scaring every race  
Away that comes to pass.

Further West is the Great Abyss  
That sinks like a deep valley. The  
Spirits wander there,  
Wandering about,  
Wondering who might disturb them.  
The Sullen Dwarves live around here,  
The ones that live underground.  
There is also a sorcerer here,  
And a warlock, also.  
There are the Undead walking around,  
Feasting on people's souls and flesh,  
And there are the brain-eaters,  
That care for the minds of others,  
In order to gain all knowledge.  
There is said to be the last vampire  
Coven who lives in this land,  
Because they had been cast out  
Due to blood-drinking and paranoia.  
However, it is said they drink animal blood,  
Whether it is animal, beast, or monster.  
They do not hurt the races,

Except their enemies,  
And that is when they feed.  
They agreed by truce,  
Legend has it, they'd stay in  
These lands in order not to bother anyone.  
The werewolves also live in this land,  
Hunting down the vampire coven,  
But they are very unlucky,  
So they can't destroy their  
Immortal foes,  
So they fail miserably.  
However, if they come across them,  
They usually die,  
For there is usually four-to-one.  
So don't mess with the vampires,  
And you will not die,  
For you have saved your own life.

On the far West is the Assyrian Ocean,  
Which no one lives near  
And now is filled with monsters  
Of the utmost evil.  
And so this is Sansarrun,  
The world where the legend takes place.  
It is the place of the epic,  
As it is written,  
And the Legend will begin to unfold.

Justin Reamer

# Saxophone

The Saxes are a wonderful family,  
For they come in different sizes and shapes.  
The soprano sax is a bit of an airhead,  
But she is beautiful beyond doubt,  
For she makes wonderful vibratos  
Every time she plays,  
And her pitch is perfect.

Alto sax is intelligent and beautiful,  
And talented as she sings,  
For she makes wonderful vibratos, too,  
And she adjusts as she sings,  
Making her unbelievably beautiful.

Tenor sax is a wonderful man,  
Smart and jocose,  
Gregarious in every way.  
He adjusts his voice to the pitch,  
And he sounds absolutely wonderful.

Bari sax sounds wonderful too,  
For he is a sweetheart,  
And his deep voice makes women shriek with love,  
And they all fall for him;  
He sings bass, and he sounds wonderful.

The saxophones are wonderful,  
Beyond any doubt.

Justin Reamer

# Schatzi

You are my schatzi,  
And I love you dearly.  
Have I told you how much I love you?  
Well, here I am to tell you now.  
I love you because you are the  
Most beautiful woman in the world,  
And no one can compare to you.  
I love you more than anyone else.

Justin Reamer

# Schuss

Quite the downhill run,  
I imagine,  
For I wonder if Shaun White could  
Do something like that.  
I guess skiing is not his thing,  
Though snowboarding is.  
He definitely could do that.

Justin Reamer

# Sean

Dear brother,  
How I love you so,  
For I am so glad that you are in  
A better mood than you were  
Once long ago.

I am sorry about what our father  
Did to you,  
For I can relate to you,  
For I know what he did to me,  
And I am sorry about  
The anger you felt for so long.

You seem a lot happier now,  
Dear brother,  
For I am happy  
That you are happy  
And that this house  
Can be peaceful once again.

I am also happy that  
You have become more appreciative,  
After Philmont  
And you realised what you had,  
And you realised what you were missing,  
And that you do not take anything for granted.

I am happy that  
You are happy to be who  
You are,  
And that you are a more  
Cheerful person,  
And more of an optimist,  
Than what you were long ago.

Dear brother,  
I am glad you are  
Not doing immoral things  
In high school,

Such as cheating,  
And lying,  
And other things,  
And that you are now giving your  
Best effort.

I am glad that you  
Are doing better  
Than what you once did,  
For you can do great things.

I hope you do well  
In high school,  
Dear brother,  
And I hope you do well  
In everything you do.

I know you want to be  
An orthopaedic surgeon,  
And it will suit you well,  
Once you work towards it.

You can go to U-M,  
If you work really hard,  
And if you do well  
In your AP classes,  
Dear brother,  
You can work off  
Your freshman  
Core classes,  
And you can go on  
And earn your  
Bachelor's and Master's Degree  
In college,  
Just like your older sister did.

You do not have to be valedictorian,  
Nor a salutatorian,  
But as long as you get that 3.8  
Or 3.9  
That you really want,  
You can get to U-M,

And be in Ann Arbour  
In a heartbeat,  
For you can do great things.

Apply with pride,  
For you know you did well,  
And the Board will notice you,  
And you will be a Wolverine  
Before you know it.

Brother, you can work hard  
In college,  
And you can get a Bachelour's Degree  
And a Master's Degree  
In college,  
Just like your sister did.

Then you can go into med school,  
Whether it be at U-M,  
Michigan State University,  
Wayne State University,  
Harvard,  
Yale,  
Or even Princeton,  
And you can do extremely well,  
Because I believe in you,  
Dear brother,  
And you can get that white coat,  
And get your stethoscope,  
Just like your sister did.

Dear brother,  
I know you can take the Hippocratic Oath,  
And take med school seriously,  
And become a great surgeon,  
And I know you would love your patients dearly,  
For you will become a great man,  
But all you have to do is work hard,  
And do not get discouraged,  
For that will bring you down  
To the Ground.

I know you can do it well,  
Dear brother,  
And I hope you do well with life,  
For I wish you the best of luck.

Justin Reamer

# Sean Ii

His name is Sean,  
And he is my brother,  
He is related to me,  
For we have the same mother.

Sean is quite a character,  
As you can always see,  
If you are curious,  
You can just ask me.

He can be cool at times,  
Being nice and funny,  
And he is good at teasing,  
As if life's always sunny.

However, he can be problematic,  
If you're just so wonder,  
I don't know how to say it,  
For you will go asunder.

He has quite an attitude,  
With his raging hormones,  
You can call it rebellion,  
With amounts of testosterone.

It is crazy to think about,  
But Sean is just quite crazy,  
And it does not help much,  
When he is quite lazy.

Now, he may be good at sports,  
And he may be a good athlete,  
But whenever he's inside the house,  
He's hardly on his feet.

He can be a hindrance,  
Picking on little Stef,  
And he can be quite naughty,  
When he pretends he's deaf.

He will give me a hard time,  
All throughout the day,  
And it does not help much,  
When he pretends he's gay.

It wouldn't be so bad,  
If we didn't share a lair,  
And he is so annoying,  
Telling me to stop playing with my hair.

Sean has a foul mouth,  
Which is worse than mine;  
I may utter a few curse words,  
Which do not really rime.

Sean curses at lots of people,  
Even that poor young lad;  
But at least we are very thankful  
That he is not as bad as Dad.

Sean gives Elyse a hard time,  
When she's home from college;  
He calls her fata@#  
And is jealous of her knowledge.

Whenever Elyse is in charge,  
Sean always finds a loophole,  
For he knows that she cannot hit him,  
With a spatula or a soup bowl.

Whenever Mum is home,  
He gives her a hard time,  
It would be quite different  
If he were sublime.

Mum gets so stressed out  
From my brother being mean,  
It is no wonder  
Why he's called obscene.

Mum could lose her voice

Or be so very hoarse;  
Sean just does not get it,  
For he is selfish, of course.

Why does Sean do this,  
And be so very vile?  
Why can't he be calm,  
And relax for a while?

That is quite a mystery,  
Something so unknown,  
For Sean never shows anything,  
And his feelings are unshown.

And how does he do it,  
With his greedy eyes?  
And why does he act like it  
When time always flies?

Sean is a mystery,  
Though I believe it's fear,  
He has to look so tough,  
So no one draws too near.

It's Bruce's and my philosophy,  
That Sean is still a little child,  
That is why he acts this way,  
So crazy and so wild.

The real reason, I don't know,  
He'd have to tell you himself,  
But his ego will still remain,  
Bigger than a bookshelf.

Sean is my brother,  
And I will always love him,  
And even through the ups and downs,  
Nothing will be above him.

Justin Reamer

# Semicolon

You are so beautiful;  
I love you so.

Justin Reamer

# Seninle

Benim sevgili bildirmek istiyorum

Benim için çok önemli bir şey,

Ve bir şey olabilir

Size çok önemli,

Eğer benim aşk sadece değer

Ben senin değer olarak.

Canım, yanınızda için olmuştur

Sürece ı-ebilmek anımsamak.

I-ebilmek anımsamak ne zaman biz küçük çocuklar,

Ve Bizimkiler komşuları,

Ve biz de komşuları,

Elbette

Ve 'oyun-tarihleri, ' bizimkiler zamanlamak

Onlar denilen onları sırt o zaman ve şimdi hala yapmak,

Ve çok daha fazlası.

Sizin, kız kardeşin ve kardeşi gelmek,

Ve eğer ağabeyim, ablam ve ben takıl.

Kızlar Brüt düşündüğümü hatırlıyorum,

Ve bunu önleyeceğini,

Ve ben bir hastalık olduđunu dűşündüm,  
Yani, bana da önleyeceđini.

Ama, -den sonra birkaç hafta,  
Arkadaş olduk,  
Ve biz biz ortak bir şey vardı öğrendim,  
Ve biz birbirimize güvenmek.

Biz çok yakın oldu,  
Ve biz-oyun Super Mario Brothers birlikte,  
Ve Pokémon oynamak istiyorum,  
Ve biz Disney çizgi film seyretmek istiyorum,  
Mickey Mouse, Goofy ve Donald Duck,  
Ve biz Looney Tunes birlikte izlemek,  
Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd ile  
Sylvester, Tweety bird kedi,  
Cezbetmek e. Coyote, Roadrunner,  
Ve Marvin Martian,  
Ve biz birlikte Tom ve Jerry izlemek,  
Tarafından çılgın kedi olsun dövdü gördüm  
Çok akıllı ve esprili fare.  
Bu çok eğlenceli oldu.

İlköğretim Okulu, unutmayın

Birinci sınıf

Ne zaman diğer arkadaşları olurdu,

Ama biz ayrılmaz,

Kimse-ebil yapmak bize uzak oturmak için

-Dan her diğer

Biz arkadaşlarım vardı için

Ve hiç kimse durduramaz.

İkinci sınıfta hatırlıyorum,

Ne zaman her ikisi de okuma içine edildi,

Ve biz çok aynı kitapları okumak,

Junie b. Jones dahil,

Düz Stanley, Animorphs,

Deltora Quest ve Harry Potter serisi.

Anımsamak ne zaman biz konuşmak için kullanılan

Harry Potter her zaman,

Ve biz tüm heyecan vardı hatırlıyorum

Çıkan yeni Harry Potter film hakkında?

Harika.

Çok iyi arkadaş olduk.

Ortaokul hatırlıyor musunuz?

Biz bu yüzden garip sonra

Biz istiyorsunuz düşündüm

Asla her tarihi,

Biz, iğrenç düşünce kalma,

Ve henüz, bir çift gibi davrandı,

Ama biz daha iyi kitaplar ilgi çekici başladı,

Pendragon gibi Underland Chronicles,

Ve çok daha fazlası.

Sonra lise hatırlıyor musunuz?

Yok canım, ve ben söylemeliyim,

Korku veren,

Ne zaman fark olduğu için ben duygu vardı

Ve sen benim için duygu çok vardı için

Ve biz birlikte var,

Ve biz hiç en büyük çift vardı.

Biz-birlikte çalışma, hatırlıyorum?

Ve klasikler hakkında konuşmak istiyorum

Charles Dickens tarafından yazılmış olanlar gibi

Leo Tolstoy, William Shakespeare, Fyodor Dostoevsky,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (sık biri) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald ve John Steinbeck,

Ve Virginia Woolf ve Mary Ann Evans (her ikisi de kimi

Bazı kişisel sık) idi.

, Biz de felsefe de hatırlayın,

Özellikle ne zaman hakkında konuştuk

Platon ve Aristo,

Sokrates ve St. Justin,

St. John ve St. Paul,

St. Thomas Aquinas,

St. Augustinus,

St. Peter Havari,

Immanuel Kant,

Sofokles ve Virgil,

Homer ve Euripides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Konfüçyüs ve Sun Tzu,

Laozi ve Siddhartha Gautama,

St Francis Assisi

Ve Bertrand Russell.

Biz tüm eserlerini sevilen hatırlıyorum,

Ve biz onlar hakkında konuşmak büyük bir zaman vardı.

Sonra bütün dansları, unutmayın

Homecoming için garip bir dans olarak,

İnsanlar öğütme ve etajer,

Ve Kartopu Tamam oldu,

Ama o büyük değildi.

Ancak, balo, büyük bir deneyim oldu.

Her iki yıl sevgili, büyük için

Ve nasıl da dans ettik ve iyi bir zaman vardı sevdi,

Ziyanı yok ne dj oynuyordu,

O bok rap müzik bile olsa,

Denetim hip-hop,

Müthiş Rey

Cool pop müzik

Yavaş bir şarkı

Country müzik herhangi bir tür

Enerjik swing dansı

Ya da hatta salsa dans

Veya Macarena,

Veya ymca,

Ya da olabilir olabilir.

Ben büyük bir zaman vardı,

Hatta otelde içti dostlarımız

Laksatifler ile çivili yumruk,

Ve ne zaman arkadaşınızın elbise tersledi,

Çok fazla kendi zevkime biraz açığa.

O zaman bizim mezuniyet, unutmayın

Ve bu büyük,

Biz birlikte vardı için

Ve biz o zaman birbirlerini sevdi dedi,

Ve biz yapmak bilmek,

İçin kalbimde hissediyorum.

Sonra üniversiteye birlikte gitti,  
Ve için harika bir deneyim oldu  
Üç yıldır  
Ve şimdi biz Büyükler,  
Ve yine birlikte olmak mutlu sevgili.

Ancak, size bir şey var,  
Bunu duymak istiyor musunuz için  
Herhangi yapmadan önce bildirmek istiyorum  
Büyük canım, hayatımızın içinde karar verme  
Ben her şeyden çok seviyorum  
Ve aşık olduğumuzu bilmek,  
Ama ilişkimiz taahhüdü alacak,  
Ve çok daha fazla.

Canım sevgilim,  
Seni seviyorum  
Ve biliyorum ki,  
Ama ne söylemek istiyorum  
Seninle bütün hayatımı geçirdim,  
Ve seninle olmak istiyorum

Hayatımın geri kalanı için

Sizin için en iyi kiři vardır

Hayatım,

Ve hiç kimse sizin gibi.

Sen are her zaman ile güldüğünü kiři,

İyi bir gün, ne zaman bir gülümseme yaşıyorum,

Ne zaman ı-si olmak zahmetli konuşurken için bak

Veya herhangi bir tür sorunlar,

Ne zaman bir şey okuyorum Yardım ara

Deli gibi Moleküler Biyoloji

Organik Kimya,

Ya matematik, finans, Makroekonomi

(Korkunç bir sınıf, bu arada olduğu) ,

Ya da istatistik, kuantum fiziği,

Ya da hatta iş idaresi,

Ya da hesaplama gibi çılgınca bir şey,

Ne zaman üzgün beni teselli için bakmak,

Ne zaman depresif yardım aramak,

Doğaüstü gibi tv şovları izlemek

Ve aile adam ve South Park

Her gece

İnancımı her gün pratik,

Biz, her ikisi de Tanrı'ya inanıyorum,

Ve o kadar çok bize sağladı,

Kitap ve bilimsel şeyler hakkında konuşmak

Ve hatta siyaset ve felsefe

Ve dünya sorunları

Ve hatta bilim ile

Çünkü ikimiz de akademisyenler,

Evlenmek kişi başı

Çünkü seni çok seviyorum

Ve ben sonsuza kadar isterdim.

Seninle olmak istiyorum

Sonsuza dek,

Hatta biz birlikte göğe gidince,

O zaman seninle olmak istiyorum,

Eğer hayatımı geçirmek istiyorum için

Ve ben asla başkası için terk,

Mükemmel kız olduğundan

Ve benim için mükemmel kadın.

Sen benim sevgili oldular,  
Ama nişanlım olabilir  
Ertesi gün,  
Ve eşim olmak istiyorum.  
Seninle evlenmek istiyorum,  
Ve olsa bile, baba  
Gerçekten beni kabul etmez,  
Biz-ebilmek iş dışarı emin,  
Ve benim-in-law,  
Bana büyük bir adam olabilir,  
Babam seni çok düşkün olduğu için  
Ve annen beni sever,  
Ve annem seni sevmek gibi.

Size evlenmek istiyorum,  
Evlilik için kutsal bir şey,  
Ve evlilik gerçekten bizim sevgi ifade,  
İsa dedi için  
Ne zaman iki evli olsun,  
'Erkek ve kadın tek vücut haline '  
Ve her gün göre İsa'nın kelime yaşamak istiyorum,

Ve ikimiz de aynı derecede İsa seviyorum biliyor,

Ve biz onun adı yaşayacak.

Biz-ecek var olmak bir eti,

Ve biz-asla boşanma,

Biz diğer her yirmi yıldır bilinen için

Ve biz bizim tam ölçüde birbirlerini,

Ve bir sözlük ihtiyacımız yok

Aşkın ne olduğunu bilmek için

Bizim için daha iyi

Bir yıl sonra evli alır ortalama birkaç.

Ve eğer isterseniz biz çocuklar olabilir,

Ya da, biz çocuk istiyor musunuz yoksa var mı,

Bunun için tamamen size kalmış olup,

Ondan beri sen doğurur bulunmaktadır.

Çocuklar doğal olarak sahip olmak istiyorsanız,

Bu ince,

Ya da onları evlat edinmek istiyorsanız,

Bu çok iyidir,

Biz-ebilmek-si olmak arzusu gibi birçok çocuk için

İster bir tek çocuk olmak,

İki çocuk,

Üç çocuk,

Dört çocuk,

Sekiz çocuk,

Bir düzine çocuk,

On beş çocuk,

Yirmi,

1.000 (bin) ,

Ve hatta 4000000 (4 milyon)

Çocuklar,

Bu karar için önemli değildir

Kadar ben değil,

Ve karar almak

Ne ile vücudunuzun yapmak istiyorum.

Adlandırma çocuklar kadar

Ben sadece bir sınırlama vardır:

Onlar deli herhangi bir isim olmayabilir

'Twist' veya 'Chupacabra' gibi

Ya da bir şey gibi 'La-a' ya da 'Kadın.'

Ancak, bu şartları zaman zaman gelir tartışabilirsiniz,

Bunun için biz aslında evli olmalıdır,

Ve bu bize kabul ya da gelecekte katılmıyorum.

Ancak, tatlım, demek istiyorum

Ben, hayatımda istediğinizi,

Ve her şeyden çok seviyorum,

Ve beni istemiyorsanız,

Sorun değil,

Ama ben her zaman seveceğim,

Ve şimdi bu yaklaşık mezun olan,

Sadece seninle evlenmek istiyorum demek istiyorum,

Üniversite sırasında değil

Şimdi itibariyle,

Ama sonra biz mezun olmak,

Ve biz de kariyer başladı,

Ama söylemek istediğim,

Ben hayatımı harcamak ki zevk,

Ve hayatımı harcamaları devam etmek istiyorsanız,

Hayatımın geri kalanı için

Doğru ve kutsal sacrament evlilik.

Hayatımın geri kalanı için olmak istiyorum,

İçin belgili tanımlık are olmak istiyorum tek vardır

Ve bir şey, demek başka bir şey yok,

Ama bu size, sevgili, aşk

Ve seninle olmak istiyorum.

Justin Reamer

# Senryu

Mind never ceasing,  
Continuing to ponder,  
Contemplating such.

Justin Reamer

# Sentence

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rejoicing

The man loved to sing to the heavens for his wife to hear the glorious sounds of rejoicing.

Justin Reamer

# September

the ninth month of the year,  
which was supposed to be the seventh  
on the Roman calendar  
until Caesars Two put their names on it,  
and 'tis the month of fall,  
when the leaves begin to change colour,  
and the temperature becomes cooler,  
and everything becomes beautiful,  
and 'tis the month of the worker,  
for Labour Day is here,  
in which people get a day off  
in memory of all of their hard work,  
and 'tis the month of  
my mother's birthday,  
my brother's birthday,  
and my little sister's birthday,  
which is all very special,  
and all very good,  
for 'tis a good month.

Justin Reamer

# Septolet

Woman  
standing in  
the darkness  
making no surmise

Be she nothing  
or something  
lying in wait.

Justin Reamer

# Seven Oblations Of Jesus Christ

Eternal Father,  
I offer Thee the merits  
of the most precious Blood of Jesus,  
Thy beloved Son,  
and my divine Redeemer,  
for the propagation and exaltation  
of our beloved and holy Mother,  
the Church;  
for the preservation  
and prosperity of her visible head,  
the Sovereign Pontiff and Bishop of Rome;  
for the Cardinals,  
Bishops, and Pastors of souls,  
and for all the Ministers of the sanctuary.

Then say Glory Be To The Father... and the following  
Aspiration:

May benediction and thanks  
be always given to Jesus,  
Who has saved us by His Blood.

2. Eternal Father,  
I offer Thee the merits  
of the most precious Blood of Jesus,  
Thy beloved Son,  
and my divine Redeemer,  
for the peace and concord of Catholic kings and princes,  
for the humiliation of the enemies of our holy Faith,  
and for the happiness of the christian people.

Glory Be To The Father, ... as before.

3. Eternal Father,  
I offer Thee the merits  
of the most precious Blood of Jesus,  
Thy beloved Son,  
and my divine Redeemer,  
for the enlightening of infidels,

the extirpation of all heresies,  
and the conversion of sinners.

Glory Be To The Father, ... as before.

4. Eternal Father,  
I offer Thee the merits  
of the most precious Blood of Jesus,  
. Thy beloved Son,  
and my divine Redeemer,  
for all my relatives,  
friends, and enemies;  
for the poor,  
the sick, and the afflicted,  
and for all those  
for whom Thou knowest and willest  
that I should pray.

Glory Be To The Father, ... as before.

5. Eternal Father,  
I offer Thee the merits  
of the most precious Blood of Jesus,  
Thy beloved Son,  
and my divine Redeemer,  
for those,  
who depart from this life today,  
that Thou mayest free them from the pains of hell,  
and mayest grant them a speedily admittance  
in the presence of Thy glory.

Glory Be To The Father, ... as before.

6. Eternal Father,  
I offer Thee the merits  
of the most precious Blood of Jesus,  
Thy beloved Son,  
and my divine Redeemer,  
for all those who esteem  
this great treasure of His Sacred Blood,  
for those who are united with me  
in adoring and honouring it,

and finally for those  
who endeavour to promote this holy devotion.

Glory Be To The Father, ... as before.

7. Eternal Father,  
I offer Thee the merits  
of the most precious Blood of Jesus,  
Thy beloved Son,  
and my divine Redeemer,  
for all my spiritual and temporal wants,  
for the relief of the holy souls in purgatory,  
and especially for those  
who have been most devoted  
to the price of our Redemption,  
and to the dolours and sufferings  
of the Blessed Virgin Mary,  
our beloved Mother.

Glory Be To The Father, ... as before.

Glory be to the Sacred Blood  
of Jesus Christ,  
now and at all times,  
and for all eternity.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Shakespeare

O thou great writer,  
Thy name is William Shakespeare,  
For thou art the greatest dramatist  
Who ever lived,  
And hath written the greatest  
Works of all time  
For all of the world to see.

Thou art so great, Master Shakespeare,  
For though wealthy 'tis not thee,  
Thy skill exceeds thine social standing  
Within the age that thou liveth.  
Thy plays are the greatest  
The world has ever known,  
And they are very insightful,  
And look unto the world and human nature,  
That thou thyself beseecheth.  
Thy works are great,  
Whether they be comedy,  
Or tragedy,  
Or history,  
For many know the works  
Of comedy,  
Such as 'The Comedy of Errors, '  
Or 'A Midsummer Night's Dream, '  
'The Merchant of Venice, '  
'Much Ado About Nothing, '  
Or 'A Winter's Tale, '  
For they are so remarkably funny  
And so remarkably clever  
And so completely witty and original  
That they could not compareth to anyone  
But thee, O Master Shakespeare.

Not one canst exceed thy wit and thy clever,  
Yet thou art also connected with the world  
Around thee, which thou hath noticed many a time.  
For thy tragedies are also spectacular,  
And they are not pretendeth,

For many a people know the tragedies,  
And the sadness that forebears with them,  
Such as 'Romeo and Juliet, '  
'Hamlet' and 'Othello, '  
'Julius Caesar, '  
'Antony and Cleopatra, '  
'King Richard III, '  
'King Richard II, '  
'King Lear, '  
'Macbeth, '  
'Coriolanus, '  
And 'The Tempest.'  
How excellent are all these tragedies,  
And all of these plays thou hath written,  
For they are excellent,  
And remarkable,  
And delve deep into human nature,  
That they are unforgettable works of art.

Thy work hath inspired me,  
And I must say thy characters are memorable,  
And I must add them in my opinion.  
Forgive me if I opine,  
But, yes, brevity is the soul of wit,  
As thou said many a time, my good friend,  
And for I envy you not,  
For envy is the green-eyed monster.  
But, yes, I remember the unfortunate lovers,  
Romeo Montague and Juliet Capulet,  
Who both come from two different houses in Verona,  
Who quarrel all the time,  
And can never get along,  
And they cannot be together for  
The reason that their family  
Will always hate on them,  
For they struggle to be  
With each other all the time,  
But, they both manage to die,  
And they both end up together in heaven,  
And the families finally get along.  
Yet, in 'Romeo and Juliet, '  
There are characters that add humour

To thy play and masterpiece,  
Mr Shakespeare,  
Such as thine character Mercutio,  
Who throws out some raunchy, sexual joke,  
Every once in a while that is so dirty,  
That we, the audience, cannot help but laugh,  
And the nurse,  
Who also has a dirty mind,  
Is so funny,  
That we cannot help but laugh  
At the obscene humour involved  
With thine play.  
It keeps us in a good mood  
Until the end or the fin,  
Where we feel very sad  
Because of what hath happened.

Thy play 'Hamlet' is also great,  
For thine character Hamlet,  
The prince of Denmark,  
Is a fine character,  
Who seeks to avenge his father's death,  
And, yet we feeleth for the beautiful Ophelia,  
Who kills herself out of depression,  
And out of what Hamlet and Leonitis did to her.  
She is the most tragic character,  
And 'tis a pity to see such a beautiful woman die,  
Since she is the Sylvia Plath of the entire play.  
Yet, we feel sorry for Laertes,  
Ophelia's brother,  
And the treacherous Leonitis' son,  
Who gets betrayed by the King Claudius himself,  
And who does not know that he is willing to kill him  
And his stepson Hamlet.  
We also feel for Hamlet,  
As he struggles with his emotions,  
Over his loss of Ophelia,  
Over his quarrels with  
His friend Laertes,  
With his abhorrence of his stepfather,  
And his ambivalence over his mother, Gertrude.  
However, there are the few happy times,

Such as when Leonitis,  
Who is an imbecile,  
Is made fun of  
When he is concerned about his reputation  
In front of Laertes,  
Even though he said,  
'To thine ownself, be true, '  
And when he tried to talk to the monarchs,  
And he said, 'Brevity is the soul of wit, '  
But brevity was not with him,  
And he bumbled all along,  
And the queen made him look like an idiot,  
When she said, 'More matter, less art.'  
He is the clown in our play,  
And we just laugh at him.  
Yet, we feel despair,  
When we see all the struggling  
Characters die of their injuries,  
And we feel horrible,  
And we commend thine work.

We also remember thy 'Othello, '  
A very serious play,  
And we remember Othello,  
Who is betrayed and deceived  
Into doing something wrong  
Which he regrets,  
The beautiful Desdemona,  
Who dies even though  
She is innocent of any crime,  
The shrewd Iago,  
Who plots Othello's destruction,  
And who plots to win his reward,  
The poor Cassio,  
Who gets duped into doing  
Stupid things and crimes  
Which he does not commit,  
And gets set up into  
Whatever he does,  
And the honest Emilia,  
Who does not stand up for  
What is right at first,

But tells the truth about her husband,  
Iago,  
When she is on her deathbed,  
And is telling the entire story.  
We remember this play,  
And thy work,  
And we commend thee for't.

We also remember thy histories,  
Which are many,  
Whether it be 'King Henry I, '  
'King Henry II, '  
'King Henry III, '  
'I Henry IV, '  
'II Henry IV, '  
'King John, '  
Or anything like that,  
They are all beautifully  
Written, my friend.

Master Shakespeare,  
Thou art a master of the arts,  
And thou art a great dramatist,  
Perhaps the greatest,  
Who ever lived,  
And thou art a great poet, as well,  
With thine sonnets,  
And with thine abilities.  
No one shall ever compete  
With thee in the world of drama,  
For thine plays are so memorable,  
That they are unforgettable.

Justin Reamer

# Shamgar

Shamgar,  
How little is known of you,  
Other than that you slew 600 Philistines,  
And saved the Israelites  
Because God chose you.  
You showed bravery,  
And faith in front of the Lord,  
And your reward is great,  
May He bless you in the afterlife.

Justin Reamer

# Shay

Ah, sweet girl,  
Dearest, my friend,  
And my long-forgotten memory,  
How I remember how I loved you,  
And yet I remember the tragedy,  
For I am sorry that it happened,  
And I regret our decisions.

Shay, I am sorry about what happened,  
I must admit,  
For we were two immature  
High schoolers,  
Not knowing how to react.  
I remember being infatuated with you,  
And yes, you are beautiful,  
And always will be,  
But I am sorry that it had  
To happen this way.

Dearest Shay,  
I am sorry  
That I upset you,  
In whatever way I did,  
Whether it be something stupid  
Like Facebook,  
Or something  
Dumb like my emotions,  
But let me tell you that  
I never stalked you,  
Nor crept on you,  
Nor even had any intentions  
On hurting you,  
And yet,  
As stupid high schoolers,  
I understand that it  
Was all blown out of proportion,  
And I am sorry for that,  
And I hope you can forgive me.

And, my friend,  
My sweet, sweet friend,  
I forgive you for everything you've done,  
Including turning my friends on me,  
Saying atrocious things behind my back,  
Using me whenever you felt like it,  
Using my friends against me,  
And hurting everyone who  
Was my friend  
That was not yours.  
I forgive you for all  
The wrongs you did.

And, yet,  
I am sorry for  
The adversity we shared,  
For I did not mean to scare you,  
For I only wanted to be your friend,  
And only wanted to talk to you,  
Because I thought you were a very cool girl,  
And I am sorry that our friendship  
Did not work out,  
And that any chance for a relationship  
Did not work out, as well,  
Either.  
I am sorry we could not be friends.

Yet, I must tell you,  
That I do not have any feelings anymore,  
And have not had emotions for you  
For three years now,  
Even though you were misinformed,  
For I felt that,  
Even though there was a major episode,  
There was no need for us to have that  
Kind of a relationship  
And realised it could not be humanly  
Possible at all.  
I must say that I still forgive you  
For everything you have done,  
And that I apologise for everything  
I have done to you,

If I upset you in any way.

Shay, I must tell you  
That you are a beautiful woman,  
And that you have the whole world ahead  
Of you,  
And, since we have recently graduated,  
I must say that maybe we can live in peace,  
And not have any tension anymore.

I wish you the best of luck in college,  
My dear friend,  
For you have a great future ahead of you,  
Especially with your full-ride and everything,  
So I hope you become successful,  
And I hope you do well in life.

So, good luck to you, my dear,  
And I hope you live in peace,  
And let us not dwell on the past,  
And if we should ever meet again,  
Let us be happy this time around,  
And forget the childish adversity  
We had nearly three years ago.

So, good luck to you,  
And may you do well in life,  
And if you should happen to be an actress,  
I will attend your shows,  
And I will root you on.  
Good luck,  
And may God bless you,  
My dear sweet Shay,  
For He will grant you  
The best future possible.

Justin Reamer

# She's Always A Woman To Me

She is a beautiful woman,  
With many great attributes about her,  
As it may seem.  
She can kill you with a smile,  
Make your heart palpitate every time  
You see her,  
Play you in ways you never thought possible,  
Use you for her own desires,  
And play games with your heart,  
But she is always a woman to me.

She takes care of herself,  
Never gives in,  
Never gives up;  
She is apathetic,  
Hateful in many ways,  
Intending you harm;  
She steals like a thief,  
But she's always a woman to me.

Her beauty is a great thing,  
For it brings in many to see her,  
But it's deceiving behind those eyes,  
For she uses people to her own advantage,  
And no one really understands.  
She breaks your heart,  
Cares nothing for you,  
And wishes you hell,  
But even above all that,  
She is always a woman to me.

She takes care of herself,  
Never gives in,  
Never gives up;  
She is apathetic,  
Hateful in many ways,  
Intending you harm;  
She steals like a thief,  
But she's always a woman to me.

Her faith may seem strong,  
Especially in the way she lives her life,  
For she may seem to pray and ask God for help,  
But her sanctimony is great,  
And hypocrisy even greater,  
For she forgets about God  
And totally forgets His people.  
She doesn't love Him or you,  
And she may hurt you to oblivion,  
But despite all that,  
She is always a woman to me.

She takes care of herself,  
Never gives in,  
Never gives up;  
She is apathetic,  
Hateful in many ways,  
Intending you harm;  
She steals like a thief,  
But she's always a woman to me.

She may gossip about you  
When you are not with her,  
She may spread rumours behind your back,  
Abusing you to all of her friends,  
She may glare at you from across  
The cafeteria as you are eating your lunch,  
And may slander you for who you are,  
And may turn your own friends against you,  
Despite it all.  
She may wish you harm,  
And may insult you to your face,  
Making you suffer unimaginable pain.  
But, despite it all,  
She's always a woman to me.

She takes care of herself,  
Never gives in,  
Never gives up;  
She is apathetic,  
Hateful in many ways,

Intending you harm;  
She steals like a thief,  
But she's always a woman to me.

She may be artistic and creative,  
A lot like you may be,  
But she fails to understand you  
Because she doesn't know who you are  
And hates you for who you are.  
She never cares to get to know you  
But instead hates you,  
And you don't know what to do.  
But, despite it all,  
She is always a woman to me.

She takes care of herself,  
Never gives in,  
Never gives up;  
She is apathetic,  
Hateful in many ways,  
Intending you harm;  
She steals like a thief,  
But she's always a woman to me.

I loved this woman,  
And she hurt me, yes,  
But I still love her with all  
Of my heart,  
For she does not deserve  
To get hurt.  
Despite the wicked things she's done,  
I still love her unconditionally,  
And I would do anything to help her  
If she needed it.  
Despite everything she's done,  
She's always a woman to me.

She may take care of herself,  
May get what she wants,  
May never give in;  
She may never help,  
May never pass a thought about you,

But despite it all,  
She's always a woman to me.

Justin Reamer

# Shoestring Budget

I intend to spend little money today,  
To be parsimonious,  
So I will go to a discount store.

Justin Reamer

# Shoplifting

Hey, you can't take that!  
You haven't paid for it.  
Hey, give it back!  
You're stealing it, you thief!  
Come back!  
Someone call the police  
Because there is a shoplifter in our midst.

Justin Reamer

# Shores

I stood there  
On the pier,  
Feeling the wind  
Brush against my face,  
Pushing me back with all  
Of its might  
As if Helios were angry  
With me.

I saw the waves,  
Big and blue,  
Brushing against the pier,  
And crashing on the rocks,  
Swishing with sounds of might  
As great splashes swashed  
Through the air on  
This windy day,  
Shushing out the  
Seagulls flying overhead.

Then all calmed,  
And dusk was approaching;  
The sun was on the horizon,  
And the colours of the  
Rainbow illuminated the  
Sky with all of its beauty,  
Making a beautiful mask of light.

Justin Reamer

# Sibirien

Förderung an der Frontlinie auf  
Einem kalten winterlichen Morgen mit der  
Wind weht in mein Gesicht,  
Abstumpfung es mit reger Zorn,  
I März weiter mit meiner Truppe,  
Meine Kameraden, meine Brothers in Arms.  
Ich weiß nicht, was ich hier mache,  
In dieser Einöde blasses, öde  
Mit nichts als Asche Kiefern der Umgebung,  
Aber ich bin hier, und bin verflucht, um hier zu sein,  
Als Jack Frost langsam meine Körpertemperatur senkt,  
Homöostase noch weiter erschwert für mich  
Wie ich versuche, in meiner Uniform zu bündeln  
Und marschieren weiter zur gleichen Zeit,  
Meine militärische Waffe tragen,  
Ein AK-47,  
Die von unserem Land Feind perfektioniert hatte.  
Warum bin ich hier? Ich weiß nicht warum;  
Ich wollte nicht, hierher zu kommen oder  
Auch geh zur Armee,  
Aber ich bin ein deutscher, Alter 17,  
Gezwungen, der NSDAP beizutreten  
Unter Adolf Hitler selbst.  
Mein Land gesagt, es braucht mich —  
Sagte der Führer braucht mich —  
Ich war einer von vielen feinen Männer  
Das Vaterland erforderlich, um den Krieg zu gewinnen  
Und die Welt erobern.  
Ich zögerte, beizutreten;  
Zuerst mochte ich Hitler;  
Er hat uns aus den Tiefen der Depression,  
Verzweiflung und völliger Verzweiflung.  
Jeder hatte Beschäftigung;  
Währung erreichte seinen Wert;  
Leute waren besser als sie es waren.  
Meines Vaters Laden war wieder im Geschäft;  
Mein Vater, immer lächelnd,  
Sah mich an und sagte:  
'Dietrich, schau dich um!

Es ist ein Wunder! Wir sind wieder im Geschäft.  
Es ist ein Geschenk Gottes! '  
Menschen überall freute sich,  
Und ich hatte noch nie jemand glücklicher  
Als sie es damals waren.  
Dann geschehen schlimme Dinge,  
Dinge von schrecklichen Ursache und Wirkung;  
Einige meiner Freunde, diejenigen, die Juden waren,  
Wer böhmischer Abstammung waren,  
Diejenigen, die Kommunisten waren,  
Wer kleinlich Verbrechen begangen worden,  
Diejenigen, die offen lesbische waren —  
Alle wurden weggenommen und verschwand ins leere.  
Die Gestapo suchten sie jede Straße,  
Schlagen sie sie geschlagen und ihnen weh zu tun.  
Sie haben auch viele dieser Menschen getötet,  
Und sie den anderen Weg,  
Verschwinden in den Abgrund,  
Nie von wieder gehört zu werden.  
Ich befragte dies:  
Wo waren meine Freunde?  
Warum sollten sie sie gefangen nehmen?  
Was werden sie mit ihnen zu tun?  
Werde ich sie je wieder sehen?  
Gerücht herum kam, und ich hörte die Wahrheit —  
'Vernichtungslager', rief sie,  
Der Ort, wo der Tod das Leben gekostet  
Tausende von Menschen, von denen alle  
Waren unerwünscht, die arische Rasse,  
Der Führer und seine deutschen Reiches.  
Im Dritten Reich erklärte sie 'Unerwünschten'  
Und waren sie weg entführt werden und  
Besiegt alle Existenz.  
Wir lebten in Angst, mich ständig gefragt.  
Was als Nächstes geschehen würde,  
Mit dem Buch brennen, das Sammeln von denen im Versteck,  
Die Batterie, die Bombardierung der Alliierten Mächte,  
Wen ich nicht Schuld zu tun, denn ich nicht  
Wie mein Land oder Hitler überhaupt,  
Usw. usw..  
Aber dann wurde und jetzt bin ich hier  
In Sibirien, das Land der Russen,

Denen Hitler, der Idiot,  
Behauptet, seitdem unser Feind zu sein  
Die Regierung hat beschlossen, den Mietvertrag zu lassen  
Gehen Sie mit Josef Stalin,  
Der Ministerpräsident der Sowjetunion  
Oder der Union der Sozialistischen Sowjetrepubliken.  
Und jetzt sind wir hier,  
Das Ödland Herumschleichen,  
Warten auf ein Zeichen der russischen Truppen,  
Warten auf sie zu kommen,  
Wir sind unseren Weg marschieren  
In Richtung Leningrad,  
Von denen, die wir nach Moskau Reisen,  
Und versuchen, den Bereich zu infiltrieren  
Und Russland zu übernehmen,  
Sieg über die russische Armee behaupten,  
Ihre Unterwerfung Stalin und seine Truppen völlig.  
Allerdings wird hier empört mich  
Ich will kein Teil drin;  
Ich will nicht zu erobern;  
Ich will nicht zu zerstören.  
Scheiß auf das Vaterland,  
Für alle, wenn, die du willst,  
Für Deutschland und die Nazis-Dose  
Sinken Sie die Gosse und sterben  
In ein Sarg mit einem Grab mit der Bezeichnung  
'Die gescheiterten Bemühungen des Dritten Reichs.'  
Ich weiß, dass wir gewinnen werden nicht,  
Und ehrlich gesagt,  
Ich weiß selbst nicht, ob ich überleben wird.  
Ich marschieren, und ich die Reise und ich stolpern.  
Mir ist kalt, und ich kann nicht  
Alles tun, um mich zu stoppen.  
Ich werde wahrscheinlich an Unterkühlung sterben,  
Ebenso viele meiner Kameraden  
Bereits haben.  
Es gibt keinen Platz für mich zu gehen,  
Anders als diese Welt verlassen, allein.  
Ich weiß nicht was mit mir geschieht,  
Aber dieser Krieg ist nichts,  
Totale Verwüstung;  
Ich weiß nicht was von mir kommt,

Noch was geheimen Taktiken  
Die Nazis werden mit mir verwenden.  
In ihrer Truppen.  
Aber ich bin nur eine Bereicherung für sie,  
Nichts anderes als eine Figur in einem Schachspiel;  
Alle ich weiß, ist, mein Leben ist unerheblich,  
Dass ich wie eine Wanze zerquetscht werden,  
Und niemand wird jemals die  
Zeit, zu suchen. Also, wenn ich sterbe,  
Ich werde sterben, und es spielt keine Rolle für mich,  
Weil mein Leben wertlos ist.  
Wenn es so sein muss,  
Dann Verderbtheit des Lebens  
Ist meine Seele größte Trost.

Justin Reamer

# Siblings In Christ

My dear sister,  
I remember what you  
Told me last night,  
And you may think that I don't believe you,  
But in actuality I do.  
I believe you,  
And I hope God blesses you.  
I know not what struggles you go through,  
But whatever they may be,  
I am sure I can relate to them.

My life was not so great,  
For when I was little,  
I broke my skull,  
Giving me a disability for the  
Rest of my life.  
My father was an abusive man,  
Doing malevolent and obscene things.  
He left when I was eight years old.  
I was teased, harassed, and bullied  
Throughout my life,  
And I almost met Death's embrace because  
Of it.  
If it had not been for the angel  
Who came to me,  
I would not be here today.

I want to tell you  
That you are a great person,  
No matter what,  
For you are beautiful,  
Kind and intelligent,  
Selfless and giving,  
Caring and understanding,  
Artistic,  
Vivacious and wise,  
And very good to all.  
You have many good goals,  
And I admire you that you want

To help people across the world,  
As I do,  
With people with  
Learning disabilities like myself.

You are a great artist,  
Who makes excellent paintings,  
And excellent drawings,  
And excellent sculptures,  
Which are all very unique.

You are a great writer,  
A great poet,  
To be exact,  
For you have great verse,  
And every poem comes to life  
With emotion,  
And God is with you always.

You are a great runner,  
For you run,  
And you stay healthy,  
And you are a great athlete,  
Keeping yourself in shape  
As God would want you to,  
For your body,  
As is mine,  
And all of ours,  
Is a temple of the Holy Spirit.

You are a great musician,  
Playing every note just right,  
Making it eurhythmic  
And harmonious,  
Playing it with a soothing sound  
That relaxes the audience's souls,  
As your violin strums away.

You are a great singer,  
For you have a beautiful voice,  
And you sing well,  
Making music sound like harmony,

For you sing like an angel does,  
For you have that voice which is divine.

My friend,  
I forgive you,  
And I do not care if you are broken up,  
For we are all human,  
And we all have problems.  
You may have problems,  
I know I have problems,  
And everyone has some sort of problem.  
Do not beat yourself up for  
Not getting along with people.  
You have so many good qualities,  
And you know how to use them.  
You are special,  
And you know it.

Jesus loves you  
As he loves me,  
And as I am God's servant,  
And Jesus' brother,  
I will tell you that he loves you  
No matter what.  
We are flawed,  
But if it hadn't been for Jesus,  
We would never be  
Able to achieve perfection,  
And because of Jesus,  
We are all brothers and sisters in him,  
For we are all God's children,  
And I am glad to call you my sister,  
And I am glad to be your brother,  
For God loves you,  
And He wants us to be friends,  
And I know that with my heart.

I believe every word you say,  
My dear beloved sister,  
For you are an honest person,  
And I believe you,  
But you are not broken,

Wretched, wicked, and messed up,  
But just troubled and confused;  
You are a very kind person,  
And you are faithful.  
You are Christlike in many ways,  
As I am an altruist,  
For you do many good things,  
And you help many people,  
And you have many good goals.

I am not a prophet,  
And I am not a saint,  
But I am merely the Lord's Servant,  
And I will do as He asks me.  
I just want to tell you  
That you are a great person,  
And as God loves you,  
I will always love you  
As my sister in Christ,  
For you are one of God's many  
Wonderful people,  
And you have so much potential,  
For you are special in God's eyes.  
May God be with you all of your days.

Justin Reamer

# Sickness

Coughing and sneezing,  
With fungus on foot soles,  
My friend and I ail.

Justin Reamer

# Silent Tears

The world is oblivious to despair,  
Unaware of the suffering people  
Experience every day.  
The world moves on while  
The depressed and the suicidal  
Are left behind.

Happily, the majority go about  
Their everyday lives,  
Filed with routine,  
Methodically following them  
With bright smiles on their faces  
Nothing is known to them;

Not the harmless man  
Sitting on the street corner  
Who scavenged for his last meal  
To no avail whatsoever;  
Not the child in raggedy clothes  
Who is on the verge of starvation  
And will probably die the next day;

Not the mother who succumbed to  
Alcoholism from the loss  
Of her beloved child;  
Not the man who laments  
Over his prodigal life;

Not the girl who will commit  
Suicide at the age of sixteen  
The next day because  
Even though she was pretty,  
People mocked her apparel  
And assaulted her horribly.

The suffering are nothing to the world,  
Empty, nonexistent and vacant.  
I look at my friends in silence  
And understand them,

As I am one of them.  
Dead to all, there is no  
Feeling in my heart as I  
Slowly begin to fade away.

As society moves onward,  
The depressed and the desperate struggle:  
To be heard, to be noticed,  
To be helped, to be understood.  
But ignored, they are;  
Time doesn't stop for them until  
Death arrives at their door.

But as night approaches swiftly in the sky,  
Thoughts of death fill the minds of  
The suffering as society continues to sleep.  
Insomnia is their curse,  
And weeping their struggle,  
Leading to the consolation of dripping blood  
Covering the ground as they weep silent tears.

Justin Reamer

# Similes

He is the man,  
He is as busy as a bee,  
Doing whatever he is doing,  
And yet as fast as a cheetah,  
When he works real hard.

He laughs like a dolphin  
When he is very happy,  
And he is playful like a dog  
When he wants to tease you.  
When he is in a good mood,  
He is as friendly as a puppy,  
But when he is in a bad mood,  
He is as territorial as a hippopotamus,  
Making you want to avert him.

He can be very angry,  
And he can be fiery red like a dragon  
About to release his fiery breath,  
And he can be vengeful,  
Much like the Shinigami in Japanese culture.  
You do not want to see his temper,  
For he steams like a teapot on high,  
And smoke comes out of his ear  
Like the spout of an accelerating locomotive.

Do not get him angry,  
For if he is red like a tomato,  
You will not be happy, either.

He can get very jealous, as well,  
For he can turn as green as an alligator,  
And it is not a very pretty sight,  
For envy is the green-eyed monster.

Yet, he can be quite the gentleman,  
And he knows what he can do,  
For he is so kind,  
And he will care for you,

That it is unimaginable.

Justin Reamer

# Sing Unto The Lord

Sing unto the Lord  
A new song every day,  
And praise Him with your heart,  
And worship Him with all of your strength.

God loves all of us,  
And He wants to share His love  
With you and me,  
So join me and sing  
A new song unto Him,  
For He loves us greatly.

When we sing unto Him,  
We pray twice,  
And He hears us,  
And He is happy  
And pleased with us.  
He knows our gratitude,  
And that is what is  
Most important in our relationship  
With Him.

So, why can you not sing unto Him?  
How can you not rejoice for His love for us?  
How can you not rejoice at the debt He paid  
With His only Son so that we could receive salvation?  
How can you not feel great knowing that the Father  
Loves you more than anything in the world?  
Knowing that He created you,  
For you are His creation,  
And that He wants you to be part of His family?

So then sing unto Him,  
And rejoice and be glad,  
For you can come into the Kingdom of Heaven  
With us on the day you die  
And receive your judgement.



# Sinking

Sinking,

Sinking,

Sinking,

and sinking,

to the bottom.

Justin Reamer

# Sisäänpäin Kääntynyt

Minä harhailevat koulu,

Koko paikka, joka on unohtanut minua,

Kuka olen,

En tiedä, ja tiedän, että olen ulkopuolinen.

Ulkopuolinen olen,

Mitä identiteetin en tiedä;

Uskon, että olen ollut luopuneet,

Että olen unohtanut kuka olen.

Oli nimi, tai ainakin —

Mielestäni minulla oli yksi. Mielestäni tein mutta sitten taas —

En muista, jos minulla oli yksi.

Muistan, olen aina ollut hyvä lapsi, että olen

Mikä oli oikein, on aina ollut

Mutta koko lapsuuteni, oli aliarvostettu,

Ottaa identiteetin sekaannusta koko ajan.

Olin hyvä peruskoulun, ihmiset olivat

Aina hyvä minulle. Muistan opettajani rakasti minua,

Aina tein kotitehtäväni ja oli aina hyvin kohtelias. Minun peers

Kuinka suuri olivat ne

Sillä he ovat kunnioittaneet minua, kuka olin,

Koska olin kiltti ja ystävällinen  
Ja kuunteli heidän jokaista sanaa  
Ja oli kärsivällinen ja kohtelias,  
Niin he rakastivat minua vastineeksi.

En tiedä kuitenkaan tapahtunut yläasteella, mutta  
Ilmeisesti olin erilainen.

Ystäväni tuli minun vihollisia ja aliarvostettu minulle  
Lisää.

Oli aliarvostettu middle school,

Hyvin yksinäinen olin,

Minulla ei ollut ketään kiinni,

Tai nojata,

Aina kun tarvitsin apua.

Olin erilainen,

En voinut koskaan sovi,

Koskaan löytää minun identiteetti

Olin pysty vastaanottamaan.

Ihmiset minua kaikkialla,

Kutsuvan minua nimiä,

Pilkkaa minua,

Nujertaminen hyvä massa,

Ja heittää minun asiat ympäri

Minulla ei ollut järkeä kuuluvansa ollenkaan.

'Mitä olisin tehnyt? Mitä olisin tehnyt satuttaa sinua? '

Pyysin milloin ne satuttaa minua, mutta he ravisteli

Päätään ja nauroi ja sanoi:

'Mitään; Olet vain erilainen, se on kaikki, '

Ja ne satuttaa minua sitäkin.

Pian tiesin voisi sovi

Ja tiesin, että olin yksin;

Pian tuli erittäin hiljainen,

Ja ei voi puhua kenellekään.

Kun tulin ujo,

Ja lopulta tulin mykistys.

Minun entisiä ystäviä kutsui minua 'Nemo'

Koska voisi koskaan annunciate nimeni.

Yläasteen kulunut sen koettelemusten

Ja esteitä ja ongelmia oli kohdannut

Silti olin sisäänpäin,

Ja voisi koskaan tavata uusia ihmisiä.

Kun lukio alkoi,

Monet ystäväni ryhmät oli saanut yhdessä

Ja yritin sopivaksi,

Mutta ne vierasti minua,

Ja se sai minut ajattelemaan,

Kuka minä olen?

Minulla ei ollut nimi,

Sillä minulla ei ollut identiteettiä,

Minulla ei ollut ketään olen mahtui mukaan.

En tiennyt kuka olin,

Koska minulla oli vain nimi.

Mitä nimi tarkoittaa

Jos et tiedä kuka olet?

Mitä se voisi tarkoittaa kenellekään,

Jos et ole edes varma itse?

Nimi on vain merkki

Jotain olen mukanaan minulle,

Koska minulla ei ole taustaa

Minulla ei ole aiemmin

Ja kuka olen,

Ja mitä olen,

Tiedän vain varjo

Rinnakkain tässä maailmassa

Kanssa kirkkaiden tähtien paistaa kirkkaasti taivaalla,

Valu minulle virtuaalinen olemattomuuden pimeyteen.

Kuka minä olen? Epäilen itse,

Jotka voisin koskaan olla?

En ole urheilija, muusikko tai taiteilija,

Enkä arvosanoin opiskelija,

Eikä julkkis, näyttelijä, näyttelijä,

Eikä puhuja,

Olen johtaja, joka erottuu joukosta,

Enkä luokan pellenä, nörtti, koomikko, eikä jalkapallojoukkueen kapteeni.

Tiedän vain yhden asian olen,

Olen introvertti,

Ja löydät minut jos uskallat katsoa.

Näet minut varjot,

Wallowing pimeässä,

Kävely yksin käytävillä.

Saatat nähdä minut lounaalla

Syö itse,

Mukana koko pöydän,  
Kaikkien henkien syrjäytyneitä viime  
Joka valmistui ennen minua;  
Saatat nähdä minut syöminen hiljaa,  
Ja joskus perusteellista pohdintaa;  
Saatat nähdä minut kirjallisesti voimakkaasti,  
Mahdollistaisikin kenellekään muulle.  
Saatat olla onnekas, jos näet minut oppitunnille,  
Minä en helppo löytää,  
Mutta jos yrität kovasti,  
Voit ehkä löytää minut.  
Istun takana luokka,  
Kaukana jossa silmä näkee,  
Kukaan istuu vieressäni,  
Ja kukaan ei halua minun yritys.  
Olen kaukana opettajan katseen,  
Ja opettaja ei tiedä edes minun nimessäni;  
Minun peers koskaan istua vieressäni,  
Olen toistaiseksi takaisin,  
Itse en tiedä edes nimeni.

Saatat nähdä minut koulun jälkeen,  
Parkkipaikalla, käveleminen  
Kiinni oman perusteellista pohdintaa  
Ja koskaan häiriöksi.  
Sain oman musiikin  
Minun korvissani, nappikuulokkeet  
Kuunnella minun iPod  
Joka stimuloi aistini  
Ja auttaa minua keskittymään enemmän,  
Sillä kukaan ei välitä tietää minusta,  
Ja ei vain ihmetellä, kuka olen.  
Olen introvertti,  
Minulla ei ole nimeä  
Minulla ei ole identiteettiä  
Tai mitään persoonallisuutta joku tunnistaa;  
En mahdu ruutuun  
Olen tuntematon,  
Olen varjo ohitat joka päivä  
Mahdollistaisikin vähäisyys;  
En tiedä, mitä olen,  
Ja tietenkin, te tiedätte, myöskään;

Minulla ei ole identiteettiä  
Ja olen tuntemattoman pelko joka ilta.  
En voi olla ihmisten,  
Ja toukokuu ei edes olla eläin,  
Mutta asia, joka ajattelee,  
Ajattelen, siis olen.  
Olen tuntemattoman pelko,  
Se voi selittää,  
Olen hullu,  
Jonka hulluudessa on divinest järkevää.  
Olen mielisairas,  
Mikä saa sinut pelkäämään minua enemmän,  
Varten ilman minun identiteetti  
Ja koska on aliarvostettu  
On paljon tapa minun hulluutta.  
Tunne sinua, mutta et tunne minua,  
Sillä koskaan keskustelivat  
Olen kiinni omat ajatukseni  
Ja yhteiskunta ei ole minulle.  
Et voi koskaan löytää minulle,

Mutta vaellan joka päivä

Mietin, kuka olen,

Ja mitä olen

Ja epäilen kaikkea sitä tulee minulle

Mutta tiedän, että olen asia, että ajattelee.

Olen introvertti,

Ja ajattelen, siis olen.

Justin Reamer

# Slash

You could do this and/or that.

Justin Reamer

# Sleep

Drowsiness I feel as I lay in this bed,  
My eyes closing shut  
As I slowly lull to sleep,  
Not knowing where life will take me,  
But I am an insomniac,  
And I cannot go to sleep,  
For something is on my mind.  
Then I force myself into a meditative chant,  
Trying to close my eyes.

Clear your mind, O Dreamer,  
Clear your head and embrace the world,  
Lull, my friend, lull.

Clear your mind,  
Open your senses,  
Relax your back so that  
You can feel the Sandman upon you.  
Lull, my friend, lull.

Breathe deeper, and  
Not so rapidly,  
Breathe slowly,  
Exhale comfortably,  
Lull, my friend, lull.

Don't be so tense,  
Let your muscles relax,  
Let them soothe your pain and sorrows,  
And let those feelings of distress fade away,  
Lull, my friend, lull.

Now, let the great abyss open up to you,  
And let everyone hear your meditation,  
As you go into the dreamworld which  
Is real existence,  
For now you are in relaxation.  
Lull, my friend, lull.

And then I was asleep,  
No distress on my mind,  
And I was ready to take on the abyss.

Justin Reamer

# Sloth

'Do you ever get off the couch, sir?  
Do you ever get off the couch and stop watching TV?  
Do you ever go for a run?  
Do you ever simply walk around or exercise outside?  
Do you just play video games all day, sir?  
Do you even do any work?  
Man, you are lazy! '

I would not be surprised if someone  
Said this to you, my friend,  
For I am the cause of it all.  
I am one of the Deadly Sins,  
As you humans call me,  
For I am what makes people a lazy bum.

I am a daemon from the pits of hell,  
As are all my other brothers,  
But I must say,  
That I am not a sin,  
But rather a human instinct.  
And it amuses me to see you sit around on the couch,  
Getting fatter,  
And fatter,  
And much unhealthier,  
With gaining LDL,  
Which your doctors call 'bad cholesterol, '  
And with you sleeping all the time,  
You just make people angry because you will not  
Get up and help.

You see, good sir,  
I am the reason  
You may have dropped out of high school,  
Since you were too lazy  
To do your homework  
And would have rather hit the booze  
Or have done drugs with your buddies instead.

I am the reason you may have been

Taken off the Varsity team,  
Because you were either too lazy to exercise  
And contribute to the sports team,  
Or you may have been too lazy in school,  
And decided to get all F's in school.

I am the reason you may not have graduated,  
For you took school less seriously than others,  
And you did not do your homework,  
And you had to take your freshman courses  
Over and over again  
Just because you failed them;  
Yet you could not complete your required classes  
In your four years  
And the No Child Left Behind Act  
Took you out of school,  
Without letting you get your diploma.

You blew off school like it was nonsense,  
And I laugh at your stupidity,  
For you struggle to get your GED to this day.

I am the reason you may have dropped out of college,  
For you thought college was too much work,  
And decided to blow off the work  
And to party all the time,  
Getting hangovers every morning,  
And failing your classes the next day.  
You gave up to studying,  
And gave in to me,  
Which makes you fail intensively.

I am the reason you did not earn your major,  
For you partied too much,  
And you felt studying was too much work,  
And now I am amused to see that your life  
Is a wreck  
With you living in a trailer park  
Lying on your couch,  
Watching your antennae TV  
With Dish Network as your supplier,  
And you unable to hold a job.

I am the reason you may have lost your job,  
For you slacked off too much,  
And played games on your computer  
Instead of filing reports  
Or programming the computer system  
That your boss asked you to do.  
You would rather play Sudoku  
Or check your email  
Than do what your boss asks you to do.  
You would sleep all the time,  
And play Starcraft on your laptop,  
And play a little bit of WOW  
And Skyrim  
Instead of contacting your associates  
Internationally.  
You made your boss angry,  
And he finally had the last straw,  
So he decided to fire you,  
And now you have no job,  
And your life is ruined,  
For you cannot find any employment.  
It amuses me to see you in this way,  
As miserable as you are.

I am also the reason why your marriage crashed,  
For whenever you came home,  
You would rather lie on the couch  
And sleep  
Than help your wife with the household chores  
Or making dinner  
Or helping take care of the kids.  
I made you irresponsible,  
Making you unreliable with money,  
Untrustworthy in your actions,  
Lacking in truth-telling,  
And making your work ethic horrible.  
Your wife cannot stand you anymore,  
For you never help with anything,  
And cannot ever keep your end of the deal.  
You pitiful little thing,  
You live your life in misery,

And all I can say is that it amuses me.

I am one of the Seven Deadly Sins,  
And if your life has been clean of us,  
You better be careful,  
For I or one of my brothers may very much  
Taint your life,  
And we take amusement in your torment.

Justin Reamer

# Slug-Abed

'Tis a late hour,  
I should stay in bed longer.

Justin Reamer

# Slumgullion

What a wonderful stew,  
Filled with meat,  
Vegetables, and potatoes,  
And everything of the like.  
It tastes so good!

Justin Reamer

# Snow

Looking at white sky,  
Snow falling from the heavens,  
Winter has come here.

Justin Reamer

# Snow Powder

Falling gently from the sky,  
Grains of a white substance  
Descend lightly to the Earth,  
As the clouds hover above.

The particles glisten like sugar  
As sunlight touches the large coat  
Covering the Earth's surface  
And reflects the light  
Back into your retina.

It seems as if you could  
Take a spoonful, scoop it up,  
Bring it to your mouth,  
And taste the sweetness of sucrose,  
But yet, it is not so.

Laying a finger in the particles,  
My finger becomes instantly cold,  
So I draw it back so my  
Limb does not go numb.

This stuff I see is not sugar,  
But is the stuff of snow.  
Water frozen in a light solid state,  
Each particle a snowflake,  
Descending to the Earth  
As lightly as a feather  
Shed from a bird's wing.

Pure white, pristine,  
The snow glistens as  
It covers the bare Earth,  
Giving a sort of beauty  
To the Death,  
The barrenness and desolation  
Surrounding it.

'Tis cold as death,

But sweet as sugar cane  
Growing on the tropical isles.  
Giving beauty to despair,  
Snow exists to nourish the Earth  
As everything revives and is reborn.

Justin Reamer

# Solidus

You can do whatever you want,  
And I could use this and/or that,  
Whichever works.

Justin Reamer

# Solitude

Sometimes I hate loudness,  
For it can be an atrocity,  
I cannot take yelling and screaming,  
I need a place to think.

Some things come across my mind,  
And I cannot hear my thoughts,  
I just can't stand it,  
And I need a place to think.

I run away from society,  
To someplace very quiet,  
What I need is time to myself,  
In order to think things through.

Whenever I'm at home,  
And family is overly loud,  
I just go escape the house,  
And go outside to think.

When I go outside to think,  
I master a soliloquy,  
Everyone can hear my thoughts,  
If they can just listen.

My thoughts that are so private,  
Actually become known,  
If you just listen closely,  
You'll find out how I feel.

I walk down the beach,  
Mastering my soliloquy,  
It is perfect solitude,  
Of that quiet that I seek.

I hear the birds chirping lightly,  
As I walk down to the beach,  
The sun is rising oh so bright,  
As I reach that wondrous lakeshore.

As I make it to the beach,  
I hear the lake speaking with her waves;  
She tries to get my attention,  
As she goes against the shore.

I walk out on the peer,  
Contemplating my thoughts;  
I just like the beauty  
That I see on the horizon.

I see everything that I see,  
From Big Red to the piers,  
I see everything in the distance,  
From the lake's blue waters and  
The boats going on about.

The boats have white triangles  
Like a picture God had painted;  
The cargo ships are like aircraft carriers  
Like photos of World War II.

The waves make a beautiful sound,  
As they crash against the shore,  
Their simple brustling is so relaxing,  
I could easily fall asleep.

I walk on the beach,  
Jumping off the rough rocks,  
I take my shoes and socks off,  
Feeling the warm water against  
My bare feet.

I feel the the water brushing against me,  
Tickling my bare feet,  
I feel the water calm,  
as if it's so relaxed.

The water is so inviting,  
For it is so warm,  
The Lake subtly calls my name,  
Saying, 'Come join me.'

I then took off my clothes,  
And got into my bathing suit,  
I let her persuade me  
Into her warm embrace.

I enjoyed the water,  
Swimming like a fish,  
I like to taste its heartbeat,  
For it was very fresh.

I saw every fish  
As I swam off the shore.  
I saw the trout  
As they flipped and flopped.

I enjoyed the water,  
For I was born to swim;  
I was a strong swimmer,  
And I was trained to save lives.

I saw the salmon  
Jumping in the waves  
As they came up to feed;  
I saw sheephead, steelhead,  
And even pike as they came  
For dinner's bell.

I saw the sturgeon  
Swimming far below  
Feeding on the Earth's surface;  
I saw a dead fossil  
Of an ancient reptilian  
That was unknown.

I saw the invasive species,  
That fed on the natives every day,  
I could name them one by one,  
If I even tried.

I saw a single lamprey,  
Feeding on an unfortunate fish.

He was sucking all of his blood,  
And there was nothing the fish could do.

I saw the little goby,  
Swimming around the nest,  
They were eating all the eggs,  
And they could not be stopped.

I saw the Eurasian milfoil,  
It was growing all over the place,  
It was a giant sea of green,  
And it actually was quite gross.

However, I couldn't find a clownfish,  
I couldn't find the sharks,  
After all, this was Lake Michigan,  
For we don't have any whales.

I soon then went back to shore,  
And I dried off well,  
I then got my clothes on,  
And I put back on my shoes.

I then stayed by the Lakeshore,  
With the sunset right in front of me.  
I just watched the sun go down, ,  
And the colours were so wonderful.

It then became dark,  
After hours at the beach;  
I just got up and walked home,  
After my day of solitude.

I then went back home,  
And rejoined my family,  
My solitude was over,  
It was time for reality.

Justin Reamer

# Someone

My dear,

I must tell you that you are someone special,  
Someone I can trust with all of my heart,  
For you are special to me,  
And I love you with all of my heart,  
And no one in this world-  
No woman, no man-  
Can ever compare to you,  
For I love you unconditionally,  
And there is no one like you,  
For you are my special someone,  
My soul mate for all eternity.

We have so much in common,  
As we have realised for years now,  
And I know that we grow stronger  
In our relationship every day.  
I am glad to have a woman  
Like you at my side,  
For you are my special someone,  
And I don't know who I am without you.

God is on our side,  
And He will watch over us,  
And I promise you, I will be by your side  
In times of hope, in times of love,  
In times of sadness, in times of anger,  
In times of happiness, in times of despair,  
In times of laughter, in times of tragedy.  
I will laugh with you,  
Cry with you,  
Sing with you,  
Comfort you when you are depressed,  
And take care of you when you are sick.  
I promise I will never leave your side.

I will raise our children with you,  
And I will make sure that they

Grow up to be good people like you and me,  
And we will teach them the ways of God almighty,  
Whom we love dear to our hearts,  
Who allowed us to come together in so many ways.  
I will be there for you whenever you need me,  
For I love you with all my heart,  
And I love you for ever and ever.

I know you feel the same way because you  
Are my special someone,  
And I know you will be there for me,  
For we have God on our side,  
And we can ask for nothing better.

Justin Reamer

# Someone To Love

Is it possible at all,  
That I will find someone  
To love me as  
I would love her?  
Is it possible I  
Could meet someone  
Who is greater than  
Any woman on this planet?

It may be possible,  
But I don't know,  
For it is only for God to tell,  
For anything can happen,  
And i know not whom  
I will meet.

Justin Reamer

# Something Special

Something Special is in our midst,  
And it is quite phenomenal.

Justin Reamer

# Sonnet 1

How beautiful thou art, my dear,  
Blessed be thy heart,  
For with thine whisper in my ear,  
I can feel thine art.  
I feel thou so close to me,  
And thine heart beating against mine,  
And, we are close as ever could be,  
When love is mine and thine.  
Thou art so beautiful,  
So I care for thee always,  
And thou art a creation,  
Whom I will love all days.  
And remember thou art loved,  
For thou art like a dove.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 10

Shall I compare thee to a warm summer's day?  
Thou art more beautiful and more temperate;  
Thou art the flower of May,  
Which blooms far more than I am desperate,  
Thou art grace put on Earth,  
With angels singing new songs;  
Thou art the true mirth,  
With happiness forgiving wrongs.  
Thou art the reason we all live,  
With thine heart so meek and pure,  
From which you give,  
And are sadness's cure,  
For thou art love I know,  
Which is purer than any form of snow.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 11

I guess I am meaningless to you,  
Especially in your beautiful eyes,  
For I may seem untrue,  
As every flower in nature dies,  
For I guess I am not worth your while,  
As you tell nothing but lies,  
Where you have become hostile,  
And I know not how many tries,  
For I loved you with all my heart,  
And you tore it from my chest,  
Where you thought it was art,  
I can never rest,  
For I loved you and only you,  
And I thought it would be true.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 12

Celibacy is something I can live with,  
Especially as I move on in life,  
And 'tis something I can chance with,  
For I say away with strife,  
And I know love will come my way,  
Though I don't know when or how,  
But it will come someday,  
Even if it isn't right now.  
I know I will be okay,  
Though my heart may pain me,  
I will find somewhere to lay,  
Such as the branches of a tree,  
Where I may meet a maid,  
Who shall make my pain fade.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 13

You are a woman that I care about,  
Because I know what is to come;  
I am not here to yell and shout,  
Even though you focus on some.  
Challenges are coming for you,  
And you are not aware,  
For ignorance is strong with you,  
And mock me you always dare.  
I worry about you,  
For trouble is to come;  
All you need is redemption through and through,  
And the Knight will not take your sum.  
Worries lie before you,  
And this message is said true.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 14

Your beauty is expressed in eyes most green,  
Luscious and savory, they sparkle in the sun;  
Your soul and goodness is quite unseen,  
But your joy makes us what is one.  
For you are special to me, of all people,  
Your life has touched my own,  
And together we go high on the steeple,  
To praise God with our joyful tone.  
My love, you are the greatest thing on the Earth,  
For your heart lies where I can see it most,  
And there is nothing describing any dearth,  
For to you, I propose a toast.  
I want you to know that I will love you forever,  
And ceasing that is what crosses my mind to never.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 2

Knowing that you are not in life,  
I will know that you were not meant to be mine,  
For I am not going to live in strife,  
And I will live on with what can shine.  
The sun will always shine for me,  
No matter the circumstances,  
I will always be filled with glee,  
So I will take my chances.  
It is just that love isn't always great,  
And that I will always know,  
But I am not as blank as slate,  
And my happiness will always show.  
I must say that my life is good,  
For I know that I did what I could.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 3

Summer is leaving slowly by,  
And Autumn is coming closer with her embrace,  
And though I cannot ask why,  
I know that seasons are part of time and space.  
The leaves will change colour,  
Changing into a remarkable rainbow,  
And Summer will lose her valour,  
As soon as she decides to go.  
Autumn is yet beautiful,  
No matter what anyone says,  
For her kindness is plentiful,  
And she does not live on a rez,  
And she is so sweet,  
That you will know it complete.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 4

Oh, my darling, thou art so beautiful,  
And thou art so sweet,  
For there is no one any more plentiful,  
In thy kindness such as thee.  
For thine heart is truly pure,  
And thy love hath so much to give,  
That thou giveth without being obscure,  
And thou taketh not an olive.  
Thou art the greatest woman I've met,  
And that is what I say to thee,  
For thou art the sweetest, I'll bet,  
For thou art greater than Annabel Lee.  
And I know thou shan't love  
Any more than thine dove.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 5

Shall I compare thee to a warm summer's day?  
Thou art more beautiful and more temperate.  
Thou art the sun that shineth in my life,  
And for thee, I am grateful.  
Thou art the love that springs from a rose,  
And that fine red passion that will spread,  
And with that tickle in thy nose,  
You spread not a sneeze, but love instead.  
Thou art like the sun,  
That shineth day by day,  
Thou knoweth how to have fun,  
Since you are quite gay.  
And yet, I will always love thee,  
For thou art the one I love to see.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 6

I love to see you laugh,  
When you bright up my day,  
I love to see your other half,  
In every possible way.  
Your happiness makes me queer,  
And yet I know not why,  
For I am happy when I see you, my dear,  
And I know I will not die.  
Your love is something precious,  
And I will always understand,  
For you, my dear, are gorgeous,  
And I will always lend a hand.  
And 'till this day, there will always be,  
A happiness indescribable for both you and me.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 7

I see you,  
And I feel my heart beat,  
A place for two,  
We're destined to meet.  
Love like a bird,  
Flying through the sky,  
Singing joyous words,  
Never asking why.  
I feel you,  
And I know your heart,  
For the sky is blue,  
And you know art,  
Like the clouds in the sky,  
Never asking why.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 8

Blond hair flowing in the wind,  
A face of beauty so pure,  
A grace I cannot rescind,  
A mirth that with all disease cures,  
A love with so much intensity,  
Eyes like the stars in the night,  
Breathing softly yet with propensity,  
Teeth that shine when bright,  
An air of that of a morning dove,  
One so gentle and so meek,  
Yet standing strong with love,  
She clearly is not weak,  
And yet I lover her dearly  
For her soul emanates clearly.

Justin Reamer

## Sonnet 9

To what love do we owe,  
With our lives in this place,  
When the sky is white as snow,  
Where I can't see your face?  
To what do I know of thee,  
When I do not understand,  
When I am about to be,  
What you should reprimand?  
I want to know your name,  
That beauty that stirs,  
I know not of your fame,  
Or of your fine furs,  
But I do know of thy grace,  
Which is soft as thy face.

Justin Reamer

# Sooth

The truth is this:  
You're an idiot,  
And I'm smarter than you.  
Let's face it: I got a 35 on the ACT,  
And you have a 12.  
You think the world is flat;  
I know that it's round.  
It's been scientifically proven.  
Look at the shots of earth from space.  
You think the Earth is the  
Centre of the universe,  
But I know that the sun is the  
Centre of the solar system,  
Meaning that it has been scientifically proven, also.  
And, of course, you put  
Your socks on inside out  
And wear your shirts backwards.  
What am I to believe?  
You don't know fact from fiction  
If it was in your face,  
So that's the sooth,  
So deal with it.

Justin Reamer

# Sovereign

I am the supreme ruler,  
And this kingdom has its own sovereignty;  
It will not be impeded upon  
By a power such as you.  
I will make sure that my people  
Are safe from your tyranny.  
Is that understood?  
Good, now leave me,  
And let me be.

Justin Reamer

# Sparrow

'A bird in hand is worth two in the bush, '  
The archaic aphorism says in its stupidity like  
An old codger who forgot to use his  
Left-turn signal on a busy turnpike,  
Causing collisions everywhere in the road as  
Everyone tries to avoid his volatile vehicle  
Stirring awkwardly in the middle of the road.  
Thoroughly discombobulated with nonsense,  
Contemplation captivates me with confusion  
Until I am liberated by the sight of a songbird:  
A single sparrow drifting in the wind.

The little bird, catching my attention, swoops  
Gracefully into the rafters like an aeroplane  
Landing on the runway with perfect precision,  
Her beak carrying a worm like a clam with its pearl.  
As she lands, delicate cries of famished children  
Resonate from a nest containing her offspring.  
Wailing like infants, the fledgling demand  
Her attention as she feeds them individually,  
Never resting until they are fully satisfied.  
Upon completion, she collapses from exhaustion,  
Finally resting serenely after a long day's work.

A mother unlike anything I've ever seen,  
The sparrow reminds me of my own mother,  
Protecting her children from worldly malevolence,  
No matter what challenges may come her way.  
A heroine unlike anything humankind has seen,  
The sparrow demonstrates Nature's beautiful majesty  
With anthropomorphic qualities of strength and courage,  
Reminding us about one important thing to remember:  
Nothing on Earth, even at its worst, is ever truly for the birds.

Justin Reamer

# Spring

Birds singing their songs,  
Life after a long winter,  
Rebirth continues.

Justin Reamer

# Squirrel

Chitter-chattering,  
Burying an acorn in ground,  
Squeaking consistent.

Justin Reamer

# St Francis Of Assisi's Prayer

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
Where there is injury, pardon;  
Where there is doubt, faith;  
Where there is despair, hope;  
Where there is darkness, light;  
And where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek  
To be consoled as to console;  
To be understood as to understand;  
To be loved as to love.  
For it is in giving that we receive;  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;  
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# St Jude Prayer

O most holy apostle, Saint Jude, faithful servant and friend of Jesus, the Church honoureth and invoceth thee universally, as the patron of hopeless cases, and of things almost despaired of. Pray for me, who am so miserable. Make use, I implore thee, of that particular privilege accorded to thee, to bring visible and speedy help where help was almost despaired of. Come to mine assistance in this great need, that I may receive the consolation and succor of Heaven in all my necessities, tribulations, and sufferings, particularly (here make your request) and that I may praise God with thee and all the elect throughout eternity. I promise thee, O blessed Jude, to be ever mindful of this great favour, to always honour thee as my special and powerful patron, and to gratefully encourage devotion to thee.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# St Louis De Montfort's Prayer To Jesus Christ

O most loving Jesus, deign to let me pour forth my gratitude before Thee, for the grace Thou hast bestowed upon me in giving me to Thy holy Mother through the devotion of Holy Bondage, that she may be my advocate in the presence of Thy majesty and my support in my extreme misery. Alas, O Lord! I am so wretched that without this dear Mother I should be certainly lost. Yes, Mary is necessary for me at Thy side and everywhere that she may appease Thy just wrath, because I have so often offended Thee; that she may save me from the eternal punishment of Thy justice, which I deserve; that she may contemplate Thee, speak to Thee, pray to Thee, approach Thee and please Thee; that she may help me to save my soul and the souls of others; in short, Mary is necessary for me that I may always do Thy holy will and seek Thy greater glory in all things. Ah, would that I could proclaim throughout the whole world the mercy that Thou hast shown to me! Would that everyone might know I should be already damned, were it not for Mary! Would that I might offer worthy thanksgiving for so great a blessing! Mary is in me. Oh, what a treasure! Oh, what a consolation! And shall I not be entirely hers? Oh, what ingratitude! My dear Saviour, send me death rather than such a calamity, for I would rather die than live without belonging entirely to Mary. With St. John the Evangelist at the foot of the Cross, I have taken her a thousand times for my own and as many times have given myself to her; but if I have not yet done it as Thou, dear Jesus, dost wish, I now renew this offering as Thou dost desire me to renew it. And if Thou seest in my soul or my body anything that does not belong to this august princess, I pray Thee to take it and cast it far from me, for whatever in me does not belong to Mary is unworthy of Thee.

O Holy Spirit, grant me all these graces. Plant in my soul the Tree of true Life, which is Mary; cultivate it and tend it so that it may grow and blossom and bring forth the fruit of life in abundance. O Holy Spirit, give me great devotion to Mary, Thy faithful spouse; give me great confidence in her maternal heart and an abiding refuge in her mercy, so that by her Thou mayest truly form in me Jesus Christ, great and mighty, unto the fullness of His perfect age. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# St Paul's Litany

Antiphon: You have probed me, and you know me: you know when I sit and stand.

V. The great Saint Paul, the vessel of election, is indeed worthy to be glorified.

R. For he also deserved to possess the twelfth throne.

Lord have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us.

Queen conceived without original sin, pray for us.

Saint Paul, pray for us.

Apostle of the Gentiles, pray for us.

Vessel of Election, pray for us.

St. Paul, who was rapt to the third heaven, pray for us.

St. Paul, who heard things not given to man to utter, pray for us.

St. Paul, who knew nothing but Christ, and Him crucified, pray for us.

St. Paul, whose love for Christ was stronger than death, pray for us.

St. Paul, who wished to be dissolved and be with Christ, pray for us.

St. Paul, whose zeal knew no bounds, pray for us.

St. Paul, who made thyself all to all, to gain all to Christ, pray for us.

St. Paul, who called thyself prisoner of Christ for us, pray for us.

St. Paul, who was jealous of us, with the jealousy of God, pray for us.

St. Paul, who glories only in the Cross of Christ, pray for us.

St. Paul, who bore in thy body the mortification of Christ, pray for us.

St. Paul, who exclaimed: With Christ I am nailed to the cross! pray for us.

St. Paul, that we may awake and sin no more, pray for us.

That we may not receive the grace of God in vain, pray for us.

That we may walk in newness of life, pray for us.

That we may work out our salvation with fear and trembling, pray for us.

That we may put on the armor of God, pray for us.

That we may stand against the deceits of the wicked one, pray for us.

That we may stand fast to the last, pray for us.

That we may press forward to the mark, pray for us.

That we may win the crown, pray for us.

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world: spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world: graciously hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world: have mercy on us.

Let us pray.

O God,

who has taught the whole world

by the preaching of blessed Paul the Apostle:

grant that we, who celebrate his memory,

may by following his example be drawn to you.

We ask this through Our Lord Jesus Christ your Son,

who lives and reigns with you and the the Holy Spirit,

one God forever and ever.

R. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# St. Augustine

Great Augustine, our father and teacher, knowledgeable in the luminous ways of God and also in the tortuous paths of men; we admire the wonders that divine grace wrought in you, making you a passionate witness of truth and goodness, at the service of brothers.

At the beginning of the new millennium marked by the cross of Christ, teach us to read history in the light of Divine Providence, which guides events toward the definitive encounter with the Father. Direct us toward peaceful ends, nourishing in our hearts your own longing for those values on which it is possible to build, with the strength that comes from God, the 'city' made to the measure of man.

May the profound doctrine, that with loving and patient study you drew from the ever living sources of Scripture, enlighten all those tempted today by alienating illusions.

Give them the courage to undertake the path toward that 'interior man' where the One awaits who alone can give peace to our restless hearts.

Many of our contemporaries seem to have lost the hope of being able to reach - amid the numerous opposing ideologies - the truth, of which their innermost being still keeps a burning nostalgia.

Teach them to never cease in their search, in the certainty that, in the end, their effort will be rewarded by the satisfying encounter with the supreme Truth who is source of all created truth.

Finally, St. Augustine, transmit to us also a spark of that ardent love for the Church, the Catholic Mother of the Saints, which sustained and animated the toils of your long ministry.

Have us, walking together under the guidance of legitimate Pastors, reach the glory of the heavenly Homeland, where, with all the Saints, we will be able to join the new canticle of the everlasting alleluia.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

## St. Benedict Of Nursia

O Lord, I place myself in your hands and dedicate myself to you. I pledge myself to do your will in all things: To love the Lord God with all my heart, all my soul, all my strength. Not to kill. Not to steal. Not to covet. Not to bear false witness. To honor all persons. Not to do to another what I would not wish done to myself. To chastise the body. Not to seek after pleasures. To love fasting. To relieve the poor. To clothe the naked. To visit the sick. To bury the dead. To help in trouble. To console the sorrowing. To hold myself aloof from worldly ways. To prefer nothing to the love of Christ. Not to give way to anger. Not to foster a desire for revenge. Not to entertain deceit in the heart. Not to make a false peace. Not to forsake charity. Not to swear, lest I swear falsely. To speak the truth with heart and tongue. Not to return evil for evil. To do no injury: yea, even to bear patiently any injury done to me. To love my enemies. Not to curse those who curse me, but rather to bless them. To bear persecution for justice' sake. Not to be proud. Not to be given to intoxicating drink. Not to be an over-eater. Not to be lazy. Not to be slothful. Not to be a murmured. Not to be a detractor. To put my trust in God. To refer the good I see in myself to God. To refer any evil in myself to myself. To fear the Day of Judgment. To be in dread of hell. To desire eternal life with spiritual longing. To keep death before my eyes daily. To keep constant watch over my actions. To remember that God sees me everywhere. To call upon Christ for defense against evil thoughts that arises in my heart. To guard my tongue against wicked speech. To avoid much speaking. To avoid idle talk. To read only what is good to read. To look at only what is good to see. To pray often. To ask forgiveness daily for my sins, and to seek ways to amend my life. To obey my superiors in all things rightful. Not to desire to be thought holy, but to seek holiness. To fulfill the commandments of God by good works. To love chastity. To hate no one. Not to be jealous or envious of anyone. Not to love strife. Not to love pride. To honor the aged. To pray for my enemies. To make peace after a quarrel, before the setting of the sun. Never to despair of your mercy, O God of Mercy. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# St. Michael The Archangel

St. Michael the Archangel,  
defend us in battle.

Be our defense against the wickedness and snares of the Devil.

May God rebuke him, we humbly pray,  
and do thou,

O Prince of the heavenly hosts,

by the power of God,

thrust into hell Satan,

and all the evil spirits,

who prowl about the world

seeking the ruin of souls. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Stefanie

Stef, you are my little sister,  
And you know that we are a lot alike,  
And that I will always love  
You forever and ever,  
No matter what you do with your life.

Stef, I just have to say that  
I am proud of you that  
You have been able to come this far,  
And I am proud that you are doing well  
In school and working hard,  
And doing everything you can  
To succeed here,  
And I hope you continue to do well,  
No matter what comes at you,  
I just hope you do well  
Always and no matter what.

I am proud of you, Stef,  
Especially for keeping up the good work,  
And you have worked hard  
To get to where you are,  
And I hope you continue to do well.  
Good job,  
And keep on going,  
For I am proud of you.

Justin Reamer

# Storybook

An interminable pathway leading nowhere,  
An endless river leading into areas unexplored,  
An uncertain voyage exploring uncharted waters,  
Life is a journey of uncertainty,  
An unpaved highway into mysterious obstacles,  
Never explored by generations before.

It's a novel consisting of unwritten pages,  
Waiting to be filled with pen and ink,  
Recording every moment of the journey;  
The pages filled containing the past,  
But the blank pages hold the future,  
Eternally enigmatic and unpredictable,  
Flexible to any change coming its way.

We, however, are the writers of our stories,  
Writing each memory, each anecdote,  
We recall from our individual pasts.  
We create our own adventures,  
Forming new memories each day  
Like illustrations in an ancient manuscript.  
Although we are the authors of our stories,  
We must choose the genres we desire them to be;  
Whether they are memorable novels or  
Paragraphs in a backpage article is  
Entirely our decision because  
Life is, after all, what we make it to be.

Justin Reamer

# Storytelling

Stimulation rises in the brain,  
Happiness from an engaged audience,  
Enthusiasm follows theatrics as  
The story teller engages in pantomimes,  
As hyperbole becomes necessity.

Hysterical laughter follows suit  
Like marijuana making a high,  
And the house falls to the ground  
As the thunder of applause and  
The lightning of the spotlight  
Brings the cosmos to delight.

Justin Reamer

# Stress

A jab of dopamine from the amygdala,  
A rushing locomotive charging down the tracks,  
A blaring security alarm in a submarine,  
The weight of boulders piling on top each other,  
Crushing its victim with a strong gravitational pull  
Until an A-Bomb detonated in the area below,  
Annihilating everything in a hundred-mile radius  
What stress and anxiety do to the people they infect,  
Including innocent victims like me.

A grievous monster, stress comes from  
The smallest things that matter not:  
The car keys you forgot in your  
Jacket pocket a few seconds ago,  
The urine puddle your puppy  
Left for you to clean up at home,  
The cumbersome arguments about  
The toilet seat with your spouse,  
The stones your daughter burned in the oven  
When she tried baking cupcakes that night,  
And the forgotten trashcans that  
Were supposed to be taken to the curb  
Before your family went to bed.

The small things add up, continuously growing at  
An increasing rate like bacterial mitosis in a lab,  
Weighing you down with each additional pound like  
A barbell forced on your shoulders as a form of torture,  
Crushing your legs and back until they are no more.

Although stress comes from things big and small,  
We have the ability to choose its affects.  
Same or mad, it masters not what it is,  
But we can choose to be the caged animal or  
The free men we want to be;  
But nothing can save us from madness  
Unless we choose it to be so.



# Structure

Structure is  
A basic part of life,  
For we cannot live

Without it being  
Here to help  
Us through it.

Justin Reamer

# Studying

Looking in a book,  
Reading every page that comes,  
Studying is hard.

Justin Reamer

# Stupid Stuff

'That is the ugliest outfit  
You ever wore. Man, you don't know  
Nothin' 'bout style these days. And, man,  
That face you have is so ugly,  
You got that big ol' nose to worry about,  
And, you are always downstairs reading a book,  
Or writin' some dumb ol' story,  
You are such a loser,  
And you can do nothin' in this world.  
So why don't you try to join the land of the living,  
Where people are,  
And try to get a life,  
And quit all this stupid stuff  
That you call a hobby.  
That man you think is a friend,  
Ain't yo friend at all,  
He just yo bosom buddy who is yo taker,  
And that man is no friend to you at all.  
So quit bein' a loser,  
And join the land of the livin,  
So you ain't such a loser no more.  
You need a life, dude,  
And you need it bad,  
For you ain't goin' nowhere,  
With the path you're takin' right now.  
Justin, this is stupid stuff;  
Join the land of the livin'  
And celebrate the joy for once.  
That book you hold there is your worst enemy,  
And all those pathetic poems you write ain't gettin'  
You nowhere,  
So just get it right and join us for a drink.'

My dear friend,  
You may say that my life is pointless,  
And that my writing sucks,  
But let me tell you,  
That this process I follow is the way  
To let out my soul

And the way to pour my heart out into this world.  
My friends may be few,  
But they always care about me,  
And we share the same interests,  
So we are like a brotherhood,  
A Fraternity, if you will,  
With philia at every corner.  
We have the same interest,  
Which is to change the world  
Through the things we write  
And to reveal to people  
Things they can change themselves.  
We are all happy to be with each other;  
Our writing is our joy.

My outfit may be horrid,  
Even for your tastes,  
But I never cared about what I wore;  
I just pick something out and wear it.  
I will tell you that maybe I am not attractive,  
But I do not give a darned thought about  
Makeup or good looks or anything,  
For I find them pointless.  
My writing is my life,  
And so shall it be,  
For if you say I have no life,  
You can interpret it that way,  
But, I can say I have a life,  
For my writing is my life.

My writing is my life,  
And my friends can only agree,  
It is the thing I let my soul through,  
And the thing I reveal to people most.  
It is my outlet of feeling  
And emotion  
And things you would not understand,  
But I always loved my writing,  
And I cannot agree more.

You may say I have no life,  
But my writing is my life,

And I will always refuse a drink,  
And never drink at all,  
Because I believe in temperance,  
And my creativity is stalled,  
When I become inebriated,  
And hung over the next day.

I am not a loser,  
But I focus on reality,  
I live life to the fullest,  
And that I can always say.  
I focus on reality  
And what I can do to change the world.  
I love the people,  
And I love everyone,  
And will do everything to make it fair.

So, do not call me a loser,  
For my reading is not dumb,  
Nor my writing horrid in any way,  
For my writing is not stupid stuff,  
But my meaning in my life.

Justin Reamer

# Suffering

What is there to be done  
In this wretched world as  
My heart tears to shreds,  
Evoking the tears in my eyes,  
Gushing like torrential waterfalls  
From an elevated mountaintop?  
What consolation is there for me  
As I seek help for the pain in  
My chest that consumes my flesh and  
Destroys my soul?

Nothing, nothing can be done,  
For the world has vanquished me,  
And I, it, a blank slate,  
Forever to be washed away and  
Vade from existence.  
I am nothing, I am no one;  
No one can help me except  
For those who know my pain.  
But little by little,  
I deteriorate as the monster  
In my nightmares tears me limb from limb.

There is no consolation for me,  
For I lie here, dying,  
Aging, deteriorating, and decaying,  
Until Death finally comes for me,  
Knocking at my door,  
Meaning I am no more.

Justin Reamer

# Suicide

I sit here,  
Waiting here all my life,  
For some moment of happiness  
To come along and sweep me away off my feet;  
Yet I wait here all along for something to happen,  
And nothing ever comes except for these  
Very long moments of despair.

Who am I? What am I doing here?  
It was so long ago that you left me,  
Left me standing here because you  
Believed you were too good for me,  
For though I am autistic,  
You thought I was incapable of loving you,  
The most beautiful woman in the world.

God knows how many people have betrayed me,  
How many people have hurt me because  
They simply thought I was different  
Or stupid or disabled,  
Making me look like an ingrate  
Or an invalid of sorts.  
My friends, or so they called themselves,  
Left me to die here in the street,  
Where I will never find happiness,  
For they all left me in high school,  
And they persecuted me ever since my freshman year.

And you, you were one of them,  
For though you loved me,  
And as I loved you,  
You still betrayed me,  
And you thought yourself too good for me,  
And you left me here to die,  
To starve every day,  
Wondering when I will get my next meal,  
To thirst every hour,  
Wondering when I will get my next drink,  
To freeze and lose homeostasis,

Wondering when I will find warmth,  
And to suffer depression,  
For life seems so morose and desolate,  
There is no point in living.

I will tell you that I will not  
Be waiting for you to come back,  
For even if you are guilty,  
You will not find me,  
For I will no longer be here,  
For you will probably find my corpse.  
I am going to end my miserable life,  
And I will make sure that I will not  
Live another moment of this torture.  
So, you will never see me,  
And to heaven or hell,  
To which I may go,  
But whatever it may be,  
It will be better than what I now know.

Justin Reamer

# Summer

A warm sunny day,  
Birds chirping in the tree tops,  
Love lingers around.

Justin Reamer

# Sunlight

First I am in darkness,  
But then I go into the sun,  
And when I feel the light upon my chest,  
I see the good in everyone.

The sun provides my light,  
And that is what I can't fathom,  
I know what I see,  
Even with nature's rhythm.

I feel the heat of summer,  
In which I know the sun,  
For it is very warm,  
Like the embrace of a nun.

What do you see,  
When you see the sun,  
High and mighty in the sky?  
It's a giant ball in outer space,  
With gases bursting at great might,  
That would make you a fish fry.

When we see the sun upon this Earth,  
We think of warmth and strength,  
When I see the sun,  
I see the beach,  
With all the waves ordained.

Thou hath the power  
To see the sun  
Which hath big balls of fire,  
What thou speaketh,  
Nevermore,  
Should ever be so dire.

For in the sunlight,  
I am truly happy,  
For I feel God's love,  
And in the sunlight,

There is something  
Coming from above.

I cannot deny  
That He is there,  
With all his strength and cunning,  
When I think of God,  
He is always there,  
For He is somewhat stunning.

Justin Reamer

# Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

This word is a long one  
Coined by the great Walt Disney  
But I could not imagine it being sung but  
By the country singer Kenny Chesney.

It was made for a special musical,  
Based off a book series called 'Mary Poppins; '  
It was indeed unique,  
And was not to be copyrighted by John Hopkins.

The word was a bit big,  
As you can see,  
But once Julie Andrews sang it out,  
It wasn't that hard to me.

And even though it looks so big,  
Which Andrews calls 'atrocious, '  
It is actually quite special,  
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

Now, this word had one break-through;  
It had song for memorisation.  
Now, why can't we do that?  
Have big words for inspiration?

Why can't we come out with songs,  
So that words are easier to remember?  
Why can't we do something creative,  
Like the West Ottawa senior did last September?

I can think of many songs,  
But I just can't say.  
There could be just anything,  
Not just one certain way.

Titin could have a special song,  
Taht is to say, its scientific name,  
And if it can be remembered,  
Thane it would be quite a game.

What about that long word?  
That's Greed for a sea food feast?  
What can we do with Sophocles' play  
So it doesn't sound like a beast?

We can do something like Mississippi,  
In which first graders say it ten times fast;  
And trust me, with their little minds,  
They will have a blast.

What about the lung disease;  
What can we do with that?  
We can treat it like baseball,  
With a pitcher and a bat.

Now, big words aren't all that bad,  
If you face reality;  
If you really think about it,  
They're one big family.

Justin Reamer

# Supplication

My dear,  
I do not want you to get hurt,  
Yet I know the future that lies  
Ahead of you,  
And I warn you because the One Above  
Knows all,  
And He knows how you've been  
Treating people all these days,  
And I don't want you to lose anything,  
But instead repent,  
And turn to Him instead of  
The darkness that lies ahead.

Why am I telling you this?  
Because I am your friend,  
My dear,  
And you are my sister in Christ,  
And I do not want to see  
You suffer in any way that you  
Cannot handle.  
So, I beg you,  
And supplicate to you,  
Do not go down the road you are going,  
For you will meet destruction,  
And you will lose a lot of things.  
Don't turn your back on Him;  
He wants you badly,  
But He cannot reach you  
Because you do not listen  
To His calling.  
He wants you to know that  
He loves you,  
And that everything will be okay,  
But you must turn away from  
The things you're doing,  
The path you're taking,  
And stop listening to Satan's whispers.  
God gave me visions of what will happen  
If you do not bother to listen.

You still have time,  
So take the time to listen,  
If anything at all.

You may think I'm a fool,  
Who is infatuated with you,  
But this is not the case.  
I am your friend,  
And I worry about you.  
I love you unconditionally,  
Agape, that is,  
And I want you to be happy.  
I am glad that you are  
Dating Andrew;  
He is a good man,  
And he serves you well,  
But you will lose him  
If you don't listen to God.

I know you won't listen to me,  
But listen.  
You have treated me cruelly,  
Many of my friends cruelly,  
Have been gossiping about them,  
Lying about them,  
Slandering them,  
Schluttifying others against people,  
And hurting so many hearts.  
You do thing remorselessly  
And thoughtlessly.  
You are self-centred and  
Care only about your pride.  
You do not bother to consider anyone else's  
Perspective.  
Your worship is insincere,  
And superficial at best,  
And your prayers are mere recitations  
Of things learned in the past,  
Void of meaning or substance.  
They provide no sustenance for you,  
And God feels the lack of integrity  
And heart within them.

You are becoming an isolato,  
To the point beyond redemption.  
You are descending into the darkness,  
Almost unreachable at this point.  
Love is only a fantasy for you  
To escape in,  
For you can feel the drugged feeling  
It provides when you feel that way.

I tell you,  
Don't continue doing these things,  
My dear of all,  
For you are a kind woman,  
And I know this to be true.  
Turn your back on Satan.  
Give to the poor who need you,  
Help those who are hurt,  
Treat others with kindness,  
Worry about their well-being,  
Truly worship God for who He is,  
Be there for people who need you,  
Let hatred out of your heart,  
Let love flow through you,  
The ultimate Love,  
Let it take hold in your soul.  
Don't let yourself become proud  
Or greedy or self-centred,  
But focus on God.  
Repent before Him,  
Because He wants to be in touch with you.  
Accept others for who they are.

But, my dear,  
You probably won't listen,  
So I must describe the visions I  
Have seen many a time.  
The summer will be a fairy tale,  
But in the fall,  
You will mistreat people so much  
That you will lose your friends,  
Your work,  
And your boyfriend all in the same.

People in your LLC will have  
A hard time trusting you.  
And they will feel uncomfortable around you.  
Your LLC will suffer with you,  
And you will suffer with them  
Because you will lose everything you  
Ever worked for.

My dear, I don't want you  
To suffer.  
I want to see you succeed,  
So please, oh please,  
Listen to me,  
And turn to God who loves you,  
For He wants to speak with you,  
But you will not listen,  
And you wave him off like it's no matter  
To you at all.  
Don't suffer, my dear,  
But turn to Him,  
And try to succeed.  
If you don't,  
Bad things will happen.  
Turn to Him,  
And He will help you.  
But if not,  
You will suffer.

My dear, I am sorry,  
But this is all I can say.  
I worry about you  
And pray for you every day.  
Don't descend into the darkness;  
I cannot bear to see you get hurt,  
But instead turn to the Light.  
I beg you to do this.  
This will be your penultimate warning.  
If you don't turn away from sin,  
Bad things will come,  
But if you do,  
You will have great things.

I know you will not listen,  
And I am sorry,  
But I want you to know  
That I love you and  
Am praying for you every hour  
So that you will be okay.  
But the decision is up to you,  
And I cannot make it for you.  
You must decide,  
And I bid you God's blessing,  
So that you may make the right choice.  
May God bless you always.

Justin Reamer

# Suspension Resolution

Suspension resolution it be,  
A nonet, it appears to me,  
With cacophonous voices  
Disturbing us greatly,  
Whatever it be,  
For it grows fast,  
Lengthens harsh,  
And then  
Peace.

Justin Reamer

# Sylvester And Tweety

Sylvester the cat,  
Ready to chat;  
Tweety the bird,  
Knows what can be heard.

Justin Reamer

# Take Me Out To The Ballgame

Take me out to the ballgame,  
Take me out to the field,  
I don't care for popcorn or cracker jacks,  
I just wanna play till I never get back.  
Root, root, root for the Tigers,  
They will win this game,  
For it's one, two, three strikes  
You're out in the old ballgame.

Justin Reamer

# Tardy To Class

I realised it was half past eight,  
When I was trying to finish my plate,  
And I went to class quite late,  
To chemistry, which I hate.  
The teacher made me wait,  
For whatever reason she was irate,  
And something I can't relate.  
She yelled at me because of her hate,  
Because I didn't concentrate,  
And mixtures I didn't titrate,  
Were lying upon the papermate.  
She said I didn't concentrate,  
And that I didn't equate,  
With any problems being quite quaint.  
She sent me into the class with a crate,  
Something I cannot concentrate,  
But I set it out as bait,  
For any schmuck who might suffer the same fate.  
I did my lab with lots to rate,  
For suffering is my mate,  
And I knew the trouble I had to date,  
Was not quite the best to late.  
But, I still try to relate,  
No matter what my fate,  
And I will be there right and straight,  
For the pest time to concentrate.

Justin Reamer

# Tautology

I tell you, Mum,  
We need to get a new car.  
Why?  
Because we need one.  
We need one because we need one,  
And it provides transportation for all of us.  
We need to get a new car.

Justin Reamer

# Tb

Coughing, harking,  
Wheezing, sneezing,  
Blood coming from my throat,  
I realise that this is the end for me,  
For there is no coming back,  
For the Red Death has touched me,  
And Prospero has reached his end,  
And the Masque is over,  
There is no more time for theatrics,  
For I cough...slowly,  
And consumption,  
That fine thing,  
Will consume me,  
Until I am no more.

Justin Reamer

# Telemarketer

Hey, ma'am,  
Or is your name Mr.?  
I can't quite recall,  
But if you wouldn't mind  
Listening in for a bit,  
I will gladly give you the opportunity of a lifetime.

I know this call may be bothersome,  
But I need you to listen for a bit,  
Since this is how I make my living,  
By selling things over the phone,  
And, to be frank, I am quite poor,  
And I have a family that suffers greatly,  
And I don't know if you have a family,  
But I have several mouths to feed.

I struggle every day to feed them all,  
And I want them to succeed and  
To be in a better position than what I am in now,  
For I cannot help the world that I live in,  
And this world does not have much to offer them right now.

I want the best for my sons and daughters,  
And I know you'd want the same for them, too,  
So please, lady, or sir, whatever you may be,  
Please listen for at least a second.  
A minute of your time won't hurt,  
I promise.  
If you do not like my offer,  
Then go ahead and hang up;  
It's okay,  
But if you do,  
Please listen and try to corroborate  
With me as much as possible.  
I guarantee that my product works,  
And I am sure you'll love it, too.  
It's just that I am a poor man,  
And I need your help to get by.

If you're game, I'm game, too,  
For I want to help my children,  
And my wife and I work full-time  
And barely ever get to see them.  
So if you're game, I'm game, too.

Since it sounds like you're okay,  
I thank you very much for listening to me.  
I will tell you that this product I am selling,  
This Shark Vacuum Cleaner,  
Is probably the best there is to have.  
I know it sounds crazy,  
But Shark never loses its suction,  
And it always works, no matter what,  
Unless you break it, of course.

Many customers love Shark,  
And they have had it for over 10 years,  
And I know you love it, too.  
If you want to see me tomorrow,  
I will gladly see you,  
And you can try out the new vacuum to your happiness.

Anyway, thank you for taking the time to speak to me;  
You don't have to buy the Shark  
Because I get paid to show it off to you,  
But I thank you SO much for helping me out.  
May God bless your heart.

Justin Reamer

# Temptation

'Come, my child,  
What do you see?  
What do you see  
That you most desire?  
What is it that you want?  
Ah, yes, I can see you staring at it,  
With those gaunt eyes of yours,  
That thing you desire most.  
You know you want it,  
And you know you can have it,  
For you see it right in front of you,  
For you can have it as your own.' ^

I do not know if I want that thing,  
That thing I desire most,  
Even though I am hungry,  
I do not want to steal it from someone,  
For I can purchase it with my own money,  
Without having to hurt another person.  
I do not want to hurt anyone,  
Not even that person I do see.  
I have my own money,  
So I do not need to steal,  
And from my hunger  
I will be free. #

'You are right in not stealing from that man,  
For you know that it is wrong.  
You are doing what is right, my friend,  
For you do not hurt the poor man  
And steal from him,  
Even though you have a whim  
To fulfil your physiological needs.  
You ignored the beast inside of you,  
And you will quench your hunger later.  
Your Father in Heaven will reward you  
For resisting temptation.  
You do what is right,  
And your reward shall be great.' \*

Yes, I believe that should be it,  
For if I do what is right,  
And give to His chosen people,  
My reward will be great.  
I am glad I did not hurt that man,  
For God will allow me to fulfil my hunger  
In due time.  
I am happy for that. #

'Oh, dear child,  
You may fulfil your id's whim later,  
But what of your other secrets.  
There is another being who loves you,  
Who is not just the Father upstairs,  
But is of the same kindred as Him.  
He is warm and giving,  
And he promises to reward you  
In the afterlife  
By giving you warmth and shelter.  
He is my father and your guardian;  
He loves you just as much as the Father in Heaven.  
You can please him, as well,  
For he knows you best.' ^

Whom is this you speak of?  
I do not understand.  
Who could love me more than the Father in Heaven,  
Or who could love me more  
Than my own father here on earth?  
Of whom do you speak? #

'I warn you, my child,  
Do not listen to this being.  
He is Beelzebub,  
For he will deceive you  
And will lead you into darkness.' \*

'Whom are you to call me evil, Gabriel?  
I have done nothing to harm this boy,  
And for sure I would not lead him into darkness,  
For he is only in his youth,

And going onto college,  
For his childhood is no more.  
After all, he can make his  
Own decisions.  
And all you want is to harm him,  
And take his soul away to a dark place,  
For you do not love him,  
And all you care about is yourself.' ^

'I do not care about myself only,  
You preposterous being,  
For you are a deceiver and a liar,  
And you want to hurt this poor man's soul,  
So why do you not just let him be,  
And let him choose what's right.' \*

I can make my own decisions,  
For I have free will.  
That is what my Father gave me,  
And that is what I shall do.  
I shall listen to my heart of all things,  
And I will not let anyone control me,  
No matter what. #

'He will choose his own decisions,  
You see?  
The Father gave him free will,  
For He loves him,  
But He cannot control him,  
For that is inconceivable for a father  
On earth to do such a thing.' \*

'Bah, be quiet, you angel,  
For I have business to do,  
And I intend to do it.  
I will not let you boss me around  
Any longer, do you hear me? ' ^

'Yes, I shall remain silent,  
But we shall see who wins  
Over this poor man's soul.' \*

What are you talking about?  
I do not understand what you are saying,  
For I don't know why anyone would want to  
Win me over.  
It sounds crazy to me,  
Honestly,  
For nothing can be right. #

'Never mind it, my son,  
For you do not have to worry  
About an impending battle of any sort,  
For there is nothing to fear at all.  
Now, what is the thing you want most,  
That thing that my father can give to you,  
That you would love all the time? ' ^

Well, there is a woman I love,  
Whom I would cherish more than anything,  
For she is of the best women in the world,  
And I would care for her all the time.  
I love her within my heart,  
And I would give anything to her.  
I just wish she could notice me,  
So that I could love her all the more. #

'Ah, so love is what you ask,  
So you can have it.  
So I will tell you what;  
You can receive her as a reward,  
If only you listen to me  
And do a few favours for me.  
I need you to take care of some business,  
And you can have the woman you love.' ^

What kind of favours do you require,  
If I may ask?  
I do not want anyone  
To get hurt at all  
Or anything like that. #

'Oh, they're just a few tiny things,  
That no one really cares about,

But I will tell you that  
It is worth it,  
If you will listen to me.' ^

'Don't listen to him,  
By God, don't listen to him.' \*

Okay, I am listening,  
For I shall hear you out. #

'All right, my child,  
I need you to do a few things.  
I need you to kill a few people,  
Take a few souls,  
Torture a few people,  
Make an agreement,  
Make a few contracts,  
And everything like that,  
And you can have your lover.' ^

That does not sound great,  
For I do not like it.  
What can this thing be?  
I do not murder  
Or torture  
Or steal  
Or maim.  
I do not like this deal. #

'Yes, do not do it, son,  
For he will hurt you,  
And you will be lost  
In time forever.' \*

'Eh, it's your call,  
You can get your deal or not.' ^

You said you're name is Beelzebub,  
Well, I will tell you this,  
For you are the embodiment of evil,  
For you know all that there is to torture,  
For you have hurt many people,

And you feel no remorse at all.  
Your father, Satan, is a crooked being,  
For he hurt many people as well.  
He caused the pride of Adam and Eve,  
The murder of Abel,  
Moses' murder of the Egyptian  
Who was about to kill the Israelite,  
The building of the Tower of Babel,  
The evil of Sodom and Gomorrah,  
The cruelty of King Herod,  
The adultery of David and his friend's mistress,  
The ignorance of Nineveh,  
Jonah's self-righteousness,  
The murder of Samson,  
The betrayal Joseph felt with his brothers,  
The trickery of Jacob and the grudge of Esau,  
The death of Lot's wife,  
The tyranny of the Romans,  
The trials Elijah went through,  
The trials Daniel went through,  
The betrayal of Jesus by Judas Iscariot,  
Jesus' death on the cross,  
The murderer Saul and his cruelty,  
The murder of Desdemona by Othello through Iago,  
The tragedy of Faust,  
The quarrelling between the Montagues and the Capulets,  
The death of Hamlet,  
The death of Plato,  
The martyrdom of all the Saints,  
Such as St. Stephen,  
St. Peter,  
St. John the Baptist,  
St. Lucia,  
St. Barbara,  
St. Joan of Arc,  
St. Justin Martyr,  
St. Paul,  
St. John of God,  
And many others.  
Satan is the worst being in the world,  
And he is the Prince of Lies,  
And the King of Evil.

He is the Liar, the Deceiver, and the Tormenter.  
He was ruthless with poor Job,  
And many other people.  
I do not trust him,  
And neither do I trust you,  
Since you are his child.  
I shall not listen to you Beelzebub,  
For all you will do is lead me into darkness  
And cast me into the netherworld.  
My heart has no place for you. #

'But, my child, I am not any of those things,  
For your Bible lies,  
And your Bible was written by man.  
The Father in Heaven does not love you, my child,  
But hates you,  
Even though he created you.  
No one loves you more than my father,  
Who is the Thor of your people,  
For he will fight for you.  
Your friend Jesus may be the Prometheus of your people,  
But your Father is a liar  
And a cheat;  
He loves no one but Himself,  
And would rather smite you humans  
Within a heartbeat.  
He is the Zeus of Olympus,  
Who would strike a lightningbolt  
The first chance He got;  
He is the Hermes of your people,  
Who would trick you and deceive you;  
He is the Set of your people,  
Who would kill you in a heartbeat.  
He lies to you,  
And He will hurt you,  
No matter what it takes.  
My father loves you  
More than anything,  
And you of all people should know that,  
And, of course, the terms may be harsh,  
But in the end, you shall be rewarded.' ^

How can you say such a thing,  
For Satan is a liar,  
And he is prideful,  
And he is selfish and unkind,  
And hateful and everything.  
He cares about no one but himself. #

'Beelzebub, leave this poor man alone,  
He needs no more temptation from you.  
My child, the Father in Heaven loves you more  
Than anything.  
He is Prometheus,  
Who gave you fire  
Out of love for you;  
He is Thor,  
Who will fight for you  
In your protection  
For however long it takes;  
He is kind and omniscient,  
And will love you more than anything in this world.  
For He is like Odin,  
Who is sworn to protect you and this universe,  
And He is His own true Self,  
For He is the Father in Heaven,  
The Lord Almighty,  
And the King of the Universe,  
For he knows all,  
And will protect you,  
And will defend you from the Deceiver.' \*

Thank you, Gabriel, for you kind words. I could never thank you more,  
For all you have done  
For me and my people.  
And, Beelzebub,  
You be gone,  
For I have no need of you,  
For I will sign no contract with you  
Nor will I follow your deeds.  
Go into the pit back where you belong. #

'Ah, I have lost another deal,  
For good always trumps evil.

My child, you have made your choice,  
But if you ever do reconsider,  
I will be lurking in the shadows,  
Awaiting your consent,  
And willing to make a deal with you.  
Good bye, my son! ' ^

'Well, you have made your choice,  
And you have been saved, my son,  
So go forth in peace.' \*

Thank you, Gabriel,  
For that I shall do,  
My mind will be at ease,  
For I have made the right decision.  
Thank you, God,  
For your guidance. #

Justin Reamer

# Tenor

Quite the subject,  
Don't you think,  
For she is the rose,  
In this metaphor.

Justin Reamer

# Terminus

How old am I,  
To know that my years are long since gone,  
For I have lived my life many years and have  
Known that there has been a lot to live for.  
Youth has been my zenith,  
Where my strength has been with me,  
Where I have accomplished much,  
Such as the business I have run,  
The family I have raised,  
The children I have seen grow to become  
Wonderful adults, my lovely wife,  
Whom I have loved all my life and am glad  
To have loved so dearly and so faithfully,  
And so much more.

But now, I am old,  
Am weak and delicate,  
For I cannot walk upon my own legs without  
Using a cane to balance me,  
And I cannot eat as quickly as I used to,  
For I have become sluggish in my eating habits.  
My wrinkly hands shake violently as I reach out  
To grab something that is important to me,  
My eyes are not as great as they had been,  
For my vision is starting to become a blur,  
Nor is my hearing as excellent as it had been,  
For even a drop of water in the sink I cannot hear,  
And my invalescence is slowly leaving me.  
I am old, and decrepit, too,  
But it's okay. I may be tired,  
And tired I am indeed,  
For fatigue has crept upon me,  
And Death has beckoned me closer to him,  
But fear him, I do not;  
I accept him with joy because my time is coming.  
But 'tis fine if I be tired and infirm,  
For convalescing I shall not do,  
For I have lived a good life,  
And a good life I am proud to say, is good.

I have lived a good life;  
I have loved my family, my wife,  
My children, and my friends,  
And my time is coming soon. I am not in a  
Rush to die, but when it comes,  
I will welcome Death with open arms.  
For there is no more ambition I must seek,  
No more further longing I must fulfil,  
No more acts of desperation,  
No more conjuring of daemons from within me,  
No more worrying about the uncertainty of the future,  
For I have lived my life for God,  
And God is with me,  
And now, I am in His hands.  
Whenever He wishes to call me up,  
I shall willingly go with Him.

Fear not, my grandchildren; I do not hate you;  
Nor do I wish to leave you like this;  
And fear not, my children, for I have always loved you,  
And love you still now, even near death,  
And fear not, my lovely wife, most beautiful in the world,  
For even though people say of thee  
As 'old and wrinkly, '  
Thou art still my princess and my queen,  
For thou art my sweetheart, the most beautiful woman  
In the entire world; fear not being alone,  
For I have loved you always, my dear,  
And I will never stop loving you, even in heaven.  
And if I am not here with you physically,  
I am here with you in spirit,  
For God will provide for you,  
And I shall always reside in your heart.  
Your memories shall remind you of the good times  
We had together, even in thought I may be gone,  
Your memories of me will let me live with you,  
Until the day you shall join me in Paradise,  
Where we shall be happy forever,  
Two souls meant for each other,  
Never living the toils of this world.

And, yes, though my cancer is killing me,  
Along with the disease of the great baseball player,  
Lou Gherig, as they call him,  
I still love you all, and I will always love you,  
Even as I live in heaven.  
I will watch over you,  
And I will ask God to guide you,  
And He will give you a helping hand.  
I am glad to have lived my life,  
And I am glad to have known all of you,  
For you are my beloved forever and always.  
But now, I see Death coming for me,  
And he has a great chariot waiting for me outside,  
So now, I must leave you,  
And welcome my fate with open arms. May God bless all of you  
As you continue to live great lives. Now is my time.  
I bid you all farewell.

Justin Reamer

# Thank You, Mum

Thank you, Mum, for all that you do.

My siblings and I want to thank you for many things.

Thank you for being at our sides when we needed you.

We could not have survived without you.

Thank you for making dinner for us; if we did not have that, we would not have lived.

Thank you for clothing us; it kept us very warm.

Thank you for giving us a home; we can have a place to sleep.

Thank you for cleaning; we don't know where we would be otherwise.

Thank you for teaching us values; we have grown because of them.

Thank you for showing compassion; it has been a great blessing.

Thank you for saving us from Dad; if it weren't for you, his wrath would have taken a toll.

Thank you for Christmas celebrations; they are things that will always touch our hearts.

Thank you for our birthday parties; they will always be memorable.

Thank you for giving birth to us; we would not be here if you hadn't.

Thank you for nurturing us, for you have always been good.

Thank you for your advice, for it is comforting.

Thank you for listening, for it helps a lot.

Thank you for working to provide for us; we don't know where we'd be.

Thank you for your patience; we would not know love.

Thank you for your courage; you fought for our freedom valiantly.

Thank you for your devotion; we appreciate it greatly.

Thank you for your forgiveness, for we would not know how to give.

Thank you for your sacrifice, for you have done many great things.

We love you, Mum, and we thank you for all that you do.

Justin Reamer

# Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving is the greatest holiday,  
In which we can give thanks to all the  
Great gifts that we have,  
And that time we can share with each other.

I am thankful for all the friends and family  
That I have,  
And all of the people I have in my life,  
And I am thankful for God  
And Jesus,  
And for all they have done for me.

I want to thank Mum for all  
That she has done for me,  
And I want to thank my brother  
For being the great person he is,  
My two sisters for being  
Great, as well,  
My friends,  
Who have always had my back,  
And everyone else in my life,  
Including my mentor,  
My teachers,  
And even my own father.

Thank you for everything,  
For I love Thanksgiving,  
And thanks is what I give.

Justin Reamer

# Thanksgiving To The Trinity

O Eternal God! O Eternal Trinity! Through the union of Thy divine nature Thou hast made so precious the Blood of Thine only-begotten Son! O eternal Trinity, Thou art as deep a mystery as the sea, in whom the more I seek, the more I find; and the more I find, the more I seek. For even immersed in the depths of Thee, my soul is never satisfied, always famished and hungering for Thee, eternal Trinity, wishing and desiring to see Thee, the True Light.

O eternal Trinity, with the light of understanding I have tasted and seen the depths of Thy mystery and the beauty of Thy creation. In seeing myself in Thee, I have seen that I will become like Thee. O eternal Father, from Thy power and Thy wisdom clearly Thou hast given to me a share of that wisdom which belongs to Thine Only-begotten Son. And truly hast the Holy Spirit, who procedeth from Thee, Father and Son, given to me the desire to love Thee.

O eternal Trinity, Thou art my maker and I am Thy creation. Illuminated by Thee, I have learned that Thou hast made me a new creation through the Blood of Thine Only-begotten Son because Thou art captivated by love at the beauty of Thy creation.

O eternal Trinity, O Divinity, O unfathomable abyss, O deepest sea, what greater gift could Thou givest me than Thy very Self? Thou art a fire that burns eternally yet never consumed, a fire that consumes with Thy heat my self-love. Again and again Thou art the fire who taketh away all cold heartedness and illuminateth the mind by Thy light, the light with which Thou hast made me to know Thy truth.

By this mirrored light I know Thou are the highest good, a good above all good, a fortunate good, an incomprehensible good, an unmeasurable good, a beauty above all beauty, a wisdom above all wisdom, for Thou art wisdom itself, the the food of angels, the fire of love that Thou givest to man.

Thou art the garment covering our nakedness. Thou feedest our family with Thy sweetness, a sweetness Thou art from which there is no trace of bitterness. O Eternal Trinity! Amen.

Justin Reamer

# The Angel Of Heaven

There is a woman I know who  
Is as beautiful as ever could be,  
For she has long blond hair that goes  
Down to her shoulders and shines in the sun  
As light hits its gleaming strands of gold,  
And she has blue eyes,  
Bright and lively,  
That look like the sky or the ocean,  
With life shining through them  
From the depths of her soul.  
Her smile is bright and beautiful,  
Lighting up an entire room,  
And is contagious,  
For when everyone sees it,  
They all smile, too.

She is an angel,  
With many talents that exceed  
The average that anyone has ever seen,  
For she is artistic, creative and intelligent,  
In many ways that are unimaginable.

Her heart is a vast ocean,  
Open to anyone who comes forth,  
For she is friendly with all,  
And invites everyone to be her friend,  
And is kind to them,  
In times of happiness,  
In times of sadness,  
And in times of misery,  
She is good to all she sees.

She has a halo that sits atop her head,  
For she is good to everyone,  
And helps everyone who is in need of help,  
And she serves the Father in Heaven with  
All of her heart,  
As her soul is made of gold,  
And her aura shines bright like the sun

On a warm summer day.

She is intelligent,  
Knowing everything that comes to mind,  
Having wisdom that surpasses all else,  
Giving good advice to those who need it,  
And lives life in simplicity,  
And to the best of her ability,  
Because she loves God and  
All of God's people.

Her beauty is unique  
Because her aura is white as snow  
But as bright as a blazing inferno,  
And her hair is like gold in the shining sun,  
And her eyes fill with light as they look  
Into the outdoors,  
Seeing all the lovely things there is to see.

Her creativity is great,  
For she is a great musician,  
A great poet,  
And a great artist,  
And she is a great athlete,  
Above all,  
For she is enamoured with God's creations.

Her music is beautiful,  
For she picks up the violin,  
And plays a lovely melody that reminds me  
Of canaries singing their beautiful calls,  
Illuminating summer mornings  
As I wake up in the morning;  
She plays the guitar  
With all of her passion and all of her soul,  
Warming up everyone around her  
Because her spirituality is always giving  
And never asking for anything in return,  
And she loves to see people happy,  
Which is always a good thing for me to see, too.  
Her voice is melodic and harmonious,  
And is much like the beautiful voice of Julie Andrews

In the wonderful movie The Sound of Music  
As she sings beautiful songs,  
And yet her voice is twice as charismatic  
As she sings praise unto the Lord,  
Who created her and loves her with all His heart.

Her art is extraordinary,  
Which is like a photograph coming to life,  
For she depicts everything in such detail,  
That she knows the art of God.  
She is humbled, though,  
For she never boasts about her work,  
But people are always amazed at  
What they have to see when  
Her amazing talents are demonstrated.  
They see a photograph,  
But not only a painted photograph,  
But a painting with emotion,  
One with life,  
Which is all captured from  
The energy that came from her soul,  
For an amazing artist she is,  
And amazing she will always be.

Her poetry is beautiful,  
For when I read it,  
It sounds like music to my ears,  
And I feel the heartfelt emotions  
That come out of it,  
For it is like words illuminating the sky,  
Creating a rainbow of feelings  
That music can do and words cannot accomplish.  
They contain beauty, melody, and harmony,  
And the symphony is beautiful,  
For it is like listening to Mozart  
Or Beethoven play their beautiful pieces.  
I have never heard such beautiful  
Poetry before in my life.

Yet her personality is even greater,  
For she is pious and calm,  
Warm and welcoming,

And sweet all the same.  
She welcomes everyone into her heart,  
For it is a heart of diamond,  
Which shines bright in every sense of the way,  
And she is so gentle and so caring  
That she would never crush an ant with her feet.

She is always there for her friends when she needs them,  
And she is always willing to  
Listen to their problems,  
No matter what,  
For she is a saint,  
Sent here to do God's will,  
And to revisit Him in heaven upon death.  
She cares for people,  
No matter what,  
Selfless,  
Giving without receiving,  
Demanding nothing in return,  
For she is like a child,  
Innocent in every fashion,  
For her smile illuminates everyone's hearts,  
And yet, she is a sage,  
Wise and wonderful,  
For she knows how to help people,  
And her patience is vast beyond all measure,  
So she is willing to listen.  
She is Solomon,  
Who is wise from God's influence,  
She is Esther,  
Who knows how to rule fairly,  
And she is Moses,  
A natural leader to all,  
And helping all of her people through  
Constant service to them.

She loves all of God's people,  
And an angel she is,  
For she is chaste and pure,  
And kind and giving,  
And there is no one like she.  
She is the red rose

That shines brighter than  
All of God's creation,  
For she is His servant,  
And lives for Him every day of her life.

Justin Reamer

# The Angelus

The Angel of the Lord declared to Mary:  
And she conceived of the Holy Spirit.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women  
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for  
us sinners, now and at the hour of  
our death. Amen.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord: Be it done unto me according to Thy word.

Hail Mary...

And the Word was made Flesh: And dwelt among us.

Hail Mary...

Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises  
of Christ.

Let us pray:

Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts; that we, to  
whom the incarnation of Christ, Thy Son, was made known by the message of an  
angel, may by His Passion and Cross be brought to the glory of His Resurrection,  
through the same Christ Our Lord.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# The Ap Language Exam Prep

Studying, studying,  
For hours on end,  
My siblings in the other room,  
As I sit here with my eyes glued  
To my giant binder on the table.

I studied for hours and hours,  
Memorising fallacies,  
Rhetorical strategies,  
The Aristotelian Triangle,  
And everything else there is.

The Aristotelian Triangle,  
Was something founded by Aristotle,  
He who was a philosopher,  
And knew all about rhetoric.

He came up with the triangle,  
Involving pathos, ethos, and logos;  
Aristotle was a genius,  
For he knew what he was talking about.

Pathos is the emotional appeal,  
Showing affection to your audience;  
You show love and affection,  
And you win your audience's heart.  
Animal cruelty commercials use this  
As you see the kind innocent faces of dogs and cats;  
You feel horrible,  
Since you're spending money  
On coffee instead of them.

It also works with your mother,  
As Ms Ver Beek had said,  
She is very emotional,  
And she feels sorry for you.

Ethos is the character appeal,  
An appeal to credibility,

It shows you who you are  
And that you know what  
You're talking about.

Logos is the appeal to logic,  
The mentality of the obvious.  
For those who want the hard-earned fads,  
It is right there for you.

Rhetorical strategies are important,  
Whether they're tropes or schemes,  
They can be just about anything,  
From hyperbole to metaphors,  
Metonymy to synecdoche,  
Anaphora to chiasmus,  
Antithesis to parenthesis,  
And paradox to alliteration.  
They are all important in structuring  
An argument that is plausible,  
One with lots of cogency,  
And no denial hitherto.

Modes of discourse are another matter,  
For they are impeccable, as well.  
They can be narration,  
Or something as simple as compare and contrast.

Fallacies are faulty,  
As anyone can see,  
They obstruct reasoning,  
For whatever reason it may be.

Now, you see I am prepared,  
After studying hours on end.  
All I can think about no,  
Is my dear friend Lyn.

How she is so perfect,  
How she is so great,  
She is like the shining sun,  
Out there in the dreadful rain.

I am being distracted,  
My mind has wandered again,  
I just need to relax my thoughts,  
Until 48 hours begins.

Justin Reamer

# The Apostles' Creed

I believe in God, the Father almighty,  
Creator of heaven and earth,  
And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord,  
Who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary,  
Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried;  
He descended into hell; on the third day he rose again from the dead;  
He ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of God the Father  
almighty;  
From there he will come to judge the living and the dead.  
I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
The holy catholic Church,  
The communion of saints,  
The forgiveness of sins,  
The resurrection of the body,  
And life everlasting. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# The Awkward Closet

I sit inside my bedroom,  
Come out I would not dare,  
I'm just fine sitting in here,  
To avoid the benign stares.

Sometimes I move to the closet,  
For my bedroom's not that safe,  
I can lock myself in it,  
And avoid any dreadful chafe.

Why I like myself in here,  
I know not why,  
For there may be an explanation;  
But what I hold dear,  
I cannot tell,  
For there are dreadful incantations.

Why I sit in here is quite obvious,  
If you did mean to ask;  
I have a horrid secret  
That distracts you from your task.

I hide inside my closet  
To keep the world away;  
I do not want anyone seeing me,  
Not even the very next day.

You wonder what my secret is,  
For I can tell it from your face;  
But I cannot tell you,  
For you need to know your place.

I have a secret,  
A horrid secret,  
That I am so ashamed;  
I hide inside my closet  
So that I'm not renamed.

My secret is a horrid one,

And it covers all like me;  
I dare not say what it is,  
Even over a cup of tea.

Don't ask me what my secret is,  
For all you'll do is laugh,  
I do not want any prejudice,  
And I don't want to be called GAF.

So I will tell you only this,  
It's a matter of attraction,  
That is what my secret is,  
Don't let it be a distraction.

No matter what you try,  
I'm not coming out of this closet;  
I am better inside here,  
With my pillow and my locket.

Justin Reamer

# The Bar

An old man sits at the bar,  
Drinking his glass of beer.  
The bartender asks for a thought,  
As if it were a great idea,  
But the old man raises his fist,  
And pounds it on the table of men.

As if life were simple for men,  
As if they needn't go to a bar,  
Fighting each other, fist to fist,  
Drinking their glasses of beer.  
Who even had the slightest idea?  
Who would've even thought?

Then came to his brain, a thought;  
The old man spoke to the men.  
What came was a great idea,  
An idea sounding good at the bar;  
They raised their glasses of beer  
In a toast to Old Sergeant Fist.

Making the toast to Old Fist,  
Another man came with a thought,  
Taking a swig of his beer,  
He drank to all the men,  
And exclaimed to them at the bar,  
'Thanks for the great idea.'

Drunken, he stuttered his idea,  
But a man served him his fist.  
A brawl began at the bar,  
And friendship was given no thought.  
And so, the brawl overtook the men,  
As the bartender tried to save beer.

But pointless it was to save beer,  
Since the brawl was a mad idea,  
And to the men,  
It was pride of the fist,

Or die without honour or thought,  
A tragedy in a bar.

And so collided with the men the brawling fists,  
Without passing through their minds an idea of a thought,  
Only to live and die while drinking the beer at the bar.

Justin Reamer

# The Beatitudes

Blessed are the poor in spirit,  
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they who mourn,  
for they will be comforted.

Blessed are the meek,  
for they will inherit the land.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness,  
for they will be satisfied.

Blessed are the merciful,  
for they will be shown mercy.

Blessed are the clean of heart,  
for they will see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers,  
for they will be called children of God.

Blessed are the who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness,  
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Justin Reamer

# The Beginning

The beginning—the World we know,  
What is it—we Seek?  
The ultimate Being—the ultimate Mind—  
Created us—we know—our Existence.

Is He here—among us—  
Something we—fathom—understand—  
The Omnipotent—the Omniscient—  
The Lord of all—the Psalms describe Him such?

He is our Maker—our Creator  
Faith and Reason—our best achievement  
Understanding Him—limited we are—  
The great Unfathomable—He—beyond our Senses.

Human Reason—alone—defines Him not—  
He—beyond our Reach—our Knowledge—  
Empiricism—no good to description—  
Yet He lives—our Hearts His shelter—  
Our Souls—His Home—among us.

We understand Him—with thus—  
Our Hearts—His greatest Design—  
Nothing compares—Love's greatest Gift—  
He moves—within—Conscience—our Minds.

Justin Reamer

# The Beshrewing

I curse you,  
Wishing misfortune on you  
For all the days of your life.

Justin Reamer

# The Blatherskite

That man is a windbag,  
An idiot,  
All he can do is prattle on all day  
About what he ate for lunch.  
Master of small talk he is,  
But buffoon in reality is his identity.

Justin Reamer

# The Brethren

Brethren are the people to whom I contend,  
They are the soul that allows us to get on with our lives  
And never to fail,  
For they remain by your side for what seems like forever.

However, some do not stay by your side  
And they do not encourage you like an exclamation point,  
Rather, they care for themselves  
For their own personal gain.

They do not care about you,  
They want to have you wasted,  
They know what is your heart's content,  
Until your devastated.

They put us through such misery  
Like an outcast on a dreary night,  
They want you to suffer Satan's breath  
On a dreadful, dreadful fright.

What is worse than an abusive parent,  
One who does not care one bit?  
How could one do such a thing,  
When it is all that they have writ?

What is more dreadful  
Than your sorrows  
Within your passion's sense?  
What is more complicated  
Than your mind  
When it comes to things intense?

I will never understand myself,  
With what is to come.  
My father has abandoned me  
And has left me like a slum.

He left me in loneliness,  
With a place to rot,

What is there to do  
Now that there's no plot?

May God bless us all  
When we are in times of strife,  
May He make us merry  
When we come back to life.

I look out the windows  
And see such a glare,  
For there is pitch darkness  
In a night I should not stare.

Woe to the Earth  
As we all suffer greatly,  
Woe to the saints  
For they stand up so ornately.

How ungrateful is the world,  
For it has no manners!  
It consumes and destroys  
As if nothing matters!

Woe unto you  
Who all have endless strife,  
Maybe someday  
You can come back to life!

May your brethren not betray you,  
May they not impede;  
May they protect you,  
As you would succeed!

Hostility is banished,  
As we are all famished  
For what is to come,  
May we embrace nobility  
And the greatest sum.

One brethren shall  
All be good,  
They shall not betray us,

As we know Judas would.

Traitors will be put in their place,  
You need not worry,  
God will provide,  
There is no need to hurry.

May you reach your goals,  
Like a great man would!  
May you reach your spirits,  
And may you make some good!

Go, go! Go succeed!  
May you never have to bleed!  
You shall not fail,  
You shall not ail,  
For this is your dire need.

Justin Reamer

# The Bride

A bride you will always be,  
For you have done so much,  
And you will be our bride,  
And God's bride,  
Because you have given so much,  
We thank you for all that you do,  
And for that we cannot thank enough.  
We love you, Mum, with  
All of our heart,  
And thank you for all that you do.

Justin Reamer

# The Brown-Haired Beauty

The story is a long one,  
As I've told you many a time,  
I have told you once before,  
So I need not make it rime.

I'm not going to tell you again,  
That dreadful little narrative,  
But I will tell you something else,  
That's nonetheless imperative.

The story with the maiden,  
Has come back to me,  
She is coming back to me,  
Just like in Solemnity.

Her face is wondrous and beautiful,  
On that outside shell of hers,  
She looks beautiful,  
When she's walking amongst Douglas firs.

However, when you really get to know her,  
You notice her beauty is a facade,  
Her face a porcelain mask,  
Her body made of pulleys, levers, and rods.

She takes off her mask,  
And there lies an evil beast,  
She is about to kill you,  
And have an elegant feast.

She will feast upon your flesh,  
Always liking the feeling of your pain,  
And she will drive her claws into your spine,  
Making your nerves go insane.

She knows how to hurt you,  
And to manipulate your emotions,  
She knows how to humiliate you,  
When you make a lot of commotion.

She has worn her facade for a while now,  
Never showing it out in public,  
She has not tormented me,  
Until she heard One Republic.

Now, she is back again,  
And she is reaching for my throat,  
For whatever reason, I know not why,  
But she's finally come out of the moat.

She continues to beckon me,  
Which did not happen recently,  
She had done this once before,  
With my death coming indecently.

She beckons me with her hand,  
And her beautiful angelic face,  
Her face is so innocent,  
That it leaves without a trace.

Yet, she comes to torment me,  
Something I cannot bear,  
'Tis going to make me insane,  
If I even begin to dare

She is like the devil,  
Clawing my back at every turn,  
And each time she claws more,  
The pain begins to burn.

The Pain has not been there long,  
Neither has the Memory.  
But when I see her face again,  
I go back in trajectory.

Upon my back she stands,  
Trying rip my throat,  
And she tries to drown me,  
By throwing me off the boat.

The Memory came back to me,

Which life had been devoid,  
And now, as hard as I try,  
'Tis something I can't avoid.

What does she want from me?  
What could she possibly need?  
Does she not get the point?  
Or does she not take heed?

Life will be a little hard,  
But it's something I can ignore,  
But the way she looks at me,  
Makes me ever quite sore.

She can always leave my back,  
Whenever she dare please,  
I just need some healing time,  
In order to be appeased.

Justin Reamer

# The Canine

I

Man's best friend,  
Comforting him when down,  
Cheering him up when sad,  
Mollifying him when angry.

II

Scent dogs for the police,  
Tracking abductees kidnapped before,  
The world's most dangerous narcotics,  
The most catastrophic explosives,  
The world's most wanted criminals.

III

Hunting companions for hunters,  
Retrieving water fowl from foul play,  
Tracking rodents and rabbits,  
Chasing after the fox without fear.

IV

Pulling sleds with lots of strength,  
Racing other sleds and  
Making pharmaceutical deliveries  
In the Arctic tundra.

V

Athletes of sorts,  
Racing each other on sleds or  
Chasing a rabbit to the finish line,

Competitive at any rate.

VI

Travelling in packs,  
Hunt livestock as well as  
Wild mammals and fowl,  
Each taking a turn until  
A boy finally cries, 'Wolf! '  
For the first time.

## VII

A red pup of sorts,  
Rather cute in some ways,  
But unbreakable in others,  
Living in a solitary den,  
Hunting fowl and rodents  
To feed its pups,  
Its white dot at the tip of its tale,  
Saying, 'Best friends forever, '  
With a fellow canine in  
A child's tale.

## VIII

The head of Anubis,  
The creature that lives in Africa,  
A pet to the deity of death  
In Egyptian mythology,  
Weighing the weight of the heart  
For the dead souls to be judged  
To see if they will live with the Pharaohs  
Or die with the rest of the world.

## IX

The guardian of the underworld,  
Provoked by Charon, the boatman,  
A three-headed dog with a serpent's head  
At the end of its long tail,  
Hades' favourite pet Cerberus,  
The one who keeps the mortals  
Such as Aeneas out and lets the  
Souls of the dead in without a second thought.

## X

One of Harry Potter's mystical monsters,  
The one that guards the secret vault  
That leads to the Sorcerer's Stone,  
In which Hagrid finds his pet  
To be quite wonderful,  
A guard dog named Fluffy  
Much like his cousin Cerberus;  
Three heads to make one dog

And a snake at the end of its tail.

## XII

A man nicknamed Padfoot who  
Turns into a dog to become  
An Animagus to visit an old friend  
Bitten by Fenrir Greyback.  
A man framed for murder,  
A convict from Azkaban,  
A friend to James Potter,  
Godfather to Harry himself,  
He is man's best friend  
And a man himself,  
The man named Sirius Black.

## XIII

A deity to the Native Americans,  
He howls at the moon for his stupidity  
And is wily in every way,  
Though he makes mistakes,  
He is still an interesting creature.

## XIV

A wild animal in Australia,  
Travelling in packs as well,  
Companion to the Aborigines,  
As described in Xavier Herbert's book,  
It was accused for eating a baby,  
And is another creature to be feared.

## XV

A feral animal travelling in packs,  
Living in the deep Southwest  
Out in the deserts of  
Arizona and New Mexico,  
Hunts the rodents for its dinner.

## XVI

A companion to the caveman,  
The Neanderthal who tries to survive,  
A hunter with rabid teeth,  
Travelling in packs,

Helps kill the mammoth of old.

XVII

Regulating the blood sugar of diabetes,  
Barks when something smells wrong,  
Notifying his owner,  
The diabetic,  
To take his medication  
Or to put in insulin  
So he doesn't die in the night.

XVIII

Howling at the moon,  
A sign of remorse for  
Some wrong it has committed,  
A complaint for its state of misery.  
It lingers about,  
Only to howl some more.

XIX

The trickster in fables,  
Narcissistic and egocentric,  
Seeking its own personal gain  
By taking away from  
The protagonist in some way,  
Only to be tricked himself.

XX

The character derived from 'outfoxed, '  
That sly old fellow who tricks every animal,  
Even the wolf and the lion,  
Into playing into his trap,  
Enacting according to his whims.  
A deceptive, creative liar,  
A confidence man at heart,  
He teaches the proud a lesson—  
They aren't as powerful as they think.

XXI

The character in a fairy tale  
Outsmarted by a bunch of pigs.

He blew the houses down,  
Only to realize bricks were  
Difficult to break in the first place.

XXII

Victims of Michael Vick,  
They fought each other to the death  
Until their throats were slashed,  
Their arteries torn,  
And the blood drained from their bodies,  
Inhumanely killed from the fight.

XXIII

A Danish breed known for its  
Great height and wit,  
Taking the persona of  
The cartoon dog that solves mysteries  
And the other dog that breaks everything.  
Scooby-Doo, Marmaduke, and Astro,  
Dogs of old in the 1960s cartoons,  
Whether on a comic strip,  
A movie voiced by Owen Wilson,  
A cartoon involved in solving mysteries,  
Or the Jetsons figuring out the future,  
The Great Dane lives in our hearts.

XXIV

Known for being purely bred,  
These dogs are good for competitions  
In which they are examined for beauty,  
Performance, and obedience.  
But health problems come with them,  
So they are asked to be cared for entirely.

XXV

Found in the humane society,  
They are mixed breeds,  
Something that cannot compete  
But are still to be loved anyway.

XXVI

Found at my grandmother's house

Before she passed away,  
They lived with her like pets and friends  
Even though they were strays from the woods.  
Loved like always,  
They were beautiful and sweet,  
Loved by all who saw them.

XXVII

A creature in mythology  
Said to be a man and a wolf  
Who turns into the monster  
When the moon is full,  
Howling at it,  
A killing machine,  
Something to be feared  
Unless one wants to be bitten himself  
To become the damned thing,  
Consuming everything in its tracks,  
And killing human beings sevenfold.

XXVIII

The creature that raised Remus and his brother,  
A Roman deity known for its respect,  
To be loved and cherished by them,  
Known for its ferocity and formidability.

XXIX

A nuisance to farmers,  
Killing their livestock,  
Hunted for their skins,  
Making them an endangered species.  
Rescinded by the EPA,  
Populations slowly came back,  
Making them more improved.

XXX

The heart of Isle Royale,  
Rarely seen by tourists and backpackers,  
But when seen, a moment to cherish,  
As Minong became their home.

XXXI

A cartoon character with  
Close ties to the ACME Corporation,  
Ordering rockets, dynamite,  
And other knickknacks to  
Kill a bird for his dinner,  
Only to be blown up himself.

XXXII

A depressed dog who rarely smiles,  
Always drooping over stupid stuff,  
But ends up outsmarting his enemies,  
Inexplicably finding happiness elsewhere.

XXXIII

A dog owned by Charlie Brown  
Who has a mind of his own,  
A dog house to sleep on,  
A dream to fulfil,  
And a heart to fly someday,  
To shoot down the Red Baron for good.

XXXIV

Mickey Mouse's best friend,  
Envious of other creatures,  
Tries to be obedient,  
But fails miserably.

XXXV

A companion to Orion the Hunter,  
Hunting beside him for game,  
Fulfilling the age-old tradition  
Of man and dog being friends.

XXXVI

A symbol of the Roman army,  
Pack-minded people  
Working as a collective  
To conquer the world  
As wolves conquer their prey.

XXXVII

A symbol of House Stark in Westeros,

The family that lives in Winterfell,  
The House of the North  
In the Seven Kingdoms  
Who live in the snow,  
Know winter is coming,  
And fight like wolves in the North.

XXXVIII

Stephenie Meyer's creation,  
Popularising Team Jacob,  
Making the werewolf look stupid  
As Twilight ruins everything,  
As well as Edward Cullen makes  
Vampires look like idiots,  
Compared to Anne Rice's own creation.

XXXIX

Named after a saint,  
It saves lives by searching the perimeter,  
Looking for the frostbitten man,  
Delivering beverages to those lost in the Arctic.

XL

A dog known for playing sports,  
Playing football, basketball, and volleyball,  
Athletic genes unknown,  
Televised by Disney for  
Children's entertainment.

XLI

A spotted breed that helps  
Firemen put out fires,  
And is known for its  
One hundred one puppies,  
Teaching pet owners  
Dogs 101,  
The basics to raising a canine.

XLII

A tooth classified for the family,  
Large, sharp, and meat-tearing,  
Shows the family of dogs.

#### XLIII

A term given to a man  
Who can't keep a dick in his pants,  
A womaniser with no intention in mind,  
Making himself look like a fool  
As he is a sexist pig and  
A promiscuous gigolo who  
Braggs about the many times  
He's banged the target of his desire.

#### XLIV

The lead female in the pack,  
Known quote as 'the bitch, '  
Who has the authority over everyone  
And has the privileges in the world.

#### XLV

The term 'Alpha Male' rings in the ears  
As the pack mentality is asserted,  
The dog with the most power in the pack  
Making it seem so true.

#### XLVI

The alpha male in the company,  
The CEO in charge,  
Known for military commando style,  
He fights for what is his,  
As capitalism is a dog-eat-dog society.

#### XLVII

The ill-tempered woman that  
No one wants to date,  
No sane man wants to marry  
As she always has a bone to pick  
Or a complaint to make,  
But abuses the poor bastard  
Who falls into her trap,  
Emasculating him from every corner  
As the 'b' word rings in the ears.

#### XLVIII

The wolf-whistle from sexist pigs  
Who let women know they  
Are nothing but a piece of meat to them,  
Just as wolves in a pack let their  
Mates know in the same exact way.  
Little respect to come from them,  
Do not approach and be forewarned.

XLIX

Used for herding sheep,  
This dog is quite wily.  
He chases them down,  
A shepherd's companion,  
Known for his wild personality.

L

A dog with barely any hair,  
A French breed known as 'Frenchy, '  
Be careful not to step on him,  
Or he will bite for sure.

LI

A cute little lapdog with  
A big furry face,  
A Pomeranian, he is,  
Playful and authoritative,  
He makes the world go round.

LII

A bark at the mailman showing his authority,  
Thinking he will drive away,  
And victory is success as  
He goes down the road,  
Making the dog satisfied.

LIII

A guide for the blind,  
Watching the ground before you  
To make sure all is safe  
Before taking another step  
And making you fall.

LIV

A love for playing catch,  
Goes after the ball with little hesitation  
And brings it back to you to play again.

LV

Throw him the stick,  
He will go fetch it;  
Throw it far,  
He will run after;  
He will bring it back to you  
Just to chase it one more time.

LVI

A puppy for your thoughts,  
Big and fluffy,  
Gnawing and teeting,  
Scratching and napping,  
But adorable beyond all belief  
With their big eyes staring at you  
So sadly and unbelievably cutely  
As you bring it to your height  
And cuddle it with your arms.

LVII

A beggar for food,  
It sits at the table,  
Tries every ploy to get it,  
Failing miserably,  
But barks and barks again  
And puts its head in your lap,  
Just to remind you its there.

LVIII

Barks of different tones,  
From 'Pet me' to 'Feed me'  
To 'Let me get a drink from the toilet, '  
The dogs never fail to communicate,  
Especially if they want to go outside.

LIX

A sniffer for things,

A curious nose,  
It goes around the house,  
Never ceasing to find something new to smell.

LX

Throw it the Frisbee,  
And it will chase it;  
Throw it higher,  
And it will jump.  
It will be happy to play.

LXI

Tug-of-war is a favourite sport;  
Just let it guide you away,  
And its playfulness will be your guide;  
Just give it the time of the day.

LXII

Give it a dog treat,  
And it will be your best friend,  
Teach it new tricks,  
And you will have lots of fun.

LXIII

The all-seeing eye in the  
Middle of the night,  
Scaring off the neighbours  
With its extra loud bark,  
Making sure they're never seen again.

LXIV

The Labrador retriever named Marley  
Whom everyone knew and loved,  
The worst dog in the world,  
But loved anyway.

LXV

Kasee the cocker spaniel  
Who barked at everything that moved;  
Guard dog and unfriendly in some ways,  
Crazy as crazy can be.

LXVI

The dog that bit my mother's foot,  
Protecting me from its rabid bite,  
As I was still a child,  
And it feral and rabid,  
Vicious as vicious could be.

LXVII

Alex the Burmese mountain dog,  
A friendly dog who never barked,  
Ate Elyse's cake and loved people,  
But never barked at a soul.

LXVIII

Lucy the beagle who's small as can be,  
Loving as a loving dog,  
But has a stubborn personality,  
A vindication about her  
When she hates to be disappointed.

LXIX

Hollyfield the mutt whom  
We loved so much,  
A human in training for sure,  
Begged for food,  
Barked to be pet,  
A spoiled little brat, to be certain,  
And waited his turn for the bathroom  
To drink from the toilet himself.

LXX

Cody the crazy Labrittany,  
The one who loves to play,  
Makes us all laugh due to  
His daftness in his empty skull,  
But is adorable in no other way.

Justin Reamer

# The Chariest Thing

It's the most unassuming thing,  
Your affair with her, my dear Ron,  
For no one will know,  
As long as you make it inconspicuous.  
I just hope you understand that  
I cannot aide you in your lechery,  
But I will mention it to no one,  
As long as you yourself stay hidden.

Justin Reamer

# The Cherry Blossom

Mother, do not worry,  
You are not old,  
Yet you may be aged,  
But that doesn't matter,  
For God has blessed you in so many ways that  
You just cannot see right now.

You were once a seed,  
An embryo in your mother's womb,  
And then you began to sprout  
When you became a baby.  
As a sapling,  
You became a child,  
Inquisitive of the world around you,  
Uncertain of what you see,  
For you did not know what you were about.

Then you began to become a tree,  
And your cherries blossomed,  
For you became a beautiful woman  
That all men began to notice  
For you had become fruitful,  
And everyone loved your beauty.

Each year, your trunk grew,  
And you grew more mature every day,  
For you were not the weak pre-teen  
You had once been,  
But a strong grown woman,  
In her youth still,  
But as sturdy as the cherry blossom  
That grew for many years.

You then began to marry,  
And your offspring multiplied,  
And they nourished off of your love,  
Of the fruit you had grown for them.  
Your trunk gave them stability,  
Your roots gave them foundation,

Your leaves gave them protection and comfort,  
And your fruit gave them nourishment.  
You loved each of them as your own,  
And you, cherry blossom, have grown stronger.

Each year, you become stronger,  
And you persevere the harsh winters  
And the obstacles that would kill you  
Had you not known how to deal with them.  
And every spring,  
You recover,  
And grow stronger,  
And know how to nurse your offspring,  
And by becoming stronger,  
You give them strength.

Now, your trunk is wide and sturdy,  
For you are at the prime of your life,  
You have experienced much,  
And you know how to deal with life at hand.  
You now train your offspring so that they  
Can do things for themselves,  
And you help them grow into the world  
Around them,  
So they may be healthy and responsible.

Because of you,  
And your sturdy foundation made of wood,  
Elyse can be a good mother,  
I can be a good father,  
Sean can be a good father,  
And Stef can be a good mum, as well.  
You are the reason we live,  
Because you have nourished us,  
And we couldn't live without you.  
Your giving love,  
Like in Shel Silverstein's *The Giving Tree*,  
Did so much for all of us,  
Because you nourished us with  
Everything you could ever give.

We thank you for that,

And we love you with all of our hearts.

Justin Reamer

# The Circle

As a composer creates anew,  
A decomposer destroys the decrepit.  
Notes and music form verses,  
But the old fade away.

Nature creates new organisms,  
Only to die away in the end,  
Slowly broken down, bit by bit,  
As atoms transfer to the soil.

But Nature suffers catastrophe,  
Something that can't be stopped,  
An inferno consuming everything  
In its own wake.

There is always an aftermath:  
Nature replenishes itself,  
Convalescing slowly from  
The inflicted wound,  
The damage it suffered.

As the wound heals,  
Flora and fauna fill the gap,  
And once complete,  
The moss will grow, at full height,  
Hiding the scar from within.

Justin Reamer

# The Columbine

Two boys of elegant wit,  
With lots of friends and comrades  
On their sides with each other,  
Fell into a pit  
In which they could not come out.

Eric Harris and Dylan Koble  
Were their names,  
The boys who were full of hatred.  
They fell into a deeper pit  
Than what they'd possibly imagine.

Eric and Dylan had many friends,  
More than what anyone ever encounters.  
They had the good life,  
Until they tried to blow up their school.

The bombs failed,  
But they shot lots of people.  
They killed students,  
And then they killed themselves.

They did not know what they  
Were missing, or who they dealt with.  
They did not know anything,  
Except their own deaths.

Justin Reamer

# The Cozening

He tricked me,  
So I got to get him back!

Justin Reamer

# The Culling

We are selecting you  
Because we want you to be part of the elite,  
For you will serve us well,  
And we will treat you well,  
For we have noticed your performance,  
And known that it is good,  
For we find it to be truly good,  
All that you do.

Justin Reamer

# The Daemon

The daemon is back,  
Tormenting me with his claws,  
Biting into my flesh.

Justin Reamer

# The Descent

The family is big. The family is loved. It shows great life. It shows great love. There is a little girl. Her name is Jane. Look at her blue eyes. Isn't she pretty? She wants to play. Will someone play with her? She wants to have fun. Will someone play with her? There is John. He is her brother. He is small and skinny. Look at his brown hair and his blue eyes. Isn't he handsome? He is so cute. What do you say, John? See how he laughs. He loves to laugh. Laugh, John, laugh. John, will you play with Jane? Well, Jane will then find someone else. Look, there is Mommy! She is so nice. See how she smiles. Isn't she pretty? Yes, Mommy, you are pretty. Smile, Mommy, smile. Be happy. Mommy, will you play with Jane? Okay, Jane will find someone else. Look, there's Daddy! He is very kind. See how he grins. He is so happy. Isn't he handsome? So kind? So loving? He is wonderful. Grin, Daddy, grin. Daddy, will you play with Jane? All right, well Jane will find someone else. Look, there is the dog. His name is Rover. He is cute and cuddly. He loves to play. He barks a lot. Isn't he cute? Yes, he is. Bark, Rover, bark. Rover, will you play with Jane? That's great! Let's join in. There is Jane's best friend. Her name is Rachel. She loves to play. Isn't she cute? Yes, she is. She loves to run. Run, Rachel, run. Rachel, will you play with Jane? Awesome, that is good. Play, Jane, play! Enjoy yourself as you play with your friend.

The family is big The family is loved It shows great life It shows great love There is a little girl Her name is Jane Look at her blue eyes Isnt she pretty She wants to play Will someone play with her She wants to have fun Will someone play with her There is John He is her brother He is small and skinny Look at his brown hair and his blue eyes Isnt he handsome He is so cute What do you say John See how he laughs He loves to laugh Laugh John laugh John will you play with Jane Well Jane will then find someone else Look there is Mommy She is so nice See how she smiles Isnt she pretty Yes Mommy you are pretty Smile Mommy smile Be happy Mommy will you play with Jane Okay Jane will find someone else Look theres Daddy He is very kind See how he grins He is so happy Isnt he handsome So kind So loving He is wonderful Grin Daddy grin Daddy will you play with Jane All right well Jane will find someone else Look there is the dog His name is Rover He is cute and cuddly He loves to play He barks a lot Isnt he cute Yes he is Bark Rover bark Rover will you play with Jane Thats great Lets join in There is Janes best friend Her name is Rachel She loves to play Isnt she cute Yes she is She loves to run Run Rachel run Rachel will you play with Jane Awesome that is good Play Jane play Enjoy yourself as you play with your friend

Thefamilyisbigthefamilyisloveditshowsgreatlifeitshowsgreatlovethereisalittlegirllher nameisjanelookatherblueeyesisntshprettyshewantstoplaywillsomeoneplaywithhe

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eawesomethatisgoodplayjaneplayenjoyyourselfasyouplaywithyourfriend

Justin Reamer

# The Dogmatist

The dogmatist is someone you don't mess with,  
If you have not met her ever before,  
And believe me, you don't want to mess with her,  
For she can be quite cold.

The dogmatist is  
A fellow high school student,  
Amongst one of my peers,  
Who is a junior along with me,  
Who is of the creative arts.

She truly believes in her ways,  
And she believes she is always right,  
For you don't mess with her,  
Or her temper will go soaring.

Her hair is long and blond,  
As to identify what she looks like,  
And her eyes are a deep brown-green  
She is rather tall,  
And quite pallid,  
That she might stick out to you;  
However, her beauty is quite striking.

She argues all the time,  
Saying that her views are right,  
Or at least in her debate class,  
And she has her 'corn-pone opinions, '  
As Mark Twain words it,  
About everyone around her.

The dogmatist deems some people worthless,  
Some people of the utmost value,  
Some people musically challenged,  
Others very interesting,  
And me socially inept.

The dogmatist does not like me one bit,  
Due to the stupid things of freshman year,

And she is still attached to the dickhead,  
Who had dated her just last year.

It is honestly very interesting  
That someone could be so bigoted,  
And I cannot understand why  
Anyone would hate another person.

She is in no way a pragmatist,  
For she challenges your train of thought,  
But she is very dogmatic,  
Saying that she is always right.

I cannot understand why  
She finds the need to argue,  
And I certainly can't understand  
Her own corn-pone opinions.

Maybe if I made up to her,  
Maybe we could be friends again,  
But, for now, things are rough,  
And it's going to take a lot.

I'll see what I can do  
With the dogmatist of old,  
I will make up to her,  
And all will be forgotten,  
But it is still interesting,  
Why she doesn't let it go.

Justin Reamer

# The Dolphin

With a big huge smile,  
Constant enthusiasm,  
The dolphin waves hi.

Justin Reamer

# The Dostoevskian Rhapsody

My mother lived a long life,  
And many parts of it were good,  
But others, she continued to struggle,  
But she still managed to pull on through.  
Her life is a long one,  
Chronicled with many events and changes,  
But this rhapsody suits it well,  
As Matthias gives me the story to tell.

My mother, Marjorie Sue Weber Reamer, was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan,  
On September 2, 1963,  
And grew up in Dorr.  
Her family was very poor,  
But they managed to get by.  
Her father—my grandfather—  
Was Sylvester 'Les' Weber,  
A musician of talent.  
He played bluegrass with his boys,  
His friends, really,  
Playing the banjo, mandolin,  
Guitar and fiddle.  
He played background for Earl Scruggs once,  
Quite some time ago in his youth,  
And he loved to play that banjo still,  
Playing 'Fox on the Run, '  
'Orange Blossom Special, '  
And many other famous songs.  
Les worked as a mechanic, an electrician,  
And a very good technician.  
He knew what he was doing.

Her mother—my grandmother—was  
Frances Davis Weber,  
Her maiden name being 'Davis.'  
Apparently, she had gotten pregnant before  
She had ever met Les,  
But my mother's father fell in love with her  
And took her in,  
And they got married in front

Of the eyes of God,  
Who blessed their spirits with all of their hearts.

My mum had many siblings,  
One of them being James Weber, my uncle,  
Whom everyone referred to as 'Jimmy.'  
He was a bright boy,  
Hard-working and striving to  
Do well in school.  
He worked hard,  
Had a very pretty girlfriend,  
And was very kind to his sisters.  
He was a great fellow.

My mum also had many sisters,  
The first of which was Mary Jo Weber, my aunt,  
Who had a great voice and  
A very sweet disposition,  
And very good-natured, as well.  
Yet, she lacked common sense,  
Had a relatively short temper,  
And had a habit of letting things  
Slip out of her mouth without a thought.  
She spoke before she thought instead  
Of 'think before you act.'  
She had a very good heart,  
And meant very well,  
But she could be bossy,  
Which gave everyone a hard time.

The next sister was Gail Weber, my aunt,  
A very pretty woman with long blond hair  
And a very clever disposition.  
She was very kind,  
But very jocose and jocular,  
Slightly rebellious,  
And very independent.  
She knew how to pull her mother's strings,  
And was rather manipulative in some ways.  
She had a beautiful smile that  
One men's hearts,  
But she knew how to use men

To get what she wanted.  
She listened to her mother most of the time,  
Did nice things for Mum,  
But rebelled sometimes,  
And got in lots of trouble for it.  
She was slightly promiscuous,  
Having protected sex,  
And when Grandma caught her,  
Boy, did she chew her out.

The next sister was Carole Weber, my aunt,  
Who had a very kind heart.  
She had a very good disposition,  
Was very pretty,  
Had a very pretty smile,  
And was very lively.  
People loved her,  
And she had many boyfriends,  
For men loved her,  
And had a good heart.  
She was clever,  
And very jocose,  
Had Grandpa's sense of humour,  
Which made her stand out from the crowd.

The next sister was Jean Weber, my aunt,  
Who had a very kind disposition,  
And was very friendly,  
But was also very stubborn.  
She talked back many times in her life,  
Which could have been somewhat of a problem.  
She had scoliosis,  
So she wore a brace most of her life  
Until her back got straightened out,  
And she lived a relatively happy life,  
For the most part.

Mum lived a happy life,  
And during her life,  
Gary Joseph Weber was born,  
And he was a good kid, too,  
And they had a good life.

Mum herself was a kind woman,  
But she could be stubborn at times  
Because she always stood for what was right,  
For if she saw someone get persecuted,  
Then she would stand up for that person,  
For she was very kind.

She and her sisters had a normal life,  
Doing crazy things together.  
The sisters played with Barbie dolls  
Many times out of the year,  
Played outside and had lots of fun.  
Mary Jo got lost at the mall,  
And Frances had her neck for that one.  
Gail played around,  
And did lots of things,  
And got in trouble, too.  
Mum tried a cigarette,  
And realised it did not taste very well.  
They had their happy times and their sad times,  
But eventually everything changed when  
Jimbo died around 1970.

Jimmy was around 18 years of age,  
And he was on the draft,  
About to be drawn to Vietnam.  
Les saw Mary then,  
Whom he believed told him  
He was going to die,  
But Mary corrected him,  
Telling him that his son would die,  
And he—my Grandpa—was  
Going to lose his health.  
Jimmy went swimming one day,  
Out on Hutchins' Lake,  
And he eventually had something  
Happen to him,  
Where he drowned right in.  
The whole family knew that Jimbo went missing,  
So they tried to find him,  
Yet they couldn't find him,

Until his corpse washed up on the shore.

The whole family wept,  
And they held a funeral for him,  
And they prayed for him,  
The poor boy,  
So that he would be safe in heaven with God Almighty.  
And they all mourned for his death.

Shortly after, in 1976,  
Frances Weber died of a heart attack,  
A result of pneumonia,  
And the whole family fell apart.  
They all went to live in different areas,  
And they split up to live on their own.

Mum lived with my great aunt  
And uncle Louis and Art Davis,  
Whom both acted as her legal guardians,  
And she lived with them in Fennville for a time,  
And she learned many things.  
She made many new friends,  
And had a great life,  
For she still remembers the times when she  
Watched Star Trek in her room,  
When Aunt Louise acted like a mother to her.  
She also remembers the many good times  
They had together,  
Even though she had to recover from her mother's death,  
And the loss of her friends back home.

My mother then moved to live with Aunt Carole,  
And she met Patrick Kelley,  
Who became her high school sweetheart,  
And she had a great time with him,  
Going to prom and whatnot,  
Until they finally broke up at graduation.

My mum went to college at University of Michigan,  
And she had a great time there,  
For she earned her Bachelor's Degree,  
And doing everything she could.

She met Tom Ahn,  
A Korean man,  
Whom she fell in love with in college,  
But the relationship did not last long,  
Only to end too soon.

My father, Patrick Thomas Reamer,  
Then found her after months of stalking  
Her at U-M,  
And he told her how he remembered her being  
'A very nice girl from high school, '  
And they got together.  
They had a good relationship,  
And they finally fell in love,  
And married one day.

Mary Jo met Michael Damveld  
In high school  
And married him eventually  
After their courtship took place  
For a couple of years.  
Upon their marriage,  
Mary took Uncle Mike's last name,  
And Aunt Mary had a few children afterward:  
Mark Damveld,  
John Paul Damveld,  
Stephen Damveld,  
James Damveld,  
And Sarah Damveld.  
They all lived good lives.

Aunt Mary grew up,  
Had her children,  
And worked as a nurse practitioner  
Until recently,  
Where she retired  
And decided to stop working.  
She is a grandmother now,  
And she is proud.

Mark Damveld met Ellen,  
His lovely wife,

In his college years,  
And he courted her for a while,  
And then they decided to marry.  
He had pursued his girlfriend at Western Michigan,  
But had been dumped by her,  
So he then met Ellen and married her.  
They had two children together,  
And they had Katelyn and Adam.  
They live as one happy family,  
And work things out if problems arise.

Uncle Mike grew old,  
And he owned a gas station all of his life.  
Recently, he had kidney problems,  
And some sort of shingles.  
His son, Mark,  
Being an avid runner,  
Helped him recover by giving him his kidney,  
Which helped a bit until he had problems again,  
But God blessed him,  
And Uncle Mike recovered,  
Getting better in time.

John Paul Damveld lived a relatively good life  
Until he met Kelly in high school.  
He got her pregnant,  
And had the first child of the next generation,  
His daughter Hannah.  
He married Kelly,  
And I still remember their wedding,  
And it was beautiful.  
John Paul and Kelly then had Leia,  
And they were together for a while  
Until they divorced,  
For there had been fighting between them,  
And Hannah and Leia struggled within.  
John Paul then met Stacy,  
And married her,  
And has a great family with her unto now.

Stephen Damveld had a good life  
Until high school,

When his lovely, beautiful girlfriend Natalie,  
Who looks kind of like my friend Sarah Carmody  
From college,  
Who looks very beautiful, also,  
Dumped him.  
He worked in Best Buy for some time  
But never got married or met anyone  
Because he was angry at the world  
And at what happened to him.  
He lives a solitary life,  
And no one ever sees him.

James joined the Marines to get away from  
His mother's tyrannical behaviour;  
Apparently they did not get along very well.  
He served for eight years,  
And then he met his beautiful girlfriend whom  
He still loves today.

Sarah lived an ordinary life.  
She went to college,  
And got a degree,  
But never had a boyfriend  
Except for once.  
She lives a good life,  
And she is single,  
But one day,  
She will find her match.

Aunt Gail met Paul Green,  
Married him and became Wesleyan.  
She had Chris Green and Michelle Green with him,  
But they divorced later,  
And then Gail met Rick VanAuken,  
Whom she married and had Benjamin and Laurel.  
They all lived in harmony until  
Aunt Gail died in a firetruck accident  
When she was a volunteer fire-fighter in 2000.

Chris Green grew to be somewhat crazy,  
Going to parties and whatnot.  
He had two kids out of wedlock

And so much more,  
But he had a good life.

Everyone else had good lives,  
But we can skip the family history,  
For my mother is the one we focus on,  
Right now,  
For she is the one we listen to.

My mother met my father,  
And she married him.  
She had Elyse on 3 April 1990,  
And they were happy.

She had me on 2 October 1993,  
Sean on 11 September 1996,  
And Stef on 24 September 1999.  
She was happy to have all of us as children,  
And she was grateful.

Then my father became an abusive man,  
And he did many bad things,  
For I will not go into detail,  
But my mum suffered so much  
That she decided to end it once and for all.

My mum and dad got divorced,  
And my mum, suffering,  
Managed to make it through it all,  
And she did well  
To survive,  
And I am proud of her for that.  
She is strong,  
And this I know,  
For she did a lot of work,  
In order to help us be where we are today.

Justin Reamer

# The Eagle Scout

Spreading his wings wide,  
Jumping off the slanted cliff,  
Ready to challenge.

Justin Reamer

# The Econoline

Sitting neck and neck,  
Cramped from shoulders, hands, and feet,  
The van will drive on.

Justin Reamer

# The Facade

I can see right through you,  
In case you do not understand,  
I see through your disguise,  
And it fools me no more.

Justin Reamer

# The Fair Angel

There is a woman I know,  
Who is very special to me,  
Who has touched the hearts of many,  
And has a good heart of her own,  
And appears to be an angel before  
The very hand of God.  
For she is beautiful,  
A woman with bright blond hair that  
Shines in the sun  
As if a preternatural luminescence  
Like a halo surrounding her scalp.  
She has a thin face and a pointed chin,  
A nose that is thin and rounded,  
Bright blue eyes that reminds you  
Of the place where the Lord Almighty lives,  
And a smile that lights a room.  
When I see her, I am always happy,  
Because I know she is special in every way,  
Since she serves Him all the time,  
And she is much like me,  
The artist who uses her talents for God,  
For I will never leave her,  
For I am hers,  
And she is mine,  
And we belong together always and forever.  
She is Gemini,  
Special in every way,  
And she sings beautifully,  
Paints pictures like photographs,  
Writes poetry as if it were music,  
Plays instruments as if there were no tomorrow.  
When I see her, my heart palpitates arrhythmically,  
And when she holds me, I cannot help but feel joy.  
When she smiles, I smile back,  
For her smile is contagious and glorious.  
When I hold her hand,  
I feel like the luckiest man in the world,  
For she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.  
She is a gift from God,

Someone I will never forget,  
For she is special to me.  
I know that I am her servant,  
And she is my master.  
I will serve her however I can  
In order to make her happy.  
I love her unconditionally and irrevocably  
Because her happiness is what is most important to me.  
The angel is someone special,  
Someone who is a gift from God,  
And she serves Him with all her heart.  
She is someone I will never forget,  
For she is the most beautiful woman in the world,  
And I will take care of her  
In every way I can.  
I love her with all my heart,  
And I will serve her  
Until the end of my days.  
No one is more special than she.

Justin Reamer

# The Father

What is a father?  
What does he do?  
What is a father?  
What does he rue?

Fathers are caring,  
Never pompous or swearing,  
He takes care,  
Without a stare,  
Without the slightest bearing.

He provides for his wife,  
Cares for his kids,  
And never ruins his life.

A father is not a traitor,  
And a lecher not,  
He is not abusive,  
He gives quite a lot.

He gives agape,  
Never eros,  
He knows philia,  
Never anteros.

He knows how to love,  
Never to make haste,  
He never learns to hate,  
Never to damage chaste.

What is a father?  
If he doesn't care one bit?  
What is a father,  
If his children he does hit?

A father, then concluded,  
Is someone who's always there,  
He is a trusted loved one,  
Someone you always care.

Justin Reamer

# The First Snow

'Twas the first snow before Thanksgiving,  
And there was a very cold breeze,  
That when I was out walking,  
My ears were displeased.

As I covered up my head,  
My body gave a shudder,  
And my friend next to me,  
Chattered as he began to utter.

When I got back to my dorm,  
It was warm I suppose,  
But I think it was 'colder, '  
Because my roommate blew his nose.

As I could see,  
People were sicker than what  
They were supposed to be,  
And Ruben,  
Hating being sick,  
Was staring at me like a tree.

As I had come back from Bible Study,  
I suppose everyone had gone mad,  
For with the grimace on  
Ruben's and Gulliano's faces,  
I could tell something was bad.

Jack Frost, damn him,  
Got into everyone's rooms,  
And went a-blowin' his whistle,  
With his stupid favourite tunes.

He made everyone sick,  
From what I could see,  
And this first snow,  
Damn it all,  
Was all that it had to be.

Justin Reamer

# The Fool

I have been a fool,  
Forgetting about you and your wonderful ways,  
For your complexion stirs me deep within my heart,  
Reverberating my soul every time it sees you  
Because you are the most wonderful woman in the world.

I can't believe I have forgotten you,  
And now I see you before me-  
Alive, well, and more beautiful than ever before.  
You are a woman like know other,  
Someone who cannot be compared to,  
Someone who is unique.  
I don't know how I've forgotten you.

Your eyes- their mystique-  
Your eyes- they're so enchanting-  
How could I ever live without you,  
Seeing you daily,  
And your beautiful smile  
Which can compare to no others.

My heart beats for your rhythm,  
And my soul composes a song  
In which it can sing a melody  
To praise the very beauty you possess  
Because no one else has that beauty that you have.

Your kindness is like no other's,  
Unconditional in every sense of the word,  
And you know no evil,  
Excepting you know righteous anger.  
My dear, your belief in God is wonderful,  
And God is always at your side,  
So He will protect you,  
Making you special.

But I am a fool,  
For I know not how I could have forgotten you  
Because there is no one else like you in this world,

And you are the only one that truly  
Ever really matters to me.

I am a fool,  
Because I can never  
And have never been able to  
See you for who you are,  
But now I am glad to see you,  
Happy as ever,  
And to see you smile the way you do,  
For nothing can come between us now,  
No matter how stupid I am,  
For you are the most special thing to me  
In the entire world,  
Since you are the love of my life.

Justin Reamer

# The Forest

I can hear the birds chirping, father!  
I can hear them chirping, can you?

Yes, I can hear them chirping,  
And they are so sweet,  
The way they chirp so beautifully.

The songs are so beautiful, Father,  
They are so beautiful.

As are you, my son,  
For I have never had a gift  
Like you  
In my life.

Justin Reamer

# The Garden

The Sun shines upon the land,  
Shining with its great rays,  
The light goes upon the sand,  
As it goes upon the bays,  
The flowers open their petals,  
Showing off their beauty,  
The animals begin to settle,  
As a slacker does his duty,  
The garden is so quiet,  
As it sways against the bay,  
The lake undoes all riots,  
Each and every day.  
And there is the quiet presence,  
That is greater than any frankincense.

Justin Reamer

# The Great Disdain

Disdain grows in my heart,  
As you look at me in that way,  
For I am tired of your wanton acts  
And your malevolent ways.

As you look at me in that way,  
You anger my heart like a burning fire,  
And your malevolent ways,  
They make me sicker than a dog.

You anger my heart like a burning fire,  
Your ugliness is more than I can bear,  
The make me sicker than a dog,  
All the things you do to me.

Your ugliness is more than I can bear,  
As you are more putrid than any man,  
All the things you do to me,  
They make me angrier day by day.

As you are more putrid than any man,  
You are a scoundrel above all else,  
They make me angrier day by day,  
As you torment me with your speech.

You are a scoundrel above all else,  
Unjustly taking from every man,  
As you torment me with your speech,  
You make me hate you even more.

Unjustly taking from every man,  
You make me sick of the sight of you,  
You make me hate you even more,  
You are my worst enemy.

You make me sick of the sight of you,  
With your warty hands and zitty face,  
You make me hate you even more,  
With that rotten grin and slimy skin.

With your warty hands and zitty face,  
I hate the things I see,  
With that rotten smile and slimy face,  
I become sick of you.

I hate the things I see,  
For you are disgusting beyond all,  
I become sick of you,  
Since you know no mercy.

For you are disgusting beyond all,  
Hatred grows within me,  
Since you know no mercy,  
I hate you with all my heart.

Hatred grows within me,  
Disdain grows in my heart,  
I hate you with all my heart,  
For I am tired of your wanton acts.

Justin Reamer

# The Great Fjord

Birds fly overhead,  
Water streaming down the cliff,  
Life in the valley.

Justin Reamer

# The Hawk

As I was walking from my dorm  
On a Sunday afternoon,  
I saw a hawk  
Glide from above the trees  
And perch itself on a branch above my head.

I saw it, and it looked at me,  
And it stared me in the eye,  
And I had a connection with it,  
And something made me think.

I approached the hawk,  
And, as I got closer,  
I realised that it never  
Flew away,  
But just leered at me,  
As if waiting to see what  
I would do,  
To make sure I was not going to attack it.

As I approached the hawk,  
I saw its marvelous beauty,  
For it had a great shape,  
And a great eye,  
For noticing everything in its path.

It was brown like the colour of gold,  
And it stood strong and tall,  
And its eyes were a golden brown,  
Indicating the pride it had.  
Its wings were folded,  
And it stood tall on its feet,  
And it knew what it was,  
And that nothing was going to get in its way.

I knew that the hawk was proud,  
Proud and very strong,  
And nothing was going to make him  
Back down from where he stood.

I knew the majesty he had,  
As he held his meal in his foot,  
For he had caught the squirrel,  
And killed it,  
And nothing would take it from him.

I realised he was God's creation,  
And he lived just as I did,  
And I learned to love God more,  
And it reminded me of Him all the more.

I walked on,  
In further contemplation,  
For the hawk  
Was there and  
Then it flew away,  
To make its point accurate.

Justin Reamer

# The Healing Process

The girl with the vibrant face,  
The nymph I like to call her,  
For she is certainly not a seraph,  
Is the one I want for sure,  
After I had taken her to prom.

They nymph, I knew,  
Was the one I wanted,  
After she sang to Journey and Aerosmith;  
I had seen her vibrant beauty  
And her vivacity,  
As it poured out like gold.

Quite frankly, I realise something,  
That she has the feelings in return,  
But I'll let you know  
The time is not quite right,  
At least for us to be together.

God intended me to be with the nymph,  
The one who sang with utter joy,  
But He's letting me know the time is far,  
For He wants me to be patient.

The nymph broke up with her ex,  
About two months before,  
And even though she denies it,  
I know she is still depressed in some ways.

Every time I look at her,  
I see it in her eyes,  
I see the pain coming out  
The vibrant blue irises as  
She stands before me.

It is the same thing  
I went through after  
The brown-haired beauty and  
My suicide attempt.

She is going through it also,  
And that is why the time is far.

If you're looking for the signs,  
I can give you them,  
And I will tell you why,  
For I feel bad for her.

She writes depressing poetry,  
Like 'The Veil' and 'The Mask, '  
She cannot write anything happy or praising,  
Like Lord Byron or E.E. Cummings did.

All her songs are sad,  
Like 'No One' I had listened to,  
They were very sad,  
I almost burst to tears.

She speaks of love as binding,  
Constricting the life out of her,  
Like it is oppressing her,  
And controlling her, as well.

She says it controls her,  
Preventing her from being herself,  
She says she has to cut them,  
To be free herself again.

She writes like Edgar Allan Poe,  
All sad and depressed,  
She, like Poe, is falling apart,  
And she needs to mend over again.

Alex is still a part of her,  
And his actions left her devastated,  
And she is just like me,  
Who fell apart after Shay's actions.

But I had reached a breaking point,  
After 10 long years,  
She had been happy most of her life,  
With a family to support her wholly.

But she still needs time to heal,  
After what I've seen,  
She just denies it for no pity,  
For she wants no pity at all.

But slowly, she is falling apart,  
And she is losing her control,  
But now, she is mending,  
And she is slowly coming together.

She just needs that time to heal,  
To overcome the heartbreak that happened  
Nearly two months before.  
She needs that time to feel happy,  
Just like I did a year before,  
And she will feel good again,  
In time that will happen.

She will fall in love a gain,  
She just does not know it,  
For God was talking to her,  
Only a week before.

But once her songs are happy,  
And her poems are light-hearted,  
I'll know, then, the time is right,  
For depression is out of her eyes.

I know I care about her,  
And she cares about me, too,  
But she needs to heal,  
Before anything can happen.

The time is getting closer,  
I can feel it coming soon,  
And I'll know when it's right,  
When the nymph does not have pain.

Justin Reamer

# The Healing River

The waters rush down  
The river way  
As it continues to flow,  
And it swishes  
And splashes  
As it continues to flow.

It is a wonderful thing,  
This river,  
As it flows,  
Animal life resides  
In it,  
And it continues to flow.

It is a stream  
Of energy  
That is flowing  
Along  
The water  
For consciousness  
Is present here  
And one can feel it  
Swishing along.

The stream

Splashes  
And swishes  
With energy,  
With some sort of magic,  
It makes everything count.  
If someone is happy,  
This river will make someone even happier,  
And if someone is joyful,  
Then more joy will come.

They call it  
The Healing River

For people  
The river of good health

Get healed when  
They touch the water  
That was blessed  
By the Lord Himself.

Madness can come  
From a person's soul  
□  
And the rapids  
Can swallow  
That person

Straight hole,

For it is so

Fast-paced,

It begins to break fall,

□

But then,

The person touches

The water,  
And calmness

Comes again

To the person's mind and soul.

If one has a cut

He or she

Can place the arm in the water

And watch it get healed,

Because the blessed water,

Sacred in all,

Will seal the cut,

From any further harm.

If a person is downtrodden,

Or ridden with pain or guilt in their hearts,

They can strip off their clothes,

And go for a swim,

Then the presence of Providence  
The Holy Spirit, that is,  
Will touch the person's soul,  
And give him or her a renewed spirit,  
Bringing joy to their lives.

The Healing River  
Is all around us,  
And it is calm,  
As shown through Baptism,  
And through all the sacraments,  
Gives healing to all,  
Because it was blessed by God,  
And calmly flows,  
One will never get  
Lost in the rapids,  
But will be welcomed into the stream  
Of the love that flows from the Lord.

Justin Reamer

# The Holy Face

O Blessed Face of my kind Savior,  
by the tender love  
and piercing sorrow  
of Our Lady as she beheld You in  
Your cruel Passion,  
grant us to share in this  
intense sorrow and love  
so as to fulfill the holy will  
of God to the utmost  
of our ability.  
Amen.

Justin Reamer

# The Hybrid Autumn Tree

A tree with a crook in the trunk,  
Leaves blossoming everywhere,  
It stands, many leaves falling  
Underneath in the underbrush.

Green and luscious,  
Calming, filled with life,  
The tree stands,  
But for what purpose?

Does it weep?  
Does it smile?  
Does it bring joy or anger?  
What be its purpose?

To know it to torture oneself,  
But to become part of Nature,  
One will find the answer  
As a transparent eyeball to  
Everything around him or her,  
To truly see its beauty.

Justin Reamer

# The Hydrangea

A woman with bright blue eyes  
Looks at me as she smiles  
With her vivacious grin,  
One that illuminates the entire world.

She looks at me with those  
Beautiful irises that are a  
Kaleidoscope of blue and green,  
Which are the colour of the hydrangea.

Like the flower, she rejoices in the  
Sunlight and sings when God calls  
Upon her from afar,  
Singing the most beautiful melody.

She rejoices at the little things in life  
And notices the big things,  
Which are just as important to her.  
Selfless and thoughtful, she looks after  
Those who desperately need her help,  
Comforting them and offering consolation.

Beautiful more than anyone in the world,  
Her smile radiates with warmth and love,  
Her eyes emanate compassion and ecstasy,  
And her blond hair glistens in the sun.

Her heart is full of care and love,  
It never hesitates to hold someone close  
When the person is in dire need.  
Always there, she is an angel from God.

The woman is someone I love,  
As I see her happily helping so many people,  
I am glad that she is mine;  
For she is the most important person  
And the most beautiful woman in the entire world.



# The Inglenook

What a wonderful fireplace;  
The edifice is so warm.  
I cannot believe the flames that  
Come out of the pit,  
And the beautiful warmth  
Of the flames warm us with its heat.  
But what is so important about that corner?  
There is something rather strange there,  
Though I cannot really say what it is.  
It appears that a man is standing in the inglenook,  
The corner of the fireplace,  
And it appears he has been there awhile,  
But what am I to do, my friend?  
He appears to be not of this world.

Justin Reamer

# The Inquisition

Father, Father, where have you been?  
Where have you been in the last ten years?  
Where have you gone when you were not seen?  
Where were you when we shed our tears?  
Father, you are a mystery,  
For all I know you never come for cheer,  
Maybe it's your apathy,  
But you are never here.  
You were hardly ever home, from what I remember,  
My memory serves me well,  
And so you cannot deny anything I can tell.  
You left ten years ago, moody as can be,  
You would never return unless it was for pleasure.  
You were always absent from what I can remember.  
You never really gave a damn about the impact on others,  
You never really cared about the people you ever really hurt.  
Now, I question you, a decade later, for now I am wise,  
And you cannot throw me off, because I know you like a weasel.  
Where were you father, when my sister came into the world?  
Where were you when my Aunt Gail died?  
Where were you when I started school for the first time?  
Where were you when you never listened to my troubles?  
Where were you when Elyse performed on stage?  
Where were you when Mom was hurt and crying?  
Where were you when Sean was very angry?  
Where were you when Stef was sad and lonely?  
Where were you when I received school's pressure?  
Where were you when Elyse had read for pleasure?  
Where were you when Elyse won the poetry contest?  
Where were you when I was picked on constantly?  
Where were you when Mom was sad and hurt?  
Where were you when Sean had started school?  
Where were you when I had started Boy Scouts?  
Where were you when I raced in Pinocar Derby?  
Where were you when I was sad and lonely?  
When I was so depressed that I felt so stonely?  
Where were you when I was lonely?  
Where were you when I was picked on constantly?  
Where were you when Elyse had her ordeals?

Where were you when Sean was constantly in a bad mood?  
Where were you when I went through a vendetta?  
Where were you when I was picked on by the entire school?  
Where were you when Elyse was molested?  
Where were you when I went on stage?  
Where were you when the Robot took 13th place?  
Where were you when Elyse was announced a National Merit Scholar?  
Where were you when Sean played football?  
Where were you when Stef got her \$1K scholarship?  
Where were you when Elyse was inducted into the NHS?  
Where were you when I was inducted into NHS?  
Where were you when Elyse was valedictorian?  
Where were you when Elyse won a \$40K scholarship?  
Where were you when Elyse was first chair in the flute section of Symphony Band?  
Where were you when Elyse won a poetry contest?  
Where were you when Elyse took PATH?  
Where were you when Elyse took the stage?  
Where were you when Elyse played in the pit?  
Where were you when Elyse played in HAYO?  
Where were you when Sean and I won 13th place in the state in WOSO?  
Where were you when we all ran track?  
Where were you when Sean made his first lay-up?  
Where were you when I scored my first goal?  
Where were you when Sean scored his first touchdown?  
Where were you when we received our First Communions?  
Where were you when I received my Confirmation?  
Where were you when Sean broke a record in track?  
Where were you when we learned to swim?  
Where were you when I tried to take my life?  
Where were you when I received my Eagle Award?  
Where were you when Elyse got special recognition?  
Father, father, you disappoint me,  
You are never present,  
You are never here,  
You do not ever care,  
Even with a winding steer.  
Why are you never here?  
Why do you not care?  
Every time you disappear,  
There is a feeling that is sad.  
Why should I ever be happy?

If you can never make me glad?

Justin Reamer

# The Intellect

You, my friend, are the inspiration  
To all those who look at you;  
You are the man who knows human character  
Above all else;  
Who knows how people will react  
When you convey your message,  
You know what people are thinking  
And how they will interact with each other,  
And how they will respond to the stimuli in the community;  
You are superior to the average drone in society.

You are the Intellect,  
The wielder of knowledge,  
Among the people who seek to pursue knowledge  
In order to know the ways of the world.  
You have done that,  
For you have risen above ignorance,  
And have engaged in your knowledge pursuit,  
And you have dropped your ignorance,  
And have learned the ways of the world,  
Which is your greatest weapon.

You know philosophy,  
Which allows you to explain the unexplainable,  
The mysteries of life,  
Which are hard to explain,  
And allows you to think 'outside the box';

You know mathematics,  
Which allows you to calculate  
The equations known to man,  
Such as Einstein's  $E=mc^2$ ,  
Or Newton's Laws of Physics,  
And you can provide evidence  
To prove or disprove them;

You know science,  
Which allows you to explain the world around you,  
And to examine and reexamine them;

You know biology,  
Which helps you explain how life works in  
The environment through ecology,  
Animals through zoology,  
Plants through botany,  
The human body through anatomy and physiology,  
And so on;  
You know chemistry which allows you to explain chemicals  
And how they react with one another;  
You know physics which helps you explain the motions of the world,  
And the way forces interact with each other,

You know history,  
Which helps you explain the past,  
And helps you shape the present,  
So that history does not repeat itself,

But, most importantly, you also know literature,  
Which contains all the wisdom in the world;  
You are able to think for yourself,  
And are able to make sound decisions  
With your good judgement as you have read  
The works of sagacious authors  
Such as Leo Tolstoy  
And Charles Dickens,  
And Fyodor Dostoevsky,  
And Victor Hugo  
And Alexandre Dumas,  
And wise poets such as Homer,  
Robert Frost,  
A.E. Housman,  
Emily Dickinson,  
Geoffrey Chaucer,  
Virgil,  
And John Milton,  
And the wise and famed playwright and dramatist,  
William Shakespeare, the famous Bard.  
They have all taught you good judgement,  
And have taught you many skills you use today,  
To direct society to its glory.

You, my friend,

Are the inspiration,  
For you will become a great writer,  
And you never conform to society,  
Who sometimes goes against you in your cause,  
And you support your followers,  
Who believe in you,  
And you are above the ignorance and believe in true human potential,  
For society hinders the true human potential.

My friend, you are a leader,  
You are the intellect  
Everyone looks up to,  
Everyone admires for your sagacity;  
You lead them in the right way,  
And you help them in whatever way you can.

You guide the people who believe in you,  
You believe in the true potential of all your constituents;  
You are humanistic in every way,  
Your ethics go beyond bounds,  
Politicians and government leaders turn to you for your advice,  
For you think things through before you make your decision,  
So that it is not rash or reckless.

You are the Intellect, my friend,  
And you have many resources at your hand,  
Your careful thought helps all people in society,  
And you believe that all people have potential.  
You have the ability to guide society,  
And to guide the nation in the right direction.  
Your sagacity is beyond bounds,  
For you know what to expect,  
For you are the Intellect.

Justin Reamer

# The Introvert

I wander around a school,  
Across a place that has forgotten me,  
For who I am,  
I know not, and I know that I am an outsider.  
An outsider I am,  
For what identity I know not;  
I believe that I have been shunned,  
That I have forgotten who I am.  
I had a name, or at least—  
I believe I had one. I think I did, but then again—  
I cannot remember if I had one.  
I remember I was always a good kid, that I  
Always did what was right,  
But throughout my childhood, I was scorned,  
Having identity confusion all the time.  
I was good in elementary school, for people were  
Always good to me. I remember my teachers loved me,  
For I always did my homework and was always very polite. My peers,  
How great were they,  
For they respected me for who I was,  
As I was kind and gracious towards them,  
And listened to their every word,  
And was patient and polite towards them,  
So they loved me in return.

I know not what happened in middle school, but  
Apparently I was different.  
My friends became my enemies and scorned me  
All the more.  
I was scorned in middle school,  
Very lonely was I,  
I had no one to cling to,  
Or to lean on,  
Whenever I needed help.  
I was different,  
I was never able to fit in,  
Never find my identity,  
I was incapable of receiving.  
People picked on me everywhere,

Calling me names,  
Mocking me,  
Beating me to a pulp,  
And throwing my things around,  
I had no sense of belonging at all.  
'What had I done? What had I done to hurt you? '  
I had asked when they hurt me, but they shook  
Their heads and laughed and said,  
'Nothing; you're just different, that is all, '  
And they hurt me all the more.  
I soon knew I could not fit in,  
And I knew I was alone;  
I soon became very quiet,  
And could not talk to anyone.  
Soon I became shy,  
And eventually I became mute.  
My former 'friends' called me 'Nemo'  
Since I could never pronounce my name.  
Middle school passed with all its tribulations  
And its obstacles and dilemmas I had faced,  
Yet, I was an introvert,  
And I could never meet new people.  
When high school started,  
Many friend groups had gotten together,  
And I tried to fit in,  
But they shunned me out,  
And it made me wonder,  
Who am I?

I had no name,  
For I had no identity,  
I had no one I fit in with.  
I did not know who I was,  
For I only had a name.  
What does a name mean,  
If you do not know who you are?  
What could it mean to anyone,  
If you are not even sure yourself?  
A name is just a label,  
Something I carry with me,  
Since I have no background,  
I have no past,

And whoever I am,  
And whatever I am,  
I know I am just a shadow,  
Coexisting in this world,  
With many bright stars shining bright in the sky,  
Casting me into the darkness of virtual nonexistence.  
Who am I? I question myself,  
Who could I ever be?

I am not an athlete, a musician, or an artist,  
Nor am I an honours student,  
Nor a socialite, an actor, a thespian,  
Nor an orator,  
Nor am I a leader, who stands out in the crowd,  
Nor am I the class clown, a nerd, the comedian, nor captain of the football team.  
I only know one thing I am,  
That I am an introvert,  
And you may find me if you dare to look.  
You will see me in the shadows,  
Wallowing in the darkness,  
Walking alone in the hallways.  
You may see me during lunch,  
Eating by myself,  
Accompanied by a full-table,  
Of all the spirits of outcasts past  
Who graduated before me;  
You may see me eating silently,  
And sometimes in deep thought;  
You may see me writing vigorously,  
Paying no heed to anyone else.  
You may be lucky if you see me in your classroom,  
For I am not easy to find,  
But if you try very hard,  
You may be able to find me.  
I sit in the back of class,  
Far from where the eye can see,  
No one sits next to me,  
And no one wants my company.  
I am far from the teacher's gaze,  
And the teacher does not even know my name;  
My peers never sit next to me,  
For I am so far back,

They themselves do not even know my name.

You may see me after school,  
Walking around in the parking lot,  
Caught in my own deep thought,  
And never taking a distraction.  
I will be caught in my own music,  
With my earbuds in my ears,  
Listening to my iPod,  
Which stimulates my senses,  
And helps me concentrate more,  
For no one cares to know me,  
And no one wonders who I am.  
I am the introvert,  
For I have no name,  
I have no identity,  
Or no personality anyone can identify;  
I do not fit in the box,  
For I am the unknown,  
I am the shadow you pass every day,  
Paying no heed to my insignificance;  
I don't know what I am,  
And, of course, you know, neither;  
I have no identity,  
And I am the unknown you fear every night.  
I may not be human,  
And I may not even be animal,  
But I am a thing that thinks,  
I think, therefore I am.  
I am the unknown you fear,  
The one you cannot explain,  
I am the maniac,  
Whose madness makes divinest sense.  
I am insanity,  
Which makes you fear me more,  
For without my identity,  
And since you have scorned me,  
There is much method to my madness.  
I know you, but you do not know me,  
For I have never conversed,  
I am caught in my own thoughts,  
And society is not for me.

You may never find me,  
But I wander every day,  
Wondering who I am,  
And what I am,  
And I doubt everything that comes to me,  
But I know that I am a thing that thinks.  
I am the introvert,  
And I think, therefore I am.

Justin Reamer

# The Jackhammer

Riding the jackhammer,  
I vibrate quite quickly,  
Moving up and down with every motion,  
And I feel the vibrations going crazy,  
Until I finally find myself getting dizzy all of a sudden,  
And turn it off,  
And collapse on the ground as my  
Helmet goes kurplunk!

I feel dazed,  
And I realise I do not like  
This job,  
But there is not much I can do, after all,  
But just accept it for what it is,  
For it's the jackhammer,  
The bane of the construction site.

Justin Reamer

# The Joke

Sitting in a room with a bunch of girls,  
With my brother and my mother,  
I am laughing to myself,  
That there is an 'industry' like any other.  
What I see here in this  
Room is Insecurity like that of idiocy,  
I see the provocation of vainglory,  
Why anyone would focus on pride,  
Is the funniest thing of all.  
Girls are in a 'pageant, '  
An industry, apparently,  
It is just a quick buck,  
When they aren't aware of the scandal.  
Is it confidence? Is it goals?  
Nope, it's nothing but that,  
These girls are being scandalised,  
Which they don't know at all,  
Conformity was always a problem,  
I know this quite well,  
These people are so very blind,  
When they won't get help at all.  
The hosts say with great effort,  
That they are here to help,  
To help them with self-confidence,  
And to help them with their future.  
However, this is not true,  
A scandal, if anything,  
It promotes vainglory and pride,  
And the chance to make a quick buck.  
Oh, you people who are so blind,  
How I pity you. I hope you  
Don't get robbed of your money  
For making the biggest mistake of your life.

Justin Reamer

# The Lake At Dawn

Moving at high speeds,  
Crashing against the shoreline,  
Wind has momentum.

Justin Reamer

# The Lighthouse

The lighthouse stood upon a rock,  
Christened in the night;  
It stands for deep integrity,  
Its light so shining bright.  
It guides the sailors to the harbor,  
Being their eternal guide;  
It has the light of salvation,  
With which there's not to chide.  
Jesus blessed the dear lighthouse,  
Making it without pride,  
Christ had blessed His servant,  
Evil has been denied.  
The lighthouse stands upon the rock,  
Looking out so gracefully,  
It has no worry nor regret,  
It's known for bravery.  
The lighthouse guides everyone with trouble,  
Knowing right from wrong,  
It guides them back to the path,  
Even though their journey may be long.  
The lost follow the light,  
The light that leads to the path,  
The path that is the righteous road,  
That leads away from Satan's wrath.  
The light is the symbol of light,  
As Christ is known as the Way,  
It is Christ's eternal symbol,  
Guiding followers to the bay.  
The lighthouse stands on that rock,  
Ever so brave and strong,  
Its integrity is very noble,  
Guiding all of the throng.  
Yet the lighthouse is different,  
'Tis ever so meek,  
It guides everyone who needs council,  
To the holy peak.

Justin Reamer

# The Lion

Lion, lion, roaring loud,  
What is the sound that thou makest?  
Your roar is fierce,  
Your majesty is great,  
So what makes you so special now?

You look so great in your majestic mane,  
The thing that makes you look like a king,  
And you roar,  
And all the animals fear you,  
For they all see your rigorous might.

Yet, you are something enigmatic,  
For you may be 'King of the Jungle' to some,  
'King of the Animals' to others,  
But I know there is a different form of you,  
Someone Who is to come in the distant future.

At first, He was a Lamb,  
Born to bring peace throughout the world,  
Spreading the Word through love and amity,  
Amity that is so great that Love is amazing.  
He was born to be a Saviour,  
And He was a friend to all.

Now, He will come back to be a Lion,  
A Rightful Judge and Ruler,  
The King who is to be,  
The Messiah that the prophets of old spoke of,  
Including Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel,  
Daniel, Hosea, Malachi, Zechariah,  
Zephaniah, Haggai, Habbakuk,  
And many more to come.

They were all great,  
And He is the Lion  
That is to come.



# The Longing

My dear,  
I know your feelings for me,  
And I know because of the way you  
React around me,  
And I know because of the look you give  
Me every time I am around you.  
I know how you feel about me.

Yet, I must tell you something, my dear,  
For this thing I tell you is that  
I love you in return.  
I truly care about you,  
For, yes, I am happy these days,  
But, when I am around you,  
I am even happier.  
I love to see your smile,  
And I love to see you laugh,  
And I love to see you react with people,  
For you are so warm,  
And so compassionate,  
It warms up my heart, as well.

You are so kind,  
So compassionate,  
So giving,  
So creative,  
So selfless,  
So hopeful,  
So caring,  
So thoughtful,  
So beautiful,  
So exquisite,  
So coquettish,  
Yet so outgoing,  
You are great.

I love you, my dear,  
And I want to tell you this  
With my own words,

For you are my special someone,  
My 'person, '  
As they say,  
Or my 'true love, '  
But to me,  
You are special.

I want to tell you this,  
For my heart leaps with joy  
When I see you,  
And I want to tell you how I feel,  
With my own words in person,  
Yet I wait for you,  
For I wait for you to answer,  
And to respond,  
And I know you care about me,  
In the exact same way,  
For the way you react around me gives it away,  
But I wait for you,  
And I will continue to wait,  
For I won't give up,  
And I won't lose you again,  
For I love you,  
And I long for you,  
And I will not let anyone else hurt you.

We are perfect for each other,  
And I know it,  
And I hope you know  
That I will always wait until  
All hope is lost,  
And that you are the special person  
I have always dreamed of.

You are the girl of my dreams,  
And I was a fool to not realise it before,  
For you are the one I want,  
And I will always wait,  
And I wait now, my dear,  
For you are the one I want,  
And I will not give up,  
Unless something else happens to you,

But I want to let you know that I love you,  
And I care about you,  
For you are the greatest person I know.

I just want you to know  
That I care about you,  
And I will not give up,  
Until the end of time,  
For you are the one for me,  
And I am the one for you.  
We are perfect for each other,  
And I can feel it in my veins,  
And I hope you know,  
For I can feel it,  
And I want you to know,  
And I love you with all of my heart.  
I will wait for you,  
For I will love you for all of my days  
On this world.  
May God bless you.

Justin Reamer

# The Luminescent Seraph

The sun sets—West over—Big Lake—the colours—illuminate the sky—  
Passionate Colours—red—pink—magenta—purple—illuminating the Night Sky—  
Dusk brings the world—Twilight—everything on Earth dimly lit—  
Everything becomes dark—Stars appear in the Night Sky—  
They are far away—no Light Source on the Earth—  
Nature appears—all—Animals come out in the Night—  
Here I am—after watching—the Sunset—beautiful—always—  
I look to the heavens—thank God for all He has done—His Creation is beautiful—

I almost leave—I hear Nature awaken—the crickets—chirps in dark night—  
The frogs—soft little croaks—the mice and rats—squeaking—scampering  
throughout—  
The owl hooting—all philosophical wisdom—learned over the years—  
I hear a Voice—I see her—standing before me—she sings God's praises—the  
most beautiful Voice I heard—  
An Alto—has never resonated—much Euphony—beautifully praising God's Name.  
She sang—her body lit up—her golden Locks drifted and swayed—all—  
The whispering Winds—whistled in her Hair—they radiated—brighter than the  
Sun.  
Her blue Eyes—like the Lake—calm and  
peaceful—beautiful—energetic—vivacious—  
Her Robes—pure Silk—white in shade—her skin fair—illuminated her  
surroundings—  
Circumference of Light banishing—darkness—

She was a Seraph—dancing in the night—every word—singing the Psalms—  
Her voice crescendoed and decrescendoed—volume and pitch—perfect—  
She determined—dynamics differently—forte and piano—  
Her octaves changed—she uttered each note—precisely—  
She praised God—all her Heart—she was a Virgin most pure—  
She sang her Soul to Him—her Halo floated—above her head—  
Her Wings—flowing in the background—  
Her Eyes glistening—love and adoration to her Creator—her Father in Heaven—  
She showed Him—she loved Him—her beautiful Voice—

She sang—an angelic Choir appeared—I was amazed—the beautiful Sight—  
Heaven on Earth—I did not believe my eyes—they sang together—accompanying  
each other—  
I fell in love with the Seraph—she was the most Beautiful Woman—

Righteous and beautiful—Divinity—my Muse for my life—  
How I loved her—all her Beauty—all her Wonders—never seen anyone like her—  
I saw her—she—the most beautiful Woman in the world—  
She eventually stopped singing—she looked to the Heavens—  
Looked to her Father—Who was mine also—He made all of us—  
She reached—Him—He took her in His hand—she climbed the Stairway to  
Heaven—

She vanished—I stood appalled—I would never see her again—  
The Woman—was the most beautiful in the world—she lives in my Heart today—  
Heavenly—Divine in every way—a celestial Being—  
She grabs my Heart—makes it beat—every time I think of Her—I breathe deeply  
and smile—  
I can never forget Her—but remember—just how wonderful she is—  
I cannot forget her Identity—she will always be my Angel—  
No one in the world—I would rather have but She—  
Love in every sense of the word— she is Perfect to me—  
No matter what people say—perfect She will always be.

Justin Reamer

# The Magnificat

My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord,  
my spirit rejoices in God my Savior  
for he has looked with favor on his lowly servant.  
From this day all generations will call me blessed:  
the Almighty has done great things for me,  
and holy is his Name.

He has mercy on those who fear him  
in every generation.  
He has shown the strength of his arm,  
he has scattered the proud in their conceit.

He has cast down the mighty from their thrones,  
and has lifted up the lowly.  
He has filled the hungry with good things,  
and the rich he has sent away empty.

He has come to the help of his servant Israel  
for he remembered his promise of mercy,  
the promise he made to our fathers,  
to Abraham and his children forever.

Justin Reamer

# The Maiden

When I walk along the shore  
With the starry night sky,  
I think of the beautiful maiden  
With the bright aura,  
An aura so extravagant that one cannot miss it.  
She is a maiden of pure beauty,  
One who is flawless and perfect,  
One who whispers in your ear,  
And you know it's her,  
For there is only one like she.  
The maiden is so special,  
She warms up the night;  
She makes everything joyous,  
And everything so much fun.

I can see her this very instant,  
Different from anyone else,  
She is loved and adored,  
And cherished at the same time.  
Her long brown hair goes  
Down her back in curls,  
Like mane on a beautiful mare.  
The hair is soft and velvet-like  
That when she holds you,  
You know you are loved.  
Her eyes, deep brown,  
Yet full of life,  
As if the sun shines through its cores,  
Show liveliness and happiness,  
That they show you their love.

Her smile, a beautiful one, is so elegant  
It lights up the Room.  
'Tis so contagious that  
No one can help but smile right back.  
Her laugh is soft yet hearty,  
A beautiful one at that.  
The laugh is so contagious,  
It makes one laugh, as well.

You know when you hear her laugh  
That life will always be good.  
For you will know that she is happy,  
And life could never be better.

When you see her talking to her friends,  
She is always smiling, and she always  
Lets out a loose laugh for no apparent reason.  
You learn to love it for what it is,  
And that she will never get sad or angry.  
For she always laughs when  
She's stressed out or nervous or anxious.  
It's cute to see her smiling,  
So kindly, and so brightly.  
You know she will be happy,  
All the time, no matter what.  
When you see her smile,  
You know your heart will pump.  
It beats ten times faster,  
Where it happens to skip a beat.  
You can help all but smile.

It's great to see the maiden,  
The maiden of the morning,  
The maiden who lights the sky.  
It's great to see her happy,  
To know that she is glad.  
It lights up my day,  
As she is like the morning sun.  
She always leads to warmth in the afternoon,  
For you know that she is  
Warm around everyone and everything.  
I am glad that she is happy,  
Cannot be happier still.  
She is the maiden I can remember,  
For time has always foretold.

Hail the maiden!  
For she has the goal to pursue.  
She has discipline,  
And she strives for intelligence,  
And will work hard to whatever extent.

Hail the maiden!  
For she won't give up, no matter what.  
She strives to never forget.  
Her zeal cannot be forgotten,  
For she will stand to the obstacles.

I will remember the maiden,  
For who she will always be.  
I will remember her greatness,  
For she cannot be forgotten.  
I will remember her brightness,  
The way she shined in the dark.  
I will remember her happiness,  
And that great, sweet laugh.  
I will remember her beauty,  
That is, overall, unique.  
I will remember her attitude,  
Which will never change.  
I will remember her heart,  
For I know she will never give up.  
Hail the maiden!  
She has striven for so long.  
She will never give up,  
And her spirit will not be broken.  
To this, I plea,  
She will never be forgotten;  
She is in my memory forever.

Justin Reamer

# The Man With Black Eyes

His head, oval shaped,  
Long and protruded,  
Eyes sinking into his skull  
As if he never slept  
A day in his life,  
And a grimace that  
Makes one slightly fearful  
Of his demeanour.

His hands are large,  
Meaty,  
Like that of a man  
Who tears things with  
His bare fists  
Effortlessly,  
And his legs strong,  
Muscular,  
Like those of pillars,  
Holding up the  
Weight of great temples,  
Or castles,  
Or tombs,  
For his strength is  
Like that of a Titan,  
Or of Atlas,  
Who holds the sky  
On his shoulders,  
And the man perseveres.

The man appears ominous,  
But he is jocose in nature,  
With jokes spurting from  
His mouth like a piece  
Of clothing caught afire,  
And his smile as warm and  
Friendly as a little puppy  
Walks into the room and  
Stares at you with its  
Adorable, bulging eyes.

He is charismatic,  
His arms moving every which way  
As he speaks with full  
Emotion,  
And feels words coming to him,  
But these words can  
Be thoughtful or thoughtless,  
Like sweet fragrances from  
A bright red rose  
Or like wounds from  
Arrows, bullets, or projectiles  
Aimed at you,  
Searing through your very flesh.  
He is capricious,  
And he knows much.

Justin Reamer

# The Maniac

Inside the room, in which I sit, is my patient, sitting next to me,  
On one side is solid wall, and the other a mirror,  
I see myself in it and my patient as well,  
But the question is does my patient  
See himself, looking into the mirror.  
I see reality all around me  
Everywhere I looked,  
I know everything is true, whether I liked it or not;  
My patient, however, is my worry,  
My woe, if you will. He is my patient, and I his psychologist.  
My patient has a story,  
A long one that might be. But it can be summarized if you would only listen.  
My patient is a maniac, as people liked to call him;  
He is insane in a way, if you looked at him. The truth is that  
He is a schizophrenic, diagnosed at birth. He lives in his own world,  
Another galaxy or universe. Now, he is on medication, and he is not so psychotic,

So, he can tell me things he sees in his own time. He tells me the quotes he  
says,  
The creatures he sees, the voices he hears. He tells me the tastes he tastes, the  
scents  
He smells, the emotions he feels. All in all, he gets down to it, influencing my  
imagination.  
Once he talks, he grips my arm, and reels me out of my world. He brings me to  
my  
Imagination, his world for the past 30 years. He lives in a world called Necropyre,

In a universe parallel to ours. It is a rather big realm, full of colors and different  
things.  
Creatures live there, creatures we do not see on Earth,  
Creatures of horrifying strength, that we would be extinct.  
I saw the grapters, giant reptilian things; very horrifying they were,  
I could not describe it. He took me around his realm,  
Describing everything to me. It was like reliving the Divine Comedy, in which  
I was Dante himself. He showed me the good people, the peaceful tribe of  
Octaywah,  
He showed me how peaceful they were, and how they lived in utopia. Then there  
were  
The tormenters the Raging Corius; they always tormented the tribe, and stole

everything

They had. He showed me how they took the products back to their king, and how they took

A sacrifice. They fed one of the Octaywah to an evil sea serpent, one by the name of Kreevus.

Life in the realm was a complete horror; he always fought for survival. That's why so many

People wound up dead, lying on the floor. Life was primitive in his realm, Seeming so uncivilized. I could not understand it,

With something like the United States. He always fought every day with different Random people, just for his survival. I looked and saw everything he had to explain,

Seeing everything he showed me. I contemplated everything, as he walked with Me. I then decided to leave his realm, seeing how it was freaky. He lived in a different universe,

Different from ours. I saw how he was different, different from us all. His &quot;reality&quot; is different,

Different from ours. That's why he is a maniac, a lunatic of sorts. His life is unreal, according

To the correspondence theorists. So, all I can say is that maybe he's insane, For that's what doctors tell me, but truth be told, I think he's different, Just like one of us. No matter what the mass says, I don't really care, He is still one of us, and no one can object.

Justin Reamer

# The Masochist's Oath

On my honour, on my dignity,  
On my family's name, and on God's will,  
I promise to submit to all of your sadistic needs  
And to take pleasure from them because  
They actually excite me.  
I will scream in pleasure when I am  
Mutilated and will laugh as  
I am being tortured  
Because it feels so good.  
I will always try to find a new way  
To hurt myself because  
It's what gives me pleasure in life,  
So if you can rape me,  
Drug me, beat me, or anything like that,  
That would be great because  
I would get pleasure from it.  
I promise to always cut myself whenever I can,  
Jump off a bridge whenever I get the chance,  
Anger a bull whenever I see one,  
Get caught in the middle of a pride of lions,  
Play with a bunch of bear cubs until Mama bear is watching,  
Stick out my private parts in a river of piranhas,  
Stick a fork into a toaster while it's turned on,  
Dink around the railroad tracks whenever I can,  
Take medication beyond the expiration date,  
Overdose whenever I can,  
Hide out in a dryer whenever I have the chance,  
Or hide out in a washing machine whenever I can,  
Anger a gangster whenever I see one,  
Make sure that the Godfather of the Mafia will come after me,  
Tip off a serial murderer whenever I have the chance,  
Get involved in a relationship with a violent schizophrenic,  
Volunteer myself for rape if I see a rapist coming around me,  
Anger Mike Tyson by calling him a homosexual,  
Anger LeBron James by telling him he stinks at basketball,  
Anger Tom Cruise by telling him he has a small package,  
Get involved in bar fights,  
Play Russian roulette whenever I can,  
And get defenestrated whenever the chance comes.

I am a masochist, and I am unchangeable,  
Because violence is sexy, and pain is pleasurable,  
And I am one of many great people  
Because we masochists are one,  
And if we die, it doesn't matter,  
Because the experience will always be great.  
I am glad to be who I am,  
Because I am a masochist,  
And I will always find ways to please myself.

Justin Reamer

# The Mentor

The mentor, from what I can remember,  
Was a man who aided me always,  
He taught me to think,  
To imagine everything I knew.  
He taught me to be inspired,  
And to work with every clue.  
He helped me set goals,  
In which he knew was best,  
And, he always loved me,  
Even when he put me to the test.  
He guided me always,  
Always with a lending hand,  
He knew what was good,  
That he could help me stand.  
My mentor was a good man,  
He always knew what was right,  
He never gave up on me,  
For he knew that I was bright.  
He guided me to today,  
To where I am right now,  
He knew that I could be anything,  
And he didn't have to explain how.  
He gave me courage and strength  
And confidence,  
He knew that with every pace,  
That fidelity was significance.  
He advised me in my actions,  
So that I could grow up strong,  
He helped me with everything,  
So I could move along.  
I am grateful he was there for me,  
No matter what the cost,  
I am glad he was loving, also,  
So that I was not lost.

Justin Reamer

# The Mighty Lake Michigan

As I walk upon the pier,  
On a rather windy day,  
I see Mighty Lake Michigan,  
Calling out my name.

She calls to everyone,  
With her endless blowing wind  
She knows whom she talks to,  
With her wind going against the shore.

The Lake is a lover,  
Providing life to her children,  
Those who live within her,  
Experience her life.

Michie is a giver,  
She gives life to her children,  
To the plants that grow nearby,  
She gives life tho the thirsty,  
To those that wish to be clean,  
And to those that want to clean, as well.

Michie is a giver of beauty and joy,  
As she shows her beauty among the sunset,  
Letting lovers enjoy her marvelous beauty.

She is like a mother,  
Caring for people in different ways,  
Happy from people enjoying her comfort,  
And her comforting waters.

However, Michie can be hurt,  
Getting sick from pollutants,  
That enter her body,  
Dying from seeing her children or her people  
Getting sick or dying.  
She can get hurt from seeing innocents  
Drowning underneath her waters.

However, she can be angry,  
For people causing death,  
She shows her mighty waves,  
Conquering all that is evil.

And, thus, I see Lake Michigan,  
So mighty and so strong,  
She is quite the maiden,  
Whom Poseidon would quite fear.

Justin Reamer

# The Miracle

Looking at the waves,  
Breathing slowly and deeply,  
The man sees magic.

Justin Reamer

# The Modest Smile

I see you in the morning,  
Conversing happily,  
It is no wonder why you are blessed,  
Since I act so snappily.

I see you as gregarious,  
Talking with your friends,  
I see you happy,  
As you always will be,  
Until the very end.

When you look at me,  
You give me a modest smile,  
But all I can do is look at you,  
And enjoy you all the while.

When I notice the details,  
In your delicate face,  
I see heaven's light,  
When I see your smile,  
I see the angels' might.

I notice your long dark hair,  
Going down your shoulders,  
As delicate as you may seem,  
You may just move boulders.

I notice your deep brown eyes,  
For they never shimmer,  
For they are lively and ablaze,  
They are never yet the dimmer.

I notice your cheeks of rosy red,  
For they are as bright as the sun,  
I never knew what to expect,  
Except that they are one.

I notice your long lashes,  
Lashes of pure joy,

I could say nevermore,  
That I shan't be coy.

I notice your shining aura,  
An aura of nature's love,  
I notice that it lasts forever,  
'Tis as sweet as a dove.

I notice your incorruptible heart,  
'Tis a heart of gold,  
The always spoke of someone,  
Who loved until they got old.

I notice your pure soul,  
A soul not meant for sin,  
A soul that rejoices,  
That leaves a big, wide grin.

I notice your optimism,  
A positive mindset that never falters,  
It thinks of the plus sides,  
And never, ever alters.

I notice you kindness,  
For you love your enemies, too,  
For your mother always told you,  
To tine ownself, be true.

I notice your intellect,  
Smartness as it seems,  
For wisdom came along with it,  
When I see your sheen.

I see your passion,  
For everyone who loves,  
And you love everyone,  
Who is as graceful as a dove.

I see as a work of God,  
One who's never tainted,  
I see you as an angel,  
One who's never fainted.

You will be rewarded,  
With your modesty,  
We know humility,  
Is the best thing we shall be.

Justin Reamer

# The Mona Lisa

Looking on the horizon,  
From the edge of a balcony,  
A man taps my shoulder  
And points at the beautiful  
Italian woman standing in the corner,  
And I see her, beautiful as can be.

She looks back at me,  
Smiling modestly with her humble grin,  
Appearing very serene in her demeanour.  
She peers at me with those brown eyes,  
Her eyes glowing with joy and delight.

Her brown hair extends  
To the length of her shoulders,  
Blowing with the evening breeze  
As it blows on her sinewy face.

Her gowns are green,  
Her arms are folded,  
And she smiles,  
As if beckoning me  
To come forward  
And lay my hand on her shoulder.

I walk towards her,  
My heart beginning to beat,  
And I then hold my breath,  
Anxiety coiling my innards,  
But my diaphragm exhales  
As I speak my first salutation.

Justin Reamer

# The Murderer

I approach my closet,  
Open the door  
And see the victim that  
Lies waiting for me behind the door,  
And I laugh as I look at her,  
As she is screaming underneath the duct tape  
I put over her mouth,  
And as she struggles from the  
Ropes that I have tied around her body.

I grin,  
And I take out a blade  
That I had been hiding in my back pocket.  
I take it out,  
And rub it over my fingers,  
Feeling the excitement of murder  
Tingling on my fingers,  
Making me hungry for what is to come.

I approach my dear victim  
And tell her lightly,  
'My dear, everything is going to be okay,  
You just have to trust me with this one, '  
And I take out the blade,  
Remove the duct tapes from her lips,  
And begin to draw on her body.

Her screams are the most exciting thing  
I can ever hear;  
They send adrenaline through my system,  
And send shivers down my spine.  
It is all very exciting, very thrilling,  
As I draw the most beautiful  
Pictures that this beauty would ever have.

I have always been an artist,  
An artist all of my life.  
I loved to draw since  
I was three years old.

I loved blood and guts,  
Drawing war scenes and murders  
And the like.  
My parents were cruel to me,  
Always beating me for whatever reason.  
My father was a drunk,  
So he beat me every time  
He came home,  
And my mother had a short temper,  
So she would spray me with bleach  
Constantly,  
So that is why I have  
The scars that I do.

Since my parents took no  
Interest in me,  
I began to experiment.  
I, one day, saw my cat  
Walking around,  
So I picked it up  
And wondered what its insides looked like,  
So I began to cut it with the jaded knife I had  
And studied zoology at a very early age,  
Which I am proud to admit;  
My teachers called me a prodigy.

After studying zoology,  
I buried its carcass and cleaned my blade,  
For it had been very interesting to me.  
I do not know what I would have  
Done otherwise.

I then began to draw things  
On animals bodies,  
Including my pet dog,  
My pet snake,  
My rabbit,  
And multiple other things.  
In my first relationship with a woman,  
I told her I was a tattoo artist  
And was horrified when she found out  
How I did my tattoos,

But she looked pretty nonetheless,  
Especially when  
I was done with her.

I gave tattoos to many people,  
And they liked it all the same.  
I must admit,  
Some fainted in great joy;  
They never awoke.

This woman here would be another  
Great project of mine,  
So I was giving her the tattoo that  
Would be the most beautiful on her  
Wonderful skin and body.  
I know it will work out well for her,  
Because I can envision the beautiful scars  
She will have on her corpse when I am done.  
She will be my greatest masterpiece,  
That I am sure,  
And she will love it,  
And the world will love it,  
By the time I can be done.

I eventually finished drawing,  
And the poor woman,  
Her eyes were filled with tears,  
But I comforted her,  
And I told her everything would be okay,  
And I caressed her,  
For she was so lovely.  
But she screamed as I did so,  
And I pitied her because  
She did not understand me,  
But I embraced her and held her close.

I then smiled and told her  
I would draw again,  
That she would have a beautiful tattoo,  
And she begged me no,  
But I insisted,  
Going back to my work,

And hearing the pleasure of screams in the night.

Justin Reamer

# The Mystery

Life is a mystery,  
And that I must admit,  
For there is so much to it,  
That I know I must submit,  
Eventually, if anything.

Justin Reamer

# The Mystery Girl

She is quite a mystery,  
The girl with the long brown hair.  
She is quite the mystery,  
Someone who is confounding.

Mind you, I have no crush on her,  
But I have this feeling of wonder and awe.  
I do not know how to define her,  
This beautiful bibliophile.

I am quite acquainted with her,  
The female aspiring scientist;  
I just don't know her well enough  
To find out who she really is.

She seems like a very sweet girl,  
If anything at all,  
She seems like an impeccable friend,  
If I could talk to her some more.

She is just a curious thing,  
This girl I cannot fathom;  
A camaraderie would be perfect,  
If anything at all.

But alas, she is still a mystery,  
Unless I talk to her at all,  
And I can carry that out,  
With a very great withal.

Justin Reamer

# The Nicene Creed

We believe in one God,  
The Father, the Almighty,  
Maker of all that is, seen and unseen.

We believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ,  
The only Son of God,  
Eternally begotten of the Father,  
God from God, Light from Light,  
True God from true God,  
Begotten, not made,  
Of one Being with the Father.

Through Him all things were made.

For us and for our salvation  
He came down from heaven:  
By the power of the Holy Spirit  
He became incarnate from the Virgin Mary,  
And was made man.

For our sake, He was crucified under Pontius Pilate;  
He suffered death and was buried.

On the third day, He rose again  
In accordance with the Scriptures;  
He ascended into heaven,  
And is seated at the right hand of the Father.

He will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead,  
and His kingdom will have no end.

We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life,  
who proceeds from the Father and the Son.  
With the Father and the Son, He is worshiped and glorified.  
He has spoken through the Prophets.

We believe in one holy catholic and apostolic Church.  
We acknowledge one baptism for the forgiveness of sins.

We look for the resurrection of the dead,  
and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# The Orca

An orca swims in the vast, blue ocean,  
Black and white it is in colour,  
Calling out to those around it with songs and other things.  
Dancing in the ocean with its family with  
Ears too small to be visible, since their  
Food was not far off, since their sonar is  
Grand in every way,  
Hearing acute beyond all reason, since sight  
Is no problem for them at all.  
Just as they approach their hunting grounds, as  
Kinship is important to them, they  
Leave the pod to hunt for food, for they are prepared for what was  
Made to be their food,  
Not in any way reproached.  
On their whims, they eat, and they do whatever is necessary.  
Poached fish is not their only skill,  
Questionably, for they do other things like  
Rhapsodising with their tunes,  
Singing with their beautiful voices, and  
Teaching each other skills and sharing love always. The orca is  
Undermined, for it is misunderstood, but it is  
Vivacious, and is great beyond all measure.  
Where we may not know this great animal, we know that  
You and I will always know this animal to be true, for  
Zeal is its greatest strength.

Justin Reamer

# The Park

A couple plays tennis in a court,  
The ball bouncing back and forth  
Like a pendulum swaying to and fro  
In a grandfather clock;  
The players—choreographers—  
Their feet metronomes in the field,  
Anticipating each movement of the melody,  
Moving to the downbeats of the rhythm,  
Perform a beautiful ballet in the tennis court.

A youthful couple wanders through the field,  
Holding hands and smiling as toxins from  
Cupid's arrows travel through their veins,  
Infecting them with infatuation.

Young mothers and their  
Children on the playground,  
Push young infants in swing,  
Twirl toddlers on a merry-go-round,  
Help daughters climb the Jungle Jim,  
And catch children as they glide  
Down the giant green slides,

But on this sunny day,  
Amidst the smiling faces and  
The jolly frolicking of children,  
An old woman sits on a park bench,  
Lost in her thoughts,  
Her presence unknown to others.  
Standing, she leaves the park  
Without a single trace.

Justin Reamer

# The Parting Storm

Sleepily drifting,  
After destroying forests,  
Thunderclouds depart.  
The lighting slowly withdraws—  
No remorse for the damage.

Justin Reamer

# The Perfect Wife

A perfect wife- who can find her?  
She is far beyond the price of pearls.  
Her husband's heart has confidence in her,  
From her he will derive no little profit.  
Advantage and not hurt she brings him  
All the days of her life.  
She is always busy with wool and with flax,  
She does her work with eager hands.  
She is like a merchant vessel  
Bringing her food from far away.  
She gets up while it is still dark  
Giving her household their food,  
Giving orders to her servant girls.  
She sets her mind on a field, then she buys it;  
With what her hands have earned she plants a vineyard.  
She puts her back into her work  
And shows how strong her arms can be.  
She finds labour well worth while;  
Her lamp does not go out at night.  
She sets her hands to the distaff,  
Her fingers grab the spindle.  
She holds out her hand to the poor,  
She opens her arms to the needy.  
Snow may come, she has no fears for her household,  
With all her servants warmly clothed.  
She makes her own quilts,  
She is dressed in fine linen and purple.  
Her husband is respected at the city gates,  
Taking his seat among the elders of the land.  
She weaves linen sheets and sells them,  
She supplies the merchant with sashes.  
She is clothed in strength and dignity,  
She can laugh at the days to come.  
When she opens her mouth, she does so wisely;  
On her tongue is kindly instruction.  
She keeps good watch on the conduct of her household,  
No bread of idleness for her.  
Her sons stand up and proclaim her blessed,  
Her husband, too, sings her praises:

'Many women have done admirable things,  
But you surpass them all! '  
Charm is deceitful, and beauty empty;  
The woman who is wise is the one to praise.  
Give her a share in what her hands have worked for,  
And let her works tell her praises at the city gates.

Justin Reamer

# The Poet

Who are you,  
The one who calls himself  
Poet among mankind that seeks  
To describe the world through verse,  
Describing every bit of existence,  
And giving breadth to all those around you?

You are an ambitious sort,  
I am sure that you are,  
For you know that you like to write,  
But with you, I know  
Who you are, and I feign it not,  
For with you, I shall not fight.

Yet, let the poem be your art,  
And let Nature be your guide,  
Let her guide you line by line,  
As she narrates her story to you.  
Never fail to seek her guidance,  
For she is God's creation,  
And she will be there as your Muse,  
Whenever you may need your assistance.

Let your passion flow from you, dear Poet,  
Capture the world in your words,  
Form them into lines,  
And then form them into stanzas,  
Forming them into the best lyrics  
One could possibly make into a song.  
For you know the world around you,  
And you know how to make of it,  
And tell of the stories you once heard,  
For it will be the best thing in the world.

Dear Poet, express thyself,  
And in your time,  
Write a word or two,  
And write some more,  
Just practise with what you have,

And you shall become great in a matter of time,  
For there is no desolation for you,  
And all you must do is master the world around you,  
And you shall know greatness.

Dear Poet, do not fail,  
For you shall do quite well,  
And I know you can make the world  
Seem great, and you can let Nature  
Show you the way. Take heed  
Of what I say,  
And God will guide you in everything you do.  
May God bless you always!

Justin Reamer

# The Price

Everything we do  
Comes with a price,  
Every decision we make  
Has a consequence.  
So choose wisely what  
Course of action  
You will take.

Justin Reamer

# The Princess

I know a woman  
Of fine stature and fine manners  
Who is like a princess  
To everyone she meets  
And to all she interacts with  
And is very much a princess  
In the eyes of Our Father,  
Who created her to be beautiful  
And to be a fine woman,  
And a great angel among the Earth  
She walks,  
And every graceful step she takes,  
With the angelic purity she possesses,  
And the seraphic altruism she possesses  
As she speaks to everyone around her,  
Presenting her vivacity of which  
The Creator had endowed upon her,  
Making her a proper lady,  
Like a countess-to-be,  
But still youthful and mirthful,  
And full of life,  
Of that which Death cannot take away,  
And that which Satan has left untouched,  
For she is like Eve before she lost her innocence,  
But knows of evil nonetheless,  
But stops it in its tracks  
When one cares to look at her beautiful face,  
Like that of the Mother of Christ,  
Who so devoted herself to the Father,  
And what He wanted for her to do,  
And to her Son,  
The Son which the Father conceived  
Within Mary,  
And loved so dearly,  
When Mary was the temple,  
Consecrated in the Immaculate Conception.  
The woman I see is a virgin,  
But not the Virgin we all know and love,  
But yet, the princess I know,

Is of important status,  
The daughter of a doctor,  
Who is like a count or a lord,  
But in modern times.  
But, she may be important in status,  
But she is one with God,  
Much like Ruth, Esther, and Judith  
All gave themselves to God,  
As did Deborah,  
And the great Virgin Mother,  
The Madonna,  
Mary.  
The princess is pure,  
Vivacious, and good at heart,  
And loving toward all,  
And every time she meets someone,  
Her eyes light up,  
And shine like the morning sun,  
Glowing like the colour of an oak tree,  
For her eyes are a light brown,  
And are not like ebony,  
And she is beautiful.  
The princess is beautiful,  
With dark locks that fall down to her shoulders,  
Blowing in the wind with every drift,  
And caressing you as they brush against your face,  
And her eyes are dark,  
But shine like the morning sun when she is happy,  
Giving the effect of a tree calling to nature,  
Saying,  
'I am free to do as I need to,  
And I am one with nature! '  
Her smile is special,  
For it lights up the entire room,  
For her teeth are almost luminescent,  
For they are so white,  
And yet so bright,  
For they possess great beauty,  
And when she smiles,  
Like a girl who is excited to  
See someone she has not seen in ages,  
Her smile is contagious,

And I cannot help but smile.  
When she laughs,  
It is the most wonderful thing in the world,  
For it is so cute and so pretty,  
For she laughs so softly,  
And I cannot help but laugh whenever I see her laugh, either.  
She is also very pure,  
For she devotes herself to the Father,  
And she does whatever He asks of her,  
For she is selfless,  
And she is giving,  
And cares about other people.  
She is sweet,  
And I love her,  
For every time I see her,  
My heart beats,  
And her voice is like music to my ears,  
And her eyes are beautiful  
Like that of my mother's,  
And I sigh,  
And I get sweaty palms,  
Which is rather ridiculous,  
And I smile,  
And I get a pleasant feeling inside.  
The princess is a princess,  
And she is set to rule someday,  
And her purity is great,  
That I would always look after her,  
And take care of her,  
No matter what.  
She is special,  
And so selfless,  
For when I am down,  
She would hold me in her arms,  
And I would do the same,  
And when I am happy,  
She is happy, also,  
For she is so kind,  
And so giving.  
I love her with all my heart,  
And I swear upon my soul,  
That I will always be there

When the princess needs me,  
I will treat her as she is,  
The Princess she is meant to be.

Justin Reamer

# The Procrastinator's Oath

On my honour,  
And on my dignity,  
And on my family's name,  
I promise to do my best  
When I do my work tomorrow,  
And when I have the time of my life tonight.  
I will do my work really well tomorrow,  
And i will get it done well.  
I will help other people two hours from now,  
And I will get them help when  
I'm done with my relaxation.  
Someday, I will do my community service,  
For i will enjoy time with friends first.  
I will please my boss someday,  
After having a night of fun with my spouse.  
I will give money to charity someday,  
And I will donate some things to them,  
Since my wife nags me about it,  
Someday when I'm not too busy.  
I will take care of the family household chores,  
After I am done watching the 'Jersey Shore'  
Marathon on my television set.  
I will go back to Church someday,  
After I get enough rest this weekend.  
I will help my son with his things,  
And my wife with hers,  
And my daughter with hers,  
After I am done lying around  
And I promise to keep myself  
Physically weak, mentally asleep,  
And morally awkward.

Justin Reamer

# The Redhead

A woman with red hair,  
As beautiful as can be,  
Walks around campus,  
Smiling all the time she walks.

Her long red hair flows down to her shoulders,  
And lights up every time the sun  
Shines upon it,  
Making it light up like a fire of compassion.

Her eyes are green and full of life,  
Compassionate,  
Expressing livelihood and vivacity,  
Showing the love she has to offer to people.  
They are green like the leaves of the forest,  
Showing the vibrant youth she has.

The redhead is a wonderful person,  
For she is always giving and kind  
To everyone around her,  
Expressing compassion in her love.  
She is friendly to everyone,  
Loves Jesus with all of her heart,  
And tries to live by the Word of God.

She is very friendly,  
Inviting everyone to join her,  
Including her friends,  
Her boyfriend,  
And her family,  
And sometimes even complete strangers,  
For she knows how to give to other people.

Justin Reamer

# The Rubber Poem

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Justin Reamer

# The Sacred Garden

I go on a walk  
Into the forest in  
My own backyard,  
And I wonder what  
The world is like  
Just beyond the bushes.

This is a path  
I have not taken  
Before this,  
And I wonder  
Where this will  
Lead me,  
If anything at all.

I wonder where I am going,  
And I wonder where  
I will end up,  
Since this path  
Is something I  
Have not taken before.

As I walk on the path,  
I see many things,  
That are alongside the path,  
Which illustrate the  
Walkway I have never  
Taken before.  
There are trees  
Everywhere,  
Protruding  
Out of the ground  
Which look to be  
About 15 metres high,  
And which seem to  
Provide a sort of shade  
And shelter for  
The creatures  
Living in the forest.

There are trees of  
Every sort,  
And every height,  
And every structure,  
For they vary in different  
Shapes and sizes,  
And they vary in kind,  
As well.

I see pine and oak,  
Maple and aspen,  
Birch and beech,  
Walnut and chestnut,  
Apricot and cherry,  
Apple blossom,  
Sycamore,  
And much more.

There are beautiful  
Wildflowers growing  
On the underbrush,  
Or the forest floor,  
And they are showing  
Every colour of the rainbow,  
And revealing their inner  
Spirituality and sanctity,  
Showing the beauty  
Of something not unseen.  
There are many wildflowers  
I see along this road,  
Including daisies,  
Black-eyed Susans,  
Daisy fleabanes,  
Pink ladies'-slippers,  
Moccasin flowers,  
Roses and violets,  
Irises and columbines,  
Dandelions and sunflowers,  
Solomon's Seal,  
Buttercups and marigolds,  
Smartweeds and milkweeds,  
Wild strawberries,

Queen Anne's Lace,  
Yuccas and yortis,  
And much more,  
All just illuminating the  
Forest floor with their beauty.

I can also hear  
The wildlife  
In the background,  
Which makes this road  
Ever so peaceful,  
And I must admit,  
That I love the silence,  
For I can hear the wildlife  
On this early morning.

I can hear birds singing  
In the cool morning forest,  
And every bird has its  
Own unique call,  
Which makes it so distinct.  
I hear cardinals,  
Robins and blue jays,  
Canaries and sparrows,  
Owls and hawks,  
Falcons and eagles,  
Goldfinches,  
Ducks and geese,  
Grey jays and red jays,  
Chickadees and warblers,  
Grouses and quails,  
Turkeys and loons,  
Pigeons and doves,  
Lovebirds,  
And much more.  
I can hear squirrels  
Chasing each other  
Up and down the trees;  
I can see chipmunks  
Squeaking and digging  
For the nut that they  
Forgot about only

Last night,  
Just to find this  
Morning's meal;  
I can see deer,  
Walking in a herd,  
With the buck standing  
In front,  
With his big antlers,  
And his muscular  
Legs walking cautiously,  
And his ears raised  
High in the air,  
As a dog does,  
When it is hearing closely,  
And he is watching me,  
Ever so closely,  
Since he sees me as  
A threat,  
And is trying to make  
Sure that I will not  
Harm either him,  
The does who are  
His mates,  
Or the fawns that  
They just gave birth to;  
And I can see a fox  
Sneaking up on me  
Behind the bushes,  
And is ready to eat  
The sack lunch I  
Packed in my backpack,  
Any time I happen to look away.

And there is more,  
For there is more wildlife  
In this forest than what  
I knew was possible.

I see some coyotes,  
Who are licking their chops,  
And are ready to get their next meal,  
Out of the deer who are walking

Cautiously across the road  
In which I walk.

I hear a woodpecker,  
Pecking away at tree bark  
And wood,  
Trying to get his breakfast,  
By eating the termites  
That live within  
The trees.

I see a mother bear and her cubs,  
And the way she is willing  
To protect them like  
My own mother would protect me,  
For the cubs look up to her,  
And she looks out for them,  
And she will let nothing hurt them,  
No matter what,  
For the filial relationship  
Between she and them  
Is so strong,  
That nothing will happen  
That she cannot control  
To protect her children.

I see a moose,  
Who is grazing  
Away at the grass,  
And is looking at me  
With his sceptical eyes,  
As he wonders what I might  
Possibly do to him,  
As I walk across the path,  
Just a few metres  
Away from him,  
And he looks at me,  
And goes back to eating,  
Since he knows I am  
Not going to attack him.

I walk along the path,

And I keep going closer,  
And then there is  
An opening in the middle  
Of the forest,  
And I am surprised to  
See that there is a  
Garden there,  
And it has every kind  
Of beautiful flower there is,  
Decorating the ground  
Around me,  
Making a sort of rainbow collage  
Of colours just from  
The beautiful vegetation,  
For there are roses and violets,  
Impatiens and petunias,  
Sunflowers and honeysuckle,  
Triliums and spiderworts,  
Black-eyed Susans,  
Irises and Dame's rockets,  
Rhododendrons and heather,  
Lilacs and myrtles,  
Snapdragons and dragonheads,  
Dandelions and daisies,  
Fleabanes and columbines,  
Fireweeds and smartweeds,  
Milkweeds and mustards,  
Clovers and moccasinflowers,  
Daffodils and epiphytes,  
Hollies and lilies,  
And much more,  
All illuminating the garden.

In this garden, there is  
A pedestal of a sort,  
And there is a chair,  
And I walk toward it,  
Wondering what it might be,  
And when I see it,  
I realise  
That it is meant for me  
To sit in,

For something  
Is calling my name  
In this garden;  
And there is a presence here,  
And I can feel it,  
Beckoning me to sit down,  
And to be silent.

I do not know what  
To do about this,  
And I remain hesitant,  
For I know not if this  
Is a shrine or  
A sacred place that  
Was blessed by some  
Native American tribe,  
Or some other religion,  
Such as the Shinto,  
Or the Hindus,  
Or even Buddhists,  
So I just stood there,  
Frozen above all else,  
Not knowing what to do.

Then I heard a  
Voice behind me,  
A very friendly voice,  
That said,  
'Do not be afraid,  
For you are someplace  
Special, young one.'

I looked around and  
Saw an elderly man  
Looking straight at me,  
With a subtle smile  
Showing on his face.

'Who are you? ' I asked,  
'And what do you want? '

'I am the Keeper

Of this Garden, ' he said,  
'And my name is Brother Claude,  
And I was chosen to take  
Care of this place. I do  
Not want anything from you,  
Young one, other  
Than to let you know,  
That you are someplace  
Special,  
And you should listen  
To the voice inside you.'

'You are a Keeper? ' I asked,  
'What is that supposed to mean? '

'I was chosen, young one,  
To be the Keeper of this  
Garden,  
The Garden that has been  
Here for all of eternity.'

'What do you mean? '

'You will soon find out, young one,  
But, remember, never hesitate  
To follow your faith,  
So listen to what your heart  
Tells you.'

He walked away from me,  
And I started listening to  
The force that was pulling  
Me toward the seat,  
And I eventually  
Fell into the chair  
And complying to what  
The voice told me.

Then a ray of light  
Appeared before the pedestal,  
And a man appeared before  
My eyes,

Shining with great intensity,  
And I could see his face,  
For it was he, Jesus,  
The One who saved all of us  
From our sins,  
And the one who saved  
Me from my turmoils and  
My trials.

I saw him,  
And he came over to me,  
And he welcomed me  
Into his own arms,  
And I embraced him,  
With all the strength  
And joy I could give,  
And I thanked him  
For everything he  
Had done for me.

I told him I loved him,  
And he told me  
That he loved me, too,  
And that we will always  
Be brothers,  
No matter what.

I then asked him  
About this place,  
For what was it?  
Why was it here?  
And he told me,  
For he told me  
That this was a sacred garden,  
A remnant of the Garden of Eden,  
Which the Lord Himself had made,  
As a sort of paradise on this Earth,  
After Adam and Eve  
Had committed the original sin,  
And had plagued the Earth with it.

The garden was made

To have a place of worship  
In which one could feel  
The presence of the Father  
Stronger than anything else  
In the world,  
And it was a place  
To meditate and to let go  
Of one's emotions,  
Above all else.

We talked and laughed,  
And we all had our joy,  
And I also shared my  
Problems with my Saviour,  
Asking him to forgive me  
For the wrongs I committed  
Against other people,  
And to also help me with the problems  
I had that affected me in the past,  
And also any of those that  
I may have in the present.

Jesus comforted me,  
And told me it was okay,  
And that he would always  
Love me for who I was,  
No matter what happened.  
He told me that he  
Would protect me  
From any harm that  
Would come my way,  
And would help me through  
Any troubles  
That would ever happen to me.

I thanked him,  
And I told him that  
I loved him,  
And I said good-bye.  
He said good-bye,  
And he walked out  
And left me in a

Meditative state.

He told me he loved me,  
And after, that there was a  
Great flash of light,  
And he disappeared,  
Going back to heaven  
With his Father.

I then decided to pray,  
And I prayed to the Lord God,  
And I thanked Him for all  
The blessings He had given me,  
And I thanked Him for my  
Encounter with my Saviour,  
Whom I loved so dearly.  
I told Him that I loved Him,  
And I thanked Him for everything.  
I could feel his presence  
So strongly in there,  
And I eventually  
Felt empowered by faith.

I then got up,  
After thanking the Lord,  
And I turned around  
And left the Sacred Garden  
And walked home to continue  
My life, which was still ahead of me.

Justin Reamer

# The Sadist

The day comes again,  
When time potentially stops,  
The day that has brought great pain,  
That nature stops and freezes.

The day comes by again,  
The memoriam of his wrath,  
'Tis the day that celebrates the man,  
Who deserves no recognition at all.

The day is called Father's Day,  
That celebrates paternal love and sacrifice,  
But the man whom it points to,  
Does not deserve it all.

The man took his vows 25 years ago,  
And, sadly, he lied through his teeth,  
And he took the position of a father,  
And he fell short in every way.

We all know this man's story,  
For he was abusive and very violent,  
He hurt his entire family,  
And he stabbed them in the back.

The man, when he left,  
Left a big wound in their chests,  
A wound that hurt so much,  
But it eventually healed,  
Healing into a giant scar.

The scar id not mend,  
And it had some pain behind it,  
It always brought back memories,  
Of what the man had done.

The man is out of their lives,  
For he lives miles and miles away,  
But the man still lives in misery,

Lacking true happiness.

Years after the man had left,  
Betraying his very own family,  
He married a harlot of indigenous descent,  
And moved to another city far away from home.

He moved to a metropolis,  
In which he could pursue his own self-interest,  
He lived in a large apartment,  
In which he always wanted,  
More than his very own family.

The family he left,  
Mattered not to him,  
For he liked to express his wealth,  
He pursued his own selfish dream,  
Being a workaholic,  
And forgot everything about his past.

The man continued to live in misery,  
For materialism mattered to him most,  
So workaholism inspired in him,  
And his life became more depressed.

Money, power, alcohol, and sex,  
Were the things that mattered to him,  
And he thought they were the most important,  
And he continued to do everything,  
And he never changed one bit.

The man earned a huge salary,  
So he was a workaholic,  
And every month, he had something new,  
Whether it was a new car,  
A new TV,  
A new suit,  
New condoms,  
A new cell phone (iPhone 4) ,  
A new watch,  
New furniture,  
A new cat,

Or anything along those lines.  
He was squanderous with his money,  
Even though he had a lot,  
Materialism came into play,  
He thought new things brought happiness,  
But all they brought was misery.

The man had a high position,  
And he always waited for a promotion,  
So he abused his subordinates,  
Treating them all like shit.  
He thought he was better than everyone,  
And he was aiming for CEO,  
And he was going to make a huge salary,  
But greed brought him more misery.

Whenever the man had a bad night,  
He always went to the bar,  
He went to get a drink,  
No matter whatever booze he found,  
He would drink vodka, daiquiris,  
Wine, beer, navels, whiskey, rum, liquor,  
Spirits, sherry, sex, schnapps,  
Or anything else one could think of.  
He was always drinking to excess,  
coming with a hangover the next day.  
Looking like an absolute piece of shit.  
The man thought drinking was therapeutic,  
So he drank to excess,  
Becoming inebriated,  
But inebriation and intoxication  
Brought him more misery instead.

After he married the harlot,  
The man continued to commit adultery,  
The lecher christened his new relationship,  
His new reputation, above all.  
The harlot responded the same way.  
The man was very promiscuous,  
And fornicated every night to come.  
He thought it would bring him happiness,  
For it brought lots of pleasure,

But it brought only more misery.

When the man got desperate,  
He finally called his children,  
But they were reluctant to see him,  
And his life fell deeper and deeper into despair.

The sadist continues to live life,  
Married to the harlot,  
And living with his cats,  
And he continued to live miserably,  
Especially to this Father's Day.

As for the writer who tells his story,  
He had forgiven the man long ago,  
But the, the man's own son,  
Had carried the pain for the longest time.  
Finally, when the writer told the man's story,  
Releasing it all on the page,  
He was finally able to let the pain go,  
The pain he had carried with him for so long.

The writer rarely saw the man,  
After he had left,  
But he now lives happily,  
Since he let the pain go.

Justin Reamer

# The Sadistic Heart

The same day passes yet again,  
The day that celebrates the same man,  
It passes, and nature freezes,  
As the horror enters the world again.

That day was Father's Day,  
The day that celebrates a father's love,  
But the man did not deserve it,  
For he betrayed everyone.

He still does not care,  
And he will not redeem himself.

Justin Reamer

# The Salesman

I am the salesman,  
A man you may know but may  
Not know at the same time.  
You may know me from seeing me on the street,  
Or from seeing me fill my car with gas,  
Or you may not know me at all,  
For I am an insignificant person in this world,  
Utterly useless to your daily life,  
Which is completely okay to you.

You may know me from somewhere,  
Or you may know me from nowhere,  
But either way, it is okay,  
Because I just struggle to get by.

I am a salesman,  
Selling my product,  
Working for Vector Marketing,  
Selling Cutco cutlery,  
Which is the finest cutlery in the world,  
Compared to the stuff made in Germany,  
Like Shun, Wusthof, and J.A. Hankels,  
And stuff like the Pampered Chef,  
And the products are great, too,  
Like the Super Shears,  
The Veggie Peeler,  
The spatula spreader, the butcher knife,  
The can opener, the garlic press, the pizza cutter,  
The ice cream scoop, and so much more.  
I love the product I sell,  
And I know you will love it, too;  
It's just that I am not making  
Enough money to help me get by;  
It feels as though I am not making ends meet.

I call people all the time,  
Using them as references.  
Don't you worry;  
I'm not a telemarketer.

I call people all the time,  
Being friendly and respectful,  
Building rapport,  
Using the repartee that God blessed me with,  
And tell customers about what I am doing.  
I tell them about my presentation,  
About the kind of work I do,  
And I ask them if quarter to 1: 00 pm  
Or half-past 4: 00 pm works better for them.  
They ask me what my presentation is about,  
About how long it is,  
And, of course, I joke with them,  
Telling them I sell waterproof sponges,  
Or baby alligators in a blanket,  
And that they can get the fast version  
Or the slow version by ordering over the phone,  
But I tell them I am joshing with them,  
And they laugh all the more.  
My presentation would only take thirty-one  
To forty-five minutes,  
And it wouldn't be that bad.  
I get a lot of yeses,  
And I get a lot of nos,  
And then I get a lot of maybes,  
And the occasional 'We'll see'  
And 'Call me back later.'  
It can be a little hard,  
But the yeses take the bait,  
And I am able to do my job.

I then go to the customer's house,  
And I show her my demo,  
Showing off how great Cutco is,  
And then I show her my stuff,  
Give her my shpeel,  
And show her the amazing stuff Cutco can do.  
I show her the Super Shears and how  
It can cut a penny in two because  
It is that freaking strong!  
I show her how the petite carver  
Has the Double-D edge that makes  
It more powerful than a straight-edge knife,

And lasts longer than a serrated-edge knife.  
I show Mrs Jones the amazing things about Cutco,  
Including the high-resin handles,  
With the universal wedgelock grip,  
The nickel rivets,  
The full tang that goes back into the handle,  
The DD edge,  
The rope-cutting demo, and so much more that makes  
The Cutco product all the more special.  
My job is great,  
And I love it.

Yet, I can never make ends meet,  
For that is the hard part.  
I travel like crazy,  
And I can never seem to make the right  
Amount of money in the right places  
In the right amount of time.  
It is like I am doomed.  
But I try hard,  
No matter what.

I am the salesman,  
And you may know me,  
We may have met before,  
But if you ever see me in trouble,  
I ask you very kindly,  
Please lend me a hand.

Justin Reamer

# The Saviour

Heart of caring love,  
Never to be forgotten,  
Ruling in heaven.

Justin Reamer

# The Scoundrel

I don't care about you,  
I don't care about them;  
I care about me  
And only me,  
And that is what matters.

Justin Reamer

# The Sculpture

An orca stares back at me,  
A black and white sculpture,  
With eyes of serenity,  
Drifting peacefully in the ocean as  
Refracted sunlight illuminates it.

Memories come to me—  
The artist, my mother's former  
Lover and high school sweetheart,  
Who loved her even still,  
Handcrafted the gift—  
Bringing it to life,  
Which is now  
The peaceful whale,  
A symbol of his affection,  
A gift from our would-be father.

Once a lover, the artist was committed,  
But commitment was absent from his heart.  
Fearing marriage, he absconded,  
Fearing the responsibilities entailed.  
A good man, he had been,  
But a coward, he would always be.

Departing from his beloved,  
He vanished into the tides of time,  
Leaving behind the sculpture,  
My only legacy.

Justin Reamer

# The Seraph

Eyes like the water,  
Her breasts rising and falling,  
Smiling gratefully.

Justin Reamer

# The Sign Of The Cross

In the Name of the Father,  
And of the Son,  
And of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Justin Reamer

# The Slacker's Oath

On my honour,  
On my dignity,  
And on my family's name,  
I promise to relax all the time,  
And to always take it easy.  
I will never worry about my chores  
Or about my daily responsibilities.  
I will keep my room messy,  
And my hygiene will always be horrible.  
I will never take out my trash  
Or ever make my bed.  
I will never do my homework  
Or study for that big test tomorrow  
Because I have other things to do in my life  
That I can enjoy right here and right now.  
I will maintain my relationships only  
When they benefit me,  
But if my girlfriend wants to argue,  
Then it isn't worth having.  
I will enjoy myself always in my marriage,  
And I will never worry about the well-being of others.  
I am a joke to all who know me,  
But I don't really care because  
My video games are my life,  
And gamers are my friends,  
And we stay up late,  
Sleep in,  
Come in late to class,  
And fall asleep while the teacher is talking  
About incredibly boring subjects.  
I am a slacker, and I am who I am,  
And it's not a bad thing,  
And I will never change,  
Because I promise to be the man I am.

Justin Reamer

# The Soldier

I sit in the trenches,  
Not knowing where I've been,  
But around me there is gunfire,  
And I see my foe standing before me,  
And we take to arms.

I saw my foe-  
At least, I thought  
He was my foe-  
And I-  
I shot him.  
I shot him down.  
Is this war?  
Or is this slaughter?  
For am I a soldier for good?  
Or a soldier for evil deeds?  
I will never know.

Justin Reamer

# The Sophomoric Athlete

A man with an egg-shaped face;  
Big, hairy gorilla arms hanging at his sides;  
Strong legs like pillars that carry palaces, bridges, and temples of old;  
Mahogany hair  
Shines like wood,  
Cut short into  
Spikes atop his head;  
Eyes blue and bright  
As the sky gleams in the daylight,  
He gets excited about the little things  
That life has to offer him.  
His smile like a child  
Gleams with clarity  
And makes his friends laugh with him,  
Everything a joke,  
He knows all  
There is to be funny.

His body is charismatic,  
Making movements to every  
Word that he speaks;  
He moves around the room,  
Like a bouncing ball,  
Ricocheting off of every wall in the corridor.  
His face is tempestuous,  
Unleashing 100 words per minute,  
Defining everything in his own way.

He is the  
Stand-up Comedian,  
The Robin Williams,  
The Jerry Seinfeld,  
The Adam Sandler of his youth,  
For he is jocose in every manner,  
Smiling,  
Making animated gestures,  
Moving enthusiastically,  
Changing his pitch in voice  
From the lowest bass,

A Tuba blurring a wolf's growl,  
A bear heaving a mellow sigh,  
To the highest of the high,  
When a mouse mutters melodically,  
Or a flute flutters without friction,  
And he imitates the characters,  
With cartoonish voices,  
Stereotypes playing with his funny pitches  
And caricatures,  
With his crazy Southern accent,  
His funny Eddy Murphy impersonation,  
The impression of Bane,  
And the hilarious 'hillbilly joke.'

And as he smiles,  
Everyone laughs,  
For he feeds laughter,  
Which everyone feeds on,  
He lives on laughter,  
Which makes the football man,  
The cross man,  
And the basketball man all the stronger,  
For vivacity builds up in his system  
As everyone laughs at his jokes,  
Giving him more confidence,  
And building up energy for the  
Grand finale of all laughter.

The athlete is a clown,  
Gregarious and jocular,  
And sweet and kind;  
He does not intend to hurt anyone,  
And he loves everyone.

His heart is like a peaceful ocean,  
Drifting with waves crashing against the shore,  
Not letting anyone sailing on it  
Get hurt at all.  
His compassion is like the sun,  
Bright and lively,  
Cheerful and chipper,  
Illuminating everyone's days

When he laughs with them.  
When people come across him,  
They are happier than ever before.  
Anger cannot survive in his mist.

His aura is bright,  
Kind and sweet,  
Giving him a friendly attitude,  
For amiable he is,  
No matter  
How he does it,  
For he is always at  
The right place at the right time.

No negative thought  
Passes through his brain,  
And though he may be like a gorilla  
Or the monstrous ape named King Kong,  
In truth, he is like a puppy on the inside,  
One who seeks  
Love and affection  
From all those who are his friends.

He is like a kitten, cute and cuddly,  
Mewing at every smile you give him.  
He is a tiger cub,  
Warm to hold,  
For he will hold a woman if she feels  
That she needs to cry,  
And he will sing and dance,  
Or just simply listen,  
For he is like the Teddy Bear  
That we all remember when we were children.

The athlete is my friend,  
And I am happy to call him that,  
For he is charismatic like  
A man who  
Just won  
The Lottery,  
Bouncing all over the room,  
And I love him for his

Wisdom and  
His shrewdness,  
For they are the factors  
Of his personality.

He touches all of our hearts,  
And I am glad he is my friend  
Because he is special to me,  
Standing out from the crowd by  
Optimising everyone's lives.

Justin Reamer

# The Sublime

A saucepan fizzling on a grill,  
An iris contracting in front of light,  
A predator lurking, preparing to kill,  
A little boy flying his giant kite.  
A man suffering from his own desire,  
A name, Schlutt, inscribed on a cup,  
A boy getting too close to a live wire,  
A coyote flattened on the road.

Dry ice sublimating into thick gas,  
An inferno incinerating the remains of a dead man,  
A drunk girl forgetting the night before last,  
A banshee shrieking at the body in sand.  
An affair in a bedroom with sexual groans,  
D.H. Lawrence smiling at his new masterpiece;  
A dog with a wounded paw noisily moans,  
A supermodel stripping naked to underwear fleece.

The Jabberwocky feasts on its victims with a great loud roar,  
Rocking-horse people dance together with infinite time,  
While large mobs of goblins ransack department stores,  
Everything and anything exists in the great, vast sublime.

Justin Reamer

# The Surroundings

I sit in a van,  
Which is really shaky;  
I sit and feel the van  
Rub against the road.  
Jacob is being a pain,  
As he always is,  
He is a big bully,  
Just hurting everyone.  
The mentors are up front,  
Paying attention to the road,  
They are trying to follow directions,  
And they are following Bob in front.  
Lindsay is so spritely,  
Sitting next to me,  
She is talking to the girls in back,  
Looking at Asian photos.  
Emily, Natasha, and Laurie  
Are looking at the Asians,  
They think cross-dressing is amazing.  
And it is quite awkward,  
And as I am sitting here,  
I feel like things are awesome,  
The world is just a little weird,  
That I would admit,  
But I will go on,  
And live with it all.

Justin Reamer

# The Swashing Blow

Tybalt!

With my swashing blow,  
Thou shalt surely die,  
Scoundrel of old!

Justin Reamer

# The Sweetheart

There is a girl who is so proud,  
Who is so strong and forthright,  
She is meant to be taken seriously,  
If you want to mess with her emotions.  
However, the blond-haired girl is a warrior,  
Fighting courageously and valiantly,  
Taking out all who hinder her.

However, that is her alter ego,  
Someone who is far different.  
In truth, she has a heart,  
Different from any other.

The blond-haired girl is  
Like the brown-haired beauty,  
With looks surpassing all else,  
Not only to look at,  
But to enjoy with the utmost love.

The girl was cheery about everything,  
Just like the brown-haired beauty,  
She was always smiling,  
No matter what,  
And her company was always great.

Whenever she smiled,  
It brightened your day,  
Because a sun radiates from within,  
And you see the warm welcome,  
From her inviting smile at heart,  
And you know that you have joy.

Whenever she smiles,  
You will feel great,  
Because it's always shining bright.  
And it is so contagious because  
It's full of love.

When she laughs,

There's a source of light  
That comes through  
As her source of happiness,  
And it is quite cute,  
and it is so contagious  
Because of its cute joy,  
And her happiness is lovable,  
That's why people love her laugh.

Whenever she talks,  
It's almost as if she's singing,  
Going through every note and octave,  
Singing an aria of every unique note,  
Full of joy unbeatable,  
Just like the brown-haired beauty.

She is a poet,  
Like Max and me,  
Writing every day,  
She writes everything down  
In her journal  
That contains all her writings withal,  
I know I don't have to worry,  
Since I've read lots of her writings,  
With the promise that she writes them.

She writes very well,  
With soul in every word  
And spirit behind every verse,  
She is very kind,  
Withholding her judgement,  
And taking care to everyone who is hurt.

However, I can't understand  
Why anyone would hurt her,  
Especially the man who had cared,  
Why he would do that,  
I cannot say,  
But love is a very crazy thing.

However, she is a sweetheart,  
Above all else,

And she is the very essence  
Of life itself,  
And I am very happy  
That the sweetheart is  
My very good friend.

Justin Reamer

# The Ten Commandments

I am the Lord your God,  
Who brought you out of the land of Egypt,  
Out of the house of slavery.  
You shall not have other gods beside Me.  
You shall not make yourself an idol  
Or a likeness of anything in the heavens above  
Or on the earth below  
Or in the waters beneath the earth;  
You shall not bow down before them or serve them.  
For I, the Lord, your God, am a jealous God,  
Inflicting punishment for their ancestors' wickedness  
On the children of those who hate Me,  
Down to the third and fourth generation of those  
Who love and keep My commandments.

You shall not invoke the Name of the Lord,  
Your God, in vain. For the Lord will not leave  
Unpunished anyone who invokes His Name in vain.  
Remember the Sabbath Day- keep it holy. Six days  
You may labour, but the seventh day  
Is a sabbath of the Lord your God. You shall  
Not do any work, either you, your son or your daughter,  
Your male or female slave, your work animal,  
Or the resident alien withing your gates.  
For in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth,  
The sea and all that is in them;  
But on the seventh day, He rested. That is why  
The Lord has blessed the sabbath day and made it holy.

Honour your father and your mother,  
That you may have a long life in the land the  
Lord your God is giving you.  
You shall not kill.  
You shall not commit adultery.  
You shall not steal.  
You shall not bear false witness against your neighbour.  
You shall not covet your neighbour's house.  
You shall not covet your neighbour's wife, his  
Male or female slave, his ox or donkey, or anything that

Belongs to your neighbour.

Justin Reamer

# The Testimony

My love, I will do anything for you.  
Anything that makes you happy.  
I will do anything for you  
In order for you to be pleased.  
If you want to live by the sea,  
I will take you there;  
If you want to go to Europe,  
I will take you there, as well.  
If you want a drink,  
Whether it is water or wine,  
I will fill it up to the full glass,  
Making sure it will quench your thirst.  
If you are hungry, I will  
Get you a bite to eat,  
Making sure your starvation is cured,  
And making sure you are famished no more.

If you want a new car,  
I will get it for you.  
If you want to go explore space,  
I will take you to the stars.  
If you want a piece of the moon,  
I will go and get it for you.  
If you want a diamond,  
I will try my best to mine it for you.  
If you want all the knowledge,  
I will get you a library,  
And an encyclopaedia set to go with it.  
If you want social time,  
I will give you space.  
If you need more loving,  
I will give you all I can give.

If you want to explore the sea,  
I will buy a submarine for you.  
If you want to explore the skies,  
I will take you on a plane.  
If you want to explore the wild,  
I will take you there.

If you want to explore the seas,  
I will take you sailing.  
If you want to go to dinner,  
I will take you there and pay the bill.  
If you want to go camping,  
I will pack up and take you there.

If you want a vacation,  
I will take you to the furthest places of the Earth.  
If you want to go somewhere warm,  
I will take you to Hawaii or wherever you want to go.  
If you want to learn history,  
I will take you to all the historic places  
Of the planet Earth.  
If you want the planet,  
I will give it to you.

My love, I would give you the world.  
I will give you anything  
You want, anything you need.  
I will give you whatever you  
Think is best.  
I will give the world to you.

Justin Reamer

# The Traits I Like

There are lots of things  
I like about you,  
If you haven't figured  
It out by now.  
There are lots of things  
That appeal me,  
Especially your positive traits.  
I can go into them,  
And though they are infinite,  
They are no surmise,  
For I can describe them for you,  
Right here and right now.

I like your well-kept hair,  
The way it flows down your neck,  
And shines like the golden sun.  
I like the way it curls,  
The way it shows your beauty.  
I like your bright blue eyes,  
How they shine like the sky  
Or the ocean  
Or Lake Michigan,  
Giving off your true vivacity,  
And showing your vitality.

I like the way you smile,  
Whenever I do something stupid  
Or something unintentionally funny.  
I like how you smile,  
And your face brightens up,  
Lighting up the entire room.

And your friendly smile,  
Makes me feel so warm inside,  
I feel as if I'm going to melt.  
I like the way you laugh,  
When I do something stupid,  
Or when I say something  
Unintentionally funny,

For it makes me smile,  
And start to laugh, as well.

I like how you see the good  
In everyone you talk to,  
How you see the full potential,  
How you see the goodness.

I like your kindness,  
Your selflessness,  
Your courtesy,  
Your generosity,  
Your understanding,  
Your appreciation,  
And everything you do.

I like how you are accepting,  
And good to everyone,  
No matter what.  
I appreciate you  
For who you really are.

Justin Reamer

# The Trekker's Ballad

A foggy summer day,  
When the clouds came rolling over,  
Then the rain began to fall,  
As the forest swayed to the rain's beat.  
And as the rain was falling,  
There was a man hiking onward,  
Throughout the forest terrain,  
As he trekked through the underbrush.

The man was a trekker,  
And adventurer and and explorer,  
Who had been walking the distance,  
For what seemed days on end,  
He hiked through the beaches,  
And hiked through the plains,  
And hiked through the mountains,  
Which held large volcanoes,  
And he hiked through the desert,  
And the tundra,  
And the rainforest,  
And more temperate forests beyond.  
But here he was in a magical forest,  
The forest of Vivalania,  
Which was rumoured to have powers  
That contained a ton of mystery,  
That no one understood.

The man walked through Vivalania,  
And he was sore and tired,  
And he pushed on through the rain,  
Fighting his hypothermia.  
He pushed on forward,  
Fighting his fatigue,  
Though he knew he needed rest,  
He could not find a place to sleep.  
The man was struck with fatigue,  
And he was brutally ill,  
As he walked through the rain.  
His ailments came in dozens,

With hypothermia and pneumonia,  
And malaria and influenza,  
And the man hadn't slept,  
Or drank or eaten in days,  
And he kept marching forward.

Then the man collapsed,  
For he was too tired,  
And he lay still,  
For death took its toll.

But that was not it for him,  
For there was more in store,  
The magic of the forest came around,  
And brought about his revival.

The man sprung up,  
Suddenly energised,  
And he came out of the forest,  
And continued his great journey,  
Which he started long ago,  
And the magic took place,  
Like it never had before.

Justin Reamer

# The Vagabond

It was a bright summer day, when the weather was still warm, with the sun gleaming  
All over my back. I was riding my bike to run an errand, and I was riding at a casual  
Pace. I had \$20 in my back pocket and 75¢ worth of quarters in my side pocket.  
As  
I rode my bike, I could feel the wind in my face, and I could hear the birds chirping,  
Singing their beautiful songs, better than anything else I've ever heard. I was riding  
Down Ottawa Beach Road when I met a homeless man sitting on the curbside with  
A wagon next to him, which held all of his belongings. I looked at him, and I  
Questioned what I should do. My conscience got the better of me. "Talk to the man, "  
It said. "Talk to him. Talk to him! " I listened to my conscience, doing a good deed  
From my heart, and I stopped where the vagabond was sitting. "Hello, sir, "  
"How are you? " The man looked up at me. He looked like Santa Clause with a long  
White beard and long silvery hair with a balding head. His eyes were a deep-set  
Blue, looking desperate as he sat in the shade on the wooden wall next to the  
Condominiums. He was bare-chested, wearing nothing but pants and a pair of beat-  
Up sandals. He looked up at me and said, "hello" in a rather friendly manner. I gave  
Him my 75¢ to help him, and he said thank you and put it in his wallet. Then he  
Started to talk. "Have you ever suffered from heat exhaustion? " he asked me.  
I nodded. "I'm trying to make sure to drink a lot of water." The man told me that  
Heat exhaustion was a bad nightmare, since he always tried to stay hydrated in  
Vietnam. That's when he told me his life's story. He told me about his life in the  
Nam,  
How hard it was, and how he came back without any money on him. Vietnam  
Had been scary, he said. You always worried about who was attacking you, and  
you  
Always had to be on the lookout. He told me how he came back the home front,

Wounded fatally in the chest, with his right leg broken. He had stayed at a  
veteran's  
Hospital, living a hard life of sorts. It was like seeing Born on the Forth of July,  
only  
The way he described it was much worse. He stayed there for many, many years,  
  
And I began to feel sympathy for him. When he was let loose, he was stuck with  
a  
Limp, and a bionic heart. He had no money, no family, nothing. He tried over the  
Years to get Social Security funds, but the bank wouldn't let him. He stayed night  
After night in homeless shelters, if he was lucky. Otherwise, he slept on the  
streets in  
The summer and outside in the cold during the winter. He tried very hard to find  
Money so he could at least get a decent apartment, but the bank wouldn't let  
him.  
Then an interest group - the American Veterans Society - found him, and they  
did  
Everything they could to help him out. They helped him with special funding, but  
It was not enough. The man worked hard with a steady job, yet he had nowhere  
to sleep,  
Especially since he had minimum wage. He got to the point where he was too  
old,  
He couldn't do a job anymore, and he still could not get his Soc money. The AVS,  
who tried to help  
Him, helped him find a lawyer who would help him get his Soc money. The man  
told me that the  
Lawyer began to help, but it was going to take some time before they found him  
his Soc money.  
As I listened, I felt bad for the man, and how it inspired me for a book in my  
mind, Into the Nam. It  
Was not much I could say, but I listened to him, and I heard his story and how  
his life was hard. He  
Came from a poor family who had no morals. They threw him out on the street.  
And life was hard  
From there. He told me that he had to keep moving, and I said farewell to him. I  
rode my bike down the  
Road, and I continued to think about the vagabond. He was an amazing man who  
had a lot of courage  
And a lot of willpower. There was no denying it. A man like that was an American  
hero, especially  
A decorated veteran. Yet, I still thought about him, and I remembered him to  
this day.

Justin Reamer

# The Valley Of Palms

Today is a remarkable day,  
One that I can remember.  
It has always been a part  
Of Christendom, for I've attended  
It at every year or so.  
Today is a sacred day  
What happened over two millennia ago. It  
Happened before Easter Sunday,  
Which we all celebrate knowingly.  
And God gave me a vision of  
What happened long ago. I have  
The vision from a little child  
Who attended this day so long ago.  
I am running through the crowds  
In this dream I had when I was eight.  
I was running, curious as  
To what everyone was looking at.  
I see everyone walking in a line, a crowd,  
All walking with palms in their hands.  
What were these people looking at?  
I wondered, as I looked through  
This little boy's vision.  
What are they looking at?  
I ran through the clay-built houses,  
And I ran through the crowds.  
What was this? The people who were  
Carrying all these palms? Then my  
Father, a kind man with a bearded face,  
Came to me and said,  
'Joshua, be still. I was looking all over for you.  
Come. Come to me. I have something I want you to see.'  
My father, Mohammed, took me upon his shoulders,  
High where I could see.  
I saw a valley of palms,  
With people following something in the distance.  
It was a man, a man on a donkey,  
He had the kindest face in the world.  
His face was that of an angel. It had all  
Its true virtue and joy inside of it,

Showing that He was not afraid to  
Smile and rejoice with everyone.  
I looked curiously at my father and said,  
'Father, who is that man? That man of resounding joy?  
That man who is so happy to be alive? That man who  
Is happy to see all these people  
Rejoicing with him? '  
Mohammed smiled at me and said,  
'Joshua, this man is Messiah. He is the King of kings, the Lord of lords, and the  
Saviour. He is the Way of the World. He is  
The Light in the Darkness. He is the Lion and the Lamb. He is the  
Good Shepherd who takes care of His Sheep. He is Messiah,  
The Son of God Almighty. He is the Word that became flesh.'  
I looked at Him, through Joshua's vision,  
And I saw the very face of Jesus. He  
Was happy to be with His people,  
Rejoicing with them in their  
Prayers to God the Father.  
I remember this dream and its true meaning,  
Above all else. Jesus was happy on this day,  
And so are we on this great Palm Sunday.

Justin Reamer

# The Vampire

The Vampire reaps the night,  
Drinking the blood of the unfortunate,  
Who ever happen to come into his way,  
For he will grasp onto them.

He will hurt anyone he comes across,  
Stealing lives everywhere he goes,  
Since he has never known love,  
For his own preservation.

Justin Reamer

# The Void

Vacancy, emptiness,  
It's all the same to me.  
Look into my eyes,  
And you shall see my bleak suffering,  
As my eyes coat over with  
The loss of childhood  
And the blade to my soul.

Everything around me, a void,  
Blank emptiness with no purpose,  
No reason, a random existence.  
Lost, I see nothing as  
I amble and saunter the universe,  
Misguided, confounded, and hurt.

The world is nothing,  
Blank and purposeless,  
Existing only for the Devil's arithmetic,  
Adding to his list the names  
Of souls who suffer every day  
And yet seek God for help  
By crying out with their prayers and  
The men and women who have  
Turned to apostasy,  
Making efforts to defy the Creator.

Hell is horrid;  
Heaven is great;  
But Earth—the physical universe—  
Is the void, the state of nothingness  
In which no purpose is found.

Justin Reamer

# The Wayward Soul

A ray of sunshine choked by stormclouds,  
A beautiful smile whisked away by  
A gust of wind before the blink of an eye,  
A lonely soul ponders, solitary and dejected.

Isolated entirely from society,  
It wonders whether anyone knows it:  
Its thoughts, its dreams, its aspirations.  
Does anyone know its feelings,  
The capsizing ship in the stormy sea,  
A wellspring of tears dropping from its eyes?  
Does its existence even matter?

The heart, whatever it may happen to be,  
Drifts along the waves in the lonely sea,  
Seeking a friend, but finding none,  
It sits alone on its makeshift raft,  
Forever a soul lost on the open ocean.

Justin Reamer

# The Writer

The man sat down at his desk,  
With his pencil and paper in front  
Of him. He began to stare at  
The blank sheet in front of him,  
Wondering whether it had a purpose.  
He stared at it longingly, and then  
He put the pencil in his ear. He  
Then began to think, thinking deeply  
In the depths of his mind. The man  
Began to think of everything,  
Everything he saw. The a picture  
Came to him-a Haitian of malnourishment.  
As he saw this, he was inspired, and  
He took the pencil out of his ear. He  
Then began to write everything down,  
Jolted from inspiration. With his  
Inspiration, he wrote from his mind. His  
Pencil brushed across the page, like a  
Printer or a typewriter, as he wrote the  
Fictional story about the Haitian.  
He continued to write as he saw pictures  
Of palm trees and the beach. He narrated  
The Haitian's life, as he walked through  
The city streets. The man described his  
Poverty, his hunger and his thirst. He  
Gave the young man a name, Tibo to  
Be exact. The man described the riots  
That Tibo had to take. He then concluded  
The story, and his work was done. The  
Man put down his pencil, and he  
Would continue the next day.

Justin Reamer

# The Writings

A man began a friendship  
With a girl after her  
Break-up and things  
Like that. After, they got  
Close enough, they realised  
They could do more than  
Just talk verbally,  
Which they rarely got  
The chance to do.  
So the girl came up  
With an idea of writing  
Notes to each other,  
And so their friendship  
Became even closer.

Justin Reamer

# Thing

Things, things,  
The king of vague words,  
Who knew who came up with it,  
When they're for the birds?

What is there to know,  
When people say 'things' all the time?  
What is there to handle,  
When it doesn't even rime?

What is there to remember,  
When it is incomplete?  
What is in the chain of thought,  
When we do compete?

What is the information,  
With ambiguity?  
What are you trying to say,  
That you like promiscuity?

Thing is such a vague word,  
For it is imprecise,  
What is there to know,  
When it is not so nice?

Mrs Stoel always told me,  
Simultaneously,  
That 'tis clear as mud,  
Mr Strobel always told me,  
That writing it never makes it 'bud.'

What is there to know,  
Whenever it doesn't show?  
What is there to know,  
When it doesn't snow?

Justin Reamer

# Thinking Of You

No matter what I do,  
I cannot stop thinking of you,  
Because you are always on my mind,  
No matter what happens.

When I hear music,  
I think of you and  
Your wonderfully tuned clarinet  
And your even more wonderful oboe,  
For the clarinet can be atrocious at times,  
And I cannot help but think about  
How passionate you are for it.  
For whenever I play jazz or something like that,  
I cannot stop thinking of you,  
Because whenever I hear it,  
It takes my breath away.

I cannot stop thinking about  
Your beautiful, long, blond hair,  
Which shines like the golden sun,  
And radiates a sort of luminescent  
Glow upon everything around it,  
Making everyone happy who sees it,  
And I cannot stop thinking about your  
Beautiful hazel eyes,  
Which change colour with whatever mood you are in,  
For they reflect true beauty,  
And when you are happy,  
They are as green as a vibrant forest,  
Filled with life,  
And the songs of birds in the canopy,  
And the rushing of the leaves,  
Deer filling every ounce of noise,  
Creeping quietly,  
And your eyes are as blue as the ocean,  
With as sort of aqua colour,  
Reminding me of the seashore,  
And waves crashing against the shore,  
As I relax and fall into a deep trance

As I listen to the imagery,  
And look at your eyes at the same time,  
For they are beautiful and one of a kind.

I cannot stop thinking about the way  
You laugh and have fun,  
For your mirth is so great,  
And you gambol with grace,  
And your vivacity is great,  
For you are so full of life,  
And you love everyone around you,  
For when you laugh,  
I smile because I see a beautiful,  
Loving young maiden that  
I cannot stop seeing.

I cannot stop thinking about your smile,  
Which lights up an entire room,  
And holds glee in every dimple,  
And expresses purity  
And happiness in those shiny  
Teeth of yours,  
For you are beautiful,  
And you are great,  
And you are spectacular,  
That whenever I see you smiling,  
I cannot fight the contagion,  
The epidemic,  
And I look at you and smile back.

I cannot stop thinking about the way  
You interact with children,  
For it reminds me of how I interact with them,  
Even as I interact with my cousins  
Or pre-schoolers in general,  
I know that when I look at you,  
I see a great mother,  
For you are special to me.

Yet, as I sit here, waiting and thinking,  
I realise that I have been a fool,  
Because I have not told you how I really felt,

Even as you displayed your emotion to me,  
For I wanted you to know,  
But I wanted to tell you in private,  
Because I care about you,  
And I want to tell you in so many ways.  
I want you to be a part of my life  
Because you mean so much to me,  
Because I love you,  
And I do not care if you are nerdy  
Or eccentric,  
Because I am just like that,  
And you know it to be true.

I do not care if you play Magic around me,  
And video games, those are cool, too,  
Because I am into those, as well.  
Whatever makes you happy,  
I want you to know that  
I fully support it,  
No matter what.

I just want to let you know that I miss you,  
Because I was never able to be with you  
On Thanksgiving,  
And even though we are just friends,  
I want you to know that  
I really care about you,  
And that you are great,  
And I will do anything that will make you happy.  
I love you, my dear,  
And I cannot fight this feeling anymore,  
Because you are great,  
And I want to be with you for all of my days,  
For I want to tell you the truth,  
And I want you to know,  
And I love you so much.

I wish you the best of luck in your days,  
And I cannot stop thinking of you,  
Because I love you so much,  
I just can't stand it.  
I hope you are great,

And I hope you are fine,  
Even though I am in love with you.  
May God bless you throughout the week.

Justin Reamer

# Thirty Days' Prayer To St. Joseph

Ever blessed and glorious Joseph, kind and loving father, and helpful friend of all in sorrow! You are the good father and protector of orphans, the defender of the defenseless, the patron of those in need and sorrow. Look kindly on my request. My sins have drawn down on me the just displeasure of my God, and so I am surrounded with unhappiness. To you, loving guardian of the Family of Nazareth, do I go for help and protection.

Listen, then, I beg you, with fatherly concern, to my earnest prayers, and obtain for me the favors I ask.

I ask it by the infinite mercy of the eternal Son of God, which moved Him to take our nature and to be born into this world of sorrow.

I ask it by the weariness and suffering you endured when you found no shelter at the inn of Bethlehem for the holy Virgin, nor a house where the Son of God could be born. Then, being everywhere refused, you had to allow the Queen of Heaven to give birth to the world's Redeemer in a cave.

I ask it by that painful torture you felt at the prophecy of holy Simeon, which declared the Child Jesus and His holy Mother future victims of our sins and of their great love for us.

I ask it through your sorrow and pain of soul when the angel declared to you that the life of the Child Jesus was sought by His enemies. From their evil plan you had to flee with Him and His Blessed Mother to Egypt. I ask it by all the suffering, weariness, and labors of that long and dangerous journey.

I ask it by all your care to protect the Sacred Child and His Immaculate Mother during your second journey, when you were ordered to return to your own country. I ask it by your peaceful life in Nazareth where you met with so many joys and sorrows.

I ask it by your great distress when the adorable Child was lost to you and His Mother for three days. I ask it by your joy at finding Him in the Temple, and by the comfort you found at Nazareth, while living in the company of the Child Jesus. I ask it by the wonderful submission He showed in His obedience to you.

I ask it by the perfect love and conformity you showed in accepting the Divine order to depart from this life, and from the company of Jesus and Mary. I ask it by the joy which filled your soul, when the Redeemer of the world, triumphant

over death and hell, entered into the possession of His kingdom and led you into it with special honors.

I ask it through Mary's glorious Assumption, and through that endless happiness you have with her in the presence of God.

O good father! I beg you, by all your sufferings, sorrows, and joys, to hear me and obtain for me what I ask.

(make your request)

Obtain for all those who have asked my prayers everything that is useful to them in the plan of God. Finally, my dear patron and father, be with me and all who are dear to me in our last moments, that we may eternally sing the praises of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Justin Reamer

# This

This is the moment we have all  
Been waiting for,  
The one we know to be true,  
The one that we feel is  
Most important,  
Especially as we run it through.

This is our chance to prove ourselves,  
After everything we have gone through,  
This is the chance for a new beginning,  
Which we can make the best of throughout our lives.

Justin Reamer

# Thomas Lux

Straightforward, intense,  
Funny in some ways, bland in others,  
The man knows his lyrics well,  
But fails to entertain those closest him.  
Who is this man? Who does he think he is?  
Anything impressive in his poetics? Perhaps.  
But then again, no man but Thomas Lux  
Can put the reader to sleep but also  
Manage to keep them awake with  
Poems of intensity in which  
He captures pure emotion,  
No matter how rare it is for him,  
For 'tis scarce for someone like he.  
But, he tries, but is probably best  
For giving your child a lullaby  
Or acting as your best friend for fighting insomnia-  
The one, beloved barbiturate you cannot resist.

Justin Reamer

# Thoughts On Death

Death is a part of every life.  
Whether we embrace it or cherish it,  
Or even fear it is our own choice,  
But what we decide matters not;  
It remains with us either way.

To a young life,  
Death is a tragedy as  
The Fates cut the string  
Short too soon,  
The person never able to  
Live a full life,  
Prematurely taken by the reaper.

But to an aged life,  
Death is a release,  
Liberation from the corporeal  
Pain and suffering of  
The decaying flesh,  
Having lived a full life,  
Transcending to the next world.

Now matter what we think,  
Death is always with us,  
Watching our every move carefully,  
Until God commands His will be done.  
At the moment we need him,  
Death will come to us,  
Soon offering us liberation  
From the agony of life  
And the decaying flesh  
When our time expires.

Justin Reamer

## Three Words

My love, there are many things in this world  
That I can say and do for you,  
But there is one thing that expresses all of that,  
The greatest thing in the world,  
Which is the best gift of all:  
These three words that I utter from my lips,  
'I love you.'

My love, you may think that I am joking,  
For a jocose person you know I am,  
And you may think it's some kind of scam,  
Something worthless,  
But I tell you this is the truth,  
For telling you, 'I love you, '  
Is the greatest thing I can say to you  
Because it describes all the feelings,  
All the emotions,  
All the thoughts,  
All the passion,  
All the compassion,  
And all the love I have for you.  
It describes how much I am willing  
To do anything for you,  
No matter what the cost is.  
It describes all the actions and  
All the feelings I would do for you.  
You may think it is crazy,  
My love,  
But it's true what I say to you,  
For I would never lie to you,  
And I am not lying now,  
Nor will I ever deceive you into  
Believing anything I tell you.  
This thing I tell you is not a scam,  
Not a scandal,  
Not a falsehood,  
Nor a lie in which we live.  
People may say that love is a lie,  
But my love for you is genuine,

And rest assured,  
This is true.

My dear, I could say, 'I love you, '  
Over and over again,  
Continuously,  
Simultaneously,  
And continually,  
And I would always smile at you  
Because there is so much meaning behind  
What I say to you.  
It describes all the actions I have done  
And am willing to take,  
Describes the thoughts, feelings,  
And emotions that I have for you,  
And everything our relationship is based upon,  
For these three words are the basis  
Of any relationship standing before God.  
It's true, and I hope you  
Can understand that.

I love you, sweetheart,  
For there is no one as kind,  
As compassionate, as vivacious,  
As thoughtful, as wonderful,  
Or as loving as you.  
You are beautiful with  
Your long blond hair that grows to your shoulders,  
And shines in the sunlight like long  
Strands of gold just recently moulded from the mine.  
I love your bright blue eyes that shine  
Like Michigan and remind me of  
The bright blue sky in the summertime  
When noontime is near.  
They light up every time you smile,  
Revealing the portals to your soul,  
And showing everyone what there is about you.  
Your smile is beautiful,  
For it illuminates a room when darkness or dimness  
Lies so close by, not very far off,  
And the smile is contagious,  
Spreading to everyone like a disease,

Making them smile, too.  
I love the way you laugh,  
For it is adorable and grandiose,  
For you give your funny laughter a reason  
For other people to laugh, too,  
And everyone loves to hear it,  
For it is pleasing to the ear.  
Your body is slender and lean,  
Giving you a beautiful figure.  
Your breasts are like fruits on a coconut tree,  
As the poet King Solomon of Israel,  
The son of King David of Israel and Jerusalem,  
Once said,  
When he wrote his poem, the Song of Songs,  
For your breasts are like ripe fruit,  
Bosoms big and beautiful,  
Ready to nurture a child that may come into the world.  
They are beautiful,  
Rising and falling with every slow breath you take,  
Making your figure beautiful.  
Your stature is majestic,  
For you walk gracefully wherever you go,  
Never stumbling or falling,  
But walking like a beautiful,  
Proper woman with much sophistication.  
Yet, there is more to you that I love.

You are a wonderful musician  
Who plays multiple instruments.  
You are a great violinist,  
A great pianist,  
And a great guitarist.  
You play the violin beautifully,  
Knowing every crescendo and decrescendo,  
Playing harmonies well,  
Tuning well with intonation,  
Articulating notes well with your bow,  
Making euphonious music everywhere you go,  
Differentiating between tempos such  
As allegro, andante, presto, largo, and moderato.  
You know every ritardando and rallitando,  
Every caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,

Accent, and tenuto.  
You play the melody well,  
And your posture is great,  
And you need not worry about embouchure.  
On the piano, the acoustics are great when you play,  
For you sound like Ludwig van Beethoven when he began to play,  
Or Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Or Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
You play wonderfully,  
As if you were a songwriter.  
When you play the guitar,  
You are a natural,  
For you play every strum like  
There is nothing to it,  
And you make it sound wonderful,  
Almost pretty,  
For it is pleasing to my ears,  
In every aural sense.  
I am a trombonist,  
And I am simple compared  
To your wonderful complexity  
And talent,  
For you are gifted,  
And your music skills are unique.  
I love your musical abilities.

You are a great outdoorswoman,  
For you are not afraid of getting wet,  
Becoming dirty, and surviving the harsh wilderness.  
The outdoors is a great place,  
And you love to see everything around you,  
Just like I do.  
I love that about you,  
For I know you like to go camping,  
Hiking, bicycling, swimming,  
Canoeing, kayaking, wakeboarding,  
Waterboarding, skiing,  
Rollerblading, ice skating,  
Backpacking, surfing, scuba diving,  
Sailing, rowing, running, jogging,  
Water-skiing, bird-watching, whale-watching,  
Boating, jet-skiing, fishing, building campfires,

Cooking marshmallows, walking, mountain climbing,  
And everything else like that.  
I know you love nature, the animals, and the plants.  
You are a natural biologist,  
A natural zoologist,  
And a natural botanist in many ways,  
And I am glad to see that you love the outdoors so much.  
I love that,  
For I am a Boy Scout and an Eagle Scout,  
And I don't know where I'd be if my girlfriend  
Did not like to be outside during the summertime  
And somewhat inclined to go into the cold when  
There is a clear sky,  
Lots of snow,  
And a great winter day.  
I am happy you love the outdoors,  
For you are good at everything you do.

I love how you are a great singer,  
For your voice is wonderful and harmonious,  
And makes things sound wonderful wherever you go,  
For you sing many great songs,  
Rock songs written by classic rock artists  
Such as the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and the Who;  
By contemporary rock artists such as Fun;  
Pop songs by people such as Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson, and Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock songs by folks such as Billy Joel and Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs by bands such as Third Day, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, Counting Crowns, The Newsboys, and much more;  
Worship songs that many people have written,  
Especially hymns and whatnot written by the saints a millennia ago;  
I love how you sing jazz tunes such as those  
Sung by Louis Armstrong's co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Your voice is beautiful, vivacious, resonant,  
Euphonious, pleasing, and so much more.  
It is as beautiful as a bird singing in the canopy of the forest.  
I could never get enough of it.  
It makes me smile all the time I hear your alto voice,  
How it fluctuates between tones, pitches, and notes.  
It is absolutely beautiful.

I sing, too,  
And I love to sing,  
And to know that I could possibly  
Do a duet with someone else who likes  
To sing many of the same things I do  
Is a wonderful thing I could never forget.

You are a wonderful artist,  
For I love your art,  
And I love how it looks.  
You paint like you look into a photograph,  
You draw as if it were taken by a camera,  
And you sculpt as if you just made life,  
From your own bear hands.  
Your paintings, your sculptures,  
Your drawings and sketches,  
Your tapestries, your quilts;  
They are all wonderful works of art—  
Vivid and radiant,  
Vibrant and colourful,  
By no means glib or diffident,  
But mirthful and confident,  
Showing off their appeals to the eye,  
And yet they are symbolic,  
So full of meaning,  
One cannot stop contemplating them.  
You are a great artist with a talent like no other;  
Your uniqueness is incomparable  
To what others have done.  
You are a da Vinci or a Michelangelo,  
With the kind of gifts, skills, and talents  
That you possess.  
I love your art,  
And I can't help but contemplate them,  
And notice their beauty.  
Your talents are wonderful.

Your writing is also magnificent,  
For you are a great writer,  
And a great poet,  
For I have read your poems,  
Especially the one called

'I Learned About the Trinity Today, '  
Which was a wonderful thing that made me laugh,  
For it reminded me of my own brother  
When I read it.

I also remember the poem 'Fireflies in the Dusk, '  
For it made me consider everything you  
Were trying to tell me,  
And I loved reading it,  
For it was so deep  
And so full of meaning;  
Your poetry is like music to my ears,  
Euphonious and full of melody,  
I cannot help but listen to the  
Soothing splash of waves,  
The wind whispering in the willows,  
The alliteration and allusion,  
The assonance and dissonance,  
The metaphors used majestically,  
The similes used sagaciously,  
For they all add up to the art involved.  
You are a great poet,  
And your poetry is unique;  
You cannot deny yourself that.  
I love that talent, too,  
For I am a writer myself,  
And I am glad to meet someone else like me.

Your bibliophilia is also great,  
For I love that you love to read,  
And I remember all the great books  
You keep in your library,  
And I remember all the things you told me  
About all the authors and writers that you love,  
The poets, the novelists,  
The essayists, and all things like that.  
I am glad I can talk about literature with you,  
And writing especially,  
Since you like to read books,  
Peruse poems,  
And reading is your strongpoint.  
I am glad I can share one of my passions with you.

You are also a great Christian,  
Devoting yourself to Jesus Christ,  
Just like I try to do,  
For even though I am a Catholic,  
And you a Dutch Reformed Protestant,  
We both believe in something genuine—  
The grace of God Himself who gave us  
Everything we see before us,  
And nothing can be taken away from us  
As long as we trust in Him.  
For we are here to help others and to help each other,  
And I admire your willingness to give,  
Just as I am ready to give.  
It is great to see your faith grow so greatly,  
For you believe in He who saved the world,  
Our Saviour Jesus Christ the Messiah.

My love, I am willing to do anything for you,  
For if you are sad, I will comfort you,  
If you are happy, I will laugh with you,  
If you are troubled, I will counsel you,  
If you are conflicted, I will listen and console you;  
If you are angry, I will try to mollify you;  
If you are anxious, I will reassure you;  
If you are worried, I will be there for you.  
I want you to be happy  
Because your happiness is the most important thing  
To me in this world.  
I will buy you flowers whenever necessary,  
Get you a diamond ring to show my appreciation,  
Write a poem similar to this one,  
Be there for you and your family whenever  
You need me to be there;  
I will be there for our children,  
For you are special to me.  
I will take you to the movies,  
And do whatever I can to help you know  
That I will love you always.  
We will have as many children as you  
Want to have,  
For it is your body I am using,  
So I will let you decide what you

Want to use it for,  
So you have a say in it.  
You are my girlfriend,  
My significant other,  
Soon to be fiancée,  
For we are soon to be affianced,  
And soon to be wife,  
For we will take holy matrimony  
In this relationship before God.  
We will have sons and daughters of our own,  
Children we will always love,  
And we will raise them to be great people,  
And we will be great parents.  
You will be a great mother,  
And I will be a great father.  
You are the love of my life, sweetheart;  
I want you to know this.  
I am your servant,  
And you are my master;  
I willingly give myself to you  
So that I may meet your every need  
For you to be happy.  
I am supple and submissive,  
For I submit to you for your happiness.  
I love everything about you,  
And am willing to do it all for you.  
I want you to know this.  
You are my soul mate,  
My one true love,  
And there is no one else like you  
Who complements me.  
I am glad to know you  
And to love you with all my heart.

So, my love, these three words  
Tell you everything you need to know,  
For they describe everything I just described,  
Everything I feel for you,  
For when I see you, my heart palpitates,  
My serdtse becomes arrhythmic,  
My glubina dushy becomes happy at the sight of you,  
My guts twist and churn;

My smile becomes involuntary,  
I laugh uncontrollably,  
I sigh long and soft.  
I love you, sweetheart,  
And I am willing to do anything for you.  
You are my soul mate,  
And these three words describe everything  
Our relationship is founded upon:  
Love, compassion, selflessness, ourselves, and God Himself.  
Remember these three words,  
And when I say them,  
Remember their importance,  
For these three words are great,  
And I shall say them to you one last time,  
'I love you.'

Justin Reamer

# Tiga Kata

Cinta saya, ada banyak hal di dunia ini

Bahwa saya bisa mengatakan dan melakukan untuk Anda,

Tapi ada satu hal yang mengungkapkan semua itu,

Hal terbesar di dunia,

Yang merupakan hadiah terbaik dari semua:

Tiga kata ini yang saya mengucapkan dari bibir saya,

'Aku mencintaimu.'

Cintaku, Anda mungkin berpikir bahwa aku bercanda,

Untuk orang yang jelas Anda tahu saya,

Dan Anda mungkin berpikir itu adalah semacam scam,

Sesuatu yang berharga,

Tapi saya memberitahu Anda ini adalah kebenaran,

Untuk memberitahu Anda, aku cinta kepadamu '

Hal terbesar yang bisa saya katakan kepada Anda

Karena itu menggambarkan semua perasaan,

Semua emosi,

Semua pikiran,

Semua gairah,

Semua kasih sayang,

Dan semua cinta yang saya miliki untuk Anda.

Ini menggambarkan betapa aku bersedia

Untuk melakukan apa pun untuk Anda,

Tidak peduli apa biaya adalah.

Ini menggambarkan semua tindakan dan

Semua perasaan yang saya akan lakukan untuk Anda.

Anda mungkin berpikir itu gila,

Sayangku

Tapi itu benar apa yang saya katakan kepada Anda,

Sebab aku tidak akan berbohong kepada Anda,

Dan aku tidak berbohong sekarang,

Atau akan saya pernah menipu Anda ke

Percaya apa pun saya memberitahu Anda.

Hal ini saya memberitahu Anda bukanlah sebuah penipuan,

Tidak skandal,

Tidak kebatilan,

Atau berbaring di mana kita hidup.

Orang mungkin mengatakan bahwa cinta adalah dusta,

Tapi cinta saya untuk Anda asli,

Dan Yakinlah,

Hal ini benar.

Sayangku, aku bisa berkata, 'aku mencintaimu '

Lagi dan lagi,

Terus menerus,

Secara bersamaan,

Dan terus-menerus,

Dan aku akan selalu tersenyum pada Anda

Karena ada begitu banyak makna di balik

Apa yang saya katakan kepada Anda.

Ini menggambarkan semua tindakan yang telah saya lakukan

Dan saya bersedia untuk mengambil,

Menjelaskan pikiran, perasaan,

Dan emosi yang saya miliki untuk Anda,

Dan semua hubungan kita didasarkan atas,

Kata ini tiga merupakan dasar

Setiap hubungan berdiri dihadapan Tuhan.

Memang benar, dan saya berharap Anda

Dapat memahami bahwa.

I love you, sweetheart,

Karena tidak ada sebagai,

Sebagai penyayang, sebagai lincah,

Sebagai bijaksana, sebagai indah,

Atau sebagai mencintai Anda.

Anda indah dengan

Anda rambut pirang panjang yang tumbuh ke bahu Anda,

Dan bersinar dalam sinar matahari seperti panjang

Untai emas baru-baru ini dibentuk dari tambang.

Aku suka mata biru terang yang bersinar

Seperti Michigan dan mengingatkan saya tentang

Langit biru yang cerah di musim panas

Ketika siang hari dekat.

Mereka menerangi setiap kali Anda tersenyum,

Mengungkapkan portal untuk jiwa Anda,

Dan menunjukkan kepada semua orang apa yang ada tentang Anda.

Senyum Anda indah,

Untuk menerangi kamar ketika kegelapan atau redupnya

Terletak sangat dekat, tidak sangat jauh,

Dan senyum itu menular,

Menyebar ke semua orang seperti penyakit,

Membuat mereka tersenyum, juga.

Saya suka cara Anda tertawa,

Hal ini menggemaskan dan megah,  
Untuk Anda memberikan Anda tawa lucu alasan  
Bagi orang lain untuk tertawa, terlalu,  
Dan semua orang senang mendengarnya,  
Untuk itu menyenangkan di telinga.  
Tubuh Anda ramping dan kurus,  
Memberikan Anda sosok yang indah.  
Payudara Anda adalah seperti buah-buahan pada pohon kelapa,  
Sebagai penyair raja Salomo Israel,  
Anak Daud raja Israel dan Yerusalem,  
Pernah berkata,  
Ketika ia menulis puisi, Kidung Agung,  
Untuk payudara Anda adalah seperti buah yang matang,  
Goyang dada besar dan indah  
Siap untuk memelihara anak yang mungkin datang ke dalam dunia.  
Mereka indah,  
Naik dan turun dengan setiap napas lambat Anda mengambil,  
Membuat gambar Anda indah.  
Perawakan Anda megah,  
Untuk Anda berjalan anggun ke manapun Anda pergi,  
Pernah tersandung atau jatuh,

Tetapi berjalan seperti indah,

Wanita yang tepat dengan kecanggihan banyak.

Namun, ada lebih banyak untuk Anda bahwa saya cinta.

Anda adalah seorang musisi yang luar biasa

Yang memainkan beberapa instrumen.

Anda adalah seorang violinis besar,

Pianis yang besar,

Dan gitaris yang hebat.

Anda bermain biola dengan indah,

Mengetahui setiap crescendo dan decrescendo,

Bermain harmoni baik,

Tuning baik dengan intonasi,

Mengartikulasikan catatan baik dengan busur Anda,

Membuat musik merdu di mana-mana Anda pergi,

Membedakan antara tempo seperti

Sebagai allegro, andante, presto, largo, dan moderato.

Anda tahu setiap ritardando dan rallitendo,

Setiap jeda atau caesura staccato, marcato, fermata,

Aksen, dan tenuto.

Anda memainkan melodi yang baik,

Dan postur tubuh Anda sangat bagus,

Dan Anda tidak perlu khawatir tentang meski.

Pada piano, akustik besar ketika Anda bermain,

Untuk Anda terdengar seperti Ludwig van Beethoven ketika ia mulai bermain,

Atau Johann Sebastian Bach,

Atau Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Anda bermain indah,

Seolah-olah Anda adalah seorang penulis lagu.

Ketika Anda bermain gitar,

Anda adalah alam,

Untuk Anda bermain setiap strum seperti

Ada apa-apa untuk itu,

Dan Anda membuatnya terdengar indah,

Hampir cukup,

Hal ini menyenangkan ke telinga saya,

Dalam setiap arti aural.

Aku Trombonis,

Dan aku sederhana dibandingkan

Kompleksitas indah Anda

Dan bakat,

Untuk Anda yang berbakat,

Dan keterampilan musik unik.

Saya suka kemampuan musik Anda.

Anda adalah outdoorswoman besar,

Bagi Anda tidak takut basah,

Menjadi kotor, dan bertahan padang gurun yang keras.

Luar adalah tempat yang tepat,

Dan Anda cintai untuk melihat segala sesuatu di sekitar Anda,

Seperti yang saya lakukan.

Aku cinta yang tentang Anda,

Sebab aku tahu, Anda ingin pergi camping,

Hiking, Bersepeda, berenang,

Berkano, berkayak, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, Ski,

Rollerblading, seluncur es,

Backpacking, berselancar, menyelam scuba,

Berlayar, mendayung, berjalan, jogging,

Ski, mengamati burung, Paus,

Berperahu, jet ski, Memancing, membangun api unggun,

Memasak marshmallow, berjalan, mendaki gunung,

Dan segala sesuatu yang lain seperti itu.

Aku tahu kau mencintai alam, hewan dan tanaman.

Anda adalah seorang ahli biologi yang alami,

Tokoh alam,

Dan botani alami dalam banyak hal,

Dan aku senang melihat bahwa Anda mencintai begitu banyak di luar rumah.

Aku mengasihi itu,

Sebab aku Pramuka dan Eagle Scout,

Dan aku tidak tahu di mana aku akan jika pacar saya

Tidak suka berada di luar selama musim panas

Dan agak miring untuk masuk ke ketika dingin

Ada langit cerah,

Banyak salju,

Dan hari musim dingin.

Saya senang Anda menyukai luar ruangan,

Untuk Anda baik di semua yang Anda lakukan.

Saya suka bagaimana Anda penyanyi yang hebat,

Untuk suara Anda yang indah dan harmonis,

Dan membuat hal-hal suara hebat ke manapun Anda pergi,

Untuk Anda menyanyikan lagu-lagu besar yang banyak,

Lagu-lagu rock yang ditulis oleh seniman rock klasik

Seperti the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, dan the Who;

Seniman kontemporer rock seperti menyenangkan;

Lagu-lagu pop oleh orang-orang seperti Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,

K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson dan Carrie Underwood;

Soft rock lagu oleh orang-orang seperti Billy Joel dan Johnny Cash;

Christian lagu oleh band-band seperti hari ketiga, Chris Tomlin,

MercyMe, Britt Nicole, menghitung mahkota, The Newsboys, dan banyak lagi;

Lagu-lagu penyembahan yang banyak orang telah menulis,

Terutama himne dan entah apa lagi yang ditulis oleh orang-orang kudus yang ribuan tahun yang lalu;

Aku cinta bagaimana Anda menyanyikan lagu-lagu jazz seperti

Dinyanyikan oleh Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.

Suara Anda indah, bersemangat, resonan,

Euphonious, menyenangkan, dan banyak lagi.

Ini indah seperti burung bernyanyi di kanopi hutan.

Aku tidak pernah bisa mendapatkan cukup itu.

Itu membuat saya tersenyum sepanjang waktu aku mendengar suaramu alto,

Bagaimana itu berfluktuasi antara nada, melempar, dan catatan.

Hal ini benar-benar indah.

Aku bernyanyi, terlalu,

Dan saya suka menyanyi,  
Dan mengetahui bahwa aku mungkin bisa  
Melakukan duet dengan orang lain yang suka  
Bernyanyi banyak hal yang sama yang saya lakukan  
Adalah hal yang indah aku tidak bisa pernah lupa.

Anda adalah seorang seniman yang luar biasa,  
Karena saya suka seni Anda,  
Dan aku mencintai bagaimana tampilannya.  
Anda cat seperti Anda melihat ke dalam foto,  
Anda menarik seolah-olah itu diambil oleh kamera,  
Dan Anda mengukir seolah-olah Anda baru saja membuat hidup,  
Dari tangan beruang Anda sendiri.  
Anda lukisan, patung Anda,  
Gambar dan sketsa,  
Permadani Anda, selimut Anda;  
Mereka adalah semua indah karya seni —  
Hidup dan bercahaya,  
Ramai dan penuh warna,  
Tidak berarti glib atau malu-malu,  
Tetapi mirthful dan percaya diri,

Memamerkan mereka menarik bagi mata,

Dan namun mereka simbolis,

Begitu penuh makna,

Satu tidak bisa berhenti memikirkan mereka.

Anda adalah seorang seniman besar dengan bakat seperti tidak lain;

Keunikan Anda tak tertandingi

Untuk apa yang orang lain telah dilakukan.

Anda adalah da Vinci atau Michelangelo,

Dengan jenis hadiah, keterampilan dan bakat

Bahwa Anda miliki.

Saya suka seni Anda,

Dan aku tidak bisa membantu tetapi merenungkan mereka,

Dan melihat keindahan.

Bakat Anda indah.

Tulisan Anda juga megah,

Anda adalah seorang penulis besar,

Dan penyair besar

Karena saya telah membaca puisi-puisi Anda,

Terutama yang disebut

'Saya belajar tentang Trinitas hari ini '

Yang merupakan hal yang luar biasa yang membuat saya tertawa,  
Untuk itu mengingatkan saya pada saudara saya sendiri  
Ketika saya membaca ini.  
Saya juga ingat puisi 'Kunang-kunang di kala senja '  
Untuk itu membuat saya mempertimbangkan segalanya Anda  
Mencoba untuk memberitahu saya,  
Dan aku mencintai membaca itu,  
Karena itu begitu dalam  
Dan begitu penuh makna;  
Puisi Anda adalah seperti musik ke telinga saya,  
Merdu dan penuh melodi,  
Saya tidak bisa membantu tetapi mendengarkan  
Menenangkan percikan gelombang,  
Angin yang berbisik di willows,  
Aliterasi dan kiasan,  
Assonance dan disonansi,  
Metafora yang digunakan anggun,  
Similes yang digunakan remaja,  
Karena mereka semua menambahkan hingga seni terlibat.  
Anda adalah seorang penyair yang besar,  
Dan puisi Anda unik;

Anda tidak dapat menyangkal diri sendiri bahwa.

I love bahwa bakat, juga,

Karena saya seorang penulis sendiri,

Dan aku senang bertemu seseorang seperti saya.

Bibliophilia Anda juga bagus,

Karena aku cinta yang Anda suka membaca,

Dan aku ingat semua buku-buku besar

Anda tetap di perpustakaan Anda,

Dan saya mengingat semua hal yang Anda mengatakan kepada saya

Tentang semua penulis dan penulis yang Anda cintai,

Penyair, novelis,

Essayists, dan semua hal-hal seperti itu.

Aku senang aku bisa berbicara tentang sastra dengan Anda,

Dan terutama, menulis

Karena Anda ingin membaca buku,

Membaca dengan teliti puisi,

Dan membaca strongpoint Anda.

Saya senang saya dapat berbagi salah satu gairah hidup saya dengan Anda.

Anda adalah juga seorang Kristen yang besar,

Mengabdikan diri kepada Yesus Kristus,  
Sama seperti saya mencoba untuk melakukan,  
Karena walaupun saya seorang Katolik,  
Dan Anda seorang Belanda Reformasi Protestan,  
Kami berdua percaya sesuatu asli —  
Kasih karunia Allah sendirilah yang memberi kita  
Segala sesuatu yang kita melihat sebelum kita,  
Dan tidak dapat diambil dari kita  
Selama kita percaya kepadanya.  
Untuk kami di sini untuk membantu orang lain dan membantu satu sama lain,  
Dan saya mengagumi kesediaan Anda untuk memberikan,  
Sama seperti aku siap untuk memberikan.  
It's great untuk melihat iman Anda tumbuh begitu sangat,  
Untuk Anda percaya kepada dia yang menyelamatkan dunia,  
Juruselamat kita Yesus Kristus Mesias.  
  
Cintaku, saya bersedia untuk melakukan apa pun untuk Anda,  
Jika Anda sedih, aku ini akan menghibur Anda,  
Jika Anda bahagia, aku akan tertawa dengan Anda,  
Jika Anda bermasalah, aku akan nasihat Anda,  
Jika Anda sedang berkonflik, aku akan mendengarkan dan konsol Anda;

Jika Anda marah, saya akan mencoba untuk mollify Anda;

Jika Anda cemas, saya akan meyakinkan Anda;

Jika Anda khawatir, saya akan berada di sana untuk Anda.

Saya ingin Anda untuk menjadi bahagia

Karena kebahagiaan Anda adalah hal yang paling penting

Bagi saya di dunia ini.

Saya akan membeli bunga setiap kali perlu,

Mendapatkan cincin berlian untuk menunjukkan penghargaan saya,

Menulis sebuah puisi yang serupa dengan ini,

Berada di sana untuk Anda dan keluarga Anda setiap kali

Anda membutuhkan saya untuk berada di sana;

Aku akan ada untuk anak-anak kita,

Untuk Anda istimewa bagi saya.

Aku akan membawa Anda ke bioskop,

Dan melakukan apa pun yang saya bisa untuk membantu Anda mengetahui

Bahwa saya akan mencintai Anda selalu.

Kita akan memiliki banyak anak-anak Anda

Ingin memiliki,

Karena tubuh saya menggunakan,

Jadi aku akan membiarkan Anda memutuskan apa yang Anda

Ingin menggunakannya untuk,

Jadi Anda memiliki mengatakan di dalamnya.

Anda adalah pacar saya,

Signifikan saya yang lain,

Segera untuk menjadi tunangan,

Untuk segera kita akan menjadi affianced,

Dan segera menjadi istri,

Untuk kita akan perkawinan suci

Dalam hubungan ini Jahweh.

Kita akan memiliki putra dan putri kita sendiri,

Anak-anak kita akan selalu cinta,

Dan kita akan membesarkan mereka untuk menjadi orang-orang hebat,

Dan kita akan menjadi orang tua yang besar.

Anda akan menjadi seorang ibu yang besar,

Dan aku akan menjadi Bapa yang besar.

Anda adalah cinta hidupku, sweetheart;

Saya ingin Anda untuk mengetahui hal ini.

Aku hambamu ini,

Dan Anda Tuanku itu;

Aku rela memberikan diriku kepada Anda

Sehingga saya dapat memenuhi setiap kebutuhan Anda

Bagi Anda untuk menjadi bahagia.

Saya lentur dan patuh,

Untuk saya menyampaikan kepada Anda untuk kebahagiaan Anda.

Aku mencintai segala sesuatu tentang Anda,

Dan saya bersedia untuk melakukan itu semua untuk Anda.

Saya ingin Anda untuk mengetahui hal ini.

Anda adalah belahan jiwaku,

Cinta sejati saya satu,

Dan ada tidak ada orang lain seperti Anda

Yang melengkapi saya.

Saya senang untuk tahu Anda

Dan untuk mencintaimu dengan sepenuh hati.

Jadi, saya cinta, kata-kata ini tiga

Memberitahu Anda segala sesuatu yang perlu Anda ketahui,

Karena mereka menggambarkan segala sesuatu yang saya baru saja dijelaskan,

Segala sesuatu yang saya merasa untuk Anda,

Untuk ketika aku melihat Anda, hatiku palpitates,

Saya serdtse menjadi arrhythmic,

Saya glubina dusy menjadi senang melihat Anda,

Keberanian saya memutar dan churn;

Saya tersenyum menjadi tak sadar,

Aku tertawa tak terkendali,

Aku menghela napas panjang dan lembut.

I love you, sweetheart,

Dan aku bersedia melakukan apa pun untuk Anda.

Anda adalah belahan jiwaku,

Dan tiga kata ini menggambarkan segala sesuatu

Hubungan kami didasarkan pada:

Cinta, welas asih, mementingkan diri, diri kita sendiri, dan Jahweh sendiri.

Ingat kata-kata ini tiga,

Dan ketika saya mengatakan mereka,

Ingat kepentingan mereka,

Kata ini tiga besar,

Dan saya harus mengatakan mereka kepada Anda terakhir kalinya,

'Aku mencintaimu.'

Justin Reamer

# Tighten My Belt

I gotta spend less money  
Because I'm a spendthrift  
And a shopaholic.  
This will get me nowhere.

Justin Reamer

# Tilde

4~4 and 5~5

So hence it makes sense

Since they are equal.

Justin Reamer

# Tinkers

Doth thou hear that loud bunch?  
Like tinkers I have never heard before,  
For I have not seen anything of that sort.

Justin Reamer

# To My Dear Angel

To my Dear Angel,  
The one whom Aphrodite blesses in thy beauty,  
The one whom Flora adores most kind,  
The one whom Demeter blesses with thy youth,  
The one whom Hera envies in all of thine blond locks,  
The one whom Artemis gives all the credit to,  
The one whom Persephone gives unheralded praise,  
The one whom Athena granted imminent wisdom,  
The one whom Apollo blessed with the arts,  
The one whom Dionysus stands and exalts,  
The one whom Zeus looks on with infatuation,  
I give my love to thee.

For thou art beautiful like all the cherubs  
That liveth in heaven, who by their grace  
Have served the Almighty for many millennia.  
Thou art graceful, for the Lord hath blessed  
Thee with all the wonders of the world.  
Thine blond locks serve thee well  
In accompanying thine beauty,  
For they sway in the wind and shine whence the  
Sunshine hits upon them,  
And thine blue eyes the colour of the azure sea,  
And the bright blue sky revealing much colour,  
For the turquoise within them,  
And the hazel they bring are very wonderful.  
Thine eyes show the light of the world  
As they become animated, showing thine vivacity,  
Giving thee a sort of innocence, yet a sort  
Of beauty which no man can ever stop gazing upon,  
For 'tis special in every way known to man.

Thy smile is what maketh thee the most special,  
For it lightens up thine whole face,  
Making thee the brightest and most charming woman  
In all the world, for thou art beautiful,  
And I forgetteth not.  
The way thou dancest in the starlight and the moonlight  
Maketh my heart sing and beat to the drum

Of Harmony as he singeth in the midst of  
All the joy the world hath come to know.  
The way thou loveth to write and the way  
Thou knowest thine intelligence,  
Of which I commend thee,  
Is enough to make any man mad for thee.  
For thou art the most beautiful woman in the world,  
And I hath never met a woman such as thee,  
And thou art special,  
Above all else,  
Giving me a fragrance of wonder in  
Which I canst remember thee.

Oh, beautiful Angel,  
Light of heaven that thou art,  
Blessed by God in every way,  
Child of the Lord,  
And sister of the Messiah in likeness  
And most glorious divine,  
To thee I give my love.  
Yet, 'tis true, I know 'tis unrequited,  
And for that, 'tis fine, for I  
Want thee to have a happy life.  
For the man that thou hath is  
A great man, one whom I loveth with  
All of mine heart, as well.  
I know he loveth thee,  
And I wot his lovingkindness,  
For his heart is of purest gold,  
And he will never mistreat thee.  
He sees thine beauty as I do,  
And I know he will be with thee.  
For that reason, I cannot express the  
Happiness and joy I have for thee,  
For thou canst live a good life,  
And thou canst be the greatest woman alive.

My Dear Angel,  
I wish thee farewell,  
And I bid thee true happiness in  
Everything that thou dost.  
I am happy that thou art with the

Man whom thou lovest so dear,  
And I am happy thou canst be happy  
With he who loves thee most,  
For, yes, 'tis true that I love thee  
With all of my heart, unconditionally,  
But for thine happiness,  
I wish thee well,  
And may God bless thee in all  
That thou livest for.  
Adieu, and may God be with thee!

Justin Reamer

# Torment

Claws in my shoulders,  
Teeth sinking into my flesh,  
A knife to my throat.

Justin Reamer

# Tot

Let's get an aggregate, folks;  
We need to sum this stuff up  
So that we know how much the bank  
Made in the past fiscal year,  
Otherwise we could go out of business.

We need to be careful,  
But quick and efficient,  
So let's do this and tot it up.

Justin Reamer

# Train

The train  
Goes on and on,  
Going like a whistling  
Behemoth,  
For there is not much to it,  
Except the chugging  
Down the track.

It goes on and on,  
And doesn't stop,  
While the people sit  
Inside of it,  
Waiting for their time  
To get off.  
And so on it goes,  
Never to mind,  
But goes on  
To waste time of its own.

Justin Reamer

# Transcript

The exact copy  
Looks so real  
That it's crazy!

Justin Reamer

# Traveling In A Car

Traveling in a car,  
In a Chevy to be exact,  
With two other people occupying,  
I sit here writing this poem.  
Bruce is ultimately quiet,  
Focusing on the road in front of him,  
Ultimately silent in every motion.  
My brother was asleep,  
Sound asleep in the back seat,  
Making not a sound,  
Nor a single peep.  
Soft music played on the radio,  
Since the station was 100.5,  
And the road ahead of me was endless,  
The freeway going for miles and miles.  
Our destination unambiguous,  
We were all in this together,  
Heading for the East side of Michigan,  
Toward the city of Detroit.  
What were we going to see?  
What were we going to do?  
Why were we in that poor city?  
To see a Tigers game,  
For that was the reason  
We were headed out there.  
Though excited, which I was,  
The car was ultimately silent.

Justin Reamer

# Tre Ord

Min kærlighed, der er mange ting i denne verden

Jeg kan sige og gøre for dig,

Men der er én ting, der udtrykker alt dette,

Den største ting i verden,

Der er den bedste gave af alle:

Disse tre ord, som jeg sige fra mine læber,

'Jeg elsker dig.'

Min kærlighed, du tror måske, at jeg er sjov,

For en jocose person ved du jeg,

Og du tror måske, det er en slags scam,

Noget værdiløse,

Men jeg fortælle dig dette er sandheden,

For at fortælle dig, elsker' jeg dig '

Er den største ting jeg kan sige, at du

Fordi den beskriver alle følelserne,

Alle følelserne,

Alle tankerne,

Alle lidenskab,

Alle medfølelse,

Og al kærligheden jeg har for dig.  
Det beskriver, hvor meget jeg er villig  
At gøre noget for dig,  
Uanset hvad prisen er.  
Det beskriver alle handlinger og  
Alle de følelser, jeg ville gøre for dig.  
Du tror måske, det er vanvittigt,  
Min kærlighed  
Men det er sandt hvad jeg siger til dig,  
For jeg vil aldrig lyve for dig,  
Og jeg lyver ikke nu,  
Heller ikke vil jeg nogensinde bedrage dig ind  
At tro noget fortælle jeg dig.  
Denne ting, jeg fortælle dig, er ikke en fidus,  
Ikke en skandale,  
Ikke en løgn,  
Heller ikke en løgn, vi lever.  
Folk kan sige, at kærlighed er en løgn,  
Men min kærlighed til dig er ægte,  
Og bare rolig,  
Dette er sandt.

Min kære, jeg kunne sige, 'jeg elsker dig '

Igen og igen,

Løbende,

Samtidig,

Og hele tiden,

Og jeg ville altid smile til dig

Fordi der er så meget mening bag

Hvad jeg siger til dig.

Det beskriver alle de handlinger jeg har gjort

Og jeg er villig til at tage,

Beskriver tankerne, følelser,

Og følelser, at jeg har for dig,

Og alt vores forhold bygger på,

For disse tre ord er grundlaget

Enhver relation stående foran Gud.

Det er sandt, og jeg håber, du

Kan forstå, at.

Jeg elsker dig, kæreste,

For der er ingen som art,

Så medfølende, så livlig,  
Så tankevækkende, så vidunderligt,  
Eller så kærlig som du.  
Du er smuk med  
Dit lange blonde hår, der vokser til dine skuldre,  
Og skinner i sollyset som lange  
Tråde af guld for nylig støbte fra minen.  
Jeg elsker din lyse blå øjne, der skinne  
Som Michigan og minde mig om  
Den lyse blå himmel om sommeren  
Når middagstid er nær.  
De lyse op hver gang du smile,  
Afslørende portaler til din sjæl,  
Og vise alle, hvad der handler om dig.  
Dit smil er smukke,  
For det lyser et rum når mørket eller dimness  
Ligger så tæt på, ikke meget langt væk,  
Og smil er smitsom,  
Breder sig til alle som en sygdom,  
Gøre dem smile, også.  
Jeg elsker den måde du griner,

For det er yndig og grandiose,  
Du giver din sjove latter en grund  
For andre folk til at grine, også,  
Og alle elsker at høre det,  
For det er fryd for øret.  
Din krop er slank og magert,  
Giver dig en smuk figur.  
Dine bryster er som frugter på en kokosnød træ,  
Som digter King Solomon af Israel,  
Søn af Kong David af Israel og Jerusalem,  
Engang sagde,  
Da han skrev sit digt, Højsangen,  
For dine bryster er som moden frugt,  
Bryster store og smukke,  
Klar til at give næring til et barn, der kan komme til verden.  
De er smukke,  
Stigende og faldende med hver langsomme åndedrag tager du,  
Gør din smukke figur.  
Din statur er majestætiske,  
For du går graciøst, uanset hvor du går,  
Aldrig snuble eller falde,

Men gå gerne en smuk,  
Ordentlig kvinde med meget sofistikerede.  
Men, der er mere til dig, som jeg elsker.

Du er en vidunderlig musiker  
Der spiller flere instrumenter.  
Du er en store violinist,  
En fantastisk pianist,  
Og en god guitarist.  
Du spiller violin smukt,  
At vide hver crescendo og decrescendo,  
Spille harmonier godt,  
Tuning godt med intonation,  
Formulere noter godt med din bue,  
Nyd velklingende musik overalt du går,  
Skelne mellem tempi sådanne  
Som allegro, andante, presto, largo og moderato.  
Du ved hver ritardando og rallitendo,  
Hver caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,  
Accent, og tenuto.  
Du spiller melodien

Og din kropsholdning er stor,  
Og du behøver ikke bekymre dig om embouchure.  
På klaver er akustikken fantastisk, når du spiller,  
For du lyder som Ludwig van Beethoven, da han begyndte at spille,  
Eller Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Eller Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Du spiller vidunderligt,  
Som hvis du var en sangskriver.  
Når du spiller guitar,  
Du er en naturlig,  
For du spille hver klimpre som  
Der er intet til det,  
Og du gør det til at lyde fantastisk,  
Næsten smuk,  
Til det er behagelig for mine ører,  
I enhver lydlige forstand.  
Jeg er en basunist,  
Og jeg er enkle i forhold  
Til din vidunderlige kompleksitet  
Og talent,  
For du er begavet,

Og din musik færdigheder er unikke.

Jeg elsker dine musikalske evner.

Du er en stor outdoorswoman,

For du er ikke bange for at blive våd,

At blive beskidt, og overleve den barske ørken.

Udendørs er et fantastisk sted,

Og du elsker at se alting omkring dig,

Ligesom jeg gør.

Jeg elsker at om dig,

For jeg ved, gerne du gå camping,

Vandreture, cykling, svømning,

Kano, kajak, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, skiløb,

Rulleskøjter, skøjter,

Backpacking, surfing, dykning,

Sejlsport, roning, løb, jogging,

Vandski, fuglekiggeri, hvalsafari,

Sejlsport, jetski, fiskeri, opbygge lejrbaal,

Madlavning skumfiduser, vandreture, bjergbestigning,

Og alt andet i den retning.

Jeg ved, du elsker naturen, dyrene og planterne.

Du er en naturlig biolog,

En naturlig zoolog,

Og en naturlig botaniker på mange måder,

Og jeg er glad for at se, at du elsker så meget udendørs.

Jeg elsker det,

For jeg er en Boy Scout og en Eagle Scout,

Og jeg ved ikke, hvor jeg ville være hvis min kæreste

Ikke kunne lide at være udenfor i løbet af sommeren

Og lidt tilbøjelig til at gå ind i det kolde, når

Der er en klar himmel,

Masser af sne,

Og en stor vinterdag.

Jeg er glad for du elsker udendørs,

For du er god til alt hvad du gør.

Jeg elsker hvordan du er en stor sanger,

For din stemme er vidunderlig og harmonisk,

Og gør tingene lyd vidunderlige, uanset hvor du går,

For du synge mange gode sange,

Rock sange skrevet af klassisk rock kunstnere

Som the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, og den der;  
Af moderne rock kunstnere som sjov;  
Pop sange af folk som Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson og Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock sange af folk som Billy Joel og Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs af bands som tredje dag, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, tælle kroner, The Newsboys og meget mere;  
Lovsange, som mange mennesker har skrevet,  
Særligt salmer og whatnot skrevet af hellige en årtusinder siden;  
Jeg elsker hvordan du synger jazz melodier som dem  
Sunget af Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Din stemme er smuk, fræk, resonant,  
Euphonious, tiltalende, og så meget mere.  
Det er så smuk som en fugl synge i trækroneerne i skoven.  
Jeg kunne aldrig få nok af den.  
Det gør mig til at smile hele tiden jeg høre stemmen alto  
Hvordan det svinger mellem toner, pladser og noter.  
Det er absolut smuk.  
Jeg synger for,  
Og jeg elsker at synge,

Og at vide at jeg kunne eventuelt  
Gøre en duet med en anden, der kan lide  
At synge mange af de samme ting jeg gør  
Er en vidunderlig ting, jeg kunne aldrig glemme.

Du er en vidunderlig kunstner,  
For jeg elsker din kunst,  
Og jeg elsker, hvordan det ser ud.  
Du male som du kigge på et fotografi,  
Du tegner, som om det var taget med et kamera,  
Og du forme som hvis du bare gjorde livet,  
Fra din egen Bjørn hænder.  
Dine malerier, dine skulpturer,  
Dine tegninger og skitser,  
Din gobeliner, dine quilts;  
De er alle vidunderlige kunstværker —  
Levende og strålende,  
Livlige og farverige,  
På ingen måde glib eller tvivler,  
Men mirthful og selvsikker,  
Viser off deres appellerer til øjet,

Og alligevel er de symbolske,  
Så fuld af betydning,  
Man kan ikke stoppe overvejer dem.  
Du er en stor kunstner med et talent som ingen anden;  
Din unikke er uforlignelige  
Hvad andre har gjort.  
Du er en da Vinci eller en Michelangelo,  
Med slags gaver, færdigheder og talenter  
At du besidder.  
Jeg elsker din kunst,  
Og jeg kan ikke hjælpe men overveje dem,  
Og mærke deres skønhed.  
Jeres talenter er vidunderlige.  
  
Din skrivning er også storslået,  
For dig er en stor forfatter,  
Og en stor digter,  
For jeg har læst dine digte,  
Især den ene kaldes  
'Jeg lærte om treenigheden i dag'  
Der var en vidunderlig ting, der gjorde mig til at grine,

Det mindede mig om min egen bror  
Når jeg læser det.  
Jeg husker også digt 'Ildfluer i skumringen '  
Til det fik mig til at overveje at alt hvad du  
Forsøgte at fortælle mig,  
Og jeg elskede læser det,  
For det var så dyb  
Og så fuld af betydning;  
Din poesi er som sød musik i mine ører,  
Velklingende og fuld af melodi,  
Jeg kan ikke hjælpe, men Lyt til den  
Beroligende stænk af bølger,  
Vinden hviske i Piletræerne,  
Bogstavrim og hentydning,  
Assonance og dissonans,  
Metaforer bruges majestætisk,  
Lignelser brugte sagaciously,  
For de alle tilføje op til kunsten involveret.  
Du er en stor digter,  
Og din poesi er unik;  
Kan du ikke benægte dig selv.

Jeg elsker dette talent for,

For jeg er en forfatter selv,

Og jeg er glad for at møde en anden ligesom mig.

Din KriviJewelry er også stor,

For jeg elsker at elsker du at læse,

Og jeg husker alle de gode bøger

Du holde i biblioteket,

Og jeg kan huske alle de ting, du fortalte mig

Om alle de forfattere og forfattere, som du elsker,

Digtere, forfattere,

Essayister, og alle ting som der.

Jeg er glad for, jeg kan tale om litteratur med dig,

Og skriver især,

Da du kan lide at læse bøger,

Gennemgå digte,

Og læsning er din støttepunkt.

Jeg er glad for jeg kan dele en af mine lidenskaber med dig.

Du er også en stor kristen,

Afsætte dig selv til Jesus Kristus,

Ligesom jeg forsøger at gøre,  
For selv om jeg er katolik,  
Og du en hollandsk reformerte protestantiske,  
Vi begge tro på noget ægte —  
Nåde af Gud selv, der gav os  
Alt hvad vi ser foran os,  
Og intet kan tages fra os  
Så længe vi stoler på ham.  
For vi er her for at hjælpe andre og hjælpe hinanden,  
Og jeg beundre din villighed til at give,  
Ligesom jeg er klar til at give.  
Det er dejligt at se jeres tro vokse så meget,  
For du tror i han, som reddede verden,  
Vor Frelser Jesus Kristus Messias.

Min kærlighed, er jeg villig til at gøre noget for dig,  
For hvis er du trist, jeg vil trøste dig,  
Hvis du er glad, vil jeg grine med dig,  
Hvis du er urolig, vil jeg råde dig,  
Hvis du er konfliktfyldt, vil jeg lytte og trøste dig;  
Hvis du er vred, vil jeg forsøge at uheldige du;

Hvis du er ængstelig, vil jeg berolige dig;

Hvis du er bekymret for, vil jeg være der for dig.

Jeg vil have dig til at være glad

Fordi din lykke er det vigtigste

Mig i denne verden.

Jeg vil købe dig blomster når det er nødvendigt,

Få dig en diamantring til at vise min påskønnelse,

Skrive et digt magen til denne,

Være der for dig og din familie når

Du har brug for mig at være der;

Jeg vil være der for vores børn,

For du er speciel for mig.

Jeg vil tage dig til filmene,

Og gøre, hvad jeg kan for at hjælpe dig videre

At jeg vil elske dig altid.

Vi vil have så mange børn som du

Vil have,

For det er kroppen bruger jeg,

Så vil jeg lad du beslutter hvad du

Vil bruge det til,

Så du har en indflydelse på den.

Du er min kæreste,  
Min betydelige andre,  
Snart at være forlovede,  
For vi er snart at blive forlovede,  
Og snart at være kone,  
For vi vil tage hellige ægteskab  
I denne relation for Gud.  
Vi vil have sønner og døtre af vores egen,  
Børn vi vil altid elske,  
Og vi vil rejse dem for at være gode mennesker,  
Og vi vil være gode forældre.  
Du vil blive en stor mor,  
Og jeg vil være en stor far.  
Du er mit livs kærlighed, kæreste;  
Jeg ønsker du skal vide dette.  
Jeg er din tjener,  
Og du er min herre;  
Jeg giver villigt mig til dig  
Så at jeg kan opfylde alle dine behov  
For dig at være lykkelig.  
Jeg er smidig og underdanig,

For jeg forelægge dem for din lykke.

Jeg elsker alt ved dig,

Og er villig til at gøre det hele for dig.

Jeg ønsker du skal vide dette.

Du er min soulmate,

Min one ægte kærlighed,

Og der er ingen andre som dig

Der supplerer mig.

Jeg er glad for at kende dig

Og at elske dig af hele mit hjerte.

Så, min kærlighed, disse tre ord

Fortælle dig alt du behøver at vide,

For de beskriver alt, hvad jeg lige har beskrevet,

Alt, hvad jeg føler for dig,

For når jeg ser dig, palpitates mit hjerte,

Mine serdtse bliver arrhythmic,

Min glubina dushy bliver glad ved synet af dig,

Mine tarme twist og kværne;

Mit smil bliver ufrivillig,

Jeg griner ukontrollabelt,

Jeg suk lang og blød.

Jeg elsker dig, kæreste,

Og jeg er villig til at gøre noget for dig.

Du er min soulmate,

Og disse tre ord beskriver alt

Vores forhold bygger på:

Kærlighed, medfølelse, uselviskhed, os selv og Gud selv.

Husk disse tre ord,

Og når jeg siger dem,

Husk deres betydning,

For disse tre ord er stor,

Og jeg skal sige dem, at en sidste gang,

'Jeg elsker dig.'

Justin Reamer

# Tre Orde

Min kjærlighet, det er mange ting i denne verden

Jeg kan si og gjøre for deg,

Men det er én ting som uttrykker alle som,

Den største tingen i verden,

Som er den beste gaven av alt:

Disse tre ord jeg absolutt fra mine lepper,

'Jeg elsker deg.'

Min kjærlighet, du tror jeg tuller,

For en jocose person vet du jeg,

Og du kanskje tror det er noen form for svindel,

Noe verdiløs,

Men jeg fortelle deg at dette er sannheten,

For å fortelle du, elsker'jeg deg'

Er den største tingen jeg kan si til deg

Fordi det beskriver alle følelser,

Alle følelser,

Alle tanker,

Alle lidenskap,

Alle medfølelse,

Og alle elsker jeg har for deg.

Det beskriver hvor mye jeg er villig til

Å gjøre noe for deg,

Uansett hva prisen er.

Den beskriver alle handlinger og

Alle følelsene jeg ville gjøre for deg.

Du kan synes det er sprøtt,

min elskede

Men det er sant hva jeg sier til deg,

For jeg ville aldri lyve for deg,

Og jeg lyver ikke nå,

Heller ikke vil jeg noen gang lure deg inn

Å tro noe fortelle jeg deg.

Denne ting jeg fortelle deg er ikke en svindel,

Ikke en skandale,

Ikke en løgn,

Heller ikke en løgn i som vi lever.

Folk kan si at kjærlighet er en løgn,

Men min kjærlighet for deg er ekte,

Og trygg,

Dette er sant.

Min kjære, jeg kan si, 'Jeg elsker deg'

Igjen og igjen,

Kontinuerlig,

Samtidig,

Og kontinuerlig,

Og jeg ville alltid smile til deg

Fordi det er så mye meningen bak

Hva jeg sier til deg.

Det beskriver alle handlingene jeg har gjort

Og er villig til å ta,

Beskriver tankene, følelser,

Og følelser som jeg har for deg,

Og alt vårt forhold er basert på,

For disse tre ord er grunnlaget

Av alle forhold stod foran Gud.

Det er sant, og jeg håper du

Kan forstå at.

Jeg elsker deg, kjære,

For det er ingen som slag,

Som medfølende, så livlig,  
Så gjennomtenkt, så fantastisk,  
Eller som kjærlig som du.  
Du er vakker med  
Lange blonde håret som vokser til skuldrene,  
Og skinner i sollyset som lang  
Tråder av gull nylig formet fra gruven.  
Jeg elsker din skarpe blå øyne som skinne  
Som Michigan og minner meg om  
Lys blå himmel om sommeren  
Når noontime er nær.  
De lyser opp hver gang du smiler,  
Avslørende portaler til din sjel,  
Og viser alle hva det handler om deg.  
Ditt smil er vakker,  
For det lyser opp et rom når mørke eller halvmørket  
Ligger så nær, ikke veldig langt unna,  
Og smilet er smittsom,  
Sprer seg til alle som en sykdom,  
Å gjøre dem til å smile, også.  
Jeg elsker måten du ler,

For det er søt og grandiose,  
For du gi din morsomme latter en grunn  
For andre folk til å le, også,  
Og alle elsker å høre det,  
For det er behagelig for øret.  
Kroppen din er slank og mager,  
Gir deg en vakker figur.  
Dine bryster er som frukt på en kokos treet,  
Som poet King Solomon av Israel,  
Sønn av kong David av Israel og Jerusalem,  
Sa en gang,  
Da han skrev diktet, Høysangen,  
For deres bryst er som moden frukt,  
Bryst store og vakre,  
Klar til å gi næring til et barn som kan komme inn i verden.  
De er vakre,  
Stiger og synker med hvert langsom åndedrag tar du,  
Gjør din figur vakre.  
Din vekst er majestetisk,  
For du gå grasiøst uansett hvor du går,  
Aldri snubler eller fallende,

Men gå som en vakker,  
Riktig kvinne med mye raffinement.  
Likevel, det er mer for deg at jeg elsker.

Du er en fantastisk musiker  
Som spiller flere instrumenter.  
Du er en stor fiolinist,  
En stor pianist,  
Og en dyktig gitarist.  
Du spiller fiolin vakkert,  
Å vite hver crescendo og decrescendo,  
Spille harmonier godt,  
Tuning godt med intonasjon,  
Bevegelig notater godt med din bue,  
Gjør velklingende musikk overalt,  
Skille mellom tempo slike  
Som allegro, andante presto, largo og moderato.  
Du vet hver ritardando og rallitendo,  
Hver caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,  
Aksent, og tenuto.  
Du spille melodien godt,

Og din holdning er stor,  
Og du trenger ikke bekymre deg om munnstilling.  
På piano er akustikken stor når du spiller,  
Du høres ut som Ludwig van Beethoven når han begynte å spille,  
Eller Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Eller Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Du spiller fantastisk,  
Som om du var en låtskriver.  
Når du spiller gitar,  
Du er en naturlig,  
For du spiller hver klimpring som  
Det er ikke noe til det,  
Og du gjøre det høres fantastisk,  
Nesten pen,  
For det er velbehagelig i mine ører,  
I enhver aural forstand.  
Jeg er en trombonist,  
Og jeg er enkelt forhold  
Til din fantastiske kompleksitet  
Og talent,  
For deg er begavet,

Og musikk-ferdigheter er unike.

Jeg elsker din musikalske evner.

Du er en stor outdoorswoman,

Du er ikke redd for å bli våt,

Bli skitten, og overleve i harde villmarken.

Utendørs er et flott sted,

Og du elsker å se alt rundt deg,

Akkurat som jeg gjør.

Jeg elsker at om deg,

For jeg vet at du liker å gå camping,

Fotturer, sykling, svømming,

Kanopadling, kajakkpadling, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, ski,

Rulleskøyter, skøyter,

Backpacking, surfing, dykking,

Seiling, roing, løping, jogging,

Vannski, fuglekikking, hvalsafari,

Båtliv, jet-ski, fiske, bygge leirbål,

Matlaging marshmallows, fotturer, fjellklatring,

Og alt annet sånt.

Jeg vet at du elsker naturen, dyr og planter.

Du er en naturlig biolog,

Naturlig zoolog,

Og en naturlig botanikeren på mange måter,

Og jeg er glad for å se at du elsker utendørs så mye.

Jeg elsker det,

For jeg er en Boy Scout og en Eagle Scout,

Og jeg vet ikke hvor jeg ville være hvis kjæresten min

Ikke liker å være ute i løpet av sommeren

Og noe tilbøyelig til å gå inn i kaldt når

Det er en klar himmel,

Masse snø,

Og en stor vinterdag.

Jeg er glad du liker utendørs,

For du er god på alt du gjør.

Jeg elsker hvordan du er en stor sanger,

For stemmen din er fantastisk og harmonisk,

Og gjør ting lyd fantastiske overalt,

For du synge mange flotte sanger,

Rock sanger skrevet av klassisk rockeartister

For eksempel Beatles, Rolling Stones, og av hvem;  
Av moderne rockeartister som moro;  
Pop sanger av folk som Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyonce, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson og Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock sanger av folk som Billy Joel og Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs av band som tredjedag, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, telle kroner, The Newsboys og mye mer;  
Tilbedelse sanger som mange mennesker har skrevet,  
Spesielt salmer og whatnot skrevet av hellige en tusen år siden;  
Jeg elsker hvordan du synge jazz låter som de  
Sunget av Louis Armstrong's co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Din stemme er vakre, livlig, resonans,  
Euphonious, gledelig, og mye mer.  
Det er like vakker som en syngende fugl i kalesjen av skogen.  
Jeg kunne aldri få nok av det.  
Det gjør meg smile hele tiden jeg hører stemmen din alto  
Hvordan det svinger mellom toner, salgsstrategier og notater.  
Det er helt nydelig.  
Jeg synger også,  
Og jeg elsker å synge,

Og å vite at jeg kunne muligens  
Gjøre en duett med noen andre som liker  
Å synge mange av de samme tingene som jeg gjør  
Er en fantastisk ting jeg kunne aldri glemme.

Du er en fantastisk artist,  
For jeg elsker kunst,  
Og jeg elsker hvordan det ser ut.  
Du male som du ser i et bilde,  
Du tegne som om det ble tatt av et kamera,  
Og du forme som om du nettopp har gjort livet,  
Fra din egen bjørnen hender.  
Dine malerier, skulpturer,  
Tegninger og skisser,  
Din billedvev, dyner;  
De er alle fantastiske kunstverk-  
Levende og strålende,  
Pulserende og fargerike,  
På ingen måte glib eller usikker,  
Men mirthful og trygg,  
Viser av deres appellerer til øyet,

Men de er symbolsk,  
Så full av mening,  
En kan ikke stoppe vurderer dem.  
Du er en stor kunstner med et talent utenom det vanlige.  
Din unikhet er makeløs  
Å hva andre har gjort.  
Du er en da Vinci eller en Michelangelo,  
Med typen gaver, ferdigheter og talenter  
At du har.  
Jeg elsker din kunst,  
Og jeg kan ikke unngå å tenke på dem,  
Og merke deres skjønnhet.  
Dine talenter er fantastisk.  
  
Skrijvingen din er også fantastisk,  
For du er en stor forfatter,  
Og en stor poet,  
For jeg har lest din dikt,  
Spesielt ene kalt  
'Jeg lærte om treenigheten i dag'  
Som var en fantastisk ting som gjorde meg til å le,

For det minnet meg om min egen bror  
Da jeg leste den.  
Jeg husker også diktet 'Ildfluene i skumringen '  
For det fikk meg vurdere alt du  
Prøvde å fortelle meg,  
Og jeg elsket å lese den,  
For det var så dypt  
Og det er så full av mening;  
Poesi er som musikk i mine ører,  
Velklingende og full av melodien,  
Jeg kan ikke hjelpe, men lytte til det  
Beroligende sprut av bølger,  
Vinden hviske i sivet,  
Allitterasjon og allusjon,  
Assonance og dissonans,  
Metaforer brukes majestetisk,  
De lignelser brukt sagaciously,  
For de alle legge opp til kunsten involvert.  
Du er en stor poet,  
Og poesi er unikt.  
Du kan ikke nekte deg selv som.

Jeg elsker det talent, også,  
For jeg er en forfatter meg selv,  
Og jeg er glad for å møte noen andre som meg.

Din bibliophilia er også stor,  
For jeg elsker som elsker du å lese,  
Og jeg husker alle de store bøkene  
Du holder i biblioteket,  
Og jeg husker alt du fortalte meg  
Om alle forfattere og skribenter som du elsker,  
Poeter, forfattere,  
Forfattere, og alle sånne ting.  
Jeg er glad jeg kan snakke om litteratur med deg,  
Og skrive spesielt,  
Siden du liker å lese bøker,  
Lese dikt,  
Og lesing er din strongpoint.  
Jeg er glad jeg kan dele en av mine lidenskaper med deg.

Du er også en stor kristen,  
Vie deg til Jesus Kristus,

Akkurat som jeg prøver å gjøre,  
For selv om jeg er en katolikk,  
Og du en nederlandske reformerte protestantiske,  
Vi begge tror på noe ekte-  
Nåde Gud selv som ga oss  
Alt vi ser foran oss,  
Og ingenting kan bli tatt fra oss  
Så lenge vi stoler på ham.  
For vi er her for å hjelpe andre, og for å hjelpe hverandre,  
Og jeg beundrer din vilje til å gi,  
Akkurat som jeg er klar til å gi.  
Det er flott å se deres tro vokser så sterkt,  
For du tror på han som reddet verden,  
Vår Frelser Jesus Kristus Messias.

Min kjærlighet, er jeg villig til å gjøre noe for deg,  
Hvis er du trist, vil jeg trøste dere,  
Hvis du er fornøyd, vil jeg Le med deg,  
Hvis du er bekymret, vil jeg råde deg,  
Hvis du er i konflikt, vil jeg lytte og trøste deg;  
Hvis du er sint, vil jeg prøve å mollify deg;

Hvis du er engstelig, vil jeg forsikre deg;  
Hvis du er bekymret, vil jeg være der for deg.  
Jeg vil du skal være lykkelig  
Fordi din lykke er viktigste  
For meg i denne verden.  
Jeg vil kjøpe deg blomster når det er nødvendig,  
Få deg en diamantring vise min takknemlighet,  
Skrive et dikt som ligner på denne,  
Være der for deg og din familie når  
Du trenger meg å være det;  
Jeg vil være der for våre barn,  
For du er spesiell for meg.  
Jeg vil ta deg til filmer,  
Og gjøre alt jeg kan for å hjelpe deg å vite  
At jeg vil elske deg alltid.  
Vi vil ha så mange barn som du  
Vil ha,  
For det er kroppen jeg bruker,  
Så vil jeg la deg bestemme hva du  
Vil bruke den for,  
Så har du noe å si i den.

Du er kjæresten min,  
Meg betydelig andre,  
Snart å være forlovede,  
For vi er snart å være trolovet,  
Og snart å være hustru,  
For vi vil ta hellig ekteskap  
I dette forholdet før Gud.  
Vi vil ha sønner og døtre av våre egne,  
Barn vi vil alltid elske,  
Og vi vil heve dem for å være flotte folk,  
Og vi vil være gode foreldre.  
Du vil bli en stor mor,  
Og jeg vil være en stor far.  
Du er mitt livs kjærlighet, kjæresten;  
Jeg vil du skal vite dette.  
Jeg er din tjener,  
Og du er min Herre;  
Jeg gi gjerne meg selv til deg  
Slik at jeg kan oppfylle alle dine behov  
For deg å være lykkelig.  
Jeg er smidig og underdanig,

For jeg sender til deg for din lykke.

Jeg elsker alt om deg,

Og er villig til å gjøre det alt for deg.

Jeg vil du skal vite dette.

Du er min sjelefrende,

Min ene sanne kjærlighet,

Og det er ingen andre som deg

Som utfyller meg.

Jeg er glad for å vite at du

Og elsker deg av hele mitt hjerte.

Så, min kjærlighet, disse tre ord

Fortelle deg alt du trenger å vite,

For de beskriver alt jeg nettopp har beskrevet,

Alt jeg føler for deg,

For når jeg ser deg, palpitates mitt hjerte,

Mitt serdtse blir arrhythmic,

Min glubina dushy blir glade ved synet av deg,

Min guts vri og churn;

Mitt smil blir ufrivillig,

Jeg ler ukontrollert,

Jeg sukk lenge og myk.

Jeg elsker deg, kjære,

Og jeg er villig til å gjøre noe for deg.

Du er min sjelefrende,

Og disse tre ordene beskriver alt

Vårt forhold er grunnlagt på:

Kjærlighet, medfølelse, uselviskhet, oss selv og Gud selv.

Husk disse tre ord,

Og når jeg sier dem,

Husk deres betydning,

For disse tre ord er stor,

Og jeg skal si dem til deg en siste gang,

'Jeg elsker deg.'

Justin Reamer

# Tre Parole

Amore mio, ci sono molte cose in questo mondo

Che posso dire e fare per voi,

Ma c'è una cosa che esprime tutto ciò,

La cosa più grande del mondo,

Quale è il miglior regalo di tutti:

Queste tre parole che pronuncio dalle mie labbra,

'Ti amo'.

Il mio amore, si potrebbe pensare che sto scherzando,

Per una persona frivola, sai che io sono,

E si potrebbe pensare che è una sorta di truffa,

Qualcosa di inutile,

Ma io vi dico che questa è la verità,

Per dirvi, 'ti amo'

È la cosa più grande che posso dire a voi

Perché descrive tutti i sentimenti,

Tutte le emozioni,

Tutti i pensieri,

Tutta la passione,

La compassione,

E tutto l'amore che ho per voi.  
Esso descrive quanto sono disposto  
Fare nulla per te,  
Non importa che cosa il costo è.  
Descrive tutte le azioni e  
Tutti i sentimenti che lo farei per te.  
Si potrebbe pensare che è pazzo,  
Amore mio  
Ma è vero quello che dico a voi,  
Per non troverebbe mai a te,  
E non sto mentendo di ora,  
Né sarà mai ingannare voi in  
Credendo che qualsiasi cosa dirvi.  
Questa cosa che vi dico non è una truffa,  
Non è uno scandalo,  
Non è una menzogna,  
Né una bugia in cui viviamo.  
Persone possono dire che l'amore è una bugia,  
Ma il mio amore per te è autentico,  
E tranquilli,  
Questo è vero.

Mia cara, potrei dire, 'ti amo '

Più e più volte,

Continuamente,

Contemporaneamente,

E continuamente,

E sorrido sempre a te

Perché c'è così tanto significato dietro

Che cosa dire a voi.

Descrive tutte le azioni che ho fatto

E sono disposto a prendere,

Descrive i pensieri, sentimenti,

E le emozioni che ho per te,

E tutto il nostro rapporto è basato sui,

Per queste tre parole sono la base

Di levantesi in piedi qualsiasi rapporto davanti a Dio.

È vero, e spero che tu

Può capire che.

Ti amo, tesoro,

Per non c'è nessuno come tipo,

Pietoso, come vivace,  
Come il pensiero, così meraviglioso,  
O come amare come te.  
Sei bella con  
I capelli lunghi biondi che cresce per le spalle,  
E brilla alla luce del sole come lunga  
Fili d'oro appena stampato dalla miniera.  
Amo i tuoi occhi blu luminosi che brillano  
Come Michigan e mi ricordano  
Il blu del cielo d'estate  
Quando il mezzogiorno è vicino.  
Si accende ogni volta che sorridi,  
Rivelando i portali alla tua anima,  
E mostrando a tutti che cosa c'è su di te.  
Il tuo sorriso è bello,  
Per che illumina una stanza quando buio o penombra  
Si trova così vicino, non molto lontano,  
E il sorriso è contagioso,  
Diffondere a tutti, come una malattia,  
Farli sorridere, troppo.  
Amo il modo di che ridere,

Per esso è adorabile e grandioso,  
Per dare il vostro divertente risate un motivo  
Per le altre persone a ridere, troppo,  
E tutti ama sentirlo,  
Per questo è piacevole per l'orecchio.  
Il corpo è snello e magro,  
Ti dà una bella figura.  
I seni sono come frutti su un albero di cocco,  
Come il poeta re Solomon dell'Israele,  
Il figlio di Davide re di Israele e di Gerusalemme,  
Una volta ha detto,  
Quando scrisse il suo poema, il Cantico dei Cantici,  
Per i tuoi seni sono come frutta matura,  
Seni grandi e belli,  
Pronti a nutrire un bambino che può venire al mondo.  
Sono bellissimi,  
Aumento e caduta con ogni respiro lento si prende,  
Rendendo la vostra bella figura.  
La statura è maestoso,  
Per te cammina con grazia ovunque tu vada,  
Mai inciampare o cadere,

Ma cammina come una bella,  
Donna corretta con molta raffinatezza.  
Eppure, c'è di più per voi che io amo.

Sei un musicista meraviglioso

Chi suona più strumenti.

Sei un grande violinista,

Un grande pianista,

E un grande chitarrista.

Si gioca il violino magnificamente,

Conoscere ogni crescendo e decrescendo,

Giocando bene, armonie

Tuning bene con intonazione,

Articolando note anche con il tuo arco,

Fare musica eufonico ovunque che tu vada,

Differenziando tra tempi tali

Allegro, andante, presto, largo e moderato.

Sai ogni ritardando e rallitando,

Ogni cesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,

Accento e tenuto.

Si gioca bene, la melodia

La postura è grande, e  
E non è necessario preoccuparsi sull'imboccatura.  
Al pianoforte, l'acustica è grande quando si gioca,  
Per suonare come Ludwig van Beethoven, quando ha iniziato a giocare,  
O Johann Sebastian Bach,  
O di Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Si gioca meravigliosamente,  
Come se tu fossi un cantautore.  
Quando si gioca alla chitarra,  
Sei un naturale,  
Per giocare ogni strum come  
Non c'è niente di esso,  
E si rendono il suono meraviglioso,  
Quasi bello,  
Per esso è piacevole alle mie orecchie,  
In ogni senso fonetico.  
Io sono un trombonista,  
E io sono semplice rispetto  
Per la vostra meravigliosa complessità  
E talento,  
Per te sono dotato,

E le tue abilità musicali sono unici.

Amo le tue abilità musicali.

Sei un grande outdoorswoman,

Per te non hanno paura di bagnarsi,

Diventare sporchi e sopravvivere l'aspro deserto.

L'esterno è un grande posto,

E ti piace vedere tutto intorno a te,

Proprio come fare.

Che amo di te,

Io so che ti piace andare in campeggio,

Escursionismo, ciclismo, nuoto,

Canoa, kayak, wakeboard,

Waterboarding, sci,

Pattinaggio a rotelle, pattinaggio su ghiaccio,

Zaino in spalla, surf, immersioni subacquee,

Vela, canottaggio, corsa, jogging,

Sci nautico, Bird-watching, whale-watching,

Canottaggio, jet-ski, pesca, costruzione fuochi,

Cottura marshmallows, passeggiate, alpinismo,

E tutto ciò che piace.

So che amate la natura, gli animali e le piante.

Sei un biologo naturale,

Uno zoologo naturale,

Un botanico naturale in molti modi e

E sono contento di vedere che ti piace la vita all'aria aperta così tanto.

Mi piace che,

Io sono un Boy Scout e un Eagle Scout,

E non so dove sarei se la mia ragazza

Non piace essere fuori durante la stagione estiva

E un po ' incline ad andare in freddo quando

C'è un cielo limpido,

Sacco di neve,

E un giorno di grande inverno.

Sono felice che ami l'aria aperta,

Per voi sono bravi a tutto quello che fai.

Mi piace come sei un grande cantante,

Per la tua voce è meravigliosa e armonioso,

E rende le cose suono meraviglioso ovunque tu vada,

Per te cantare molte grandi canzoni,

Canzoni rock scritte da artisti rock classico

Come i Beatles, Rolling Stones e chi;  
Di artisti di rock contemporaneo come divertimento;  
Canzoni pop da persone come Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K ' naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson e Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock canzoni da gente come Billy Joel e Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs da band come terzo giorno, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, conteggio delle corone, The strilloni e molto di più;  
Canzoni di culto che molte persone hanno scritto,  
Soprattutto inni e quant'altro scritti dai Santi a millenni fa;  
Mi piace come si canta brani jazz come quelli  
Cantata da co-performer di Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald.  
La tua voce è bella, vivace, risonante,  
Euphonious, piacevole e molto altro ancora.  
È bello come un canto di uccelli nel baldacchino della foresta.  
Ho mai potuto ottenere abbastanza di esso.  
Mi fa sorridere tutto il tempo che sento la tua voce contralto,  
Come esso oscilla tra toni, piazzole e note.  
È assolutamente bello.  
Cantare, troppo,  
E amo cantare,

E sapere che potrebbe possibilmente  
Fare un duetto con qualcun altro che ama  
A cantare molte delle stesse cose che faccio  
È una cosa meravigliosa, che non potrei mai dimenticare.

Sei un artista meraviglioso,  
Per io amo la tua arte,  
E mi piace come sembra.  
Si dipinge come si guarda in una fotografia,  
Si disegna come se sono stata scattata da una fotocamera,  
E tu scolpire come se hai appena fatto la vita,  
Dalle tue mani orso.  
Tuo i quadri, tua sculture,  
Vostri disegni e schizzi,  
Il tuo arazzi, tua trapunte;  
Sono tutte meravigliose opere d'arte —  
Vivace e luminosa,  
Vivace e colorato,  
Affatto glib o diffidente,  
Ma allegro e fiducioso,  
Mostrando i loro appelli all'occhio,

E ancora sono simbolici,  
Così piena di significato,  
Uno non può smettere di contemplare li.  
Sei un grande artista con un talento come nessun altro;  
L'unicità è incomparabile  
A ciò che altri hanno fatto.  
Sei un Leonardo o un Michelangelo,  
Con il tipo di regali, abilità e talenti  
Che possedete.  
Amo la tua arte,  
E non posso fare a meno di contemplare  
E notare la loro bellezza.  
Il tuo talento è meravigliosi.  
  
La tua scrittura è anche magnifica,  
Per voi sono un grande scrittore,  
E un grande poeta,  
Per ho letto tue poesie,  
Soprattutto quello chiamato  
«Ho imparato a conoscere la Trinità oggi»  
Che era una cosa meravigliosa che mi ha fatto ridere,

Per questo mi ha ricordato di mio fratello

Quando ho letto.

Ricordo anche il poema 'Lucciole nel crepuscolo '

Per mi ha fatto prendere in considerazione tutto ciò che si

Stavano cercando di dirmi,

E ho amato la lettura,

Per esso era così profonda

E così pieno di significato;

La sua poesia è come musica per le mie orecchie,

Eufonico e pieno di melodia,

Non posso fare a meno di ascoltare il

Lenitivo spruzzi delle onde,

Il vento sussurra tra i salici,

L'allitterazione, l'allusione,

L'assonanza e la dissonanza,

Le metafore utilizzate maestosamente,

Le similitudini usati accortamente,

Per essi tutti aggiungere fino a coinvolta l'arte.

Sei un grande poeta,

E la sua poesia è unico;

Lei non può negare se stessi.

Amo quel talento, troppo,  
Io sono uno scrittore di me stesso,  
E sono felice di incontrare qualcun altro come me.

La bibliofilia è anche grande,  
Per mi piace che piace leggere,  
E mi ricordo che tutti i grandi libri  
Tenete nella vostra libreria,  
E mi ricordo tutte le cose che mi hai detto  
Info su autori e scrittori che amano,  
I poeti, i romanzieri,  
I saggisti e tutte le cose del genere.  
Sono contento che io posso parlare di letteratura con voi,  
E soprattutto, di scrittura  
Quanto ti piace leggere libri,  
Sfogliare le poesie,  
E la lettura è il vostro punto di forza.  
Sono contento che posso condividere con voi una delle mie passioni.  
  
Sei anche un grande cristiano,  
Dedicando a voi stessi a Gesù Cristo,

Come cerco di fare,  
Anche se io sono un cattolico,  
E hai un protestante riformata olandese,  
Entrambi crediamo qualcosa di autentico —  
La grazia di Dio stesso che ci ha dato  
Tutto ciò che vediamo davanti a noi,  
E nulla può essere preso lontano da noi  
Finché abbiamo fiducia in lui.  
Siamo qui per aiutare gli altri e per aiutarsi a vicenda,  
E ammiro la vostra disponibilità a dare,  
Così come io sono pronto a dare.  
È bello vedere la tua fede crescere così notevolmente,  
Per voi credere in colui che ha salvato il mondo,  
Il nostro Salvatore Gesù Cristo il Messia.

Amore mio, io sono disposto a fare qualsiasi cosa per te,  
Se sei triste, che sarò comfort,  
Se sei felice, riderà con te,  
Se sei turbato, sarò consigliare tu,  
Se sei in conflitto, io ascolto e console  
Se sei arrabbiato, proverò a mollify

Se siete ansiosi, vi rassicuro;

Se siete preoccupati, sarò lì per te.

Voglio che tu sia felice

Perché la tua felicità è la cosa più importante

A me in questo mondo.

Potrò comprare fiori ogniqualvolta necessario,

Ottenere un anello di diamanti per mostrare il mio apprezzamento,

Scrivere una poesia simile a questo,

Essere lì per te e la tua famiglia ogni volta che

Hai bisogno di me per essere lì;

Sarò lì per i nostri figli,

Perché tu sei speciale per me.

Vi porterò al cinema,

E fare tutto il possibile per aiutarti a conoscere

Che, ti amerà sempre.

Abbiamo tanti bambini come te

Voglio avere,

Per esso è il vostro corpo sto usando,

Così si lascia decidere ciò che si

Voglio usarlo per,

Così avete un dire in esso.

Tu sei la mia ragazza,  
Il mio altro significativo,  
Presto per essere fidanzata,  
Per noi sono presto a essere Rezanov,  
E ben presto di essere moglie,  
Per noi prenderemo il matrimonio sacro  
In questa relazione davanti a Dio.  
Avremo figli e figlie della nostra,  
Bambini che ci sarà sempre l'amore,  
E li per essere persone grandi, solleveremo  
E ci saranno grandi genitori.  
Vi sarà una grande madre,  
E sarà un grande padre.  
Tu sei l'amore della mia vita, tesoro;  
Voglio sapere questo.  
Io sono il tuo servo,  
E tu sei il mio padrone;  
Mi dò volentieri a voi  
Così che io possa soddisfare ogni vostra esigenza  
Per poter essere felice.  
Io sono morbida e sottomesso,

Per inviare a voi per la vostra felicità.

Mi piace tutto di te,

E sono disposto a fare tutto per voi.

Voglio sapere questo.

Tu sei la mia anima gemella,

Il mio unico vero amore,

E non c'è nessuno come te

Che integra me.

Sono felice di conoscerti

E ti amo con tutto il mio cuore.

Così, il mio amore, queste tre parole

Vi dirà tutto quello che dovete sapere,

Per tutto ciò che ho appena descritto, descrivono

Tutto quello che provo per te,

Per quando ti vedo, il mio cuore palpita,

Il mio serdtse diventa aritmici,

Il mio glubina dushy diventa felice alla vista di lei,

Mie budella twist e varianza;

Il mio sorriso diventa involontario,

Io ridere in maniera incontrollata,

Sospiro lungo e morbido.

Ti amo, tesoro,

E io sono disposto a fare qualsiasi cosa per te.

Tu sei la mia anima gemella,

E queste tre parole descrivono tutto

Il nostro rapporto è fondato su:

Amore, compassione, altruismo, noi stessi e Dio stesso.

Ricordate queste tre parole,

E quando dico loro,

Ricordare la loro importanza,

Per queste tre parole sono grandi,

E io dirò loro a te un'ultima volta,

'Ti amo'.

Justin Reamer

# Tre Slova

Moja láska, tam je vela vecí v tomto svete

Ze môzem povedat a urobit pre vás,

Ale je tu jedna vec, ktorá vyjadruje všetko,

Najväčšia vec na svete,

Ktory je najlepšii darcek zo všetkych:

Tieto tri slová, ktoré som naprosto od mojich Pier,

'Milujem ta.'

Moja láska, si môže mysliet, ze som si srandu,

Pre jocose cloveka, viete, ja som,

A mozno, ze to je nejaky podvod,

Nieco bezcenné,

Ale poviem vám, to je pravda,

Ti, 'Milujem vás'

Je najväčšia vec môzem povedat vám

Pretoze to popisuje všetky pocity,

Všetky emócie,

Všetky myšlienky,

Všetky vášne,

Všetky súcit,

A všetku lásku mám pre vás.  
Opisuje, ako moc som ochotný  
Robiť niečo pre vás,  
Bez ohľadu na to, aké náklady je.  
To popisuje všetky akcie a  
Všetky pocity by som urobil pre vás.  
Môžete si myslieť, že je blázon,  
moja láska  
Ale je to pravda, čo vám hovorím,  
Pre ja by nikdy ľháť  
A nie som klamstvo teraz,  
Ani bude som niekedy oklamať do  
Veriť niečo poviem.  
Táto vec vám poviem nie je podvod,  
Nie je škandál,  
Nie lož,  
Ani lož v ktorom zjeme.  
Ludia môžu povedať, že láska je lož,  
Ale moja láska k tebe je pravá,  
A istí,  
To je pravda.

Moja drahá, by som mohol povedat, 'Milujem vás'

Znova a znova,

Nepretržite,

Súčasne,

A nepretržite,

A by som vždy úsmev na vás

Pretože tam je tolko zmysle za

Co vám hovorím.

To popisuje všetky akcie, ktoré som urobil

A som ochotny prijať,

Opisuje, myšlienky, pocity,

A emócií, ktoré som pre vás,

A všetko náš vzťah je založený,

Tieto tri slová sú základ

Akykoľvek vzťah stojí pred Bohom.

Je to pravda, a dúfam, že ste

Pochopit, že.

Milujem ta, zlatíčko,

Nie je nikto ako druhu,

Ako súcitny, ako temperamentny,

Ako premyslené, ako nádherné,

Alebo ako milujúci, ako vy.

Ste krásna s

Svoje dlhé blond vlasy, ktorá rastie na ramená,

A svieti na slnku, ako dlho

Pramene zlata len nedávno lisované z bane.

Mám rád vaše svetlé modré oči, ktoré svieti

Ako Michigan a mi pripomínajú

Jasne modrej oblohe v lete

Keď poludnie je blízko.

Sa rozsvieti, zakazdym, keď sa smeješ,

Odhalujú portálov na duši,

A ukazujú všetkým, čo je o vás.

Váš úsmev je krásne,

Pre svieti miestnosť keď tma alebo šero

Leží tak blízko, nie veľmi daleko,

A úsmev je nákazlivý,

Šírenie všetkým ako choroba,

Robí im úsmev taký.

Milujem spôsob, akým budete smiať,

Je to nádherné a veľkolepé,  
Môžete dat váš smiešny smiech dôvod  
Ostatné ľudí sa smiat taky,  
A kazdy, kto miluje pocut,  
Je to potešujúce k uchu.  
Vaše telo je štíhle a chudé,  
Dáva vám krásny obrázok.  
Vaše prsia sú ako ovocie na kokosovy strom,  
Ako básnik král Šalamún z Izraela,  
Syn kráľa Dávida Izrael a Jeruzalem,  
Raz povedal,  
Ked on písal jeho básen, piesen piesní,  
Pre vaše prsia ako zrelé ovocie,  
Poprsím veľké a krásne,  
Pripravená vychovávat dieta, ktoré môžu príst do sveta.  
Sú krásne,  
Rastú a klesajú s kazdym nádychom pomaly budete mat,  
Takze vaša postava krásna.  
Vaša postava je majestátne,  
Môžete chodit elegantne kamkolvek pôjdeš,  
Nikdy zakopnutia alebo pádu,

Ale chôdza ako krásna,  
Riadne žena s oveľa sofistikovanosťou.  
Napriek tomu, tam je viac k vám, že milujem.

Ste skvelý muzikant

Kto hrá niekoľko nástrojov.

Ste veľký huslista,

Klaviristu,

A skvelý gitarista.

Hráte husle krásne,

Poznáte každý crescendo a decrescendo,

Dobre, hráte harmónie

Ladenie aj s intonáciou,

Formuloval aj s lukom, konštatuje

Tvorba libozvucnej hudby, všade, kam ísť,

Rozlišovanie medzi tempami takéto

Ako allegro, andante, presto, largo a moderato.

Viete, každý ritardando a rallitando,

Každý caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,

Prízvuk, a tenuto.

Môžete hrať melódiu dobre,

A vaša pozícia je skvelá,

A nemusíte sa starať o embouchure.

Na klavír, akustiku sú skvelé, keď budete hrať,

Hovoriš ako Ludwig van Beethoven, keď začal hrať,

Alebo Johanna Sebastiana Bacha,

Alebo Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Hráte nádherne,

Ako keby ste boli skladateľ.

Keď budete hrať na gitaru

Sú prírodné,

Môžete hrať každý brnkánie ako

Nic to,

A urobíte to nádherny, zvuk

Takmer celkom,

Je to potešujúce k mojim ušiam,

V každom fonetickej zmysle.

Ja som trombonist,

A ja som jednoduchý v porovnaní

Nádherné zložitost

A talentu,

Pre vás sú nadaných,

A svoje hudobné zručnosti sú jedinečné.

Mám rád vaše hudobné schopnosti.

Ste skvelý outdoorswoman,

Pre vás sa neboja dostat za mokra,

Stále špinavé a pozostaly drsné púšti.

Vonku je krásne miesto,

A máte radi vidiet všetko okolo vás,

Rovnako ako ja.

Som rád, že o vás,

Ja viem ste radi íst camping,

Pešia turistika, Jazda na bicykli, plávanie,

Kanoistika, Jazda na kajaku, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, Lyzovanie,

Kolieskových korculiach, korculovanie,

Turizmus, surfovanie, Potápanie,

Jachting, veslovanie, beh, jogging,

Vodné lyzovanie, vták-pozerat, veľryba-sledovat,

Lodicky, jet-Lyzovanie, rybárčenie, budovanie ohnov,

Varenie marshmallows, chôdza, horolezectvo,

A všetko, čo takhle.

Viem, ze máte radi prírodu, zvieratá a rastliny.

Ste prirodzeny biológ,

Prírodné zoológ,

A prírodné botanik mnohymi spôsobmi,

A ja som rád, ze milujete tak moc vonku.

Milujem to, ze

Som skaut a Eagle Scout,

A ja neviem, kde by sa ak moja priatelka

Nemala by som byt vonku pocas leta

A mierne nakloneny íst do studenej Kedy

Tam je jasno,

Vela snehu,

A velky zimny den.

Som šťastná, máte radi vonku,

Pre vás sú dobré na všetko, co robíte.

Milujem, ako ste skvelá spevácka,

Váš hlas je krásny a harmonicky,

A robí veci zvuk nádherné, nech ste kdekolvek,

Môžete spievať vela skvelé piesne,

Rockové piesne napísal klasicky rock umelcov

Ako Beatles, Rolling Stones, a ktorí;

Moderny rock umelcov ako sú zábavy;

Popové pesničky od ľudí ako je Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,

K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson a Carrie Underwood;

Soft rock piesne ľudí, ako je Billy Joel a Johnny Cash;

Krestanské piesne od kapiel ako tretí den, Chris Tomlin,

MercyMe Britt Nicole, pocítanie korún, The Newsboys a oveľa viac;

Uctievanie piesne, ktoré mnohí ľudia písali,

Najmä hymny a ktovie čo ešte napísal svätých a tisícročia pred;

Milujem, ako spievate, jazz melódie ako sú

Spievany co-performer Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald.

Váš hlas je krásny, temperamentný, zvucný,

Euphonious, príjemný, a ešte oveľa viac.

To je tak krásna ako vtáci spev v zápojnom lesa.

Nikdy by som si dost.

To robí mi úsmev porád slyším váš hlas alto,

Ako to sa pohybuje medzi tóny, ihrísk a poznámky.

Je to absolútne krásna.

Spievam, príliš,

A chcela spievať,

A viem, ze som mohol  
Urobiť duet s niekym, kto má rád  
Spievať veľa rovnaky, čo mám robiť  
Je úžasná vec som nikdy nemôže zabudnúť.

Ste skvelý umelec,  
Pre milujem svoje umenie,  
A ja som rád, ako to vyzerá.  
Môžete malovať, ako ste sa pozriete do fotografie,  
Kreslení, akoby to boli nadobudnuté fotoaparátom,  
A ste vyrezávať, ako keby ste práve urobil život,  
Z vašich vlastných rúk medved.  
Svoje obrazy, sochy,  
Svoje kresby a skice,  
Vaše tapisérie, prikrývky;  
Sú všetky nádherné umelecké diela-  
Živé a ziarivé,  
Ziarivé a farebné,  
V žiadnom prípade glib alebo hanblivy,  
Ale mirthful a verí,  
Predvádza svoje odvolanie k oku,

A predsa sú symbolické,  
Tak plny význam,  
Nikto nemôže zastaviť, uvazuje o nich.  
Ste skvelý umelec s talentom ako žiadna iná;  
Svojej jedinečnosti je neporovnateľný  
Na to, čo urobili ostatní.  
Nachádzate sa da Vinci alebo Michelangelo,  
Druh dary, schopnosti a nadanie  
Ze ste vlastníť.  
Milujem svoje umenie,  
A nemôžem si pomôcť, ale premýšľať  
A Všimnite si ich krásu.  
Svoj talent, sú úžasné.

Vaše písanie je aj nádhernými,  
Pre vás sú skvelý spisovateľ,  
A skvelý básnik,  
Pre som cítil vaše básne,  
Zvlášť ten s názvom  
'Som sa dozvedel o Trojici dnes'  
Ktorá bola úžasná vec, že sa mi smiat,

To mi pripomenulo môj vlastny brat  
Ked som cítal to.  
Tiez si pamätám, básen 'Svetlušky v súmraku'  
Za to sa mi za všetko, co ste  
Sa snazili, povedzte mi,  
A ja som miloval cítanie,  
Pre neho bola tak hlboká  
A tak plny vyznam;  
Vaša poézia je ako hudba pre moje uši,  
Libozvucny a plné melódie,  
Nemôžem si pomôct, ale pocúvať  
Upokojujúce splash vln,  
Vietor šepká do willows,  
Aliterácia a narázka,  
A asonance disonancia,  
Metafory použité majestátne,  
Podobenstvo používa prezieravo,  
Lebo o všetky pridať az umenie zapojené.  
Ste skvely básnik,  
A vaša poézia je jedinecny;  
Nemôžete popriet seba.

Milujem taky, ze talent,  
Som spisovatel, sám,  
A som rád, ze stretnút niekoho ako som ja.

Váš bibliophilia je tiež skvelé,  
O mám rád, ze ste rád cítal,  
A Pamätám si všetky skvelé knihy  
Budete mať v kniznici,  
A Pamätám si všetko, co ste mi povedal  
O autori a spisovatelia, ktoré miluješ,  
Básnici, spisovatelia,  
Esejista, a všetky veci takhle.  
Som rád, ze môžem hovorit o literatúre  
A hlavne, písanie  
Pretoze ste chceli cítat knihy,  
Preštudovat básne,  
A cítanie vášho strongpoint.  
Som rád, ze si jeden z mojich vášní s vami podelit.  
  
Ste tiež skvely krestan,  
Venovat sami k Ježišovi Kristovi,

Rovnako ako sa snazím robit,  
Aj ked ja som katolík,  
A holandskej reformovanej Protestant,  
Obaja sme verit v nieco originálne —  
Boh sám, ktory nám dal milost  
Všetko, co vidíme pred sebou,  
A nic si berú od nás  
Tak dlho, ako môžeme verit v neho.  
Sme tu, pomáhat druhym a pomáhat navzájom,  
A obdivujem vašu ochotu dat,  
Rovnako som pripraveny vzdat.  
Je to skvelé vidiet vaša viera rastie tak silno,  
O si myslíte, ze ten, kto zachránil svet,  
Náš Spasitel Jeziš Kristus je Mesiáš.

Moja láska, ja som ochotny urobit cokolvek pre vás,  
Ak ste smutny, bude komfort vám,  
Ak ste spokojní, budem sa smiat s vami,  
Ak vás trápi, budem Rada,  
Ak ste si stretol, budem pocúvat a konzoly môžete;  
Ak ste naštvany, budem sa snazit upokojit vás;

Ak ste sa dockat, sa uistit;

Ak sa obávate, bude sa tam pre vás.

Ak chcete byt šťastny

Pretoze vaše šťastie je najdôležitejšie

Mi v tomto svete.

Kúpim si kvety vzdy, ked je to potrebné,

Dostanete diamantovy prsten Ukázat svoje uznanie,

Napísat básen podobné tejto,

Byt tu pre vás a vašu rodinu kedykoľvek

Potrebuje ma sa tam;

Bude tam pre naše deti,

Pre vás sú špeciálne pre mna.

Sa dostanete na filmy,

A robit, co môžem, ktoré vám pomôžu dozvediet

Ze som ta milovat vzdy.

Budeme mat tolko detí, ako vy

Chcete mat,

Je to vaše telo som pomocou,

Tak ja vám rozhodnúť, co

Chcete používať,

Takze máte slovo v nej.

Ste moja priateľka,  
Môj významny iný,  
Coskoro má byť snúbenica,  
Coskoro sme sa zasnúbil,  
A coskoro má byť ženou,  
Pre budeme mať Svätý manželstvo  
V tomto vzťahu pred Bohom.  
Sme synovia a dcéry z našich vlastných,  
Deti sa vždy milujeme,  
A sme sa zvýšit ich skvelých ľudí,  
A budeme sa skvelé rodičia.  
Budete mať veľkú matkou,  
A bude skvelý otec.  
Ste lásku svojho života, je to zlatíčko;  
Chcem aby ste vedeli to.  
Ja som tvoj služobník,  
A vy ste môj pán;  
Ochotne venuju vám  
Tak, že som môže uspokojit všetky vaše potreby  
Ak chcete byť šťastný.  
Som pružný a poslušný,

Pre I predloží vám pre vaše šťastie.

Mám rád všetko okolo vás,

A som ochotny urobiť všetko pre vás.

Chcem aby ste vedeli to.

Ste moja spriaznená duša,

Môj pravú lásku,

A tam je nikto iný ako vy

Kto ma doplna.

Som rád, že ste

A milujem vás všetky moje srdce.

Tak, moja láska, tieto tri slová

Povedať všetko, čo potrebujete vedieť,

Pre opisujú všetko, čo som práve opísal, je

Všetko, čo cítim

Pre keď ta vidím, moje srdce palpitates,

Moja serdtse sa stáva arrhythmic,

Môj glubina dushy stane šťastný pri pohľade na vás,

Som odvahu twist a kanvy;

Môj úsmev sa stáva mimovolné,

Aj smiat nekontrolovateľne,

I povzdych dlho a mäkké.

Milujem ta, zlatícko,

A ja som ochotny urobit cokolvek pre vás.

Ste moja spriaznená duša,

A tieto tri slová opísať všetko

Náš vzťah je založený na:

Láska, súcit, nezištnosť, seba a Boh sám.

Pamätajte si tieto tri slová,

A keď poviem im,

Pamätajte si ich význam,

Tieto tri slová sú skvelé,

A ja sa povedať im jeden posledný čas,

'Milujem ta.'

Justin Reamer

## Trei Cuvinte

Dragostea mea, exista multe lucruri în aceasta lume  
Ca pot spune și face pentru tine,  
Dar exista un lucru care exprima toate ca,  
Cel mai bun lucru din lume,  
Care este cel mai bun cadou de toate:  
Aceste trei cuvinte pe care am rosti la buzele mele,  
'Te iubesc.'

Dragostea mea, ati putea crede ca glumesc  
Pentru o persoana jocose stii ca eu sunt,  
Și poate ca este un fel de înșelatorie,  
Ceva lipsit de valoare,  
Dar eu va spun acest lucru este adevarul,  
Pentru a va spune, 'te iubesc'  
Este cea mai mare lucru pe care am pot sa va spun  
Deoarece acesta descrie toate sentimentele,  
Toate emotiile,  
Toate gândurile,  
Toate pasiune,  
Toate compasiune,  
Și toate dragostea am pentru tine.  
Ea descrie cât de mult sunt dispuși  
Pentru a face nimic pentru tine,  
Indiferent ce costul este.  
Ea descrie toate actiunile și  
Toate sentimentele pe care mi-ar face pentru tine.  
Poate crezi ca este nebun,  
dragostea mea  
Dar este adevarat ceea ce va spun,  
Caci n-ar minti  
Și eu nu sunt mincinos acum,  
Nici nu va am vreodata va înșele cineva în  
Crede nimic sa spun.  
Acest lucru va spune nu este o înșelatorie,  
Nu un scandal,  
Nu este o minciuna,  
Nici o minciuna în care traim.  
Oamenii pot spune ca dragostea este o minciuna,  
Dar dragostea mea pentru tine este autentic,

Și fii siguri,  
Acest lucru este adevărat.

Draga mea, am putea spune, 'te iubesc'  
Peste și peste din nou,  
Continuu,  
Simultan,  
Și continuu,  
Și va zâmbesc mereu la tine  
Deoarece există atât de mult sensul în spatele  
Ceea ce va spune.  
Ea descrie toate acțiunile pe care am făcut  
Am fost dispus să o ia,  
Descrie gândurile, sentimentele,  
Și emoțiile care le-am pentru tine,  
Și totul relația noastră se bazează pe,  
Pentru aceste trei cuvinte sunt baza  
Orice relație în picioare înaintea lui Dumnezeu.  
Este adevărat, și sper să  
Puteti înțelege asta.

Te iubesc, dragă,  
Pentru că există nimeni ca fel,  
Ca plin de compasiune, ca vioi,  
Ca gânditor, ca minunat,  
Sau, iubitor ca tine.  
Ești frumoasă cu  
Parul lung blond, care crește la umeri,  
Și strălucește în lumina soarelui ca lung  
Suvite de aur recent turnate la mină.  
Îmi place ochii albastru luminos, care strălucesc  
Cum ar fi Michigan și amintește-mi de  
Cerule albastru luminos pe timpul verii  
Când amiază este aproape.  
Se aprinde de fiecare dată când să zâmbesti,  
Dezvăluind portaluri pentru sufletul tău,  
Și toată lumea arată ceea ce este despre tine.  
Zâmbetul tău este frumos,  
Pentru acesta se aprinde o cameră când întuneric sau semiobscuritate  
Se află atât de aproape, nu foarte departe,  
Și zâmbetul este contagioasă,  
Răspândire oricui ca o boală,

Facându-le zâmbet, prea.  
Îmi place modul în care veti râde,  
Pentru ca este adorabil și grandioase,  
Pentru tine da dumneavoastra răs amuzant un motiv  
Pentru alte persoane sa râda, prea,  
Și toata lumea îi place sa aud,  
Pentru ca este placut la ureche.  
Corpul tau este subtire și slaba,  
Oferindu-va o figura frumoasa.  
Sanii sunt ca fructe pe un copac de nuca de cocos,  
Ca poet regele Solomon lui Israel,  
Fiul regelui David din Israel si Ierusalimul,  
A spus odata,  
Când el a scris poemul sau, Cântarea Cântarilor,  
Pentru sanii tai sunt ca fructe coapte,  
Bosoms mare și frumos,  
Gata pentru a hrani un copil care vin în lume.  
Ele sunt frumoase,  
În creștere și care se încadreaza cu fiecare respiratie lenta luati,  
A face figura frumoasa.  
Statura ta este maiestuos,  
Pentru tine plimbare gratios oriunde vei merge,  
Niciodata poticnire sau care se încadreaza,  
Dar mersul pe jos ca un frumos,  
Femeie buna cu mult rafinament.  
Cu toate acestea, exista mai mult pentru ca îmi place.

Sunteti un muzician minunat  
Care joaca mai multe instrumente.  
Esti un mare violonist,  
Un mare pianist,  
Și un mare chitarist.  
Sa cânte la vioara, frumos,  
Cunoaște fiecare crescendo și decrescendo,  
Joc armonii bine,  
Tuning bine cu intonatie,  
Articularea note bine cu arc,  
Efectuarea euphonious muzica oriunde ai merge,  
Diferentierea între tempo-uri astfel  
Ca allegro, andante, presto, largo, și moderata.  
Stii fiecare ritardando și rallitendo,  
Fiecare caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,

Accentul, și tenuto.  
Te joci bine, melodie  
Si postura dumneavoastra este mare,  
Și tu nu trebuie sa va faceti griji despre embouchure.  
La pian, acustica sunt mari atunci când joci,  
Pentru va suna ca Ludwig van Beethoven, când a început sa joace,  
Sau Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Sau Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Joaca minunat,  
Ca în cazul în care ati fost o compozitoare.  
Când joci chitara,  
Ești un natural,  
Pentru tine de a juca fiecare strum ca  
Nu este nimic sa-l,  
Și tu sa-l suna minunat,  
Destul de aproape,  
Pentru ca este placut la urechi,  
În fiecare sens fonetica.  
Eu sunt un trombonist,  
Și eu sunt simpla în comparatie  
Pentru a va complexitatea minunat  
Și talent,  
Pentru tine sunt talentat,  
Și va abilitatile de muzica sunt unice.  
Îmi place abilitatile muzicale.

Esti un mare outdoorswoman,  
Pentru tine nu se tem de obtinerea ude,  
Devine murdara, și supravietuitor pustie dure.  
Aer liber este un loc minunat,  
Și te iubesc pentru a vedea totul în jurul vostru,  
Doar ca mine.  
Îmi place ca despre tine,  
Știu ca va place sa mergi camping,  
Drumetii, ciclism, înot,  
Canotaj, caiac-canoe, wakeboarding,  
Waterboarding, schi,  
Muzica, patinaj,  
Backpacking, surfing, scufundari,  
Navigatie, canotaj, Rularea, jogging,  
Schi nautic, observarea pasarilor, vizionarea de balene,  
Plimbare cu barca, jet-schi, pescuit, focuri de tabara, de constructii

Bezele, mersul pe jos, alpinism, de gatit  
Și orice altceva de genul asta.  
Știu ca va place natura, animalele și plantele.  
Sunteti un biolog naturale,  
Un zoolog naturale,  
Și un botanist naturale în multe feluri,  
Și eu sunt bucuros sa vad ca te iubesc atât de mult in aer liber.  
Îmi place ca,  
Pentru ca eu sunt un baiat Scout și un Scout Eagle,  
Și nu știu în cazul în care aş fi daca prietena mea  
Nu-i placea sa fie în afara în timpul verii  
Și oarecum înclinat pentru a merge în când rece  
Exista un cer senin,  
O multime de zapada,  
Și o zi de mare iarna.  
Eu sunt fericit va place în aer liber,  
Pentru tine sunt bun la ceea ce faci.

Îmi place modul în care sunteti un cântaret mare,  
Pentru vocea ta este minunat și armonioase,  
Și face lucrurile de sunet minunat oriunde vei merge,  
Pentru tine sa cânte multe cântece mare,  
Melodii rock scris de rock clasic artisti  
Ca Beatles, Rolling Stones, și cine;  
De stânca contemporane arti?ti precum distractie;  
Cântece pop de catre oameni ca Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyonce, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson și Carrie Underwood;  
Melodii soft rock de oameni buni ca Billy Joel și Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs de trupe ca a treia zi, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, de numarare de coroane, Newsboys și mult mai mult;  
Grigore Le?e ca multi oameni au scris,  
Mai ales imnuri și fleacuri scris de sfinti o milenii în urma;  
Imi place cum canta jazz de asteptare, precum cele  
Cântat de Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Vocea ta este frumoasa, vioi, rezonanta,  
Euphonious, placut, și mult mai mult.  
Este fel de frumos ca o pasare cântând în baldachin din padure.  
Nu ar putea obtine destul de ea.  
Ma face sa ma zâmbet tot timpul aud vocea ta alto,  
Cum fluctueaza între tonuri, terenuri și note.  
Este absolut minunat.

Cânt, de asemenea,  
Și îmi place sa cânt,  
Și sa știi ca aş putea, eventual  
Face un duet cu altcineva care îi place  
Sa cânte multe din aceleași lucruri fac  
Este un lucru minunat nu putea uita niciodata.

Sunteti un artist minunat,  
Pentru imi place arta ta,  
Si -mi place cum arata.  
Ai vopsea ca te uiti într-o fotografie,  
Va atraga ca în cazul în care l-au fost luate de un aparat de fotografiat,  
Și te sculpteze ca în cazul în care tocmai ati facut viata,  
Din mâinile tale de urs.  
Dumneavoastra picturi, sculpturi dumneavoastra,  
Dumneavoastra desene si schite,  
Tapiserii dumneavoastra, dumneavoastra paturi;  
Acestea sunt toate minunat opere de arta —  
Vii si stralucitoare,  
Vibrante și pline de culoare,  
Deloc volubil sau diffident,  
Dar vesel si increzator,  
Manifestare off lor apel la ochi,  
Și totuși ele sunt simbolice,  
Atât de plina de sens,  
Unul nu poate opri gândesc la ele.  
Esti un mare artist cu un talent ca nimeni altul;  
Unicitatea dumneavoastra este incomparabil  
Ceea ce altii au facut.  
Sunteti un da Vinci sau un Michelangelo,  
Cu un fel de cadouri, abilitati și talente  
Ca le poseda.  
Îmi place arta ta,  
Și nu pot ajuta, dar ei, contempla  
Și observa frumusetea lor.  
Talentele tale sunt minunate.

Scris dumneavoastra este, de asemenea, magnific,  
Pentru tine sunt un mare scriitor,  
Si un mare poet,  
Pentru am citit poezii dumneavoastra,  
Mai ales cel numit

'Am invatat despre Trinitate astazi'  
Care a fost un lucru minunat, care ma facut sa rad,  
Caci mi-a amintit de propriul meu frate  
Când am citit-o.  
Îmi amintesc, de asemenea, poemul 'Licuricii în Amurg'  
Pentru a facut sa ma ia în considerare tot ce ai  
Au încercat sa-mi spui,  
Și am iubit de lectura  
Pentru ca a fost atât de adâncă  
Și atât de plină de sens;  
Poezia ta este ca o muzica la urechile mele,  
Euphonious si pline de melodie,  
Eu nu pot ajuta, dar asculta  
Splash liniștitor de valuri,  
Vânt șoptit în willows,  
Alitera?ie și aluzie,  
Assonance și disonanta,  
Metafore folosit maiestuos,  
Similitudini folosit sagaciously,  
Pentru toate acestea adauga până la arta implicata.  
Sunteti un mare poet,  
Și poezia ta este unic;  
Nu se poate nega-te ca.  
Îmi place ca talentul, de asemenea,  
Pentru ca eu sunt un scriitor de mine,  
Și eu sunt bucuros pentru a satisface pe cineva ca mine.

Va bibliophilia este de asemenea mare,  
Caci îmi place ca va place sa citesc,  
Și îmi amintesc toate cartile mare  
Va pastrati în biblioteca,  
Și îmi amintesc de toate lucrurile pe care mi-ai spus  
Despre toate autori și scriitori care te iubesc,  
Poeti, romancieri,  
Eseiști, și toate lucrurile de genul asta.  
Ma bucur ca pot vorbi despre literatura cu tine,  
Și a scris mai ales,  
Din moment ce ati dori sa citesc carti,  
Ia cunoștinta de poeme,  
Și de lectura este strongpoint dumneavoastra.  
Ma bucur ca una dintre pasiunile mele pot împartași cu tine.

Sunteti, de asemenea, un creștin mare,  
Dedica-te la Isus Hristos,  
Așa cum am încerca sa faca,  
Chiar daca eu sunt un catolic,  
Și tu o protestanta reformata olandeza,  
Ne-am crede în ceva autentic —  
Harul lui Dumnezeu însuși, care ne-a dat  
Tot ceea ce vedem înaintea de noi,  
Și nimic nu poate fi luat de la noi  
Atâta timp cât avem încredere în el.  
Pentru ca suntem aici pentru a ajuta la altii și de a ajuta reciproc,  
Si admir dorinta dumneavoastra de a da,  
Doar ca eu sunt gata sa dea.  
Este grozav pentru a vedea credinta ta sa creasca atât de mult,  
Pentru crezi în el care a salvat lumea,  
Mântuitorului nostru Isus Hristos Mesia.

Iubirea mea, eu sunt dispus sa faca orice pentru tine,  
Daca sunteti triști, am va confort  
Daca sunteti multumit, am vor rade cu tine,  
Daca esti tulburat, eu va sfatul  
Daca sunt în conflict, voi asculta și consola  
Daca sunteti suparat, voi încerca sa îndulceasca  
Daca sunteti nerabdator, va liniști-te;  
Daca sunteti îngrijorat, va fi acolo pentru tine.

Vreau sa fi fericit  
Pentru fericirea ta este cel mai important lucru  
Pentru mine în aceasta lume.  
Va cumpara flori ori de câte ori este necesar,  
Veti obtine un inel cu diamant sa arate aprecierea mea,  
Scrive o poezie similar cu acest lucru,  
Fi acolo pentru tine si familia ta ori de câte ori  
Ai nevoie de mine pentru a fi acolo;  
Voi fi acolo pentru copiii noștri,  
Pentru tine sunt special pentru mine.  
Va va duce la film,  
Și fac tot ce pot pentru a va ajuta sa știti  
Ca te voi iubi mereu.  
Vom avea copii cât mai multe ca tine

Doresc sa aiba,  
Pentru ca este corpul tau sunt folosind,  
Deci voi lasa sa decida ceea ce  
Utilizati-l pentru,  
Astfel încât sa aiba un cuvânt de spus în ea.  
Esti prietena mea,  
Alte mele semnificative,  
În curând sa fie logodnica,  
Pentru noi sunt în curând sa fie affianced,  
Și în curând sa fie sotia,  
Pentru vom lua Sfanta casatorie  
În aceasta relatie înaintea lui Dumnezeu.  
Vom avea fii și fiice ale noastre,  
Copii ne va iubi mereu,  
Și vom ridica pentru a fi mare de oameni, le  
Și vom fi parintii mare.  
Va fi o mama mare,  
Și va fi un tata mare.  
Tu ești iubirea din viata mea, draga;  
Vreau sa știu acest lucru.  
Eu sunt robul tau,  
Și voi sunteti Maestrul meu;  
Eu dau voie sa va  
Așa ca am poate satisface orice nevoie  
Pentru a fi fericit.  
Eu sunt suple și umil,  
Caci am sa va prezinte pentru fericirea ta.  
Îmi place totul despre tine,  
Și sunt dispuși sa faca totul pentru tine.  
Vreau sa știu acest lucru.  
Esti sufletul meu pereche,  
Mea o iubire adevarata,  
Și nu exista nimeni altcineva ca tine  
Care completeaza-ma.  
Ma bucur sa te cunosc  
Și sa te iubesc cu toata inima mea.

Deci, dragostea mea, aceste trei cuvinte  
Spune tot ce trebuie sa știți,  
Pentru acestea descriu tot ceea ce am descris,  
Tot ceea ce simt pentru tine,  
De când te vad, inima mea palpitate,

Meu serdtse devine atunci,  
Meu glubina mihai devine fericit la vederea de tine,  
Curajul meu twist și putinei;  
Zambetul meu devine involuntar,  
Am răs necontrolat,  
Am oftat lung și moale.  
Te iubesc, draga,  
Și eu sunt dispus sa faca orice pentru tine.  
Esti sufletul meu pereche,  
Și aceste trei cuvinte descriu totul  
Relatia noastra este fondata pe:  
Dragoste, compasiune, altruism, noi înșine, și Dumnezeu însuși.  
Amintiti-va aceste trei cuvinte,  
Și când spun ei,  
Amintesc de importanta lor,  
Pentru aceste trei cuvinte sunt mari,  
Și trebuie sa le va spun ultima oara,  
'Te iubesc.'

Justin Reamer

# Trei Ord

Min kärlek, det finns många saker i denna värld

Jag kan säga och göra för dig,

Men det finns en sak som uttrycker allt detta,

Den största sak i världen,

Som är den bästa gåvan av alla:

Dessa tre ord som jag från mina läppar,

'Jag älskar dig.'

Min kärlek, du kanske tror att jag skämtar,

För en jocose person vet du jag,

Och du kanske tror att det är någon form av bluff,

Något värdelöst,

Men jag berätta detta är sanningen,

För att berätta du, älskar'jag dig'

Är den största sak jag kan säga till dig

Eftersom det beskriver alla känslorna,

Alla känslor,

Alla tankar,

All passionen,

Alla medkänslan,

Och all kärleken jag har för dig.  
Den beskriver hur mycket jag är beredd  
Att göra något för dig,  
Oavsett vad kostnaden är.  
Den beskriver alla åtgärder och  
Alla de känslor jag skulle göra för dig.  
Du kanske tror att det är galet,  
Min kärlek  
Men det är sant det jag säger till dig,  
För jag skulle aldrig ljuga för dig,  
Och ligger jag inte nu,  
Inte heller kommer jag någonsin lura dig in i  
Att tro något berätta jag.  
Denna sak jag berätta är inte en bluff,  
Inte en skandal,  
Inte en lögn,  
Inte heller en lögn som vi lever.  
Folk kan säga att kärlek är en lögn,  
Men min kärlek till dig är äkta,  
Och lita på,  
Detta är sant.

Min kära, jag skulle säga, 'Jag älskar dig'

Om och om igen,

Kontinuerligt,

Samtidigt,

Och kontinuerligt,

Och jag skulle alltid ler på dig

Eftersom det finns så mycket mening bakom

Vad jag säger till dig.

Den beskriver alla de åtgärder som jag har gjort

Och jag är villig att ta,

Beskriver tankarna, känslor,

Och känslor som jag har för er,

Och allt vårt förhållande bygger på,

Dessa tre ord är basen för

Om någon relation ställning inför Gud.

Det är sant, och jag hoppas du

Kan förstå att.

Jag älskar dig, älskling,

För det finns ingen som snäll,

Som medkännande, så livlig,  
Så omtänksamt, så underbart,  
Eller så kärleksfull som du.

Du är vacker med  
Ditt långa blonda hår som växer till axlarna,  
Och lyser i solljuset som lång  
Delar av guld nyligen gjutna från gruvan.

Jag älskar dina ljusa blå ögon att lysa  
Som Michigan och påminna mig om  
Den ljusa blå himlen på sommaren  
När klockan är nära.

De lyser upp varje gång du ler,  
Avslöjar portalerna till din själ,  
Och visar alla vad det handlar om dig.

Ditt leende är vacker,  
För det lyser upp ett rum när mörker eller dunklet  
Ligger så nära, inte mycket långt borta,  
Och leendet är smittsam,  
Sprider sig till alla som en sjukdom,  
Att göra dem Le, alltför.

Jag älskar sättet du skratta,

För det är bedårande och storslagna,  
Du ger din roliga skratt en anledning  
För andra människor att skratta, även  
Och alla älskar att höra det,  
För det är tilltalande för örat.  
Kroppen är smal och mager,  
Ger dig en vacker figur.  
Dina bröst är som frukter på en kokosnöt träd,  
Som poet King Solomon av Israel,  
Son till Konung David av Israel och Jerusalem,  
En gång sa,  
När han skrev sin dikt, Sångernas sång,  
För dina bröst är som mogen frukt,  
Bröst stora och vackra,  
Redo att vårda ett barn som kan komma in i världen.  
De är vackra,  
Stiger och faller med varje långsamma andetag tar du,  
Att göra din vackra figur.  
Din resning är majestätisk,  
Du gå graciöst vart du än går  
Aldrig snubbla eller falla,

Men promenader som en vacker,  
Korrekt kvinna med mycket fitness.  
Men finns det mer till dig som jag älskar.

Du är en underbar musiker  
Vem spelar flera instrument.

Du är en stor violinist,

En bra pianist,

Och en bra gitarrist.

Du spela fiol vackert,

Att veta varje crescendo och decrescendo,

Spela harmonier

Trimma väl med intonation,

Artikulera noterar väl med din båge,

Göra välklingande musik vart du än går,

Skilja mellan tempon sådan

Som allegro, andante, presto, largo och moderato.

Du vet varje ritardando och rallitando,

Varje caesura staccato, marcato, fermata,

Accent, och tenuto.

Du spela melodin

Och din hållning är bra,  
Och du behöver inte oroa embouchure.  
På piano är akustiken stor när du spelar,  
För du låter som Ludwig van Beethoven när han började att spela,  
Eller Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Eller Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Du spelar underbart,  
Som om du var en låtskrivare.  
När du spelar gitarr,  
Du är en naturlig,  
För du spela varje strum som  
Det finns inget att det,  
Och du får det att låta underbart,  
Nästan söt,  
Det är glädjande att mina öron,  
I varje fonetiska mening.  
Jag är en trombonist,  
Och jag är enkla jämfört  
Till din underbara komplexitet  
Och talang,  
Du är begåvad,

Och dina kunskaper om musik är unik.

Jag älskar din musikaliska förmåga.

Du är en stor outdoorswoman,

För du inte är rädd för att bli blöt,

Blir smutsiga, och överleva den hårda öknen.

Naturen är ett bra ställe,

Och du älskar att se allt runt omkring dig,

Precis som jag gör.

Jag älskar som om dig,

För jag vet att gillar du att campa,

Vandring, cykling, simning,

Kanot, kajak, wakeboard,

Waterboarding, skidåkning,

Rullskridskor, skridskoåkning,

Backpacking, surfing, dykning,

Segling, rodd, löpning, jogging,

Vattenskidåkning, fågelskådning, valskådning,

Båtliv, jet-skidåkning, fiske, bygga lägereldar,

Matlagning marshmallows, vandring, bergsklättring,

Och allt annat sånt.

Jag vet att du älskar naturen, djuren och växterna.

Du är en naturlig biolog,

En naturlig zoolog,

Och en naturlig botaniker på många sätt,

Och jag är glad att se att du älskar den så mycket utomhus.

Jag älskar det,

För jag är en Boy Scout och en Eagle Scout,

Och jag vet inte var jag skulle vara om min flickvän

Inte gillar att vara utomhus under sommaren

Och lite benägen att gå in i den kalla när

Det finns en klar himmel,

Massor av snö,

Och en bra vinterdag.

Jag är glad du älskar naturen,

För du är bra på allt du gör.

Jag älskar hur du är en stor sångare,

För din röst är underbar och harmonisk,

Och gör saker ljud underbara vart du än går,

För du sjunga många bra låtar,

Rocklåtar skrivna av klassisk rock artister

Som Beatles, Rolling Stones, och vem;  
Av modern rock artister som kul;  
Poplåtar av personer som Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson och Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock låtar skrivna av folk som Billy Joel och Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs av band som tredje dagen, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, räknar kronorna, The Newsboys och mycket mer;  
Lovsånger som många människor har skrivit,  
Särskilt psalmer och whatnot skriven av helgonen en årtusenden sedan.  
Jag älskar hur du sjunger jazz låtar som de  
Sjungs av Louis Armstrongs co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Din röst är vacker, livlig, resonant,  
Euphonious, tilltalande, och mycket mer.  
Det är så vackert som en fågel som sjunger i tak av skogen.  
Jag kunde aldrig få nog av den.  
Det gör mig leende hela tiden när jag hör din alto röst,  
Hur varierar det mellan toner, tomter och anteckningar.  
Det är helt underbart.  
Jag sjunger också,  
Och jag älskar att sjunga,

Och veta att jag eventuellt kunde  
Göra en duett med någon annan som gillar  
Att sjunga många av de saker jag gör  
Är en underbar sak jag kunde aldrig glömma.

Du är en underbar artist,  
För jag älskar din konst,  
Och jag älskar hur det ser ut.  
Du målar som du ser i ett fotografi,  
Du ritar som om det togs av en kamera,  
Och du skulptera som om du bara fick liv,  
Från din egen Björn händer.  
Dina målningar, din skulpturer,  
Dina ritningar och skisser,  
Din gobelänger, dina täcken;  
De är alla underbara konstverk –  
Levande och strålande,  
Levande och färgstark,  
Ingalunda glib eller försagd,  
Men mirthful och självsäker,  
Visar upp sina överklaganden för ögat,

Och ändå är de symboliska,  
Så full av mening,  
Man kan inte stoppa överväger dem.  
Du är en stor artist med en talang som ingen annan;  
Din unika är makalös  
Till vad andra har gjort.  
Du är en da Vinci eller Michelangelo,  
Med typ av gåvor, färdigheter och talanger  
Att ni besitter.  
Jag älskar din konst,  
Och jag kan inte hjälpa men begrunda dem,  
Och märker deras skönhet.  
Dina talanger är underbara.  
  
Skrivandet är också magnifik,  
För du är en stor författare,  
Och en stor poet,  
För jag har läst dina dikter,  
Särskilt en kallas  
'Jag lärde mig om treenigheten i dag'  
Vilket var en underbar sak som fick mig att skratta,

Det påminde mig om min egen bror  
När jag läste den.  
Jag minns också dikten 'Eldflugor i skymningen'  
För det fick mig att tänka på allt du  
Försökte berätta,  
Och jag älskade att läsa det,  
För det var så djupt  
Och så full av innebörd.  
Din poesi är som musik för mina öron,  
Välklingande och full av melodi,  
Jag kan inte låta bli att lyssna på den  
Lugnande stänk av vågor,  
Vinden viskar i säven,  
Alliteration och anspelning,  
Assonans och dissonans,  
Metaforer används majestätiskt,  
De liknelser som används sagaciously,  
För alla lägga till upp till konsten inblandade.  
Du är en stor poet,  
Och din poesi är unikt.  
Du kan inte förneka dig själv.

Jag älskar att talang, också,  
För jag är en författare själv,  
Och jag är glad att träffa någon annan som mig.

Din bibliophilia är också bra,  
För jag älskar att älskar du att läsa,  
Och jag minns alla bra böcker  
Du håller i biblioteket,  
Och jag kommer ihåg allt du sa till mig  
Om alla författare och skribenter som du älskar,  
Poeter, författare,  
Essäister och allt sånt.

Jag är glad att jag kan prata om litteratur med dig,  
Och skriva särskilt,  
Eftersom du gillar att läsa böcker,  
Granska dikter,  
Och behandlingen är din styrka.  
Jag är glad att jag kan dela med mig en av mina passioner.

Du är också en stor kristen,  
Ägna dig åt Jesus Kristus,

Precis som jag försöker göra,  
För även om jag är katolik,  
Och du en holländsk reformerta protestanter,  
Vi båda tror på något äkta —  
Nåd av Gud själv som gav oss  
Allt vi ser framför oss,  
Och ingenting kan tas ifrån oss  
Så länge som vi litar på honom.  
För vi är här att hjälpa andra och hjälpa varandra,  
Och jag beundrar din vilja att ge,  
Precis som jag är redo att ge.  
Det är härligt att se er tro växer så kraftigt,  
För du tror på han som räddade världen,  
Vår Frälsare Jesus Kristus Messias.  
  
Min kärlek, jag är villig att göra något för dig,  
För om är du ledsen, jag ska trösta dig,  
Om du är nöjd, kommer att jag skratta med dig,  
Om du är orolig, kommer att jag avråda dig,  
Om du är konfliktfyllda, kommer att jag lyssna och trösta dig;  
Om du är arg, jag kommer att försöka ohörbara dig;

Om du är orolig, kommer att jag försäkra dig;

Om du är orolig, kommer jag vara där för dig.

Jag vill att du ska vara glad

Eftersom din lycka är viktigaste

För mig i denna värld.

Jag ska köpa dig blommor när det är nödvändigt

Få dig en diamantring att visa min uppskattning,

Skriva en dikt som liknar denna,

Finnas till för dig och din familj när

Du behöver mig att vara där;

Jag kommer vara där för våra barn,

För du är speciell för mig.

Jag kommer att ta dig till filmer,

Och göra allt jag kan för att hjälpa dig veta

Att jag kommer älska dig alltid.

Vi kommer att ha så många barn som du

Vill ha,

För det är kroppen jag använder,

Så kommer att jag låta dig bestämma vad du

Vill använda den

Så har du något att säga i den.

Du är min flickvän,

Min andra,

Snart att vara fästmö,

För vi kommer snart att vara trolovade,

Och snart att vara fru,

För vi kommer att ta heliga matrimony

I denna relation inför Gud.

Vi kommer att ha söner och döttrar av våra egna,

Barn vi kommer alltid att älska,

Och vi kommer att höja dem vara bra människor,

Och vi kommer att vara bra föräldrar.

Du kommer att vara en bra mamma,

Och jag kommer att vara en bra pappa.

Du är mitt livs kärlek, älskling;

Jag vill att du ska veta detta.

Jag är din tjänare,

Och du är min herre;

Jag ger gärna mig själv till dig

Så att jag kan uppfylla alla dina behov

För dig att vara lycklig.

Jag är smidig och undergiven,

För jag skicka till dig för din lycka.

Jag älskar allt med dig,

Och är villig att göra det allt för dig.

Jag vill att du ska veta detta.

Du är min själsfrände,

Min en sann kärlek,

Och det finns ingen annan som du

Som kompletterar mig.

Jag är glad att veta att du

Och att älska dig av hela mitt hjärta.

Så, min kärlek, dessa tre ord

Berätta allt du behöver veta,

För de beskriva allt jag just beskrivit,

Allt jag känner för dig,

För när jag ser dig, palpitates mitt hjärta,

Min serdtse blir arytmier,

Min glubina dushy blir glad vid åsynen av dig,

Mina tarmar twist och pressa;

Mitt leende blir ofrivilligt,

Jag skratta okontrollerat,

Jag sucka mjukt och länge.

Jag älskar dig, älskling,

Och jag är villig att göra något för dig.

Du är min själsfrände,

Och dessa tre ord beskriva allt

Våra förbindelser grundas på:

Kärlek, medkänsla, osjälviskhet, oss själva och Gud själv.

Kom ihåg dessa tre ord,

Och när jag säger dem,

Kom ihåg deras betydelse,

För dessa tre ord är stora,

Och jag skall säga dem till dig en sista gång,

'Jag älskar dig.'

Justin Reamer

# Trencher

What is this dish I eat off?  
Is it a wooden plate?  
Wherefore doth thou feed me this?  
This trencher is the weirdest  
Thing I have ever seen,  
If I hath writ.

Justin Reamer

# Tres Palabras

Mi amor, hay muchas cosas en este mundo

Que puedo decir y hacer para usted,

Pero hay una cosa que expresa todo eso,

Lo más grande del mundo,

Que es el mejor regalo de todos:

Estas tres palabras que yo decir de mis labios,

'Te amo'.

Mi amor, usted puede pensar que estoy bromeando,

Para una persona jocosa, sabes que soy,

Y usted puede pensar que es algún tipo de estafa,

Algo sin valor,

Pero yo os digo que esta es la verdad,

Para decirle, 'te amo '

Es lo más grande que yo puedo decirles

Porque describe todos los sentimientos,

Todas las emociones,

Todos los pensamientos,

Toda la pasión,

Todos la compasión,

Y todo el amor que tengo para ti.

Describe cuánto estoy dispuesto

Para hacer cualquier cosa para usted,

No importa lo que cueste es.

Describe todas las acciones y

Todos los sentimientos que se haría para usted.

Usted puede pensar que es una locura,

Mi amor

Pero es cierto lo que digo

Para nunca mentiría

Y no estoy mintiendo ahora,

Ni yo nunca te engañará en

Creer cualquier cosa te digo.

Esto que te digo no es una estafa

No es un escándalo,

No es una falsedad,

Ni una mentira en que vivimos.

La gente puede decir que el amor es una mentira,

Pero mi amor por ti es genuino,

Y ten por seguro,

Esto es cierto.

Mi estimado, podría decir, 'te amo '

Una y otra vez,

Continuamente,

Al mismo tiempo,

Y continuamente,

Y siempre sonrío a usted

Porque hay mucho significado detrás

Lo que te digo.

Describe todas las acciones que he hecho

Y estoy dispuesto a asumir,

Describe los pensamientos, sentimientos,

Y las emociones que tengo para ti,

Y todo, nuestra relación se basa en,

Para estas tres palabras son la base

De cualquier situación de relación delante de Dios.

Es verdad, y espero que

Puede entenderlo.

I love you, cariño,

No hay nadie como especie,

Tan compasivo, como vivaz,  
Como pensativo, tan maravilloso,  
O tan amoroso como usted.  
Eres hermosa con  
Sus largos cabellos rubios que crece hasta los hombros,  
Y brilla en la luz del sol como largo  
Filamentos de oro recientemente moldeada de la mina.  
Me encanta sus brillantes ojos azules que brillan  
Como Michigan y recordarme de  
El cielo azul brillante en el verano  
Cuando al mediodía está cerca.  
Se iluminan cada vez que sonrías,  
Revelando los portales a tu alma,  
Y mostrando a todos lo que se trata de usted.  
Su sonrisa es hermosa,  
Para que ilumina una habitación cuando la oscuridad o penumbra  
Se encuentra tan cerca, no muy lejos,  
Y la sonrisa es contagiosa,  
Extendiendo a todo el mundo como una enfermedad,  
Hacerlos sonreír, demasiado.  
Me encanta la forma que te ríes,

Es adorable y grandioso,  
Para darle a tu risa divertido una razón  
Para otras personas para reír, también,  
Y todo el mundo le encanta oírlo,  
Es agradable al oído.  
Su cuerpo es delgada y esbelta,  
Que le da una hermosa figura.  
Sus senos son como frutas en un árbol de coco,  
Como dijo el poeta Rey Solomon de Israel,  
El hijo del rey David de Israel y Jerusalén,  
Una vez dijo:  
Cuando escribió su poema, el cantar de los Cantares,  
Sus senos son como fruta madura,  
Pechos grandes y hermosos,  
Listo para alimentar a un niño que puede entrar en el mundo.  
Son hermosas,  
Subiendo y bajando con cada respiración lenta que usted toma,  
Hacer tu figura hermosa.  
Su estatura es majestuosa,  
Para caminar con gracia dondequiera que vayas,  
Nunca tropezar o caer,

Pero caminando como un hermoso,  
Mujer adecuada con mucha sofisticación.  
Sin embargo, hay más que me encanta.

Eres maravilloso músico

Que toca varios instrumentos.

Eres un gran violinista,

Un gran pianista,

Y un gran guitarrista.

Tocar el violín maravillosamente,

Sabiendo cada crescendo y decrescendo,

Jugando bien, armonías

Templar bien con entonación,

Articulación notas bien con tu arco,

Hacer música eufónico donde quiera que vaya,

Diferenciar entre tempos tales

Como allegro, andante, presto, largo y moderato.

Sabes cada ritardando y rallitando,

Cada cesura, staccato, marcato, calderones,

Acento y sostenido.

Tocar la melodía

Y su postura es grande,  
Y usted no necesita preocuparse acerca de embocadura.  
En el piano, la acústica es grande cuando juegas,  
Suenas como Ludwig van Beethoven cuando comenzó a jugar,  
O Johann Sebastian Bach,  
O Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Juegas maravillosamente,  
Como si fueras un compositor.  
Cuando tocas la guitarra,  
Usted es un natural,  
Para jugar cada golpe como  
No hay nada  
Y haces de sonido maravilloso,  
Casi bonita,  
Para él es agradable a mis oídos,  
En todo el sentido auditivo.  
Soy un trombonista,  
Y yo soy simple en comparación con  
A su complejidad maravillosa  
Y talento,  
Para usted son dotados,

Y tus habilidades musicales son únicas.

Me encantan tus habilidades musicales.

Eres un gran outdoorswoman,

Porque no tienes miedo de que se moje,

Cada vez sucio y sobrevivir en el desierto áspero.

El exterior es un gran lugar,

Y encantaría ver todo a tu alrededor,

Al igual que lo hago.

Me encanta que de ti,

Porque yo sé que te gusta acampar,

Senderismo, ciclismo, natación,

Piragüismo, kayak, wakeboard,

Simulacros de ahogamiento, esquí,

Patín sobre ruedas, patín sobre hielo,

Excursionismo, surf, buceo,

Vela, remo, correr, trotar,

Esquí náutico, observación de aves, observación de ballenas

Paseos en barco, esquí acuático, pesca, construcción de fogatas,

Cocina melcochas, senderismo, montañismo,

Y todo lo demás como el.

Sé que te gusta la naturaleza, los animales y las plantas.

Eres un biólogo natural,

Un zoólogo natural,

Y un botánico natural de muchas maneras,

Y me complace ver que amas tanto exterior.

Me encanta que,

Porque soy un Boy Scout y un Eagle Scout,

Y no sé donde estaría si mi novia

No le gustaba estar fuera durante el verano

Y algo inclinado a entrar el frío cuando

Hay un cielo claro,

Montón de nieve,

Y un día de gran invierno.

Me alegro de que te gusta el aire libre,

Porque tú eres bueno en todo lo que haces.

Me encanta como eres un gran cantante,

Para que su voz es maravillosa y armonioso,

Y hace cosas sonido maravilloso donde quiera que vayas,

Para usted cantar muchas canciones,

Canciones de rock escritas por artistas de rock clásico

Como los Beatles, los Rolling Stones y la OMS;  
Artistas de rock contemporáneo como diversión;  
Canciones pop por gente como Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K ' naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson y Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock canciones de gente como Billy Joel y Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs por bandas como tercer día, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, coronas contando, los voceadores y mucho más;  
Canciones de adoración que muchas personas han escrito,  
Especialmente himnos y todo eso escrito por los Santos a milenios atrás;  
Me encanta cómo canta melodías de jazz tales como  
Cantada por co-performer de Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Su voz es hermosa, vivaz y resonante,  
Euphonious, agradable y mucho más.  
Es tan hermosa como un canto de aves en el dosel del bosque.  
Nunca podría conseguir bastante de él.  
Me hace sonreír todo el tiempo que escucho su voz de contralto,  
¿Cómo fluctúa entre tonos, tonos y notas.  
Es absolutamente hermoso.  
Canto, también,  
Y me encanta cantar,

Y saber que posiblemente podría  
Hacer un dueto con alguien que le gusta  
A cantar muchas de las mismas cosas que yo hago  
Es algo maravilloso que pude olvidar.

Eres un artista maravilloso,  
Por me encanta tu arte,  
Y me encanta cómo se ve.  
Puedes pintar como ves en una fotografía,  
Dibujar como si fueron tomada por una cámara,  
Y moldear como si acaba de hacer una vida,  
De sus propias manos de oso.  
Sus pinturas, sus esculturas,  
Sus dibujos y bocetos,  
Sus tapices, sus tejidos;  
Son todas maravillosas obras de arte,  
Vivo y radiante,  
Vibrante y colorido,  
De ninguna manera glibo o tímido,  
Pero alegre y confiado,  
Mostrando sus apelaciones a la vista,

Y sin embargo son simbólicos,  
Tan lleno de significado,  
Uno no puede dejar de contemplarlos.  
Eres una gran artista con un talento sin igual;  
Su singularidad es incomparable  
A lo que otros han hecho.  
Eres un da Vinci o un Miguel Ángel,  
Con el tipo de regalos, habilidades y talentos  
Que se poseen.  
Me encanta tu arte,  
Y yo no puedo dejar de contemplarlos,  
Y su belleza.  
Sus talentos son una maravillosas.  
  
Su escritura también es magnífica,  
Porque eres un gran escritor,  
Y un gran poeta,  
Porque he leído sus poemas,  
Especialmente una llamada  
'Aprendí sobre la Trinidad hoy '  
Que fue algo maravilloso que me hizo reír,

Porque me recordó a mi propio hermano  
Cuando lo leí.  
También recuerdo el poema 'Luciérnagas en la oscuridad'  
Porque me hizo todo lo considerar  
Estaban tratando de decirme,  
Y me encantó leerlo,  
Para él era tan profundo  
Y tan lleno de significado;  
Su poesía es como música para mis oídos,  
Eufónico y lleno de melodía,  
Yo no puedo sino escuchar la  
Splash relajante de las olas,  
El viento susurrando en los sauces  
La aliteración y la alusión,  
La asonancia y la disonancia,  
Las metáforas que utiliza majestuosamente,  
Los símiles utilizados sagaz,  
Para todos ellos agregan hasta el arte involucrado.  
Eres un gran poeta,  
Y su poesía es único;  
Usted no puede negar a ti mismo.

Me encanta ese talento, también,

Soy un escritor

Y me alegra conocer a alguien como yo.

Su bibliofilia también es grande,

Por me encanta encanta leer,

Y recuerdo los grandes libros

Mantienes en tu biblioteca,

Y recuerdo todas las cosas que me dijiste

De todos los autores y escritores que amas,

Los poetas, novelistas,

Los ensayistas y todas las cosas así.

Me alegro de que puedo hablar de literatura con usted,

Y sobre todo, de la escritura

Desde entonces gusta leer libros,

Leer poemas,

Y la lectura es su punto fuerte.

Me alegro de que puedo compartir con ustedes una de mis pasiones.

Usted también es un gran cristiano,

Dedicando a ti mismo a Jesucristo,

Al igual que intento hacerlo,  
Aunque yo soy un católico,  
Y un protestante reformada holandesa,  
Ambos creemos en algo genuinos:  
La gracia de Dios quien nos dio  
Todo lo que vemos ante nosotros,  
Y nada puede tomar distancia de nosotros  
Como confiamos en él.  
Porque estamos aquí para ayudar a otros y ayudarnos unos a otros,  
Y admiro su voluntad de dar,  
Igual estoy dispuesto a dar.  
Es genial ver su fe crecer grandemente,  
Porque crees en el que salvó al mundo,  
Nuestro Salvador Jesús Cristo el Mesías.

Mi amor, estoy dispuesto a hacer cualquier cosa por ti,  
Pues si estás triste, a consolarte,  
Si eres feliz, que se ríen de usted,  
Si usted está preocupado, asesorará  
Si eres conflictiva, escucharemos y consolarte;  
Si usted está enojado, que voy a intentar apaciguar

Si te asustas, será tranquilizarle;

Si le preocupa, estaré allí para usted.

Quiero que seas feliz

Porque tu felicidad es lo más importante

A mí en este mundo.

Voy a comprar flores siempre que sea necesario,

Conseguirle un anillo de diamantes para demostrar mi agradecimiento,

Escribir un poema similar a este,

Estar allí para usted y su familia siempre que

Me; necesita

Yo estaré allí para nuestros hijos,

Porque tú eres especial para mí.

Le llevará al cine,

Y hacer todo posible para ayudarte a conocer

Que te amaré siempre.

Vamos a tener tantos niños como tú

Quieren tener,

Porque es su cuerpo que estoy usando,

Así que permitirá decidir lo que

Quiere utilizarlo para,

Así que tienes algo que decir en ella.

Eres mi novia,  
Mi significant other,  
Pronto a ser novia,  
Porque somos pronto a ser prometida,  
Y pronto a ser esposa,  
Para nosotros tomaremos el Santo matrimonio  
En esta relación delante de Dios.  
Tenemos hijos e hijas de nuestra propia,  
Niños que siempre amaremos,  
Y para ser grandes personas, elevaremos  
Y seremos grandes padres.  
Será una gran madre,  
Y voy a ser un gran padre.  
Eres el amor de mi vida, cariño;  
Quiero que sepas esto.  
Yo soy tu siervo,  
Y eres mi maestro;  
Voluntariamente me entrego a ti  
Para que yo pueda satisfacer todas sus necesidades  
Para que seas feliz.  
Soy flexible y sumiso,

Para enviar a usted para su felicidad.

Me encanta todo de ti,

Y estoy dispuesto a hacerlo todo por ti.

Quiero que sepas esto.

Eres mi alma gemela,

Mi único y verdadero amor,

Y no hay nadie como tú

Que me complementa.

Me alegro de conocerte

Y te amo con todo mi corazón.

Así, mi amor, estas tres palabras

Decirle todo lo que necesita saber,

Para que describen todo lo que se acaba de describir,

Todo lo que siento por ti,

Para cuando te veo, mi corazón palpita,

Mi sierdtsie se convierte arrítmico,

Mi glubina dushy llega a ser feliz a la vista de ustedes,

Mis entrañas twist y revuelven;

Mi sonrisa se convierte en involuntario,

Reír incontrolablemente,

Suspiro largo y suave.

I love you, cariño,

Y estoy dispuesto a hacer cualquier cosa para usted.

Eres mi alma gemela,

Y estas tres palabras describen todo

Nuestra relación se basa en:

Amor, compasión, generosidad, nosotros mismos y Dios mismo.

Recuerde estas tres palabras,

Y cuando digo

Recuerde su importancia,

Para estas tres palabras son grandes,

Y les diré a usted una última vez,

'Te amo'.

Justin Reamer

# Três Palavras

Meu amor, há muitas coisas neste mundo

Que posso dizer e fazer para você,

Mas há uma coisa que expressa tudo isso,

A melhor coisa do mundo,

Qual é o melhor presente de todos:

Estas três palavras que eu proferir de meus lábios,

'Eu te amo'.

Meu amor, você pode pensar que eu estou brincando,

Para uma pessoa jocose você sabe que eu sou,

E você pode pensar que é algum tipo de golpe,

Algo sem valor,

Mas digo-vos que esta é a verdade,

Para lhe dizendo, 'eu te amo '

É a melhor coisa que posso dizer a você

Porque descreve todos os sentimentos,

Todas as emoções,

Todos os pensamentos,

Toda a paixão,

Toda a compaixão,

E todo o amor que eu tenho para você.  
Ele descreve o quanto estou disposto  
Para fazer qualquer coisa para você,  
Não importa o custo é.  
Ele descreve todas as ações e  
Todos os sentimentos que eu faria para você.  
Você pode pensar que é uma loucura,  
Meu amor  
Mas é verdade o que eu digo a você,  
Para que eu nunca iria mentir para você,  
E eu não estou mentindo agora,  
Nem vai nunca enganar a você em  
Acreditando que qualquer coisa que eu lhe digo.  
Essa coisa de que eu dizer que você não é uma farsa,  
Não é um escândalo,  
Não é falsidade,  
Nem uma mentira em que vivemos.  
As pessoas podem dizer que o amor é uma mentira,  
Mas meu amor por você é verdadeiro,  
E fique tranquilo,  
Isso é verdade.

Minha querida, eu poderia dizer, 'eu te amo '

E outra vez,

Continuamente,

Simultaneamente,

E continuamente,

E eu sempre que sorri para você

Porque há tanto significado por trás

O que eu digo a você.

Ele descreve todas as ações que eu fiz

E estou disposto a assumir,

Descreve os pensamentos, sentimentos,

E emoções que eu tenho para você,

E tudo nosso relacionamento baseia-se,

Para essas três palavras são a base

De qualquer nível de relacionamento diante de Deus.

É verdade, e eu espero que você

Pode entender que.

Eu te amo, querida,

Pois não há ninguém como espécie,

Tão compassivo, tão vivaz,  
Tão pensativo, tão maravilhoso,  
Ou tão amorosa como você.  
Você está linda com  
Seus longos cabelos loiros que cresce para seus ombros,  
E brilha na luz do sol como longo  
Fios de ouro recentemente moldados da mina.  
Eu amo seus brilhantes olhos azuis que brilham  
Gosto de Michigan e lembrar-me de  
O céu azul brilhante no verão  
Quando o meio-dia está perto.  
Iluminam toda vez que você sorrir,  
Revelando os portais de sua alma,  
E mostrando a todos o que há sobre você.  
Seu sorriso é lindo,  
Para ilumina um quarto quando escuridão ou penumbra  
Está tão perto, não muito longe,  
E o sorriso é contagiante,  
Espalhando-se para todos como uma doença,  
Fazê-los sorrir, demasiado.  
Eu amo o jeito que você ri,

Para ele é adorável e grandioso,  
Para você justificar seu riso engraçado  
Para outras pessoas a rir-se, também,  
E todo mundo gosta de ouvi-lo,  
Por isso é agradável ao ouvido.  
Seu corpo é esbelto e magro,  
Dando-lhe uma bela figura.  
Seus seios são como frutas em uma árvore de coco,  
Como o poeta rei Solomon de Israel,  
O filho do rei David de Israel e de Jerusalém,  
Uma vez disse,  
Quando escreveu seu poema, Cântico dos Cânticos,  
Seus seios são como a fruta madura,  
Peitos grandes e bonitos,  
Pronto para cuidar de uma criança que pode vir ao mundo.  
Eles são lindos,  
Subindo e descendo com cada respiração lenta que você tomar,  
Fazendo sua figura bonita.  
Sua estatura é majestosa,  
Para você anda normalmente onde quer que vá,  
Nunca tropeçar ou cair,

Mas andando como uma bela,  
Mulher adequada com muita sofisticação.  
Ainda, há mais para você que eu amo.

Você é um músico maravilhoso

Que toca vários instrumentos.

Você é uma grande violinista,

Uma grande pianista,

E um grande guitarrista.

Você joga o violino maravilhosamente,

Sabendo que cada crescendo e decrescendo,

Jogando harmonias bem,

Ajuste bem com entonação,

Articulando notas bem com seu arco,

Fazer música euphonious onde quer que vá,

A diferenciação entre andamentos de tais

Como allegro, andante, presto, largo e moderato.

Você sabe cada ritardando e rallitando,

Cada cesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,

Acento e tenuto.

Você joga a melodia bem,

E sua postura é grande,  
E você não precisa se preocupar com embocadura.  
No piano, a acústica é grande quando você jogar,  
Para você soa como Ludwig van Beethoven, quando ele começou a jogar,  
Ou Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Ou Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Você joga maravilhosamente,  
Como se você fosse um compositor.  
Quando você joga a guitarra,  
Você é um natural,  
Para você joga cada strum como  
Não há nada a ele,  
E você torna o som maravilhoso,  
Quase bonita,  
Por isso é agradável aos meus ouvidos,  
Em todos os sentidos aural.  
Eu sou um trombonista,  
E eu sou simples em comparação com  
A sua complexidade maravilhosa  
E talento,  
Para você são dotados,

E suas habilidades de música são únicas.

Eu amo suas habilidades musicais.

Você é um grande outdoorswoman,

Para que você não tem medo de se molhar,

Tornando-se suja e sobreviver ao deserto de duro.

Ao ar livre é um ótimo lugar,

E você gosta de ver tudo ao seu redor,

Como eu faço.

Eu amo que sobre você,

Eu sei que você gosta de ir acampar,

Caminhadas, ciclismo, natação,

Canoagem, caiaque, wakeboard,

Afogamento, esqui,

Andar de patins, patinação no gelo,

Mochila, surf, mergulho,

Vela, remo, corrida, corrida,

Esqui aquático, observação de aves, baleias,

Passeios de barco, jet-ski, pesca, construção de fogueiras,

Cozinhar marshmallows, caminhadas, montanhismo,

E tudo o mais parecido.

Eu sei que você ama a natureza, os animais e as plantas.

Você é um biólogo natural,

Um zoólogo natural,

E um botânico natural de muitas maneiras,

E eu estou contente de ver que você ama o ar livre tanto.

Eu adoro isso,

Pois eu sou um escoteiro e um escoteiro,

E não sei onde eu estaria se minha namorada

Não gostava de estar fora durante o verão

E um pouco inclinado a ir para o frio, quando

Há um céu claro,

Muita neve,

E um dia de Inverno grande.

Estou feliz que você ama o ar livre,

Para você é bom em tudo que você faz.

Eu amo como você é um grande cantor,

Sua voz é maravilhosa e harmonioso,

E faz coisas som maravilhoso onde quer que vá,

Para você cantar muitos grandes canções,

Canções de rock escritas por artistas de rock clássico

Como os Beatles, Rolling Stones e a quem;  
Artistas de rock contemporâneo como diversão;  
Canções pop por pessoas como Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K ' naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson e Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock canções de gente como Billy Joel e Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs por bandas como terceiro dia, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, contagem coroas, o Newsboys e muito mais;  
Canções de adoração que muitas pessoas têm escrito,  
Especialmente hinos e outros enfeites escritos pelos santos por milênios atrás;  
Eu amo como você cantar músicas de jazz como os  
Cantada por co-performer de Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Sua voz é linda, cheia de vivacidade, ressonante,  
Euphonious, agradável e muito mais.  
É tão belo como um canto de pássaro no dossel da floresta.  
Eu nunca poderia obter o suficiente dele.  
Isso me faz sorrir o tempo todo que eu ouço sua voz alto,  
Como ele oscila entre tons, arremessos e notas.  
É absolutamente lindo.  
Eu canto, também,  
E eu amo cantar,

E saber que eu poderia possivelmente  
Fazer um dueto com alguém que gosta de  
A cantar muitas das mesmas coisas que eu faço  
É uma coisa maravilhosa, que eu nunca poderia esquecer.

Você é uma artista maravilhosa,  
Pois eu amo a sua arte,  
E eu adoro como ele se parece.  
Você pintar como você olhar para uma fotografia,  
Você desenha como se ele foram tirado por uma câmera,  
E você esculpir como se você só fez a vida,  
De suas próprias mãos do urso.  
Suas pinturas, suas esculturas,  
Seus desenhos e esboços,  
Seus tapetes, suas mantas;  
São todas as maravilhosas obras de arte —  
Vivas e radiantes,  
Vibrante e colorida,  
De nenhuma maneira simplista ou tímido,  
Mas contente e confiante,  
Mostrando seus apelos aos olhos,

E ainda assim eles são simbólicos,  
Tão cheia de significado,  
Não consigo parar de contemplá-los.  
Você é um grande artista com um talento como nenhum outro;  
Sua singularidade é incomparável  
Para que os outros fizeram.  
Você é da Vinci ou um Michelangelo,  
Com o tipo de dons, habilidades e talentos  
Que você possui.  
Eu amo a sua arte,  
E eu não pode deixar de contemplar  
E observe a sua beleza.  
Seus talentos são maravilhosos.  
  
Sua escrita também é magnífica,  
Porque tu és um grande escritor,  
E um grande poeta,  
Pois tenho lido seus poemas,  
Especialmente aquele chamado  
'Eu aprendi sobre a Trindade, hoje '  
Que foi uma coisa maravilhosa que me fez rir,

Por isso lembrou-me do meu próprio irmão

Quando li isso.

Lembro-me também o poema 'Fireflies em Crepúsculo '

Para que me fez considerar tudo você

Estavam tentando me dizer,

E eu amei lê-lo,

Por isso foi tão profundo

E tão cheio de significado;

Sua poesia é como música para meus ouvidos,

Euphonious e cheia de melodia,

Eu não pode deixar de ouvir o

Calmente salpicos das ondas,

O vento sussurrando nos Salgueiros,

A aliteração e alusão,

A assonância e a dissonância,

As metáforas utilizadas majestosamente,

As metáforas usadas sagazmente,

Para todos eles somam a arte envolvida.

Você é um grande poeta,

E sua poesia é exclusiva;

Você não pode negar-se que.

Eu amo esse talento, também,

Pois eu sou um escritor-me,

E eu estou contente de encontrar alguém como eu.

A brasileira também é grande,

Pois eu amo que você gosta de ler,

E eu me lembro de todos os grandes livros

Você ter em sua biblioteca,

E eu me lembro de todas as coisas que você me disse

Sobre todos os autores e escritores que você ama,

Os poetas, os romancistas,

As ensaístas e todas as coisas assim.

Estou feliz que eu posso falar sobre a literatura com você,

E sobretudo, escrita

Já que você gosta de ler livros,

Ler poemas,

E leitura é seu ponto forte.

Congratulo-me com o que eu posso compartilhar uma das minhas paixões com você.

Você também é um grande cristão,

Dedicando-se a Jesus Cristo,  
Assim como eu tento fazer,  
Pois mesmo que eu sou católico,  
E você é um protestante Reformada Holandesa,  
Ambos acreditamos em algo genuínos —  
A graça de Deus que nos deu  
Tudo o que vemos diante de nós,  
E nada pode ser tirado de nós  
Enquanto nós confio nele.  
Estamos aqui para ajudar os outros e ajudar uns aos outros,  
E eu admiro a sua vontade de dar,  
Assim como eu estou pronto para dar.  
É ótimo ver sua fé crescer tão fortemente,  
Para você acreditar em ele que salvou o mundo,  
Nosso Salvador Jesus Cristo, o Messias.

Meu amor, eu estou disposto a fazer qualquer coisa para você,  
Se você está triste, que eu vai consolá-lo,  
Se você está feliz, que eu vou rir com você,  
Se você está incomodado, aconselho á você,  
Se você está em conflito, vou ouvir e consolá-lo;

Se você está com raiva, vou tentar acalmá-lo;

Se você está ansioso, eu vou tranquilizá-lo;

Se você está preocupado, eu vou estar lá para você.

Eu quero que você seja feliz

Porque sua felicidade é a coisa mais importante

Para mim neste mundo.

Eu vou comprar-lhe flores, sempre que necessário,

Obter-lhe um anel de diamante para mostrar o meu apreço,

Escrever um poema semelhante a este,

Estar lá para você e sua família sempre que

Você precisa de mim para estar lá;

Eu vou estar lá para nossos filhos,

Para você é especial para mim.

Irá levá-lo ao cinema,

E fazer tudo o que puder para ajudá-lo a conhecer

Que eu vou te amar sempre.

Temos tantas crianças como você

Quero ter,

Pois é seu corpo que eu estou usando,

Então eu vou deixar você decidir o que você

Quero usá-lo para,

Então você tem uma palavra a dizer na mesma.

Você é minha namorada,

Meu outro significativo,

Logo para ser noiva,

Pois somos logo para ser affianced,

E logo para ser esposa,

Para nós tomaremos Santo matrimônio

Neste relacionamento diante de Deus.

Temos filhos e filhas da nossa própria,

Filhos, que nós sempre amo,

E vamos levantá-los para ser gente grande,

E vamos ser pais grandes.

Você será uma grande mãe,

E eu vou ser um grande pai.

Você é o amor da minha vida, querida;

Eu quero saber isso.

Eu sou teu servo,

E você é meu mestre;

Entrego-me de bom grado para você

Para que eu pode satisfazer todas as necessidades

Para que você possa ser feliz.

Eu sou flexível e submisso,  
Para me apresentar a você, para sua felicidade.  
Eu amo tudo sobre você,  
E estou disposto a fazer tudo para você.  
Eu quero saber isso.  
Você é minha alma gêmea,  
Meu verdadeiro amor,  
E não há ninguém como você  
Que complementa a mim.  
Fico feliz em saber que você  
E te amo com todo meu coração.

Assim, meu amor, estas três palavras  
Dizer-lhe tudo o que você precisa saber,  
Para eles descrevem tudo o que eu acabei de descrever,  
Tudo o que eu sinto por você,  
Para quando eu vejo você, meu coração palpita,  
Meu serdese torna-se arrítmicos,  
Minha glubina Regina torna-se feliz ao ver você,  
Minhas entranhas torcem e rotatividade;  
Meu sorriso se torna involuntário,

Eu ri incontrolavelmente,

Eu suspiro longo e macio.

Eu te amo, querida,

E eu estou disposto a fazer qualquer coisa para você.

Você é minha alma gêmea,

E essas três palavras descrevem tudo

Nossa relação é fundada sobre:

Amor, compaixão, abnegação, nós mesmos e o próprio Deus.

Lembre-se essas três palavras,

E quando eu digo-lhes,

Lembre-se de sua importância,

Para essas três palavras são grandes,

E digo-lhe uma última vez,

'Eu te amo'.

Justin Reamer

## Tres Paraules

El meu amor, hi ha moltes coses en aquest món

Que pot dir i fer per a vostè,

Però hi ha una cosa que expressa tot això,

La cosa més gran del món,

Que és el millor regal de tots:

Aquestes tres paraules que vaig pronunciar des meus llavis,

'T'estimo'.

El meu amor, vostè pot pensar que estic fent broma,

Per a una persona juganer saps que sóc,

I vostè pot pensar que és algun tipus d'estafa,

Quelcom sense valor,

Però dir que això és la veritat,

Per a que li diu, 't'estimo'

És la cosa més gran que puc dir a vostè

Ja que descriu totes les sensacions,

Totes les emocions,

Tots els pensaments,

La passió,

Tota la compassió,

I l'amor que tinc per tu.  
Es descriu a quant estic disposat  
De fer alguna cosa per a vostè,  
No importa el que costi és.  
Descriu totes les accions i  
Tots els sentiments que faria per a vostè.  
Vostè pot pensar que és una bogeria,  
El meu amor,  
Però és veritat el que dic a vostè,  
Perquè mai mentiria a vostè,  
I no estic mentint ara,  
Ni es mai que en enganyar  
Creure que res et dic.  
Aquest cosa que puc dir-te no és una estafa,  
No és un escàndol,  
No és una falsedat,  
Ni una mentida en què vivim.  
La gent pot dir que l'amor és una mentida,  
Però el meu amor per tu és genuí,  
I resta assegurada,  
Això és cert.

Meva estimada, jo podria dir, 't'estimo'

Una i altra vegada,

Contínuament,

Al mateix temps,

I contínuament,

I vols somriu sempre de tu

Perquè no hi ha tanta significat darrere

El que us dic.

Descriu totes les accions que han fet

I estic disposat a prendre,

Descriu els pensaments, sentiments,

I les emocions que tinc per a vostè,

I tot la nostra relació es basa en,

Per a aquestes tres paraules són la base

De qualsevol situació de relació davant de Déu.

És cert, i t'espero

Pot entendre que.

T'estimo, sweetheart,

No hi ha ningú com mena,

Tan compassiu, tan vivaç,  
Tan atent, tan meravellós,  
O tan amorosa com vostè.

Ets bella amb  
El seu pèl ros llarg que creix fins a les espatlles,  
I brilla a la llum del sol com llarg  
Fils d'or recentment modelat de la mina.

M'encanta el seu brillants ulls blaus que brillen  
Com Michigan i recordar-me de  
El cel blau brillant a l'estiu  
Quan noontime és a prop.

S'il·luminen cada vegada que somrius,  
Revelant els portals a la teva ànima,  
I demostrant a tots el que hi ha en tu.

El seu somriure és bella,  
Per aclareix una sala quan fosc o la penombra  
Mentides tan a prop, no molt lluny,  
I el somriure es contagia,  
S'estén a tot el món com una malaltia,  
Fent-los somriure, massa.

M'encanta la manera que riure,

Per a això és adorable i grandios,  
Per a vostè de donar el teu riure divertit una raó  
Per a altres persones a riure, també,  
I a tothom li encanta sentir-lo,  
Per a això és agradable a l'orella.  
El seu cos és esvelt i prim,  
Donant-li una bonica silueta.  
Els seus pits són com fruites en un arbre de coco,  
Com a poeta King Solomon d'Israel,  
El fill del rei David d'Israel i Jerusalem,  
Una vegada va dir,  
Quan va escriure el seu poema, el Càntic dels Càntics,  
Per als seus pits són com a fruita madura,  
Pits grans i boniques  
Preparat per alimentar un infant que poden venir en el món.  
Són bells,  
Pujant i baixant amb cada respiració lenta, es pren,  
Fent la seva bella figura.  
La talla és majestuosa,  
Per caminar amb gràcia wherever you go,  
Mai no ensopegar o caient,

Però caminar com una bella,  
Dona pròpia amb molt sofisticació.  
No obstant això, hi ha més a tu que m'encanta.

Ets un músic meravellós

Que toca diversos instruments.

Ets un gran violinista,

Un gran pianista,

I un gran guitarrista.

Jugues molt bé, el violí

Saber cada crescendo i decrescendo,

Jugant harmonies bé,

Afinant bé amb l'entonació,

L'articulació de notes bé amb el seu arc,

Fent euphonious música allà on que vagis,

Diferenciar entre tempos tals

Com l'allegro, andante, presto, largo i moderato.

Vostè sap cada ritardando i rallitando,

Cada caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,

Accent i tenuto.

Jugues bé, la melodia

I la postura corporal serà gran,  
I vostè no necessita preocupar-se sobre l'embocadura.  
Al piano, l'acústica són gran quan jugues,  
Per Sones com Ludwig van Beethoven, quan va començar a jugar,  
O Johann Sebastian Bach,  
O Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Jugues meravellosament,  
Com si fos un compositor.  
Quan toca la guitarra,  
Ets un natural,  
Per a vostè jugar cada Castrum com  
Hi ha res a ella,  
I fer que el so meravellós,  
Gairebé bonica,  
Per a això és agradable per les meves orelles,  
En tots els sentits auditiu.  
Jo sóc un trombó,  
I jo sóc simple en comparació amb  
Per la seva complexitat meravellós  
I el talent,  
Que estiguin dotats,

I les seves habilitats de música són únics.

M'encanta les seves capacitats musicals.

Ets un gran outdoorswoman,

Per a tu no tenen por de mullar-se,

Convertir-se en brut i sobreviure al dur desert.

L'aire lliure és un gran lloc,

I t'agradaria veure-ho tot al seu voltant,

Igual que faig.

M'encanta que en tu,

Entenc que t'agradaria anar d'acampada,

Senderisme, Ciclisme, natació,

Piragüisme, caiac, esquí-surf,

Depenia de Buchenwald, esquí,

Patinar, patinatge,

Motxilla, surf de vela, submarinisme,

Vela, rem, córrer, trotar,

Esquí nàutic, l'observació d'aus, balenes,

Pesca en barca, moto aquàtica, construcció de les fogueres,

Cuina malví, Senderisme, escalada,

I tota la resta que els agrada.

Sé que t'agrada natura, els animals i les plantes.

Ets un biòleg natural,

Un zoòleg natural,

I un botànic natural de moltes maneres,

I m'alegro de veure que t'agrada l'aire lliure tant.

M'encanta que,

Perquè jo sóc un Boy Scout i un Eagle Scout,

I no sé on m'agradaria ser si la meva xicota

No agradava estar fora durant l'estiu

I una mica inclinats a entrar en el fred quan

Hi ha un cel clar,

Gran quantitat de neu,

I un dia d'hivern gran.

M'alegra que t'agrada l'aire lliure,

Per a vostè és bo en tot el que fas.

M'encanta com ets un gran cantant,

Perquè la seva veu és meravellosa i harmoniosa,

I fa coses so meravellós allà on vagis,

Per a vostè cantar moltes grans cançons,

Cançons de rock han escrit per artistes de rock clàssic

Com els Beatles, els Rolling Stones i que;  
D'artistes de rock contemporani com diversió;  
Cançons pop per gent com Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson i Carrie Underwood;  
Cançons de Soft rock per gent com Billy Joel i Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs de bandes com el tercer dia, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, comptant corones, els venedors de diaris i molt més;  
Cançons de veneració que moltes persones s'han escrit,  
Especialment himnes i altres coses que han escrit pels sants a milers d'anys enrere;  
M'encanta com cantar tonades de jazz com ara els  
Cantada per sentit de Louis Armstrong l'Ella Fitzgerald.  
La seva veu és bonic, vivaç, ressonant,  
Euphonious, agradable i molt més.  
És tan bonic com un cant d'ocell en el dosser del bosc.  
Mai no podria tenir suficient de que.  
Que em fa somriure tot el temps que sento la seva veu l'alto,  
Com fluctua entre tons i parcel. les notes.  
És absolutament preciós.  
Jo cant, també,

I m'encanta cantar,  
I saber que jo podria possiblement  
Fer un duet amb una altra persona que li agrada  
De cantar moltes de les mateixes coses que faig  
És una cosa meravellosa que mai he pogut oblidar.

Ets una artista meravellosa,  
Perquè m'encanta el seu art,  
I m'encanta com es veu.  
Es pintar com vostè mirar una fotografia  
Es dibuixa com si ho van ser preses per una càmera,  
I vostè esculpir com si vostè acaba de fer vida,  
Des del seu propi ós de les mans.  
Seves pintures, el seu escultures,  
Seus dibuixos i esbossos,  
El seu tapissos, el seu edredons;  
Són tot meravelloses obres d'art —  
Vius i radiants,  
Hotel animat i acolorit,  
De cap manera simplista o tímid,  
Però mirthful i segurs,

Mostrant les seves apel·lacions a l'ull,  
I encara són simbòlics,  
Tan plena de significat,  
Un no pot deixar de contemplar-los.  
Ets un gran artista amb un talent com cap altre;  
Seva singularitat és incomparable  
El que altres han fet.  
Ets un da Vinci o un Miquel Àngel,  
Amb el tipus de regals, les habilitats i talents  
Que es tenen.  
M'encanta el seu art,  
I no puc ajudar a contemplar-los,  
I observeu la seva bellesa.  
Seus talents són meravellosos.  
  
La seva escriptura també és magnífic,  
Ets un gran escriptor,  
I un gran poeta,  
Perquè he llegit els seus poemes,  
Especialment aquest anomenat  
'Em vaig assabentar de la Trinitat, avui '

Que va ser una cosa meravellosa que em va fer riure,  
Per això em va recordar el meu germà  
Quan vaig llegir-lo.  
També recordo el poema 'Cuques de llum en el crepuscle'  
Perquè em considerer tot allò va fer  
Intentaven explicar-me,  
I em va encantar llegir-lo,  
Per a això va ser tan profund  
I tan plena de significat;  
La poesia és com a música per les meves orelles,  
Euphonious i plena de melodia,  
Jo no puc ajudar però Escolteu la  
Calmant esquitxada d'ones,  
El vent, xiuxiuejant entre els salzes,  
La literació i al·lusió,  
La assonance i la dissonància,  
Les metàfores utilitzades majestuosament,  
Els símls utilitzats sagacitat,  
Per a tots ells se sumaran als implicats de l'art.  
Ets un gran poeta,  
I la seva poesia és únic;

Vostè no pot negar-se.

M'encanta que el talent, també,

Perquè jo sóc un escriptor de mi mateix,

I m'alegro de conèixer algú com jo.

Seva Bibliofília també és gran,

Perquè m'encanta que t'agrada llegir,

I vaig recordar grans llibres

Mantenir-se a la biblioteca,

I me n recordo totes les coses que em va dir

Sobre tots els autors i escriptors que t'estimo,

Els poetes, novel·listes,

Assagistes i totes les coses com allò.

M'alegro que pot parlar literatura amb tu,

I especialment, l'escriptura

Ja que t'agrada llegir llibres,

Examinar els poemes,

I la lectura és el seu punt.

M'alegro que puc compartir una de les meves passions amb vostè.

També ets un gran cristià,

Dedicant-se a Crist Jesús,

Igual que intento fer,

Perquè tot i que jo sóc catòlic,

I vostè Protestant holandesa reformada,

Tots dos creuen en una cosa genuïns —

La gràcia de Déu mateix que ens va donar

Tot el que veiem davant nostre,

I res no es traurà de nosaltres

Com podem confiar en ell.

Perquè nosaltres som aquí per ajudar els altres i per ajudar els altres,

I admiro la seva voluntat de donar,

Igual que estic disposat a donar.

És genial veure la vostra fe créixer tan granment,

Per creure en el que salvar el món,

Nostre Salvador Jesucrist el Messies.

Amor meu, estic disposat a fer qualsevol cosa per a vostè,

Doncs si que ets trist, que em consola que,

Si esteu contents, riurà amb tu,

Si vostè està preocupat, es advocat

Si vostè està en conflicte, escoltareu i consolar

Si vostè està enfadat, vaig a intentar mollify vostè;

Si vostè està ansiós, es litzar vostè;

Si vostè es preocupa, vaig a estar allà per a vostè.

Vull que siguis feliç

Perquè la seva felicitat és la cosa més important

Per a mi en aquest món.

A comprar flors sempre que sigui necessari,

Obtenir un anell de diamants per mostrar el meu agraïment,

Escriure un poema similar a aquest,

Ser-hi per a vostè i la seva família quan sigui

Vostè em necessita per ser-hi;

Vaig a ser-hi per als nostres fills,

Per a vostè és especial per a mi.

Jo us portarà a pel. lícules,

I fer el que pugui per ajudar a conèixer

Que jo estimaré sempre.

Tenim nens com molts com vostè

Volen tenir,

Perquè és el seu cos estic utilitzant,

Així que li permetrà decidir el que

Voleu utilitzar-lo per a,

Així que vostè té alguna cosa a dir-hi.

Tu ets la meva nòvia,

El meu altre significatiu,

Aviat a ser promesa,

Perquè som aviat de ser affianced,

I aviat a ser esposa,

Per als portem matrimoni sagrat

En aquesta relació davant de Déu.

Tindrem fills i filles de la nostra pròpia,

Nens que sempre ens encantarà,

I anirem pujant-los per ser persones grans,

I anem a ser pares grans.

Vostè serà una gran mare,

I serà un gran pare.

Ets l'amor de la meva vida, sweetheart;

Vull saber-ho.

Jo sóc el teu servent,

I vostè és el meu mestre;

Voluntat de donar-me a vostè

Manera que em pot satisfer totes les seves necessitats

Per tu per ser feliç.

Sóc flexible i submís,

Perquè em vaig presentar a vostè per a la seva felicitat.

M'encanta tot sobre tu,

I estic disposat a fer-ho tot per a vostè.

Vull saber-ho.

Ets la meva ànima bessona,

El meu una veritable amor,

I no hi ha ningú més com tu

Que complementa a mi.

M'alegro de saber

I t'estimo amb tot el meu cor.

Així, el meu amor, aquestes tres paraules

Li dirà tot el que cal saber,

Per a que tot que acabem de descriure, descriure

Tot el que sento per tu,

Per a quan et veig, el meu cor batega,

El meu serdtse es converteix en arrítmics inquietants,

El meu glubina dushy es converteix en feliç a la vista de vosaltres,

Meu esventra gir i batre;

El meu somriure es converteix en involuntària,

Vaig riure incontrolable,

Vaig sospirar llarg i suau.

T'estimo, sweetheart,

I estic disposat a fer qualsevol cosa per a vostè.

Ets la meva ànima bessona,

I aquestes tres paraules tot descriure

La nostra relació es basa en:

L'amor, la compassió, desinterès, nosaltres mateixos i Déu mateix.

Recordar aquestes tres paraules,

I quan dic ells,

Recordar la seva importància,

Per a aquestes tres paraules són grans,

I seran ells us dic una darrera vegada,

'T'estimo'.

Justin Reamer

# Tri Besede

Moja ljubezen, obstaja veliko stvari v tem svetu

Da lahko recem in ne za vas,

Vendar pa obstaja ena stvar, ki izraza vse to,

Najvecja stvar na svetu,

Ki je najboljše darilo od vseh:

Te tri besede, ki sem izreci iz moje ustnice,

'Ljubim te.'

Moja ljubezen, morda misliš, da sem šalite,

Jocose oseba veš, da sem,

In vi mislite, da je neki milosten od prevara,

Nekaj nicvredno,

Ampak vam povem, to je resnica,

Za štetje vi, I love you '

Je najvecja stvar, lahko recem, da si

Ker opisuje vse občutke,

Vse občutke,

Vse misli,

Vse strasti,

Socutje,

In vso ljubezen, imam za vas.

Opisuje, koliko sem pripravljen

Storiti nicesar za vas,

Ceno je.

Opisuje vse aktivnosti in

Vse občutke, ki bi naredil za vas.

Morda misliš, da je noro,

moja ljubezen

Vendar je res, kaj vam povem,

Zakaj nikoli ne bi lagal

In ne lezim, zdaj,

Niti bo sem kdaj prevarati v

Prepricanje, kaj vam povem.

Ta stvar, vam povem ni prevara,

Ne škandal,

Ni laz,

Niti laz v katerem živimo.

Lahko ljudje pravijo, da ljubezen je laz,

Ampak moja ljubezen do tebe je pristen,

In ste prepricani, da

To je res.

Draga moja, bi lahko rekli, 'I love you'

Znova in znova,

Neprekinjeno,

Hkrati,

In nenehno,

In jaz bi vedno nasmeh na vas

Ker obstaja toliko zmisel zadaj

Kaj vam povem.

Opisuje vse dejavnosti, ki so storile

In sem pripravljen sprejeti,

Opisuje misli, čustva,

In čustva, da imam za vas,

In vse naše odnos temelji na,

Za te tri besede so osnova

Vsak odnos stoji pred Bogom.

Res je, in upam, da boste

Lahko razumem, da.

Ljubim te, ljubica,

Zakaj ni nikogar, kot vrste,

Kot socutna, tako zivahna,  
Kot premišljen, kot cudovito,  
Ali kot ljubec, kot vi.  
Ti si lepa, z  
Dolгих blond lase, ki raste na ramena,  
In sije v soncu kot dolgo  
Prameni pred kratkim oblikovani iz rudnika zlata.  
Ljubim svojo svetlo modre oci, ki se svetijo  
Michigan je všec in me spominjajo  
Svetlo modro nebo v poletnem casu  
Kdaj talne je v blizini.  
Vklopijo vsakic, ko se nasmehneš,  
Razkrivajo portalov za svojo dušo,  
In prikazuje vse, kar je zate.  
Vaš nasmeh je lepa,  
Za osvetljuje prostor ko teme ali nejasnost  
Lezi tako blizu, ni zelo dalec,  
In nasmeh je nalezljiva,  
Širjenje vsem kot bolezen,  
Cesar nasmeh, prevec.  
Všec mi je nacin, da smeh,

Za to je cudovit in velicastnih,  
Za vas, da vaše smešno smeh razlog  
Drugi ljudje smejal,  
In vsakdo rad sliši,  
Za to je prijeten za uho.  
Vaše telo je vitko in pust,  
Vam lepo sliko.  
Vaše prsi so kot sadje na kokosovo drevo,  
Kot pesnik kralj Salomon Izraela,  
Sin kralja Davida iz Izraela in Jeruzalema,  
Nekoc je dejal,  
Ko je napisal svojo pesem, pesem,  
Za vaše prsi so kot zrelega sadja,  
Bosoms big in lepa,  
Pripravljena negovati otroka, ki lahko pridejo v svetu.  
So lepe,  
Narašca in z vsako počasen vdih,  
Izdelava vaš lepa slika.  
Vaš stas je velicastno,  
Za vas sprehod elegantno kamorkoli greste,  
Nikoli ne Spotikanju ali padca,

Vendar hoja, kot so lepe,

Pravilno zenska z veliko prefinjenosti.

Vendar pa obstaja vec za vas, da te ljubim.

Ste cudovito glasbenik

Ki igra vec inštrumentov.

Vi ste velik violinist,

Odlicen pianist,

In odlicen kitarist.

Boste igrali violino lepo,

Poznavanje vsak crescendo in decrescendo šumenje,

No, igranje harmonije

Tuning tudi z intonacijo,

Artikulacijo tudi z lokom, ugotavlja

Izdelava Milozvucan glasbe, povsod greš,

Razlikovanje med tempa take

Kot allegro, andante, presto, largo, in moderato.

Veste vsak ritardando in rallitando,

Vsak caesura Glasbeno izrazoslovje, marcato, fermata,

Naglas, in tenuto.

Igrate melodijo, No,

In vaši drzo je super,

In ni treba skrbeti embouchure.

Na klavir, akustiko so super, ko boste igrali,

Zveniš kot Ludwig van Beethoven, ko je zacele igrali,

Ali Johann Sebastian Bach,

Ali Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Igrate cudovito,

Kot ce bi bili tekstopiska.

Ko igraš kitaro,

So naravni,

Za vas igra vsak Drndanje kot

Nic ni

In vi bi to zveni cudovito,

Skoraj lepa,

Za to je prijeten za ušesa,

V vsakem slišne pomenu.

Jaz sem trombonist,

In jaz sem preprost v primerjavi

Za vaše cudovito kompleksnosti

In talent,

Za vas so nadarjeni,

In svoje glasbene sposobnosti so edinstveni.

Ljubim svoje glasbene sposobnosti.

Vi ste veliko outdoorswoman,

Za vas se ne bojijo zmocil,

Postane umazano in preziveli kruto puščavi.

Na prostem je odlicen kraj,

In imate radi videli vse, kar je okoli vas,

Tako kot jaz.

Ljubim, da je zate,

Vem, da ste radi gredo kamp,

Pohodništvo, kolesarstvo, plavanje,

Kanu, kajak, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, smucanje,

Rolanje, drsanje,

Backpacking, deskanje, potapljanje,

Jadranje, veslanje, tek, tek,

Smucanje na vodi, opazovanje ptic, kitov,

Colnarjenje, jet smucanje, ribolov, gradnjo campfires,

Kuhanje marshmallows, hoja, planinarjenje,

In vse ostalo, kot da.

Vem, da imate radi naravo, zivali in rastline.

So naravni biolog,

Naravni zoolog,

In naravne botanik na vec nacinov,

In jaz sem vesel, da ljubiš toliko na prostem.

Jaz ljubezen to,

Jaz sem fant skavt in Eagle Scout,

In ne vem, kje bi bilo ce moja punca

Ni vsec biti zunaj v poletnem

In nekoliko nagnjena, da gredo v mrzlo ko

Tam je jasno nebo,

Veliko snega,

In velik zimski dan.

Z veseljem vam ljubezen na prostem,

Ste dobri v vsem, kar pocneš.

Ljubim kako ste velik pevec,

Za vaš glas je cudovito in harmonicno,

In naredi stvari zvok cudovito, kamorkoli greste,

Za poješ veliko veliko pesmi,

Rock pesmi napisal classic rock glasbenikov

Kot so Beatles, Rolling Stones, in ki;

Sodobni rock umetnikov, kot so zabavno;

Pop pesmi ljudje, kot so Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,

K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson in Carrie Underwood;

Soft rock pesmi, ki jih ljudje kot so Billy Joel in Johnny Cash;

Christian pesmi s trakovi, kot so tretji dan, Chris Tomlin,

MercyMe, Britt Nicole, štetje kron, The Newsboys in še veliko vec;

Verske pesmi, ki so mnogi napisali,

Še posebej hvalnice in malenkosti napisal svetniki na tisoletja nazaj;

Ljubim, kako poješ, jazz melodije, kot so

Poje Louis Armstrong soizvajalec, Ella Fitzgerald.

Vaš glas je lepa, zivahna, resonancni,

Euphonious, prijeten, in še veliko vec.

To je tako lepi kot pticje petje v krošnjami v gozdu.

Nikoli ne bi dobili dovolj za to.

To pomozen mi nasmeh ves cas slišim tvoj glas alto,

Kako to niha med toni, parcel in opombe.

To je absolutno lepa.

Sem pel, prevec,

In ljubim, da poješ,

In vem, da sem lahko morebiti  
Naredil duet z nekom, ki ima rad  
Pojejo veliko iste stvari delam  
Je cudovita stvar, nikoli ne bi pozabili.

Vi ste cudovit umetnik,  
Za ljubim svojo umetnost,  
In ljubim, kako to izgleda.  
Ste barva všec biti pogledaš v fotografijo,  
Rišete, kot ce to so bile posnete s kamero,  
In ste skulptura, kot ce si zivljenje,  
Iz lastne roke medved.  
Vaše slike, kipi,  
Risbe in skice,  
Vaš tapiserije, odeje;  
Oni so vsi cudoviti umetniških del-  
Zive in sijoca,  
Zivahna in barvita,  
Nikakor ni glib ali sramezljiv,  
Ampak prešernega in samozavestni,  
Razkazuje svoje pritozbe na oko,

In vendar so simbolicne,  
Tako polna smislu,  
Razmišljajo o njih ni mogoče ustaviti.  
Vi ste velik umetnik z talent kot nobena druga;  
Svoje edinstvenosti, je Neuporediv  
Za kar so storili drugi.  
Da Vinci ali Michelangelo,  
Z vrsto darila, sposobnosti in talente  
Da jih imajo.  
Ljubim svojo umetnost,  
In ne more pomagati, ampak razmišljamo o njih,  
In opazili svojo lepoto.  
Vaši talenti so cudovite.  
  
Vaše pisanje je tudi velicasten,  
Zakaj vi ste velik pisatelj,  
In velik pesnik,  
Zakaj sem prebral vaš pesmi,  
Še posebej tisti, imenovano  
'Sem se naucil o Trinity danes'  
Ki je bila cudovita stvar, ki me je smeh,

Za to me je spomnil na svoj lasten brat  
Ko sem prebral to.  
Spomnim se tudi pesem 'Kresnice v mraku'  
Za to me upoštevati vse, kar ste  
So bili poskuša povedati mi,  
In sem ljubil obravnavi,  
Za to je bil tako globoko  
In tako polna smislu;  
Svojo poezijo je kot glasba za moja ušesa,  
Milozvucan in polno melodijo,  
Ne morem pomagati, ampak poslušaj se  
Pomirja splash valov,  
Veter šepetala v vrbe,  
Aliteracija in namigovanje,  
Asonanca in disonanca,  
Metafore, ki uporablja velicastno,  
Komparacije, sagaciously, uporablja  
Za vse dodate do umetnosti, ki sodelujejo.  
Vi ste velik pesnik,  
Svojo poezijo je edinstven;  
Ne morete sami zanikati da.

Ljubim, da talent, prevec,

Jaz sem pisatelj sam,

In jaz sem vesel, da izpolnjujejo nekoga kot sem jaz.

Vaš bibliophilia je tudi super,

Za ljubezen, ki radi berejo,

In spomnim se je veliko knjig

Vi vztrajati v knjižnici,

In spomnim se vseh stvari, ki ste mi

O vse avtorje in pisateljev, ki ga ljubiš,

Pesniki, pisatelji,

So pesniki, in vse stvari.

Sem vesela, da lahko govorim o literaturi z vami,

In predvsem, pisanje

Ker radi berejo knjige,

Seznanijo z vsebino pesmi,

In branje je vaš strongpoint.

Jaz sem vesel, da ena od mojih strasti lahko delim z vami.

Vi ste tudi velik kristjan,

Posveca se sami za Jezusa Kristusa,

Tako, kot sem poskusil narediti,

Ceprav jaz sem katoliška,

In Nizozemske reformirane protestantske,

Oba sva verjeti v nekaj pristen-

Bog sam, ki nam je dal milost

Vse, kar smo videli pred nami,

In nic je treba odvzeti od nas

Tako dolgo, kot verjamemo v njega.

Ker smo tukaj, da pomaga drugim in da pomagamo drug drugemu,

In obcudujem vašo pripravljenost, da,

Tako, kot sem pripravljen dati.

To je super videti tvoja vera raste tako mocno,

Za verjamete v on, ki je rešil svet,

Naš Odrešenik Jezus Kristus Mesija.

Moja ljubezen, jaz sem pripravljen storiti nicesar za vas,

Ce ste zalostni, bo udobje vas,

Ce ste zadovoljni, bo smeh, z vami,

Ce ste vznemirjen, bo nasvet vam,

Ce ste nasprotju, bom poslušati in konzolo;

Ce ste jezni, bo poskušal omehcali

Ce ste zaskrbljeni, bo pomirila

Ce ste v skrbeh, bom tam za vas.

Zelim, da bi bil srecen

Ker vaš sreca je najbolj pomembna stvar

Mi v tem svetu.

Si bo kupil cvetje, kadar je to potrebno,

Boste dobili diamantni prstan prikazati moje spoštovanje,

Napišite pesem, podobne tej,

Se je za vas in vašo družino kadarkoli

Morate me tam;

Jaz bom tam za naše otroke,

Za vas so posebno za mene.

Bo peljal v kino,

In naredila vse da veste

Da bo ljubim te vedno.

Bomo imeli toliko otrok, kot si

Zelijo imeti,

Za to je vaše telo, ki ga uporabljam,

Torej hoteti pustiti vi odlocite, kaj boste

Biti brez rabiti to zakaj,

Torej vi zivljati a reci v njej.

Vi ste moje dekle,  
Svoj pomemben drugi,  
Kmalu za zarocenko,  
Kmalu smo Zarucen,  
In kmalu za zeno,  
Zakaj mi bo sveti zakon  
V tem odnosu pred Bogom.  
Bomo imeli sinovi in hcere svoje  
Otrok mi bo vedno ljubezen,  
In bomo dvigniti, da se veliko ljudi,  
In bomo veliko staršev.  
Vas bo veliko mamo,  
In bo super oca.  
Ti si ljubezen mojega zivljenja, ljubica;  
Zelim, da to veš.  
Jaz sem vaš kletar,  
In vi ste svoj mojster;  
Prostovoljno dam vam  
Tako, da lahko zadostijo vsem potrebam  
Za vas z veseljem.  
Jaz sem voljno in podlozni,

Za oddam vam za vašo sreco.

Ljubim vse o tebi,

In sem pripravljen storiti vse za vas.

Zelim, da to veš.

Ti si moja duša dvojcica,

Moja ena prava ljubezen,

In ni nihce drug kot ti

Ki dopolnjuje me.

Vesel sem, da veš

In te ljubim z vsem srcem.

Torej, moja ljubezen, te tri besede

Povedal vse, kar morate vedeti,

Za vse, kar sem pravkar opisana, opisujejo

Vse, kar cutim zate,

Za ko vidim vas, moje srce palpitates,

Moj serdtse postane srcnega ritma,

Moj globina Jure postane srecen ob pogledu na vas,

Moje crevesje twist in churn;

Moj nasmeh postane neprostovoljno,

I smeh nenadzorovano,

Sem vzdih, dolg in mehko.

Ljubim te, ljubica,

In jaz sem pripravljen storiti nicesar za vas.

Ti si moja duša dvojcica,

In te tri besede opisati vse, kar

Naš odnos temelji na:

Ljubezen, socutje, nesebicnost, sami in Bog sam.

Ne pozabite, te tri besede,

In ko recem jim,

Ne pozabite, njihov pomen,

Za te tri besede so super,

In se jih vam povem še zadnjic,

'Ljubim te.'

Justin Reamer

# Tri Slova

Lásko moje, existuje mnoho vecí v tomto svete  
Ze muzu říci a udelat pro vás,  
Ale je tu jedna vec, která vyjadruje to,  
Nejvetší vec na svete,  
Ktery je nejlepší dárek ze všech:  
Tyto tri slova, která jsem pronést z mych rtu,  
'Miluji te.'

Lásko moje, si muze myslet, ze jsem si legraci,  
Zertovné osobe víte, ze já jsem,  
A myslíš ze je to nejaky druh podvodu,  
Neco bezcenného,  
Ale ríkám vám, ze je to pravda,  
Jestli vám, 'Miluji te'  
Je nejúzasnejší vec, kterou jsem vám ríct  
Protoze to popisuje všechny pocity,  
Všechny emoce,  
Všechny myšlenky,  
Všechny vášne,  
Všechny soucit,  
A všechnu lásku mám pro vás.  
Popisuje, jak moc jsem ochoten  
Chcete-li udelat neco pro vás,  
Cenu je.  
Popisuje všechny akce a  
Všechny pocity, které by pro vás udelat.  
Si muze myslet, ze je to šílené,  
Má láska  
Ale je to pravda, já ríkám vám,  
Nebot nikdy nelzu vám,  
A ted, já nelzu  
Ani oklame jsem vás do  
Verit, neco ti reknu.  
To, co ti reknu, není podvod,  
Není to skandál,  
Není lez,  
Ani lez v nemz zijeme.  
Lidé ríkají, ze láska je lez,  
Ale moje láska k tobe je pravá,

A ujišťujeme vás,  
To je pravda.

Má drahá, by mohl říci, 'Miluji te'  
Znovu a znovu,  
Nepretržite,  
Soucasne,  
A prubezne,  
A já bych vždy usmívat na vás  
Protože existuje tolik smysl za  
Co vám říkám.  
Popisuje akce, které jsem udělal  
A jsem ochoten přijmout,  
Popisuje myšlenky, pocity,  
A emoce, které mám pro vás,  
A všechno, co náš vztah je založen na,  
Tato tři slova jsou základem  
Jákykoliv vztah postavení před Bohem.  
Je to pravda, a já doufám, že vás  
Rozumel.

Miluji te, zlatíčko,  
Protože není nikdo, jako druhu,  
Jako soucitný, jako temperamentní,  
Tak promyšlené, úžasné,  
Nebo milá jako ty.  
Jsi krásná s  
Vaše dlouhé blond vlasy, které rostou na ramena,  
A svítí světlo, jako dlouhy  
Prameny zlata nedávno lisované z dolu.  
Mám rád vaše jasné modré oči, které svítí  
Jako Michigan a mi připomínají  
Jasné modré obloze v léte  
Když je poledne.  
Se rozsvítí pokždé, když se smějete,  
Odhalující portály do své duše,  
A všichni ukazují, co je na tobě.  
Váš úsmev je krásná,  
Protože osvětluje místnost při šeru nebo tme  
Leží tak blízko, ani příliš daleko,  
A úsmev je nakazlivý,  
Šíření všem jako nemoc,

Jejich úsmev, taky.  
Miluji způsob, jakým budete smát,  
To je roztomily a grandiózní,  
Můžete dát své legracní smích duvod  
Pro ostatní lidi se smát  
A každý má rád slyším,  
Je to potešující k uchu.  
Vaše telo je štíhlé a štíhlá,  
Dává vám krásnou postavu.  
Vaše prsa jsou jako ovoce na stromě a kokos  
Jako básník král Šalomoun z Izraele,  
Syn krále Davida z Izraele a Jeruzaléma,  
Kdysi řekl,  
Když napsal svou báseň, Píseň písní,  
Vaše prsa jsou jako zralé ovoce,  
Prsa velká a krásná,  
Jsme připraveni pečovat o dítě, které může přijít na svět.  
Jsou krásné,  
Stoupá a klesá s každým dechem pomalu si vzít,  
Takže vaše postava krásná.  
Vaše postava je majestátní,  
Pro vás chodí elegantně kamkoli jdeš,  
Nikdy pohoršení nebo pádu,  
Ale chodit jako krásné,  
Správná žena s velkou náročností.  
Presto je víc, že jsem rád.

Jste báječný hudebník  
Kdo hraje více nástroju.  
Jste velký houslista,  
Skvělý pianista,  
A skvělý kytarista.  
Hrajete na housle  
Znáte každý crescendo a decrescendo,  
Dobře, hraje harmonie  
Ladení s intonací,  
Formuloval poznámky s lukem,  
Libozvukný muzicírování, všude, kam jít,  
Rozlišování mezi tempa takové  
Jako allegro, andante, presto, largo a moderato.  
Znáte každý ritardando a rallitendo,  
Každý caesura staccato, marcato, fermata,

Prízvuk a tenuto.  
Hrajete dobre, melodie  
A váš postoj je skvelý,  
A nemusíte se starat o embouchure.  
Na klavír akustika je skvelé, když budete hrát,  
Protože mluvíš jako Ludwig van Beethoven, když začal hrát,  
Nebo Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Nebo Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Hrajete báječně,  
Jako by jste byli skladatel.  
Když budete hrát na kytaru,  
Je přirozené,  
Pro vás hrát každý brnkání jako  
Není nic  
A to zní nádherny,  
Téměř hezká,  
Je to potěšující k mým uším,  
V každé zvukové.  
Já jsem trombonista,  
A já jsem jednoduché porovnání  
Úžasné složitosti  
A talent,  
Pro vás jsou nadání,  
A vaše hudební dovednosti jsou jedinečné.  
Mám rád své hudební schopnosti.

Jste velký outdoorswoman,  
Pro vás se nebojí vlhká,  
Znečištění a přežít drsné divočiny.  
Venku je skvělým místem,  
A máte rádi všechno kolem sebe, videt  
Stejně jako já.  
Miluji, o vás,  
Protože vím, že chcete jít táboření,  
Turistika, Cyklistika, plavání,  
Kánoe, kajak, wakeboarding,  
Waterboarding, lyžování,  
Kolečkových bruslích, bruslení,  
Turismus, surfování, potápění,  
Plachtení, veslování, běh, jogging,  
Lyžování, pozorování ptáku, velryb,  
Lodicky, jet lyžování, rybaření, stavba ohnu,

Varení marshmallow, turistika, horolezectví,  
A jako všechno ostatní to.  
Já vím, že miluješ, příroda, zvířata a rostliny.  
Jsi přirozený biolog,  
Přírodní zoolog,  
Přírodní botanik v mnoha ohledech a  
A já jsem ráda, že vidím, že miluješ tolik venku.  
Jsem rád, že  
Protože jsem skautem a Eagle Scout,  
A já nevím, kde by bylo pokud moje přítelkyně  
Nelíbí se během letních měsíců  
A poněkud tendenci jít do studené při  
Je jasná obloha,  
Spousta sněhu,  
A velký zimní den.  
Jsem rád, že máš rád venku,  
Protože jsi dobrý ve všem, co děláte.

Jsem rád, jak jste skvělá zpěvačka,  
Pro váš hlas je krásný a harmonický,  
A dělá věci zvuk skvělý, kamkoli jdete,  
Pro vás zpívat mnoho skvělých písní,  
Rockové skladby klasických rockových umelců  
Jako Beatles, Rolling Stones a kdo;  
O současné rockové zábavy;  
Popové písně lidé jako Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson a Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rockové písně lidé jako Billy Joel a Johnny Cash;  
Christian písně kapely jako třetí den, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, pocítání korun, The Newsboys a mnohem víc;  
Uctívání písně, které mnoho lidí napsal,  
Zejména chvalozpěvy a kdoví co ještě napsal svatých a tisíce lety;  
Miluji, jak zpíváte jazzové melodie jako ty  
Zpívá Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Váš hlas je krásný, temperamentní, rezonancí,  
Euphoniou, příjemné a mnoho dalších.  
To je tak krásná, jako ptáčích zpěv v korunách lesa.  
Nikdy by se dost.  
Dělá mi úsměv pořád slyším váš altový hlas,  
Jak kolísá mezi tóny, tóny a poznámky.  
Je to naprosto nádherné.

Já zpívám taky,  
A já jsem rád zpívat,  
A vedet, ze bych mohl  
To duet s nekým jiným, kdo má rád  
Mnoho ze stejných zpívat věci dělám  
Je báječná vec, kterou by nikdy zapomenout.

Jste skvely umelec,  
Protoze mám rád umení,  
A já jsem rád, jak to vypadá.  
Malujete, jako byste se podívat do fotografie,  
Nakreslíte, jako by byly porízeny fotoaparátem,  
A tvarovat jako by jste právě provedli zivot,  
Od vlastních rukou medveda.  
Obrazy, sochy,  
Vaše kresby a skici,  
Tapiserie, deky;  
Jsou všechny nádherné umeleckých del –  
Zivé a zářivé,  
Zivé a barvité,  
V žádném případě glib nebo ostychavy,  
Ale veselou a sebevedomy,  
Predváděl své odvolání do oka,  
A presto jsou symbolické,  
Plny význam,  
Nemusíme se zastavit, uvazuje o ne.  
Jste velký umelec s talentem jako žádný jiný;  
Vaši jedinečnost je nesrovnatelné  
Co jiní udelali.  
Da Vinci a Michelangelo,  
Druh dárku, dovednosti a talent  
Ze vlastníš.  
Mám rád vaše umení,  
A nemohu si pomoci, ale přemýšlet  
A jejich krásu.  
Vaše schopnosti jsou skvelé.

Vaše psaní je rovněž vynikající,  
Jste velký spisovatel,  
A velký básník,  
Protoze jsem si přečetl vaše básně,  
Zvláště ten zvané

'Dnes jsem se dozvedel o trojici'  
Která byla úžasná vec, která me rozesmálo,  
To mi pripomnelo muj vlastní bratr  
Kdyz jsem ji cetl.  
Také si pamatuji, básen 'Svetlušky v soumraku'  
Pro me za všechno, co jste  
Se mi snazila říct,  
A já jsem miloval ctení  
To bylo tak hluboké  
A tak plny vyznam;  
Poezie je jako hudba pro mé uši,  
Libozvucny a plná melodie,  
Nemohu si pomoci, ale poslouchat  
Uklidnující šplouchání vln,  
Vítr šeptá v vrby,  
Aliterace a narázky,  
Asonance a nesoulad,  
Pouzité majestátne, metafory  
Sagaciously, pouzívá prirovnání  
Nebot všichni pridat az umelecká díla.  
Jste velky básník,  
A poezie je jedinecny;  
Sami to nemuzete poprít.  
Taky mám rád ze talent,  
Já jsem spisovatel sám,  
A já jsem rád, ze nekoho jiného, jako já.

Vaše bibliofilie je také skvely,  
Protoze mám rád, ze máš rád císt,  
A Pamatuji si skvelé knihy  
Budete mít v knihovne,  
A Pamatuji si všechno, co jste mi rekl  
O všech autoru a spisovatelu, které miluješ,  
Básníci, spisovatelé,  
Esejistu a všechny veci, jako ze.  
Jsem rád, ze lze mluvit o literature  
A predevším, psaní  
Vzhledem k tomu, ze chcete císt knihy,  
Prostudovat básne,  
A ctení vaší silnou stránkou.  
Jsem rád, ze jeden z mych vášní s vámi mohou sdílet.

Jste také velké křesťanské,  
Venuje se na Ježíše Krista,  
Presne tak, jak jsem se pokusit udelat,  
I když já jsem katolík,  
A holandské reformované Protestant,  
Oba veríme v něco originálního –  
Bůh sám, který nám dal milost  
Vše, co vidíme před námi,  
A nic nás ztratil  
Jak dlouho máme důvěru v něj.  
Protože jsme zde pomáhat ostatním a pomáhat jeden druhému,  
A obdivuji vaši ochotu poskytnout,  
Stejně jako já jsem připraven dát.  
To je skvělé vidět vaše víra tak výrazně růst  
Neboť ten, kdo zachránil svět, veríte  
Našeho Spasitele Ježíše Krista Mesiáše.

Lásko moje, já jsem ochoten udelat cokoli pro vás,  
Pokud jste smutný, ze uteším vás,  
Pokud jste spokojeni, budou se smát s vámi,  
Pokud vás něco trápí, budu Rada,  
Pokud se konfliktu, bude naslouchat a konzole;  
Pokud jste naštvaný, budu se snažit ukládat  
Pokud jste nervózní, se ujistit vás;  
Pokud máte strach, ze budu pro vás.  
Chci, abys byla šťastná  
Protože vaše spokojenost je nejdůležitější  
Pro mě v tomto světě.  
Koupím vám květiny, kdykoli je to nezbytné,  
Dostanete diamantový prsten mé uznání,  
Napsat básně podobné tomu,  
Se tam pro vás a vaši rodinu kdykoliv  
Potřebujete, abych se tam;  
Budu tam za naše děti,  
Pro vás jsou zvláštní pro mě.  
Se dostanete do kina,  
A dělat, co budu moci, abych vám pomůžu vidět  
Ze budu te vždycky milovat.  
Budeme mít tolik dětí, jako vy  
Chcete mít,

Je to vaše tělo používám,

Tak vám umožní rozhodnout se, co  
Chcete používat  
Takže máte slovo v ní.  
Jsi moje holka,  
Moje significant other  
Brzy na snoubence,  
Brzy jsme se zasnoubil,  
A za chvíli se ženou,  
Protože budeme mít svátost  
V tomto vztahu před Bohem.  
Budeme mít syny a dcery naší vlastní,  
Deti, které budeme vždy milovat,  
A my je za skvělých lidí, zvyší  
A budeme skvělí rodiče.  
Bude skvělá matka,  
A já budu skvělý otec.  
Jsi moje životní láska, zlato;  
Chci, abys to veděla.  
Já jsem váš služebník,  
A ty jsi můj pán;  
Dal jsem sám na vás  
Tak, že může splnit všechny vaše potřeby  
Pro vás být šťastný.  
Já jsem ohebný a poddajný,  
Nebot podrobit jsem si za své štěstí.  
Mám rád všechno o tobe,  
A jsem ochoten to udělat všechno pro tebe.  
Chci, abys to veděla.  
Jsi moje sprížená duše,  
Moje pravá láska,  
A není nikdo jiný, jako jste vy  
Kdo mě doplňuje.  
Já jsem rád, že tě znám  
A miluji tě celým svým srdcem.

Takže, moje lásko, tyto tři slova  
Ti všechno, co potřebujete vědět,  
Nebot všechno, co jsem právě popsal, popisují  
Všechno, co cítím  
Nebot když tě vidím, mé srdce palpitates,  
Můj serdtse se stane uplyne,  
Moje hlubina Matrin stane radost na pohled

Moje vnitřnosti twist a konve;  
Můj úsmev se stává bezdecny,  
Zasmála jsem se nekontrolovatelně,  
Jsem vzdychat a dlouho mekké.  
Miluji te, zlatíčko,  
A já jsem ochoten udelat cokoliv pro vás.  
Jsi moje spríznená duše,  
A tyto tri slova popisují vše, co  
Náš vztah je zalozen na:  
Láska, soucit, obetavost, sami sebe a sám Buh.  
Pamatujte si tyto tri slova,  
A kdyz ríkám  
Pamatujte si jejich dulezitosť,  
Tato tri slova jsou skvelé,  
A ríct se je pro vás ještě jednou,  
'Miluji te.'

Justin Reamer

# Tris Vardi

Mana milestiba ir daudzas lietas šajā pasaule

Ka var teikt un darīt jūsu laba,

Bet tur ir viena lieta, kas izsaka visu to,

Visdizenakais, kas vien pasaule,

Kura ir labāka dāvana visiem:

Šie trīs vardi, kas man uzrunāt no manam lupam

'I love you'.

Mana mila, jūs domājat, ka esmu jokīgs,

Jocose persona, jūs zināt, es esmu,

Un jūs domājat, tas ir sava veida scam,

Kaut ko nevertīgu,

Bet es jums saku tas ir patiesība,

Par meliem jums, 'es milu tevi'

Ir visdizenakais, kas vien var teikt, lai jūs

Jo tas apraksta visas to izraisītas jūtas

Visas emocijas,

Visas domas,

Visas kaislības,

Līdzjutība,

Un visu milestibu, kas man ir priekš jums.

Tas raksturo, cik es esmu ar mieru

Darit kaut ko jums,

Neatkarīgi no tā, kadas izmaksas ir.

Ta apraksta visas darbības un

Visas to izraisītas jūtas varetu darīt jūsu laba.

Jūs domājat, tas ir crazy,

milu

Bet tā ir taisnība tas, ko es jums saku,

Lai nebutu nekad gūlet uz jums,

Un tagad, es nemeloju

Ne man bus kadreiz maldināt jums klūt

Uzskatot, ka kaut ko es saku.

Šī lieta, ko es jums saku nav scam,

Nav skandals

Nav meli,

Nedz meli, kura mēs dzīvojam.

Cilvēki var teikt, ka mīlestība ir meli,

Bet mana mīlestība jums ir viltota,

Un but drošs,

Tas ir patiess.

Mana mila, varetu teikt: 'es tevi milu'

Atkal un atkal,

Nepartraukti,

Vienlaicīgi,

Un nepartraukti,

Un es vienmer smaids pie jums

Jo tur ir tik daudz nozīme aiz

Tas, ko es jums saku.

Ta apraksta visas darbības, kas ir darijuši

Un esmu gatavs uzņemties,

Raksturo domas, jūtas,

Un emocijas, kas man ir par jums,

Un visuūsu attiecību pamata,

Šie trīs vārdi ir pamats

No jebkuras attiecības stav Dieva priekšā.

Ta ir taisnība, un es ceru, ka jūs

Var saprast, ka.

Es milu jūs, mila,

Tur ir viens veids, ka

Par līdzjutību, tikpat zirgts un mundrs,  
Ka domīga, ka briniškīgi,  
Vai milošs ka jus.  
Tu esi skaista ar  
Garos, gaišos matus, kas aug jūsu pleciem,  
Un spīd saule, piemēram, ilgu  
Zelta nesen neregule no raktuves darbības virzieniem.  
Es milu jūsu ugunīgi zilās acis, kas spīd  
Piemēram, Mīčigana un atgadināt man par  
Spīlgti zilās debesis ir vasara  
Kad tuvojās pusdienas.  
Vini iedegties katru reizi, kad jūs smaids,  
Atklājot portālu par savu dveseli  
Un parādīt visiem, kas tur ir par jums.  
Jūsu smaids ir skaista,  
Lai tā izgaismo telpa kad tumsa vai kresla  
Mēli tik cieši blakus, nav ļoti tālu,  
Un smaids ir lipīga,  
Visiem, tāpat ka slimības izplatīšanas  
Padarot tos smaidu parak.  
Man patīk, ka tu smeji

Ta ir burvīga un grandiozs,  
Jums dot smieklīgi smieklu iemesls  
Citiem cilvēkiem smieties,  
Un ikvienam patik uzklausīt to,  
Tas ir patikami uz auss.  
Tavs kermenis ir tievs un slaidis,  
Sniedzot jums skaists augums.  
Tavas krutis ir ka augļu koku kokosriekstu,  
Ka dzejnieks kenina Zalamana Izraela,  
King David, Izraela un Jeruzalemes, dels  
Reiz teica:  
Kad viņš uzrakstīja vīna dzejolis, dziesma par dziesmu,  
Tavas krutis ir ka gataviem augliem,  
Krutis lielas un skaistas,  
Gatava audzināt bērnu, kas var nonākt tieša pasaule.  
Tie ir skaisti,  
Celas un krita ar katru elpas leni jus lietojat,  
Padarīt jūsu skaists skaitlis.  
Jūsu augums ir majestātisks,  
Jums staigāt graciozi, lai kurp jus dotos,  
Nekad stumbling vai krit,

Bet pastaigas, piemeram, skaistu,

Ista sieviete ar daudz izsmalcinatiba.

Tomēr ir vairāk ar jums, ko es milu.

Jūs esat brīnišķīgi muzikā

Kurš spēle vairākus instrumentus.

Tu esi liels vijolnieks,

Lielisks pianists

Un liels gitarists.

Skaisti, jūs spēlejat vijoli

Zinot katru krešendo un decrescendo,

Harmonijas spēle labi,

Noreguleti arī ar intonāciju,

Formulešana atzīme arī ar savu loku,

Padarot euphonious muzikā visur jums iet,

Atšķirot tempos šādu

Allegro, andante, presto, largo un moderato.

Jūs zināt katru ritardando un rallitādo,

Katru caesura, virkne, marcato, fermata,

Akcentu un tenuto.

Nu, atskanojot melodiju

Un jusu poza ir loti liels,  
Un jums nav jauztraucas par embouchure.  
Klavieres, akustika ir liels, kad tu spele,  
Jus skanu ka Ludvigs van Bethovens, kad viņš saka spelet,  
Johann Sebastian Bach, vai  
Vai Wolfgangs Amadejs Mocarts.  
Tu spele lieliski,  
Ja jums bija dzejnieks.  
Kad tu spele gitaru,  
Ir ielikts šupuli,  
Jums spelet katru strum ka  
Nekas  
Un jus darit to pareizai briniškigi,  
Gandrīz skaista,  
Tas ir patikami manam ausim  
Akustisko visada zina.  
Es esmu trombonist,  
Un es esmu vienkārši salīdzinot  
Briniškigi sarežģitības  
Un talantu,  
Jums ir apdavināts,

Un muzikas prasmes ir unikals.

Es milu savu muzikalo speju.

Tu esi liels outdoorswoman,

Jums nav bail no klust slapjš,

Klust netiri un pardzivojušais skarbajiem tuksnesi.

Ara ir lieliska vieta,

Un tu velies redzet visu sev apkart,

Tapat ka man.

Man patik, ka par tevi,

Jo es zinu, ka tev patik gulet telti,

Pargajieni, Ritenbraukšana, peldešana,

Pargajieni konoe laivas, smailošana, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, slepošana,

Rollerblading, slidošana,

Backpacking, serfošanu, niršanu,

Kugošana, airešana, darbojas, skriešanas,

Water-Skiing, putnu verošana, valu skatities

Laivošana, struklas slepošana, makškerešana, ekas uguns kuriem.

Pavarmaksa marshmallows, pastaigas kalnos kapšana

Un viss parejais, piemeram, ka.

Es zinu, ka tu mili dabu, dzivniekiem un augiem.

Jus esat dabas biologs,

Dabas zoologs,

Un dabas botanikis daudzējada zina

Un es esmu priedzēģis redzēt, ka tu mili tik daudz arpus telpām.

Man patīk, ka,

Es esmu Boy Scout un Eagle Scout,

Un nav zināms, kur es būtu, ja mana draudzene

Nepatika būt arpus laika vasara

Un nedaudz slīpas iedzīlināties aukstā kad

Nav skaidras debesis,

Daudz sniega,

Un liels ziemas diena.

Es esmu priedzēģis jums patīk dzīvā daba,

Jums ir labi ko jūs darāt.

Man patīk, ka jums ir lieliska dziedātāja,

Tava balss ir brīnišķīga un harmoniska,

Un brīnišķīgi, lai kur jūs dotos, padara lietas skaņu

Jums dziedāt daudz lielisku dziesmas,

Rock dziesmas rakstā classic rock artists

Piemeram, Beatles Rolling Stones un kurš;  
Musdienu rock makslinieki, piemeram, Fun;  
Pop dziesmas ar cilvekiem, piemeram, Katy Perry, Alicia Keys  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson un Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock dziesmas ar folks, piemeram, Billy Joel un Johnny Cash;  
Christian dziesmas ar joslam, piemeram, trešaja diena, Chris Tomlin  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, skaitot vainagi, Newsboys un daudz kas cits;  
Kulta dziesmas, kas daudziem cilvekiem esmu uzrakstijis,  
Ipaši himnas un plauktinš raksta svetajiem a gadu tukstošus atpakaļ;  
Es milu ka tu dziedat dzeza melodijas, piemeram  
Louis Armstrong Co-Performer, Ella Fitzgerald dzied.  
Jusu balss ir skaista sparigs, skaniga,  
Euphonious, patikams, un ta daudz vairak.  
Tas ir tikpat skaista ka putns dzied meza vainagu.  
Es nekad nevaretu iegut pietiekami daudz no ta.  
Tas liek man smaidit visu laiku dzirdu balsi alto  
Ka tas svarstas starp signaliem, laukumi un piezimes.  
Tas ir absoluti skaisti.  
Dziedat, ari  
Un man patik dziedat,

Un zinat, ka es varetu  
Duets ar kads cits, kam patik darit  
Daudzi no tas pašas lietas, kas man dziedat  
Ir briniškigi lieta nekad nespeja aizmirst.

Tu esi briniškigs makslinieks,  
Es milu jūsu makslu  
Un man patik, ka tas izskatas.  
Jūs attelojat ka jums izpetit fotografija,  
Zimejat, it ka tas tika uzņemti ar kameru,  
Un sculpt, it ka tu tikko dzīvību,  
No laca rokas.

Gleznas, skulptūras,  
Rasejumus un skices,  
Gobeleni, segas;  
Tie ir visi briniškigi maksīas darbiem —  
Spilgts un starjoša,  
Dinamiskas un krasaina,  
Nekada zina nav izmanīgs vai sakautreģies,  
Bet prieks un parliecināti,  
Paradot savu apelacīju ar aci,

Un vel tie simboliski,  
Tik pilns ar jegu,  
Viens nevar apturet iecer tos.  
Tu esi liels makslinieks ar talantu, tapat ka neviens cits;  
Jusu unikalitate ir nesalīdzinamas  
Lai to, ko citi ir darijuši.  
Tu esi da Vinci vai Mikelandzelo,  
Ar tada veida dāvanas, prasmes un talantus  
Ka jums piemīt.  
Es milu jūsu maksli  
Un nevar palīdzēt, bet pardomat tos,  
Un ieverojiet to skaistumu.  
Savu talantu ir brīnīškīgi.  
  
Jūsu rakstiski ir lielisks,  
Jūs esat lieliska rakstniece,  
Un liels dzejnieks,  
Esat lasīt dzejolus,  
Sevišķi viens sauc  
'Es uzzināju par Trīsvienību šodien'  
Kas bija jauka lietina, kas man lika smieties,

Par to man atgadināja par savu brālī

Kad es to izlasītu.

Es atceros arī dzejolis 'Fireflies mijkrēsli man tuvojas kāds cilvēks'

Par to lika apsvērt visu, jūs

Mēģina man pateikt,

Un man patika, lasot šo,

Tas bija tik dziļš

Un tā pilns ar jēgu;

Jūsu dzeja ir kā muzika manam ausim

Euphonious un pilns ar melodiju,

Es nevaru palīdzēt, bet klausīties

Nomierinošas vilnu šlakatas

Whispering willows, vējš

Aliterācija un mājiens,

Saskaņa un disonanse,

Izmantots majestātiski, metaforas

Izmantot, sagaciously, similes

Vieni visi pievienot līdz pat mākslas iesaistīti.

Tu esi liels dzejnieks,

Un jūsu dzeja ir viens vienīgs;

Jūs nevarat noliegt sevi, ka.

Es arī milu šo talantu,

Jo esmu rakstnieks sevi,

Un es esmu precīgs tikai kāds cits, piemēram, man.

Jūs Bibliofilija ir liels,

Jo es milu, ka jūs love to read,

Un es atceros sarakstītajam izcilajam gramatam

Glābat bibliotēka,

Un es atceros visas lietas, ko tu man teici

Par autori un rakstnieku, kas jums patīk,

Dzejnieki, romānu,

Esejistiem, un viss tāpat.

Esmu precīga, ka var runāt par literatūru

Un jo īpaši, rakstot

Jo tev patīk lasīt grāmatas,

Parlasīt dzejoli,

Un lasīšana ir jūsu strongpoint.

Priecājos, ka varu dalīties viens no maniem kaislības ar jums.

Jūs ir arī liels Kristīgo

Vēlīt sevi ar Jēzu Kristu,

Tapat ka es cenšos darit,

Pat ja es esmu katolis,

Un jus holandiešu Reformatu protestantu,

Mes abi ticam kaut ko istu —

Pats Dievs mums davajis zelastibu

Viss, ko mes redzam pirms mums,

Un nekas var nemt prom no mums

Tik ilgi, kamer mes uzticeties vinam.

Jo mes esam šeit, lai palidzētu citiem un palidzēt viens otram,

Un es apbrinoju jūsu gatavību dot,

Tapat ka es esmu gatavs sniegt.

Tas ir liels, lai redzētu savu ticību augt tik liela mēra,

Jo jūs uzskatat, ka viņš, kas izglābis pasauli,

Mūsu Pestītājs Jēzus Kristus Mēģija.

Mana mīlestība, es esmu gatavs darīt jebko

Ja jūs esat noskumusi, bus mierinātu jūs,

Ja tu esi laimīgs, bus smieties pie jums,

Ja jūs esat noraizējies, bus padomu jums,

Ja jums ir pretruna, bus uzklāsit un konsole

Ja jums ir dusmīgs, es mēģinašu nomierināt jūs;

Ja jus esat noraizejies, bus parliecinat jus;  
Ja jus esat noraizejies, man bus tur par jums.  
Velos, lai tu butu laimiga  
Jo tava laime ir vissvarigakais  
Man šaja pasaule.  
Bus nopirkt jus ziedi, vajadzibas gadijuma,  
Iegutu dimanta gredzenu, paradit savu atzinibu,  
Uzrakstit dzejoli, kas lidzigs šim,  
But tur par jums un jusu gimenei ikreiz, kad  
Jums nepieciešams man, lai tur;  
Es bušu tur musu berniem  
Jums ir ipašs man.  
Es jus aizvedišu uz filmam,  
Un darit visu, ko speju, lai palidzētu jums zināt  
Ka es milu jus vienmer.  
Mums ir tik daudz bernu ka jus  
Gribu dzirdet,  
Tas ir jusu kermena esmu, izmantojot,  
Tik es laušu jums izlemt, ko jus  
Velaties to izmantot  
Tatad jums ir teikt ta.

Tu esi mana draudzene,  
Mans citi nozimigi,  
Driz par ligavu,  
Jo mes esam driz affianced,  
Un driz bus sieva,  
Jo mes veiksīm svetīta laulība  
Šis attiecības Dieva priekša.  
Mums ir deliēm un meitam no musu pašu,  
Bernus mes vienmer patik,  
Un mes pacelam tos par lieliskiem cilvēkiem,  
Un mums bus liels vecakiem.  
Jums bus lieliska mate,  
Un es bušu labs tevs.  
Tu esi mana muza mīlestība, mīlum;  
Es gribu, lai jūs to zinātu.  
Es esmu jūsu kalps,  
Un jūs esat mans mestrs;  
Es labprāt dotu sev jums  
Tapeč, ka var izpildīt visas jūsu vajadzības  
Lai jūs varetu būt laimīgi.  
Es esmu mīksta un paklavīga,

Jo es iesniedzu jums savu laimi.

Man patik viss par tevi,

Un esmu gatavs to darīt to visu par jums.

Es gribu, lai jūs to zinātu.

Tu esi mans dveseles radnieks,

Mani vienu patiesu mīlestību,

Un nav neviens cits kā jūs

Kas papildina mani.

Es esmu pārliecināts, ka

Un mīlu jūs no visas sirds.

Tātad, mana mīla, šie trīs vārdi

Pateiks visu, kas jums ir jāzina,

Jo tas aprakstīs visu, ko es tikko aprakstīšu,

Viss, šķiet, jums,

Kad jūs redzēt, mana sirds palpitātes,

Mans serdīte klusi aritmiski,

Manas dziļās dusmas klusi laimīgi, ieraugot

Manas zarnas verpjot un kanna;

Mans smaids klusi piespiedu,

Man smieties nekontrolējama,

Noputu, ilgi un miksta.

Es milu jus, mila,

Un es esmu gatavs darit jebko, lai jums.

Tu esi mans dveseles radnieks,

Un šie trīs vardi raksturo visu

Mūsu attiecības balstas uz:

Mīlestība, līdzjutība, selflessness, sevi un pats Dievs.

Atcerieties šos trīs vārdus,

Un kad es saku vīniem,

Atcerieties to nozīmi,

Šie trīs vārdi ir liels,

Un es teiktu tiem jums vēl pēdējo reizi,

'I love you'.

Justin Reamer

## Trois Mots

Mon amour, il y a beaucoup de choses dans ce monde

Que je peux dire et faire pour vous,

Mais il y a une chose qui exprime tout cela,

La plus grande chose dans le monde,

Qui est le meilleur cadeau de tous:

Ces trois mots que je prononce de mes lèvres,

« Je t'aime. »

Mon amour, vous pouvez penser que je plaisante,

Pour une personne languide, vous savez que je suis,

Et vous pensez que c'est une sorte d'escroquerie,

Quelque chose sans valeur,

Mais je vous dis que c'est la vérité,

Pour vous dire, « je t'aime »

Est la meilleure chose que je peux vous dire

Car il décrit toutes les sensations,

Toutes les émotions,

Toutes les pensées,

Toute la passion,

Toute la compassion,

Et tout l'amour que j'ai pour vous.  
Il décrit à quel point je suis prêt  
Pour faire quoi que ce soit pour vous,  
N'importe quel prix est.  
Il décrit toutes les actions et  
Tous les sentiments que je ferais pour vous.  
Vous pensez que c'est fou,  
Mon amour  
Mais c'est vrai ce que je vous le dis  
Car je voudrais jamais vous mentir,  
Et je ne mens pas maintenant,  
Ni j'ai jamais trompera vous en  
Croire n'importe quoi vous dire.  
Cette chose que je vous le dis n'est pas une arnaque,  
Pas un scandale,  
Pas un mensonge,  
Ni un mensonge dans lequel nous vivons.  
Les gens peuvent dire que l'amour est un mensonge,  
Mais mon amour pour toi est authentique,  
Et rassurez-vous,  
C'est vrai.

Mon cher, je pourrais dire, « je t'aime »  
Maintes et maintes fois,  
En permanence,  
En même temps,  
Et sans cesse,  
Et je serais toujours sourire à vous  
Parce qu'il y a un sens tellement derrière  
Ce que je dis à vous.  
Il décrit toutes les actions que j'ai fait  
Et je suis prêt à prendre,  
Décrit les pensées, sentiments,  
Et les émotions que j'ai pour vous,  
Et tout ce que notre relation est basée sur,  
Pour ces trois mots sont à la base  
De n'importe quel permanent de relation devant Dieu.  
Il est vrai, et j'espère que vous  
Peut comprendre que.  
  
Je t'aime, ma chérie,  
Car il n'y a personne comme genre,

Comme compatissant, aussi vivace,  
Aussi gentil, aussi merveilleux,  
Ou aussi aimante que vous.  
Tu es belle avec  
Vos longs cheveux blonds qui pousse à vos épaules,  
Et brille à la lumière du soleil comme long  
Brins d'or moulés tout récemment de la mine.  
J'aime tes yeux bleus lumineux qui brillent  
Comme le Michigan et me rappellent  
Le ciel bleu vif en été  
Lorsque midi est proche.  
Ils s'allume chaque fois que vous souriez,  
Révélant les portails à votre âme,  
Et tout le monde en montrant ce qu'il ya à votre sujet.  
Ton sourire est beau,  
Car il éclaire une pièce lorsque obscurité ou la pénombre  
Mensonges si proche, pas très loin,  
Et le sourire est contagieux,  
S'étendre à tout le monde comme une maladie,  
Ce qui les rend de sourire, aussi.  
J'aime la façon dont vous riez,

Car il est adorable et grandiose,  
Pour vous donner votre rire drôle une raison  
Pour d'autres personnes à rire, aussi,  
Et tout le monde aime à l'entendre,  
Car il est agréable à l'oreille.  
Votre corps est mince et maigre,  
En vous donnant une belle figure.  
Vos seins sont comme des fruits sur un arbre de noix de coco,  
Comme le poète roi Solomon d'Israël,  
Le fils du roi David, d'Israël et de Jérusalem,  
A dit:  
Quand il a écrit son poème, le Cantique des cantiques,  
Pour vos seins sont comme des fruits mûrs,  
Seins gros et beau,  
Prêt à nourrir un enfant qui peut-être entrer dans le monde.  
Elles sont belles,  
En hausse et en baisse avec chaque respiration lente, vous prenez,  
Rendre votre silhouette magnifique.  
Votre stature est majestueux,  
Marche avec élégance pour vous partout où vous allez,  
Jamais de trébucher ou de tomber,

Mais marcher comme une belle,  
Bonne femme avec beaucoup de raffinement.  
Pourtant, il y a plus à vous que j'aime.

Vous êtes un merveilleux musicien  
Qui joue de plusieurs instruments.

Vous êtes un grand violoniste,

Un grand pianiste,

Et un grand guitariste.

Vous jouez du violon magnifiquement,

Sachant tous les crescendo et decrescendo,

Bien, jouer les harmonies

Tuning bien avec l'intonation,

Articuler les notes bien avec votre arc,

Faire de la musique euphonique partout où que vous allez,

Différencier les tempos telles

Allegro, andante, presto, largo et moderato.

Vous savez tous ritardando et rallitando,

Chaque césure, marcato, staccato, point d'orgue,

Accent et tenuto.

Vous jouez la mélodie bien,

Et votre posture est grand,

Et vous inquiétez pas de conformation.

Au piano, l'acoustique est excellente lorsque vous jouez,

Pour vous semblez comme Ludwig van Beethoven, quand il commence à jouer,

Ou Johann Sebastian Bach,

Ou Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Vous jouez merveilleusement,

Comme si vous étiez un auteur-compositeur.

Lorsque vous jouez de la guitare,

Vous êtes un cadre naturel,

Pour vous joue chaque strum comme

Il n'y a rien pour elle,

Et vous faire sonner le merveilleux,

Presque jolie,

Car c'est agréable à mes oreilles,

Dans tous les sens auditif.

Je suis un joueur de trombone,

Et je suis simple par rapport

Pour votre belle complexité

Et talent,

Vous êtes doués,

Et vos talents de musique sont uniques.

J'adore vos aptitudes musicales.

Vous êtes une grande outdoorswoman,

Car tu n'es pas peur de se mouiller,

Encrassement et survivre le désert rude.

L'extérieur est un endroit idéal,

Et vous aimez voir tout autour de vous,

Juste comme je le fais.

J'aime que toi,

Car je sais que vous voulez faire du camping,

Randonnée, vélo, natation,

Canoë, kayak, wakeboard,

Simulacre de noyade, ski,

Patin à roues alignées, patin à glace,

Randonnée, surf, plongée sous-marine,

Voile, aviron, course, jogging,

Ski nautique, observation des oiseaux, observation des baleines,

Navigation de plaisance, jet-ski, pêche, feux de camp, de la construction

Cuisson des guimauves, randonnée, escalade,

Et tout le reste comme ça.

Je sais que vous aimez la nature, les animaux et les plantes.

Vous êtes biologiste naturel,

Un zoologiste naturel,

Et un botaniste naturel à bien des égards,

Et je suis heureux de voir que vous aimez le plein air tellement.

J'adore ça,

Car je suis un Scout et un Eagle Scout,

Et je ne sais pas où je serais si ma copine

Ne plaisait pas à l'extérieur pendant l'été

Et quelque peu enclin à aller dans le froid quand

Il y a un ciel dégagé,

Beaucoup de neige,

Et un jour de grand hiver.

Je suis heureux que vous aimez le plein air,

Car tu es bon à tout ce que vous faites.

J'aime comment tu es un grand chanteur,

Car votre voix est merveilleuse et harmonieux,

Et le fait choses son merveilleux où que vous alliez,

Pour vous chanter plusieurs grandes chansons,

Chansons de rock écrites par des artistes de rock classique

Comme les Beatles, les Rolling Stones et l'OASIS;  
Par des artistes de rock contemporain comme Fun;  
Chansons pop par des gens comme Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
Kanye West, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson et Carrie Underwood;  
Roches tendres morceaux de gens tels que Billy Joel et Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs par des groupes comme le troisième jour, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, couronnes de comptage, les camelots et beaucoup plus;  
Chansons culte que beaucoup de gens ont écrit,  
Surtout les hymnes et autres joyeusetés rédigés par les saints à millénaires;  
J'aime comment tu chantes jazz tunes tels que ceux  
Chantés par co-interprète de Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Ta voix est magnifique, pleine de vivacité, résonnante,  
Euphonique, agréable et bien plus encore.  
C'est beau comme un chant d'oiseau dans la canopée de la forêt.  
Je ne pourrais jamais obtenir assez de lui.  
Il me fait sourire tout le temps que j'entends ta voix alto,  
Comment elle fluctue entre des tons, des terrains et des notes.  
Il est absolument magnifique.  
Je chante, trop,  
Et j'aime à chanter,

Et de savoir que je pourrais éventuellement  
Faire un duo avec quelqu'un d'autre qui aime  
Bon nombre des mêmes choses que je fais chanter  
Est une chose merveilleuse, que je ne pourrais jamais oublier.

Vous êtes un artiste merveilleux,

Car j'ai aimé votre art,

Et j'aime à quoi il ressemble.

Vous peignez comme vous penchez sur une photographie,

Vous dessinez comme si elle était prise par une caméra,

Et vous sculptez comme si vous venez de faire la vie,

De tes propres mains d'ours.

Vos peintures, vos sculptures,

Vos dessins et croquis,

Vos tapisseries, vos couettes;

Elles sont toutes merveilleuses œuvres d'art —

Vive et rayonnante,

Vibrants et colorés,

En aucun cas glib ou timide,

Mais joyeux et confiant,

Exhibant leurs appels à l'œil,

Et pourtant, ils sont symboliques,  
Si pleine de sens,  
On ne peut pas cesser de contempler leur.  
Vous êtes un grand artiste avec un talent sans pareil;  
Votre unicité est incomparable  
À ce que d'autres l'ont fait.  
Vous êtes un da Vinci ou un Michel-Ange,  
Avec le genre de cadeaux, des compétences et des talents  
Que vous possédez.  
J'adore votre art,  
Et je ne peux pas m'empêcher de contempler  
Et Notez leur beauté.  
Vos talents sont merveilleuses.  
  
Votre écriture est aussi magnifique,  
Car tu es un grand écrivain,  
Et un grand poète,  
Car j'ai lu vos poèmes,  
Surtout celle qu'on appelé  
« J'ai appris sur la Trinité, aujourd'hui »  
Qui était une chose merveilleuse qui m'a fait rire,

Car cela m'a rappelé mon propre frère

Quand je l'ai lu.

Je me souviens aussi du poème « Lucioles à la tombée de la nuit »

Car il m'a fait envisager tout ce que vous

Ont essayé de me dire,

Et j'ai aimé lire

Parce que c'était si profond

Et si plein de sens;

Votre poésie est comme la musique à mes oreilles,

Euphonique et plein de mélodie,

Je ne peux m'empêcher d'écouter la

Splash apaisant des vagues,

Le vent chuchoter dans les saules,

L'allitération et l'allusion,

L'assonance et la dissonance

Les métaphores utilisées majestueusement,

Les comparaisons utilisées sagacité,

Car ils sont tous ajoutent jusqu'à l'art en cause.

Vous êtes un grand poète,

Et votre poésie est unique;

Vous ne pouvez pas nier vous-même.

J'adore ce talent, aussi,

Car je suis un écrivain moi-même,

Et je suis heureux de rencontrer quelqu'un d'autre comme moi.

Votre bibliophilie est aussi grand,

Car j'aime que vous aimez lire,

Et je me souviens de tous les grands livres

Vous gardez dans votre bibliothèque,

Et je me souviens de toutes les choses que tu m'as dit

Sur tous les auteurs et les écrivains que vous aimez,

Les poètes, les romanciers,

Les essayistes et toutes les choses comme ça.

Je suis heureux, que je peux parler de littérature avec vous,

Et l'écriture en particulier,

Puisque vous aimez lire des livres,

Lire des poèmes,

Et la lecture est votre point fort.

Je suis heureux que je peux partager une de mes passions avec vous.

Vous êtes aussi un grand chrétien,

Vous consacrer à Jésus Christ,

Tout comme j'essaie de faire,  
Car même si je suis un catholique,  
Et vous, une protestante réformée néerlandaise,  
Nous avons tous deux croient en quelque chose de véritables —  
La grâce de Dieu lui-même qui nous a donné  
Tout ce que nous voyons devant nous,  
Et rien ne peut être pris loin de nous  
Aussi longtemps que nous avons confiance en lui.  
Parce que nous sommes ici pour aider les autres et s'aider mutuellement,  
Et j'admire votre volonté de donner,  
Tout comme je suis prêt à donner.  
C'est formidable de voir votre foi grandir tellement,  
Pour que vous croyiez en celui qui a sauvé le monde,  
Notre Sauveur Jésus Christ, le Messie.

Mon amour, je suis prête à tout pour vous,  
Car si tu es triste, que je vous consolerais,  
Si vous êtes heureux, j'ai rira avec toi,  
Si vous êtes troublé, je vais vous, l'avocat  
Si vous êtes en conflit, je vais écouter et vous consoler;  
Si vous êtes en colère, je vais essayer de calmer vous;

Si vous êtes anxieux, je va vous rassurer;

Si vous êtes inquiet, je serai là pour vous.

Je veux que vous soyez heureux

Parce que votre bonheur est la chose la plus importante

Pour moi dans ce monde.

Je vais vous acheter des fleurs lorsque cela est nécessaire,

Vous obtenez une bague à diamant pour montrer ma reconnaissance,

Écrire un poème semblable à celui-ci,

Être là pour vous et votre famille chaque fois que

Vous avez besoin de moi d'être là;

Je serai là pour nos enfants,

Car tu es spécial pour moi.

Je vais vous prendre au cinéma,

Et faire tout ce que je peux pour vous aider à savoir

Que je t'aimerai toujours.

Nous aurons autant d'enfants que vous

Envie d'avoir,

Car c'est votre corps que j'utilise,

Alors je vous laisse décider ce que vous

Envie de l'utiliser pour,

Afin d'avoir leur mot à dire en elle.

Tu es ma copine,  
Mon autre significatif,  
Bientôt à être fiancée,  
Car nous sommes bientôt à être fiancé,  
Et bientôt d'être femme,  
Pour nous aura des liens sacrés du mariage  
Dans cette relation devant Dieu.  
Nous aurons des fils et filles de notre propre,  
Enfants que nous l'aimerons toujours,  
Et nous évoquerons pour être des gens formidables,  
Et nous serons les grands parents.  
Vous serez une grande mère,  
Et je serai un bon père.  
Tu es l'amour de ma vie, ma chérie;  
Je veux que vous sachiez ceci.  
Je suis ton serviteur,  
Et tu es mon maître;  
Je me donne volontiers à vous  
Alors que je peux répondre à tous vos besoins  
Que vous soyez heureux.  
Je suis souple et docile,

Car je me soumets à vous pour votre bonheur.

J'aime tout de toi,

Et je suis prêt à le faire tout pour vous.

Je veux que vous sachiez ceci.

Tu es mon âme soeur,

Mon seul véritable amour,

Et il n'y a pas un autre comme toi

Qui complète moi.

Je suis heureux de vous savoir

Et de t'aimer de tout mon cœur.

Donc, mon amour, ces trois mots

Vous dire tout ce que vous devez savoir,

Car ils décrivent tout ce que je viens de décrire,

Tout ce que je ressens pour toi,

Car quand je te vois, mon cœur palpite,

Mon serdtse devient arythmique,

Mon glubina moustapha devient heureux à la vue de vous,

Mes tripes tordent et baratte;

Mon sourire devient involontaire,

J'ai rire incontrôlable,

Je soupire long et doux.

Je t'aime, ma chérie,

Et je suis prête à tout pour vous.

Tu es mon âme soeur,

Et ces trois mots décrivent tout

Notre relation repose sur:

Amour, compassion, altruisme, nous-mêmes et Dieu lui-même.

N'oubliez pas ces trois mots,

Et quand je dis eux,

N'oubliez pas de leur importance,

Pour ces trois mots sont grands,

Et je leur dirai à vous une dernière fois,

« Je t'aime. »

Justin Reamer

# Trombone

Mouthpiece and bell,  
A slide that adjusts its pitch,  
The trombone is the second loudest,  
But it is somewhat shy.  
It tends to keep to itself,  
And tends to be more introverted  
Than its brass cousins,  
But when it has to,  
It still does its best.

Justin Reamer

# True Genius

William Shakespeare,  
A true genius at that,  
For he has inspired many  
Of the world around him,  
And has inspired the literary world  
And created a greater role in the  
World of the West and of Humanity.

Everyone knoweth Shakespeare,  
For a man will know him,  
Whether he is a Briton,  
An American or a Dane,  
A Spaniard or a Swiss,  
A Swede or a Nordic,  
A Saxon or a German,  
A Celtic or a Gaelic,  
A Scot or a Welshman,  
A Dutchman or a Belgian,  
A Bulgarian or a Russian,  
An Italian or a Canadian,  
A Haitian or a Filipino,  
A Chinese or a Japanese,  
A Lesar or a Vietnamese,  
Or even an Aussie.  
Everyone knows of his genius.

Shakespeare is recognised everywhere,  
For his plays are performed worldwide,  
Including Hamlet,  
Romeo and Juliet,  
Julius Caesar and Othello,  
And so many more,  
That they are known for their art,  
Making Shakespeare known worldwide.

Ben Jonson once complimented Shakespeare,  
Saying,  
'Look not on his picture,  
But on his Booke, '

And saying that Shakespeare's plays  
'Were of some noble arte.'  
Jonson praised Shakespeare,  
Even though he was angry at  
His rival once, saying,  
'Shaksperr wanted arte! '  
Yet, the two were lifelong friends,  
No matter what happened in time.

The actors today perform Shakespeare's roles well,  
Including Hamlet and Ophelia,  
Laertes and Polonius,  
Claudius and Gertrude,  
Romeo and Juliet,  
Mercutio and Benvolio,  
Tybalt and Montague,  
Capulet and whatnot,  
Julius Caesar and Augustus,  
Brutus and Marcus,  
Othello and Desdemona,  
Roderigo and Iago,  
Cassio and Emilia,  
Lady Macbeth,  
King Lear,  
And so many others,  
While playing each role,  
Without forgetting a line,  
With perfect exactness,  
Without a single malapropism,  
With each verse singing to the listener,  
With the heartbeat of iambic pentameter in each line,  
Connecting the audience to the characters,  
With each character developing in his or her own unique ways.

Shakespeare influenced the literary world,  
For he inspired themes in authors such as  
Charles Dickens and Virginia Woolf,  
Henry James and Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) ,  
Theodore Dreiser and Sir Walter Scott,  
James Fennimore Cooper and Walt Whitman,  
John Milton and Jonathan Swift,  
Aldous Huxley's Brave New World,

Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes*,  
Angela Harper and Isaac Asimov,  
And so many more it is countless.

Then why, dear Reader,  
Do we deny Shakespeare of his Authorship,  
If his Works are that of True Genius,  
And instead put someone else in his place?  
Why do we say that the Man from Stratford,  
The Swan-of-Avon,  
The Man from Stratford-upon-Avon,  
Did not write the Works he enticed?  
Why do we say this?

Many say that Edward de Vere,  
The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford did so,  
Or Sir Francis Bacon,  
Or Sir Thomas More,  
Or the infamous John Donne,  
Or John Florio, the translator,  
Or Michael Drayton,  
Or Edmund Spenser,  
Or John Keats,  
Or William Stanley,  
The Earl of Derby,  
Or Queen Elizabeth I (which is absurd) ,  
Or King James,  
Or Ben Jonson himself.

Why did not Shakespeare write his own works?  
Honestly, he must have,  
For only a man of true Talent and True Genius  
Could have written the works that are ascribed to him,  
For this is why we call him the Bard,  
And why we consider him the Author,  
The Great Author who wrote the Works,  
The Great Author of the Works,  
The Greatest Author of All Time,  
Or perhaps in the Western World.  
Shakespeare deserves his literary pedestal.

He inspired many movies,

Including Renaissance Man,  
10 Things I Hate About You,  
O,  
Othello,  
P.S. I Love You,  
And so much more.  
He inspired the literary world,  
The talents of men,  
The sayings we say,  
Our little aphorisms we hold true,  
Many words in the English language,  
Many words in other language's translations.

Shakespeare is not Shakspeare  
Or 'Shaxbear'  
Or Shaksperr,  
Rather, he is the great man  
Who wrote the plays.  
He is the Author,  
The Sonneteer,  
The Poet,  
The Greatest of them all,  
And for that,  
He is praised in Bardolatry,  
In English Positivism,  
In atheism,  
In literary criticism,  
As the best writer of all time.

Shakespeare is the Author  
Of True Genius,  
As Jonathan Bate says,  
Harold Bloom agrees,  
Charles Dickens upholds,  
Isaac Asimov endorses,  
Scott McCrea approves,  
Irvin Matus holds true,  
John Donne reluctantly agrees,  
John Milton holds for inspiration,  
And even Leo Tolstoy reluctantly gives in.  
No one is better than Shakespeare is  
When it comes to True Genius.

Justin Reamer

# Trumpet

Mouthpiece with great vibe,  
Valves that go up and down,  
The trumpet speaks boldly,  
Adamantly,  
Yet arrogant it can be,  
It still speaks the loudest  
As it blares among the rest of the ensemble,  
Bringing every tenuto,  
Marcato, and staccato,  
Into a huge crescendo  
To a fortissimo  
Never seen before.

Justin Reamer

# Truth

Truth is one of the most  
Sacred things in life,  
Something we hold to be true,  
Something we hold to be sacred.  
It is what we believe in when  
Looking for what is right.

Truth is one of Plato's Forms,  
Which is Divine in its own right,  
Which is one of the secrets of the universe;  
We spend our lives 'remembering'  
What we forgot about one of the Forms,  
And Truth is one of them.

Truth is sacred.  
With it, we can resolve conflicts,  
Fight injustice,  
Preserve equality,  
And decide what's right.

Superman fought for  
Truth, justice, and the American Way.  
He fought all the bad guys  
In those comic books who were all about themselves,  
And were false, disloyal, and malicious.

King Solomon was all about truth,  
For he believed in wisdom,  
And sought truth from God  
In order to make just decisions.  
Truth was Divine in his mind.

Moses believed in truth,  
When he led the Israelites  
To the Promised Land,  
And when he administered justice  
Among those who made  
The Golden Calf.  
Moses sought truth from the Lord

In order to do what he thought was right.

Dr Martin Luther King, Jr., believed in Truth,  
For he saw the injustice in his society,  
And he fought for what was right.

Ghandi believed in truth,  
For he saw what the Brits did  
To the Hindu people  
And all the Indians  
(The people who lived in India)  
And did what he thought was right.  
He sought truth to teach people  
What was true and taught people  
What was peaceful and right.

Truth is a splendid thing;  
It is sacred;  
It is a gift we all share.  
We have to use it correctly in order  
To make it right.  
It is one of Plato's Forms,  
And it is the greatest gift we have.  
Truth is glorious divine.

Justin Reamer

# Trys Zodziai

Mano meile, yra daug dalyku šiame pasaulyje

Kad galiu pasakyti, ir jums,

Bet yra vienas dalykas, kuris išreiškia visa tai,

Pats didžiausias pasaulyje,

Kuri yra geriausia dovana iš visu:

Šiuos tris zodzius, kad aš išstarti iš mano lupu,

'Aš tave myliu.'

Mano meiles, jus manote, kad aš juokauju,

Jocose asmuo zinote, aš esu,

Ir gali manote, kad tai kazkokia suktybe,

Kazkas beverciai,

Bet sakau tai tiesa,

Sakau jums, aš tave myliu '

Yra didžiausias dalykas, ka galiu pasakyti, kad jus

Nes ji apibudina visus jausmus,

Emocijos,

Visas mintis,

Visi aistra,

Visi uzuojauta,

Ir visa meile aš jums.  
Jo aprašoma, kiek aš noriu  
Nieko daryti jums,  
Nesvarbu, kokia kaina yra.  
Jis aprašo visu veiksmu ir  
Visus jausmus aš gi jums.  
You gali think it's crazy,  
mano meile  
Bet tai tiesa, ka aš sakau jums,  
Nes aš niekada guli jums,  
Ir aš ne melas dabar,  
Taip pat bus aš kada nors apgauti jus i  
Manyti, ka aš sakau.  
Tai, ka aš sakau tai ne sukciai,  
Ne skandalas,  
Ne melas,  
Nei melas, kurioje mes gyvename.  
Zmoniu gali pasakyti, kad meile yra melas,  
Bet mano meile tau yra autentiška,  
Ir bukite tikri,  
Tai yra tiesa.

Mano brangusis, galiu pasakyti, 'Aš tave myliu'

Vel ir vel,

Nuolat,

Vienu metu,

Ir nuolat,

Ir aš visada tai šypsena i tave

Nes ten yra tiek daug, kaip apibrezta uz

Ka aš sakau jums.

Ji apibudina visus veiksmus aš padariau

Ir esu pasirenges imtis,

Aprašoma mintis, jausmus,

Ir emocijos, aš jums,

Ir viskas musu santykiai yra pagrista

Šie trys zodziai yra pagrindas

Bet santykiai stoveti prieš Dieva.

Tiesa, ir aš tikiuosi, kad jus

Galima suprasti, kad.

Myliu tave, brangioji,

Nes ten yra niekas kaip rušis,

Kaip gailestingas, kaip nuotaikingas,  
Kaip gilus, nuostabi,  
Arba kaip mylintis kaip jus.  
Jus esate gražus su  
Jusu ilgai šviesus plaukai auga peciams,  
Ir šviečia saules spinduliu, kaip ilgai  
Sruogu visai neseniai formuoti iš kasyklos aukso.  
Aš myliu savo ryškiai mėlynos akys, spindi  
Kaip Michigan ir priminti man apie  
Ryškiai mėlyna dangaus vasara  
Kada vidurdienio yra netoliese.  
Jie isiziebti kiekviena karta, kai jus šypsena,  
Atskleisti savo siela, portalai  
Ir rodo visiems, kas yra apie jus.  
Jusu šypsena yra graži,  
Nes ji nušviečia kambari kai tamsoje arba prie  
Yra taip arti, ne labai toli,  
Ir šypsena yra užkrečiamas,  
Skleisti visiems kaip liga,  
Padaryti jas šypsena, taip pat.  
Man patinka, kaip juokiasi,

Jis yra zavinga ir ambicinga,  
Jums duoti savo juokingas juokas priezasciu  
Zmonems, juoktis, taip pat  
Ir kiekvienas megsta girdeti,  
Jis yra malonus prie ausies.  
Jusu kunas yra plonas ir liesos,  
Suteikia jums grazus paveikslas.  
Jusu krutys yra kaip vaisiai ant kokoso medzio,  
Kaip poetas King Solomon, Izraelis,  
Karalius Dovydas, Izraelio ir Jeruzales, sunus  
Karta sake:  
Kai jis paraše poema, Giesmiu giesme,  
Jusu krutys yra kaip prinokusiu vaisiu,  
Bosoms didelis ir grazus,  
Pasirenge ugdyti vaikui, kad gali ateiti i pasauli.  
Jie grazus,  
Auga ir klasifikuojama pagal kiekviena letai kvėpavimas vartojate,  
Padaryti jusu grazus paveikslas.  
Jusu ugio tai didinga,  
Jums eiti Subtilu, kur jums eiti,  
Niekada suklupimo ar kritimo,

Taciau vaikšcioti kaip grazus,  
Tinkamai moteris su daug sudetingumo.  
Visgi yra daugiau jums, kad aš myliu.

Jus esate puikus muzikantas  
Kurie vaidina kelis instrumentus.  
Jus esate puikus smuikininkas,  
Puikus pianistas,  
Ir puikus gitaristas.

Tu zaidi smuikas graziai,  
Zinant kas crescendo ir decrescendo,  
Na, zaisti harmonija  
Tiuningas ir su intonacija,  
Išsakant pastabos ir su savo svogunai,  
Todel malonus ausiai muzika, visur, kur einate,  
Diferencijuojant tarp tokios tempos  
Kaip allegro, andante, presto, largo ir moderato.  
Jus zinote, kas ritardando ir rallitando,  
Kas caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,  
Akcentas, ir tenuto.  
Jus zaisti melodija gerai,

Ir savo laikysena yra didelis,

Ir jums nereikia nerimauti del embouchure.

Ant fortepijono, akustika yra didele, kai tu zaidi,

Jums skamba kaip Ludwig van Beethoven, kai jis pradejo zaisti,

Arba Johann Sebastian Bach,

Ar Wolfgangas Amadeus Mozartas.

Tu zaidi nuostabiai,

Jei dainu kurejas.

Kai jums groti gitara,

Jus esate gamtos,

Jums zaisti kiekviena barškinti kaip

Nieko

Ir jums padaryti tai garsas puikus,

Beveik gana,

Jis yra malonus mano ausis,

Kiekvieno fonetinio prasme.

I 'm a trombonist,

Ir aš esu paprasta palyginti

Su savo nuostabu sudetingumo

Ir talentus,

Jums yra talentingas,

Ir jusu muzikos igudziai yra unikalus.

Aš myliu savo muzikos gebėjimus.

Jus esate labai outdoorswoman,

Jums nera bijo gauti šlapias,

Tampa purvinas, ir gyvas atšiaurioje dykumoje.

Lauke yra puiki vieta,

Ir jums patinka matyti viskas aplink jus,

Tik kaip aš.

Man patinka, kad apie tave,

Nes aš zinau, jus norite eiti kempingas,

Pesciuju, dviraciais, plaukimo,

Kajakai, baidares, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, slidinejimas,

Rieduciai, ledo arena,

Turistinius, Banglentes, nardymas,

Buriavimo, irklavimo, veikia, begimas,

Vandens slides, paukšciu stebejimas, banginiu stebejimo,

Valtys, Reaktyvumo slidinejimas, zvejyba, statybos lauzai,

Virimo Zefyrai, vaikšioti, alpinizma,

Ir visa kita, kaip kad.

Aš zinau, tu myli gamta, gyvunai ir augalai.

Jūs esate gamtos biologas,

Gamtos zoologas,

Ir gamtos botanikas ivairiais budais,

Ir man malonu matyti, kad jums patinka tiek daug atviras.

Man patinka, kad,

Nes aš esu berniukas skautu ir Eagle Scout,

Ir aš nežinau, kur man butu jei mano drauge

Ne kaip kad ne vasara

Ir šiek tiek linkes eiti i šalta Kada

Yra debesuota,

Daug sniego,

Ir puikus ziemos diena.

Aš dziaugiuosi jums patinka atviras,

Tu esi gerai viska, ka daryti.

Man patinka kaip tu puiki dainininke,

Jusu balsas yra nuostabus ir darnia,

Ir daro ka garsas nuostabus kur jums eiti,

Jums dainuoti daug nuostabiu dainu,

Klasikinio roko atlikeju roko dainu

Pvz., the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, ir kurie;  
Šiuolaikinio roko menininku, pavyzdžiui, idomus;  
Pop dainu iš zmonių pvz., Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson ir Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock dainas iš zmonių, tokiu kaip Billy Joel ir Johnny Cash;  
Krikščionių dainu iš grupės trečia diena, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, skaiciavimo vainikėliai, The pietus i ir dar daugiau.  
Maldos dainu, kad daugelis zmonių jau parašyta,  
Ypac giesmes ir Plauktinš paraše Šventuju per tukstantmecius atgal;  
Man patinka kaip jums dainuoti dziazo melodijas pvz.  
Dainuojama bendro atlikejas Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Jusu balsas yra grazus, nuotaikingas, rezonansinis,  
Euphonious, malonus, ir dar daugiau.  
Tai kaip grazus kaip paukšciu dainuoti – miško baldakimu.  
Aš niekada negalejo gauti pakankamai ji.  
Ji privercia mane šypsotis visa laika aš išgirsti jusu alto balsas,  
Kaip ji svyruoja tarp tonai, aikšteles ir pastabos.  
Ji yra labai grazus.  
Dainuoju, taip pat  
Ir man patinka dainuoti,

Ir zinoti, kad man galetu

Tai kartu su kuo nors: DDDDDDD

Daugelis iš tu paciu dalyku aš dainuoti

Yra puikus dalykas, aš niekada pamiršti.

Jus esate puikus menininkas,

Nes aš myliu savo meno,

Ir man patinka, kaip jis atrodo.

Dazu kaip pazvelgti i nuotrauka,

Piešdami, jei jis buvo priimtas kamera,

Ir jus skulptura, jei jus tiesiog padare gyvenima,

Iš savo ant ranku.

Jusu paveikslai, skulpturos,

Jusu piešiniai ir eskizai,

Jusu gobelenai, jusu antklodes;

Jie visi nuostabus meno kuriniu —

Ryškus ir spinduliavimo,

Gyvybinga ir spalvinga,

Jokiu budu glib ar drovus,

Bet linksmas ir isitikine,

Rodyti išjungti savo kreipiasi i akis,

Ir dar jie yra simbolinis,

Taigi pilnas prasme,

Sunku sustabdyti contemplans juos.

Jus esate puikus menininkas su talentas kaip niekas kitas;

Jusu unikalumas yra nepakartojama

Kad tai kas kiti padare.

Jus esate da Vinci ir Michelangelo,

Su tos rušies dovanos, gebėjimus ir talentus

Kad galite tureti.

Aš myliu savo meno,

Ir aš negaliu padėti, bet numato juos,

Ir pastebėti savo groži.

Jusu sugebėjimai yra nuostabus.

Savo raštu yra taip pat puikus,

Tu esi puikus rašytojas,

Ir genialus poetas,

Nes aš skaityti jusu eileraščius,

Ypac tas vadinamas

'Aš sužinojau apie Trejybę šiandien'

Kuris buvo nuostabus dalykas, kuris priverte mane juoktis,

Jis primine man mano brolis  
Kada aš ji perskaityti.  
Aš taip pat prisiminti poema 'Fireflies, Sutemos'  
Nes jis mane apsvarstyti viska jums  
Buvo bando pasakyti man,  
Ir man patiko skaityti  
Jis buvo taip giliai  
Ir taip visa prasme;  
Jusu poezija yra kaip muzikos mano ausys,  
Malonus ausiai ir pilnas melodija,  
Aš negaliu padėti, bet klausytis ir  
Raminantis šlakelio bangos,  
Vejo, šmeizikiškas i wierzby,  
Aliteracija ir aliuzija,  
Asonance ir disonansas,  
Naudojamas didingai, metaforos  
Naudojamas Bystro, similés  
Jie visi pridėti iki menas susijęs.  
Jūs esate puikus poetas,  
Ir savo poezija yra unikalus;  
Tu negali paneigti save kad.

Man patinka kad talentas, taip pat

Aš esu rašytojas save,

Ir aš džiaugiuosi, kad atitiktų kažkas panašaus man.

Savo bibliophilia taip pat yra didelis,

Nes man patinka, kad jums patinka skaityti,

Ir aš atsimenu visi Didziosios knygos

Norite išsaugoti bibliotekoje,

Ir aš atsimenu viską, ką jus man pasake

Apie autorių ir rašytojams, jums patinka,

Poetu, rašytoju,

Eseistu, ir viską, ką panašaus.

Iš 'm glaud galima pakalbėti apie literatūrą su jumis,

Ir raštu

Nes jums patinka skaityti knygas,

Ziurinėti eileraščiai,

Ir skaitymas yra jūsų strongpoint.

Džiaugiuosi, aš galiu pasidalinti viena iš mano aistrų su jumis.

Jūs taip pat didelis krikščionis,

Skirti save su Jėzus Kristaus,

Kaip aš stengiuosi daryti,  
Nors aš kataliku,  
Ir jus olandu reformatu protestantu,  
Mes abu manome kažkas tikra-  
Dievas pats, kuris dave mums malones  
Viska pamatyti prieš mus,  
Ir nieko gali būti paimti iš JAV  
Tol, kol mes pasitikejima juo.  
Nes mes esame čia padėti kitiems ir padėti vieni kitiems,  
Ir aš zaviuosi jūsu nora duoti,  
Tiesiog kaip aš esu pasirengęs suteikti.  
It's great Noredami pamatyti savo tikejima augti taip smarkiai,  
Nes manote, kad tas, kuris irrašytas pasaulyje,  
Musu Gelbetojo Jėzaus Kristaus Mesijas.

Mano meile, aš esu pasirengęs padaryti viską už jus,  
Jei esate liudna, aš jums, komforta  
Jei esate laimingas, aš juoktis su tavimi,  
Jei esate neramus, aš Patarsiu tau,  
Jei esate prieštaravo, aš klausytis ir konsolės jums;  
Jei esate piktas, aš pabandyti nuraminti jums;

Jeigu esate sunerime, aš bus nuraminti jums;

Jei nerimaujate, aš bus ten buti uz jus.

Aš noriu buti laimingas

Todel, kad jusu laime yra svarbiausia

Man šiame pasaulyje.

Aš pirkti jums prireikus, geles

Jums parodyti savo dekinguma, deimanto ziedas

Laidotuves panašiu i ši,

Buti ten jums ir jusu šeimai kai

Reikia man ten;

Aš busiu ten musu vaikams,

Tu esi man.

Aš jus i kina,

Ir tai, ka aš gali padeti suzinoti

Kad aš myliu tave visada.

Mes tiek vaiku, kaip jus

Norite tureti,

Uz tai aš naudoju, kuno

Taigi aš pades jums nuspresti, ka jus

Norite naudoti ja

Taigi, jus turite pasakyti i ji.

Jus esate mano drauge,  
Mano daug kitu,  
Greiciau, kad sužadetine,  
Nes mes netrukus turi buti affianced,  
Ir greitai, kad zmona,  
Mes bus buti Šventoji santuoka  
Šiuo santykiai prieš Dieva.  
Mes Sunus ir dukterys musu paciu,  
Vaikams mes visada myliu,  
Ir mes geriau juos puikiu zmoniu,  
Ir mes busime dideli tevu.  
Jums bus puiki motina,  
Ir aš busiu labai tevas.  
Jus esate mano gyvenimo meile, brangioji;  
Aš noriu zinoti tai.  
Aš esu jusu tarnas,  
Ir jus esate mano meistras;  
Aš noriai suteikti sau jums  
Taip, kad gali patenkinti jusu poreikius  
Jums bus laimingas.  
Aš esu elastinga ir paklusnus,

Nes aš pateikti jums savo laimes.

Aš myliu viska, kas apie tave,

Ir esu pasirenges daryti visa tai uz jus.

Aš noriu zinoti tai.

Jus esate mano sielos draugas,

Mano viena tikra meile,

Ir ten yra niekas kitas kaip jus

Kurie papildo man.

I 'm glad to know you

Ir myliu visa savo širdimi.

Taigi, mano meile, šiuos tris zodzius

Pasakys jums, ka jums reikia zinoti,

Nes jie aprašyti viska, aš ka tik aprašytos,

Viska jaučiu jums,

Nes kai matau tu, mano širdis palpitates,

Mano serdtse tampa arrhythmic,

Mano glubina dushy tampa laimingi jus, zvilgsnio

Mano viduriai Tvist ir bidonas;

Mano šypsena tampa nevalingas,

Aš juoktis nevaldomai,

Aš atodusis ilgas ir minkštas.

Myliu tave, brangioji,

Ir aš esu pasirengęs padaryti viską už jus.

Jūs esate mano sielos draugas,

Ir šie trys žodžiai apibūdinti viską

Mūsų santykiai yra pagrįsti:

Meilės, užuojautos, pasiaukojimas, save, ir pats Dievas.

Prisiminti šiuos tris žodžius,

Ir kai aš sakau jiems,

Prisiminti jų svarbą,

Šie trys žodžiai yra puikus,

Ir aš turiu pasakyti jiems jums paskutini kartą,

'Aš tave myliu.'

Justin Reamer

# Trzy Słowa

Moja miłości, istnieje wiele rzeczy na tym świecie

Ze można powiedzieć i zrobić dla Ciebie,

Ale jest jedna rzecz, która wyraża wszystko to,

Najwspanialsza rzecz na świecie,

Który jest najlepszy prezent wszystkim:

Te trzy słowa, które ja wypowiem się z moich ust,

'Kocham cię'.

Moja miłość, może myślisz, że żartuje,

Dla osoby, której nie wiesz, że jestem,

A może uważasz, że jest to pewnego rodzaju oszustwo,

Cos bezwartościowe,

Ale mogę powiedzieć, że to jest prawda,

Za informacja, 'I love you'

Jest największą rzeczą, jaką można powiedzieć do Ciebie

Ponieważ opisuje wszystkie uczucia,

Wszystkie emocje,

Wszystkie myśli,

Wszystkie meki,

Współczucie,

I miłość, mam dla Ciebie.

Opisuje ile jestem gotów

Zrobić coś dla Ciebie,

To może kosztować.

Opisuje wszystkie działania i

Wszystkie uczucia, co robię dla Ciebie.

Może myślisz, że to szalone,

Moje kochanie

Ale prawda jest to, co mówię do Ciebie,

Bo nigdy nie skłamię

I teraz, nie kłamię

Nie będzie nigdy oszukać na

Wiara w coś powiem.

To coś, co mogę powiedzieć to nie oszustwo,

Nie skandal,

Nie kłamstwo,

Ani kłamstwo w którym żyjemy.

Ludzie mówią, że miłość jest kłamstwo,

Ale moja miłość do Ciebie jest prawdziwa,

I pewny,

To jest prawda.

Moi drodzy, można powiedzieć, 'I love you'

W kółko,

Stale,

Jednocześnie,

I ciągle,

I zawsze chcielibyśmy się uśmiechnąć

Bo ma to znaczenie za

To, co mówią do Ciebie.

Opisuje wszystkie czynności, jakie mam zrobić

I jestem gotów podjąć,

W tym artykule opisano myśli, uczucia,

I emocje, które mam dla Ciebie,

I wszystko nasz związek opiera się na,

Te trzy słowa są podstawą

Każdy związek stoi przed Bogiem.

To prawda, i mam nadzieję, że

Można zrozumieć, że.

Kocham cię, Kochanie,

Ma nikt w naturze,

Jako współczujący, jako żywy,  
Jak miło, jak wspaniale,  
Lub jako kochający jak ty.  
Jestes piękna z  
Długie blond włosy, które rośnie na swoje barki,  
I błyszczy w słońcu, jak długo  
Nici niedawno formowane z kopalni złota.  
Kocham twoje jasne niebieskie oczy, które świeca  
Jak Michigan i przypominają mi  
Błękitne niebo latem  
Kiedy noontime znajduje się w pobliżu.  
Świeci się, za każdym razem, uśmiech,  
Ujawniając portale do twojej duszy,  
I pokazuje wszystkim, co tam jest o Tobie.  
Twój uśmiech jest piękny,  
Za to oświetla pomieszczenie gdy ciemność lub półmrok  
Leży tak blisko, nie bardzo daleko,  
I uśmiech jest zaraźliwy,  
Rozprzestrzenia się wszyscy jak choroba,  
Co czyni je uśmiech, zbyt.  
Uwielbiam sposób, w jaki możesz się śmiać,

To urocze i wspaniały,

Dla Ciebie daj swoje śmieszne śmiech bez powodu

Dla innych ludzi, śmiać się, zbyt,

I każdy kocha to słyszeć,

To miłe dla ucha.

Twoje ciało jest smukłe i chude,

Daje piękną sylwetkę.

Twoje piersi są jak owoce na Kokosowe drzewo,

Jako poeta King Solomon Izrael,

Syn króla Dawida Izraela i Jerozolimy,

Raz powiedział,

Kiedy napisał poemat, piosenki nad piosenkami,

Twoje piersi są jak dojrzałe owoce,

Piersi, duże i piękne,

Gotowy do wychowywania dziecka, że może przyjść na świat.

Są piękne,

Powstanie i spada z każdym oddechem wolno zabrać,

Dokonywanie sylwetki pięknej.

Twoja postawa jest majestatyczny,

Dla Ciebie chodzić bezpiecznie gdziekolwiek jesteś,

Nigdy nie potknięcia lub upadku,

Ale chodź jak piękny,

Właściwego kobieta z bardzo wyrafinowanie.

Jeszcze jest więcej dla Ciebie, że kocham.

Jestes wspaniałym muzykiem

Kto gra wielu instrumentów.

Jestes wielki skrzypek,

Wielki pianista,

I Wielki gitarzysta.

Mozesz grać na skrzypcach pięknie,

Wiedząc co crescendo i decrescendo,

Dobrze, gra Harmonie

Również z intonacji,

Wyrażaniu notatki z twój luk,

Dokonywanie euphonious muzyka, gdziekolwiek pójdziesz,

Rozróżnienie między tempa takie

Jak allegro, andante, presto, largo, a moderato.

Wiesz co ritardando i rallitando,

Każdy cezure, staccato, Mercato, fermata,

Akcent i tenuto.

Zagraj melodie

I postawy jest wielki,

I nie musisz się martwić o embouchure.

Na fortepianie Akustyka są duże, gdy grasz,

Dla Ciebie brzmi jak Ludwiga van Beethovena, kiedy zaczął grać,

Lub Johann Sebastian Bach,

Lub Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Grasz cudownie,

Jak gdyby autorka tekstów.

Kiedy grasz na gitarze,

Są naturalne,

Dla Ciebie każdy brzdakanie jak grać

Nie ma nic do niego,

I zrobić to dźwięk cudowny,

Prawie całkiem,

To miłe dla moich uszu,

W każdy zmysł słuchu.

Jestem puzonista,

A ja jestem prosty w porównaniu

Twój wspaniały złożoność

I talentów,

Dla Ciebie są uzdolnionych,

I umiejętności muzycznych są unikatowe.

Kocham swoje muzyczne umiejętności.

Jesteś wielki outdoorswoman,

Bo ty jesteś nie boisz się zmoknąć,

Stajesz się brudna, a przetrwanie trudnych pustyni.

Na zewnątrz jest doskonałym miejscem,

I miłość wobec zobaczyc wszystko wokół Ciebie,

Jak zrobić.

Kocham, że o Tobie,

Wiem, że chcesz iść camping,

Pieszne wycieczki, jazda na rowerze, pływanie,

Splywy kajakowe, spływy kajakowe, wakeboarding,

Podtapianie, jazda na nartach,

Rolkach, łyżwach,

Z plecakiem, surfing, nurkowanie,

Zeglarstwo, wioslarstwo, bieganie, bieganie,

Narty wodne, obserwowanie ptaków, wieloryby,

Zeglarstwo, narciarstwo wodne, wędkowanie, budynku ogniska,

Gotowanie porcji, spacer, wspinaczka górską,

I wszystko w tym stylu.

Wiem, że kochasz, natura, zwierzęta i rośliny.

Jestes biologiem naturalnych,

Naturalnych zoolog,

I naturalny botanik na wiele sposobów,

I ciesze sie zobaczyc, ze milosc na zewnatrz tak duzo.

I love ze,

Jestem harcerza i Eagle Scout,

I nie wiem, gdzie bede jesli moja dziewczyna

Nie lubi byc na zewnatrz w okresie letnim

I nieco sklonny pójsc na zimno gdy

Jest jasne niebo,

Duzo sniegu,

I dzien zimy.

Ciesze sie, ze milosc na zewnatrz,

Bo ty jestes dobry na wszystko, co robisz.

Kocham, jak jestes wielkim piosenkarzem,

Twój głos jest cudowny i harmonijny,

I sprawia, że dźwięk rzeczy wspaniałe, gdziekolwiek jesteś,

Dla Ciebie zaspiewać wiele wspaniałych utworów,

Rockowych piosenek autorstwa artystów classic rock

Takich jak Beatles, the Rolling Stones i Who;  
Współczesny rock artystów takich jak zabawa;  
Piosenek pop przez ludzi takich jak Katy Perry, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,  
Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson i Carrie Underwood;  
Soft rock piosenek przez ludzi takich jak Billy Joel i Johnny Cash;  
Christian Songs przez zespoły takie jak trzeciego dnia, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, licząc korony, The Newsboys i wiele innych;  
Piosenki kultu, które wiele osób pisało,  
Przed wszystkim hymny i etazerka napisane przez świętych, a tysiące lat temu;  
Kocham, jak śpiewasz, że jazz utwory takie jak te  
Śpiewane przez Louis Armstrong co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald.  
Twój głos jest piękny, żywy, wieczny,  
Euphonious, miły i wiele więcej.  
To jest tak piękny jak ptak śpiewa w baldachim lasu.  
Nigdy nie mógł go dośc.  
To sprawia, że uśmiech cały czas słysze Twój głos altowy,  
Jak zmienia się między dźwięki, boiska i notatki.  
To jest absolutnie piękne.  
Śpiewam, zbyt,  
I kocham śpiewać,

I wiem, że może wpływać na

Czy w duecie z kogoś, kto lubi

Wiele z tych samych rzeczy, które robie śpiewać

Jest to wspaniała rzecz, która nigdy nie można zapomnieć o.

Jesteś wspaniałym artystą,

Bo miłość swojej sztuki,

I kocham, jak to wygląda.

Możesz malować jak patrzysz na zdjęcie,

Można narysować tak, jakby zostały zrobione przez aparat,

I można rzeźbić, jakby po prostu się żyła,

Z własnych rąk niedźwiedzia.

Twoje obrazy, swoje rzeźby,

Swoje rysunki i szkice,

Twój gobelin, twój koldry;

Są one wszystkie wspaniałe dzieła sztuki —

Żywy i promieniowania,

Żywe i barwne,

Bynajmniej nie glib lub obojętnego,

Ale mirthful i pewność,

Pokazując ich odwołania do oka,

I jeszcze sa symboliczne,  
Tak pelne znaczenie,  
Nie mozna zatrzymac ich kontemplacji.  
Jestes wielkim artysta z talentem jak zaden inny;  
Twoja wyjatkowosc jest nieporównywalny  
Na co inni zrobili.  
Da Vinci i Michal Aniol,  
Z tego rodzaju dary, umiejetnosc i talentów  
Ze posiadasz.  
Kocham swojej sztuki,  
I nie mozna pomóc, ale je kontemplowac  
I zauwazyc ich piekno.  
Swoje talenty sa wspaniale.  
  
Twoje pisanie jest również wspanialy,  
Bo ty jestes wielkim pisarzem,  
I Wielki poeta,  
Dla mam czytac swoje wiersze,  
Szczególnie jeden o nazwie  
'Dowiedzialem sie o Trójcy dzis'  
Który byl czymś wspanialym, ze mnie smiac,

Dla przypomina mi mój własny brat  
Kiedy ja przeczytać.  
Pamiętam też poemat 'Światliki w zmierzchu'  
Dla mnie wszystko za Ciebie  
Starali się powiedzieć mi,  
I lubi czytać,  
To było tak głęboko  
I tak pełne znaczenie;  
Poezji jest jak muzyka dla moich uszu,  
Euphonious i pełne melodii,  
Nie mogę pomóc, ale słuchać  
Kojący plusk fal,  
Wiatr szepcze wierzby,  
Aliteracja i aluzji,  
Assonance i dysonansu,  
Metafory majestatycznie, używane  
Porównan sprytnie, używane  
Bo wszystko dodać do sztuki zaangażowana.  
Jestes Wielki poeta,  
I poezji jest niepowtarzalny;  
You cant zaprzeczyc samemu.

Kocham tego talentu, zbyt,

Jestem pisarzem

I ciesze sie spotkac kogos takiego jak ja.

Twój bibliofil jest także wielki,

Bo miłość to miłość do czytania,

I pamiętam, że wszystkie wielkie książki

Przechowywać w bibliotece,

I pamiętam, że wszystko, co mi powiedziałes

O wszystkich autorów i pisarzy, które kochasz,

Poeci, pisarze,

Publicystów i wszystkie rzeczy w tym stylu.

Cieszę się, że można mówić literatury z Toba,

I pisania, szczególnie,

Ponieważ lubię czytać książki,

Czytać wiersze,

I czytanie jest twój kiedyś.

Cieszę się, że mogę podzielić się jednym z moich pasji z Toba.

Jestes również wielki chrześcijanin,

Przeznacza się na Jezusa Chrystusa,

Podobnie jak próbuje zrobić,  
Mimo że jestem katolikiem,  
I Hollenderskich reformowanej,  
Oboje wierzą w coś oryginalnego,  
Laska Boga samego, który dał nam  
Wszystko, co widzimy przed nami,  
I nic nie mogą być zabrane nam  
Tak długo, jak możemy mu ufają.  
Bo jesteśmy tu aby pomóc innym i pomóc sobie nawzajem,  
I podziwiam chęć dać,  
Tak, jak ja jestem gotowa oddać.  
To jest wielkie, aby zobaczyć swoją wiarę rosnąć tak bardzo,  
Bo wierzysz w kogo uratował świat,  
Naszego Zbawiciela Jezusa Chrystusa Mesjasza.

Kochanie, jestem gotów zrobić wszystko dla Ciebie,  
Jeśli jesteś smutny, ja cię pocieszam  
Jeśli jesteś szczęśliwy, będę się śmiać z Ciebie,  
Jeśli jesteś zmęczony, ja ci doradzę  
Jeśli konflikt, będę słuchać i konsolować  
Jeśli jesteś zły, będę próbował złagodzić

Jesli jestes niespokojny, bedzie uspokoic;

Jesli martwisz sie, I bedzie sie tam dla Ciebie.

Chcesz byc szczesliwy

Bo twoje szczescie jest najwazniejsze

Do mnie w ten swiat.

Bedzie mozna kupic kwiaty w kazdym przypadku, gdy jest to konieczne,

Ci pierścionek z brylantem pokazac moje uznanie,

Napisz wiersz, podobny do tego,

Byc tam dla Ciebie i Twojej rodziny kiedykolwiek

Trzeba mi sie

Bede tam dla naszych dzieci,

Bo ty jestes dla mnie wyjatkowy.

Bedzie Cie do kina,

I czy cokolwiek moze pomóc wiesz

Ze bede cie zawsze kochac.

Bedziemy miec tyle dzieci, jak

Chcesz miec,

To Twoje ciało uzywam,

Tak pozwoli Ci zdecydowac, co

Potrzeba wobec uzywac ono

Wiec masz cos do powiedzenia w nim.

Jestes dziewczyna,  
MOJE inne istotne,  
Wkrótce do narzeczonej,  
Musimy bowiem szybko sie affianced,  
I wkrótce sie zona,  
Dla podejmiemy swietym wezlem malzenskim  
W tej relacji przed Bogiem.  
Bedziemy miec synów i córek naszej wlasnej,  
Dzieci, które zawsze bedzie milosc,  
I podnosimy ich wspanialych ludzi,  
I bedzie wielki rodziców.  
Bedzie Wielka matka,  
I bedzie wielkiego ojca.  
Jestes miloscia mojego zycia, kochanie;  
Chce o tym wiedziec.  
Jestem twoim sluga,  
I jestes moim mistrzem;  
Chetnie daja sobie do Ciebie  
Tak, ze moze zaspokoic wszystkie Panstwa potrzeby  
Dla Ciebie przyjemnoscia.  
Jestem elastyczna i ulegle,

Dla moze przeslac Ci za Twoje szczescie.

Kocham wszystko o Tobie,

I jestem gotów zrobic wszystko dla Ciebie.

Chce o tym wiedziec.

Jestes moja bratnia dusza,

Moja prawdziwa milosc,

I tu jest nikt inny jak ty

Kto mnie uzupelnia.

Ciesz sie, ze wiesz

I kocham cie z calego serca.

Tak, moja milosc, te trzy slowa

Opowiedziec wszystko, co musisz wiedziec,

Dla opisuja wszystko co opisalem,

Wszystko, co czuje do Ciebie,

Do kiedy widze Ciebie moje serce pulsuje,

Mój serdtse staje sie niezakonczony,

Mój glubina duszy staje sie szczesliwy w oczach

Moje wnetrznosci twist i masowo;

Mój usmiech staje sie mimowolne,

Smieje sie w sposób niekontrolowany,

Westchnienie I długo i miękkie.

Kocham cie, kochanie,

I jestem gotów zrobić wszystko dla Ciebie.

Jestes moja bratnia dusza,

I te trzy słowa opisują wszystko

Nasz związek opiera się na:

Miłość, współczucie, bezinteresowności, siebie i Boga.

Pamiętaj, te trzy słowa,

I kiedy mówię im,

Pamiętam ich znaczenie,

Te trzy słowa są święte,

I jest im powiedzieć do was ostatni raz,

'Kocham cie'.

Justin Reamer

# Ttyl

hello.

hello.

how r u?

doing well.

wwtb?

idk. u?

idc. what's up w/ u?

i dunno. not much. just had a good day.

u did, did u? that's good.

yes, it is.

so do u want to do something 2nite?

like what?

\*\$, maybe.

go to \*\$? wwywdt?

idk. sounds like fun.

hmm... interesting.

what?

u want to take me to \*\$. usually u wouldn't do such a thing. what's the difference?

idk. it sounds like fun.

u r strange, u know that?

really? me? strange? laurs!

!

what?

u should watch your mouth. &gt;: (

me? watch my mouth! why? &gt;: O

cuz u is crazy.

really?

jk. :)

aw, thx. :)

143. &lt;3 :)

1432. &lt;3 :)

ur always on my mind.

really? that's sweet. :)

ik. :)

u really are sweet. ;)

thx.

anyway, wtd?

go to \*\$.

y?

to have coffee.

srsly?

yes.

then what?

we can 53x.

really? y?

it sounds like fun.

ur strange. especially cuz of 9.

what u wanna do 8 2nite?

can do that 2morrow.

ur strange.

ur the prv!

igim.

ur stupid! ! !

4Q.

4Q2.

whatevs.

yeah, whatevs.

143.

1432.

anyway, you wanna do this 121?

definitely.

its already late.

ik.

dywm2co?

yes.

imc.

ok. i see u.

what?

9.

oh, ok. i'll wait.

all right.99.

good. that's good. imc.

all right. i'll wait.

imh.

99. parents gone.

good. let me in.

all right. ill let you in.

good.

ttyl.

ttyl.

Justin Reamer

# Tuba

Big and large,  
Valves going,  
The tuba sings and grumbles,  
Not afraid to be heard,  
For its size gives its strength.  
It, unlike its brass cousins,  
Is strong and built for power.  
It gives the brassline  
A good bass to deal with.  
It sings baritone,  
And it's not afraid to sing low.

Justin Reamer

# Twa Mo

Mwen renmen, genyen anpil bagay nan mond sa a

Pou mwen ka di epi fè pou nou,

Men, gen yon bagay ke exprime tout moun sa,

Sa pi gwo nan mond lan,

Ki se pi bon kado tou.

Pawòl sa yo twa sa mwen mépris de pawòl nan bouch mwen,

'Mwen renmen ou.'

Mwen renmen, ou kapab panse ke se mwen menm ki blagues,

Pou yon moun jocose ou konnen m,

Et, ou kapab panse ke li se yon jan de fraudes,

Yon bagay sans,

Men, mwen di ou sa a se verite a,

Pou yo di ou, ke mwen renmen ou, la

Se pi gwo bagay mwen kapab di ou

Paske li dekri tout santiman

Tout émotions

Tout tèt yo,

Tout move a,

Tout pitye

Ak tout renmen mwen gen pou nou an.

Li dekri ki kantite mwen vle

Pou fè anyen pou ou,

Nenpòt ki koute se.

Li dekri tout aksyon yo Et

Tout tèt mwen ta fè pou ou.

Ou kapab panse ke li fou,

cheri

Men, se vre sa m' ap di nou la a,

Paske, mwen ta ka pa janm manti pou nou la a,

Aprè sa, mwen menm ki pa rete koulye a,

Ni a mwen tout tan tout tan twonpe nou nan

Mwen kwè bagay yon bagay mwen te di w.

Bagay sa a, mwen te di w se pa yon fraudes,

Pa yon eskandal,

Pa yon mensonge,

Ni manti nan kote nou rete a.

Moun ka di sa renmen nan kè se manti.

Men, mwen renmen ou, véritable,

Ak lòt te asire,

Sa a verite.

Monchè, mwen kapab di ke mwen renmen ou '

Pase pase fwa,

En,

Simultanément,

Et, en

E mwen ta toujou sourire ou

Paske pa gen anpil sens dèyè

Sa m' ap di nou la a.

Li dekri tout aksyon mwen te fè

Et je dispoze pou li resevwa,

Dekri tèt yo, sentiments,

Et émotions sa mwen gen pou nou la a,

Et tout rapò nou baze sou yon,

Pou twa pawòl sa a sou baz pa pyès

De tout relasyon kanpe devan Bondye.

Vre, e mwen espere ou

Ka konprann sa.

Mwen renmen ou, sweetheart,

Paske, pa gen tankou jan,

Comme compassionate, comme vous,  
Kòm yon, comme mèveye,  
Ou renmen nou.  
Ou bèl ak  
Cheve blond tan ou sa se pou zepòl ou.  
Brille nan solèy la tankou lontan  
Volets an lò ki jis resameman moulé de tèren pyeje a.  
Mwen renmen ou klere je ble ki briye  
Renmen Michigan Et fè sonje m' de  
Klere syèl ble nan summertime a  
Lè noontime pa lwen rive.  
Yo klere chak fwa ou sourire,  
Révéler les portails pou nanm nou.  
Et, ki montre tout moun ki pa gen sou ou.  
Sourire ou bèl,  
Paske li s' yon chanm lè fènwa ou dimness  
Se konsa fèmen bò la, pa trè lwen,  
Et la sourire atrapan,  
Simaye pou tout moun tankou yon sèl maladi,  
Fè yo sourire, tou.  
Mwen renmen jan ou ri,

Paske, adorable Et grandiose,

Paske nou fè ou ri dwòl se konsa

Pou lòt moun yo pou yo te ri, tou,

Et, tout moun renmen tande l,

Paske, Bondye vle koute.

Kò nou fen Et mège,

Ban nou yon bèl figi.

Tete ou yo ou ta fwi nan yon Kokoye pyebwa,

Kòm Powèt Salomon wa peyi Izrayèl la,

Pitit gason wa David nan pèp Izrayèl la ak nan lavil Jerizalèm,

Yon fwa te di,

Ki lè li te ekri l' Powèm, chante pou yo chante chante,

Tete ou yo se tankou zèb apwen

Bosoms gwo ak pi bèl,

Pare pou leve yon pitit gason ki ka vini sou latè a.

Yo bèl

Hausse, yo tonbe ansanm ak tout lente souf ou pran l',

Fè figi ou bèl.

Wotè ou majestic,

Paske ou mache proprement kote ou pase.

Pa janm obstacle ou tonbe,

Men, mache tankou yon bèl,

Bon fanm ak bagay konplike anpil.

Encore, pa gen plis ou pa konnen mwen renmen.

Ou se yon bèl mizisyen

Moun ki jwe enstriman mizik miltip.

Ou se yon gwo violoniste,

Yon gwo pyanis,

Epi yon gwo gitaris an.

Nou jwe Vyolon la nan kalite bodri,

Lè yo kapab chak crescendo Et decrescendo,

Jwe harmonies byen,

Réglage byen ak intonation,

Articuler nòt byen avèk flèch ou,

Fè mizik euphonious tout kote ou prale,

Différenciation ant tempos konsa

Tankou allegro, andante, presto, largo, Et moderato.

Ou konnen tout ritardando Et rallitando,

Tout caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,

Kirye, Et tenuto.

Nou jwe chante a geri.

Et position ou gen gwo pouvwa.

Aprè sa, ou pa bezwen enkyete w pou kesyon embouchure.

Sou pyano, l' acoustique yo lè ou jwe, pou

Paske ou son renmen Ludwig van Beethoven lè li te kòmanse jwe,

Ou Johann Sebastian Bach,

Ou Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Nou jwe fò e bèl.

Tankou si nou te gen yon.

Lè ou jwe gita a,

Ou se yon natirèl,

Pou nou jwe tout strum tankou

Pa gen anyen pou l,

Ou fè l. Se pou sound mèveye,

Manke bèl,

Paske, Bondye vle pou m' tande yo,

Nan tout sans aural.

Mwen se yon gwan tronbonis,

Aprè sa, mwen menm ki poko konn anyen te konpare

Pou ou bèl konpleksite

Et mil goud,

Pou ou sont Talent,

Et compétences mizik ou sont inik.

Mwen renmen ou abilte enstriman.

Ou se yon gwo outdoorswoman,

Paske nou pa pè de route humide,

Vin sal, Et sivivan dure vini nan rejyon.

Outdoors a se yon gwo,

Et ou renmen pou wè tou sa alantou nou la a,

Egzateman tankou m' fè.

Mwen renmen sa sou nou la a,

Paske, mwen konnen ou renmen pou ale kan,

Randonnée, vélo, piscines,

-, Kayaking, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, skiing,

Rollerblading, lagrèl paten a glas,

Backpacking, Internet, plonje, plongée,

Voile, aviron, kouri, djògin,

Water-skiing, bird-watching, balèn-à,

Yon, avyon-skiing, lapèch, bati campfires,

Cuisine marshmallows, li mache, gripe mòn

Ak tout lòt bagay tankou sa.

Mwen konnen ou renmen nati, zannimo y' ap mennen yo, ak zèb nan jaden.

Ou se yon biologist natirèl,

Yon zoologist natirèl,

Ak yon botanist natirèl nan plizyè fason sa,

Ak kè poze mwen vin wè ou renmen anpil outdoors.

Mwen renmen sa,

Paske, mwen se yon Skout ak yon Scout malfini,

E li pa konnen kote mwen menm si m' amie

A pa renmen fè deyò pandan summertime a

Ak yon ti jan mizikal pou ale a lè frèt

Se yon syèl klè,

Anpil nèj,

Ak yon jou gwo sezon fre di.

Mwen kontan ou renmen outdoors a,

Paske ou gen bon kè nan tou sa n' ap fè.

Mwen renmen jan ou se yon gwo chantè an,

Paske ou bagay mèveye e harmonieux,

Et fait bagay son bèl kote ou pase,

Pou nou chante anpil gwo chante

Chante wòch ki ekri sou wòch klasik atis

Tankou Beatles, Rolling mitan wòch, Et ki,  
Pa atis contemporain wòch tankou amizan,  
Pòp chante ak moun tankou Katy Perry, Alicia kle,  
K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica, Simpson,  
Jessica Alba Kelly Clarkson, Et la, Carrie Underwood,  
Chante mou wòch pa gens tankou Billy Joèl, la Johnny en,  
Christian Chansons pa gwoup tankou twa jou, Chris Tomlin,  
MercyMe, Britt Nicole, yon kouwòn konte, Newsboys a, ak bezwen mande,  
Chante sèvis ke anpil moun te ekri,  
Sitou chan relijye ak whatnot te ekri pou pèp Bondye yo yon millénaires a,  
Mwen renmen jan ou chante dyaz tunes tankou moun  
Sung pa Louis Armstrong co-performer, Francis Ella Fitzgerald.  
Ou pi bèl, vous, significatif,  
Euphonious, fè plezi, ak anpil ankò.  
Li bèl tankou yon zwazo chante nan couvert de forest a.  
M te kapab pa janm gen kont li.  
Li fè m' sourire tout tan mwen tande vwa alto ou,  
Jan l' fluctue ant tons, terrains, ak nòt.  
Li absoliman bèl.  
Mwen chante, tou,  
Aprè sa, mwen renmen pou chante,

Epi pou konnen sa m te kapab éventuellement  
Fè yon duet ak yon lòt moun ki renmen  
Pou chante anpil nan yo te menm jan an tou m' ap fè  
Se yon bèl bagay mwen te kapab pa janm bliye.

Ou se yon bèl atis,  
Paske mwen renmen ou kou atizay,  
Aprè sa, mwen renmen jan li sanble.  
Nou peinture tankou ou gade nan yon foto,  
Ou trase tankou si li te pwan pa nan yon kamera,  
Et ou sculpt tankou si ou te fè jis lavi,  
Anba men lous kont ou.  
Ou peintures, sculptures ou,  
Dessins ou Et croquis,  
Tapisseries ou, composées ou,  
Yo tout bèl œuvres D' art —  
Couleurs Et radiant,  
Pwosede ki vibwan e colorés,  
Pa pa mwayen glib ou diffident,  
Men mirthful Et gen konfyans,  
Ki montre tout apèl yo pou je a,

Et encore yo sont senbolik,  
Se konsa tout sens,  
Yonn pa kapab anpeche moun ki kap yo.  
Ou se yon gwo atis ak swasannkenz tankou lòt,  
Unique ou enkonparab  
Pou sa lòt moun te fè a.  
Ou se yon Vinci reyalize ou yon Michelangelo,  
Ak ki kalite kado, compétences Et goud  
Sa ou genyen.  
Mwen renmen ou kou atizay,  
Mwen pa ka ede men konsidere yo,  
Et, remake beauté yo.  
Goud ou sont mèveye.  
  
Ekri nou tou bèl anpil.  
Ou se yon gran ekriven,  
Ak yon gwo Powèt,  
Wi m fè li poèmes ou,  
Sitou sila te rele  
Ke m lan di osijè de Trinity a jodi a, la  
Ki te yon bèl bagay sa a te fè m' ri,

Paske li te sonje m' frè m' pwòp lan

Lè mwen li li.

M chonje tou a Powèm 'Fireflies nan solèy kouche a, la

Paske li te fè mwen te konsidere tout bagay ou

Ap eseye pou di m:

Mwen renmen li li l.

Paske li te la lè gwo basen byen fon

Epi se konsa tout sens,

Poésie ou, se tankou mizik pou tande m,

Euphonious ak tout chante,

Mwen pa ka ede Men, koute a

Osi bon accueil de lanm lanmè

Van an whispering nan willows yo,

La alliteration Et alizyon,

La assonance Et dissonance,

Même yo te itilize majestically,

-Yo te itilize sagaciously,

Paske, yo tout ajoute pou dirije pwòp patisipe.

Ou se yon gwo Powèt,

Et poésie ou inik,

Ou pa kapab demanti tèt ou sa.

Mwen renmen sa mil goud, tou,

Paske se mwen menm yon ekriven tèt mwen,

Aprè sa, mwen byen kontan rankontre ak yon lòt moun tankou m.

Bibliophilia ou gen tou gwo pouvwa.

Paske, mwen renmen sa ou renmen pou li,

E m chonje tout gwo liv

Ou rete fèm nan bibliyotèk ou an,

M chonje tou sa ou te di m' yo ak

Osijè de tout otè Et ekriven ou renmen l',

Les poètes, Et yo,

Essayists yo, ak tout bagay konsa.

M byen kontan mwen ka pale osijè literati avè ou la a,

Et ekri sitou,

Depi ou renmen li liv,

Peruse poèmes,

Et reading se strongpoint ou.

Mwen byen kontan mwen ka separe yonn nan pito m' avè ou.

Ou menm tou gwo kretyen,

Consacrer tèt ou pou Jezi Kris la.

Egzateman tankou mwen eseye fè,

Paske, menm si mwen yon legliz Katolik,

E ou menm yon Olandè Pwotestan Réformée,

Nou tou de kwè ke nan UN véritable —

Bondye menm ki te ban nou favè

Tou sa nou wè pou nou,

Et pa ka wete l' nan nou

Osi lontan ke nou kwè nan li.

Paske, nou se moun isit la pou ede lòt moun pou ede lòt,

E mwen admire ou de volonte pou nou,

Menm jan mwen pare pou m'.

Li gen pouvwa pou wè augmenter considérablement, konfyans ou nan Bondye

Paske, ou kwè nan moun ki te sove sou latè a.

Delivre Jezikri, nou mesi a.

Renmen nan kè m, mwen vle fè anyen pou ou,

Si ou gen lapenn, mwen pral confort nou la a,

Si sa tankou yon benediksyon mwen pral ri avè ou la a,

Si ou pè, mwen pral l' nou la a,

Si ou dezakòde, mwen p'ap tande epi konsole nou an.

Si ou yo te fache, m' ap eseye mollify ou.

Si ou pa anlè pa atè, m' ap rasire ou.

Si w gen enkyetid, m' a gen pou nou.

Mwen vle ou fè kè ou kontan

Paske bonheur ou se bagay ki pi enpòtan

Pou m' sou latè a.

M pral achte flè que nesesè, pou ou

Jwenn yon bag dyaman pou montre m' apresyasyon,

Ekri yon Powèm sanble ak sila a,

Toujou la a pou ou menm ansanm ak fanmi ou chak fwa

Ou pa bezwen m' toujou la a.

Mwen w'ap toujou la a pou pitit nou yo,

Ou se espesyal pou m.

M' ap mennen ou sinema,

Fè tou sa mwen kapab fè pou ou konnen

Sa mwen ap renmen ou toujou.

Nou menm ki gen anpil pitit, menm ou

Vle fè,

Paske, sa se kò ou, mwen menm ki itilize,

Se konsa m' a kite nou deside sa w

Vle sèvi ak li

Se poutèt sa, nou gen yon pawòl ladan l.

Ou gen mennaj mwen,  
M' autres important,  
Dès en fiancée,  
Nou se dès pou être yanse,  
Et bientôt pou madanm,  
Paske, nou menm ki pral apa pou maryaj  
Nan relasyon sa a devan Bondye.  
Nou pwal gen lòt pitit gason ak pitit fi ki pwòp, nou  
Enfants, nou toujou ap renmen,  
Aprè sa, nou a pwal ogmante yo fè anpil moun,  
Aprè sa, nou p'ap gen gwo paran.  
N' a yon gwo manman,  
Et, m' ap tankou yon gwo papa.  
N' a renmen lavi m, sweetheart,  
Mwen vle ou konnen sa.  
Mwen menm, sèvitè ou la,  
Nou menm mèt mwen!  
Anotè m' tèt mwen pou ou  
Lè sa a, mwen ka pou rankontre chak ou bezwen  
Pou nou pou fè kè ou kontan.  
Mwen menm souple Et soumission,

Paske, mwen voye ou pou ou bonheur.

Mwen renmen tou sa sou nou la a,

Et je dispoze pou fè l' pou nou tout.

Mwen vle ou konnen sa.

Ou se konpayon nanm mwen,

M' yon renmen tout bon,

E pa gen lòt bagay tankou ou

Ki complète m.

M byen kontan konnen ou

Et pou renmen ou ak tout kè m.

Konsa, mwen renmen, twa mo sa yo

Di ou tou sa ou bezwen konnen,

Paske yo dekri tou sa mwen sèlman décrit,

Tout bagay mwen santi l' pou nou la a,

Paske, lè m' a wè nou, kè m' palpitates,

Mwen serdtse est arrhythmic,

Mwen glubina dushy est kontan nan nou la a, gade

M' trip kòde Et désabonnement,

M' sourire devient san kontwòl,

M ri uncontrollably,

Mwen pouse soupi tan Et soft.

Mwen renmen ou, sweetheart,

Aprè sa, mwen menm ki dispoze pou fè anyen pou ou.

Ou se konpayon nanm mwen,

Et twa mo sa yo dekri tout bagay

Relasyon nou te fonde sou:

Renmen, pitye, selflessness, tèt nou ak Bondye li menm.

Pa bliye twa pawòl sa yo,

M' a di yo:

Sonje anpil enpòtans yo,

Pou twa pawòl sa yo gwo

E mwen pral di yo nou yon dènye fwa,

'Mwen renmen ou.'

Justin Reamer

# Üç Kelime

Aşkım, bu dünyada pek çok şey vardır

Ben söylemek ve sizin için neler olduğunu,

Ama her şeyi ifade eden bir şey,

Dünyanın en büyük şey,

Tüm en iyi hediye olduğu:

Ben dudaklarımı mutlak bu üç kelime,

'Seni seviyorum.'

Aşkım, ben şaka yapıyorum düşünebilirsiniz,

Jocose kişi ben değilim biliyorsun,

Ve eğer aldatmaca bir tür olduğunu düşünüyorum,

Bir şey değersiz,

Ama ben size gerçeği budur,

İçin söylüyorum, 'seni seviyorum '

Sana söyleyebileceğim en büyük şey

Bu bütün duygularını anlatıyor çünkü

Bütün duygular,

Bütün düşünceler,

Tüm tutku

Bütün şefkat

Ve ben sizin için tüm aşk.  
O ne kadar ben hazırım açıklar  
Sizin için bir şey için  
Ne olursa olsun maliyetidir.  
Bu tüm eylemleri açıklar ve  
Tüm duygular için yapardım.  
Deli düşünebilirsiniz,  
Aşkım  
Ama doğru ben için ne demek,  
Sana hiç yalan için  
Ve şimdi yalan değil,  
Ne de ben hiç içine kandırmak  
Bir şey inanan ben size.  
Ben size bu şey bir aldatmaca değil,  
Değil bir skandal,  
Değil bir yalan,  
Ne de yalan yaşadığımız içinde.  
İnsanlar aşk bir yalan olduğunu söyleyebiliriz,  
Ama aşkımı orijinal olup,  
Ve emin olabilirsiniz,  
Bu durum geçerlidir.

Canım, diyebilirim ki, 'Ben seni seviyorum '

Tekrar tekrar,

Sürekli olarak

Aynı anda,

Ve sürekli,

Ve ben her zaman tebessüm

Çünkü arkasında çok anlamı

Size söylediklerimi.

Bu ben yaptım tüm eylemleri açıklar

Ve am istekli,

Düşünceleri, duyguları açıklar,

Ve ben sizin için duyguları,

Ve her şey bizim ilişki dayalı,

Bu üç kelime olarak için

Tanrı'nın önünde herhangi bir ilişki duran.

Bu doğruysa, ve ı umut etmek sen

Anlayabiliyorum.

I love you, canım,

İçin hiç bir tür olarak,

Gibi şefkatli, gibi capcanlı,  
Gibi düşünceli, otellere harika,  
Ya kadar sevgi dolu olarak.  
Sen güzel  
Omuz için büyüyen uzun sarı saç,  
Ve güneş ışığında parlıyor uzun  
Sadece son zamanlarda mayın kalıplı altın ayrılmaktadır.  
Parlaklık, parlak mavi gözlü seviyorum  
Michigan gibi ve bana hatırlat  
Yaz aylarında parlak mavi gökyüzü  
Ne zaman noontime yakındır.  
Onlar gülümseme her zaman ışık,  
Ruhunuzu portallar ortaya,  
Ve herkes ne hakkında olduğunu gösteriyor.  
Gülüşünle güzeldir,  
Bu bir oda aydınlatır için zaman karanlık veya Joyce'un  
Yalan yani, değil çok uzakta kapatın,  
Ve gülümseme bulaşıcıdır,  
Herkes bir hastalık gibi yayılan  
Onlara smile, çok yapmak.  
Ben gülmek seviyorum,

Bunun için çok güzel ve görkemli,  
Sizin için senin komik kahkaha gerekçe  
Kişi de gülmeye  
Ve herkes bunu duymak için seviyor,  
Bunun için kulağa hoş.  
Vücudunuzun ince ve zayıf,  
Size güzel bir rakam veriyor.  
Meme bir Hindistan cevizi ağacı meyve gibidir,  
Şair King Solomon İsrail,  
Kral David İsrail ve Kudüs ve oğlu,  
Bir kez, dedi  
Ne zaman onun şiir, şarkı ve şarkı yazdı,  
Meme gibi olgun meyve için  
Göğüslerinin büyük ve güzel,  
Dünyaya gelebilir bir çocuk yetiştirmek için hazır.  
Onlar güzel,  
Yükselen ve sizi her yavaş nefes ile düşme,  
Senin rakam güzel yapmak.  
Senin boy görkemli,  
Sizin için incelikle gittiğiniz yürümek,  
Hiç güçlük veya düşme,

Ama yürüme gibi güzel,  
Çok sofistike uygun kadınla.  
Henüz, ben aşk sizin için daha fazla olduğunu.

Harika bir müzisyen olduğunu

Kim enstrümanlar çalar.

Harika kemancı yok mu,

Büyük bir piyanist

Ve büyük gitarist.

Güzel keman oynamak,

Her kreşendo ve decrescendo bilmek,

Uyumlar da yürütmeyi,

İyi tonlama ile ayarlama,

Notlar, yay ile iyi eklemler,

Ahenkli müzik gittiğiniz yapma,

Tempo arasında böyle ayırt

Gibi allegro, andante, presto, largo ve moderato.

Hani her ritardando ve rallitendo,

Her caesura, Stacatto, marcato, fermata,

Vurgu ve tenuto.

Sen de melodi oyun,

Ve sizin duruş büyüktür,  
Ve ağız hakkında endişe gerek yok.  
Oynarken piyano, akustik büyük,  
O oynamaya başladığında size Ludwig van Beethoven gibi için  
Veya Johann Sebastian Bach,  
Veya Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.  
Harika oyun,  
Şarkı sanki.  
Ne zaman gitar çalmak,  
Doğal yok mu,  
Sizin için her tıngırdatma gibi oynamak  
Bunun için hiçbir şey yoktur,  
Ve o harika ses,  
Neredeyse güzel,  
Bunun için benim kulaklarına hoş,  
İşitsel tam anlamıyla içinde.  
Ben bir tromboncu değilim,  
Ve ben basit göre  
Senin harika karmaşıklığı  
Ve yetenek,  
Sizin için yetenekli,

Ve m¼zik becerilerini benzersizdir.

M¼zikal yeteneklerini seviyorum.

B¼y¼k bir outdoorswoman yok mu,

Sizin iin korkmuř-in ıslak deęildir,

Kirli olma ve sert vahři hayatta.

Aık havada harika bir yerdir,

Ve her řeyi g¼rmeyi seviyorum,

Sadece benim sevdięim gibi.

Ben seni seviyorum,

Ben biliyorum eęer kamp gitmek ister,

Y¼r¼y¼ř, Bisiklet, y¼zme,

Kano, Kayak, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, Kayak,

Paten, buz pateni,

Sirt antasıyla, t¼pl¼ dalıř s¼rf,

Yelken, k¼rek, alıřan, jogging,

Kayaęı, bird-watching, balina izlerken,

Tekne, jet-Kayak, balıkılık, kamp Binası,

Marshmallow y¼r¼y¼ř, daęcılık, yemek,

Ve her řey olduęu gibi.

Ben dođa, hayvanlar ve bitkiler sevdiğini biliyorum.

Dođal bir biyolog yok mu,

Dođal bir zoolog

Ve birçok yönden dođal bir botanikçi,

Ve belgili tanımlık açık havada çok sevdiğini görmek sevindim.

Ben seviyorum,

Ben bir izci ve Eagle Scout için

Ben nerede olurum bilmiyorum eđer benim kız arkadaşım

Yaz aylarında dışarıda olmak gibi deđil

Ve biraz sođuk olduđunda gitmek eđilimi

Orada açık bir gökyüzü,

Bol karlı,

Ve bir büyük kış günü.

Ben mutlu size açık havada,

Sizin yaptığınız her şey iyi için.

Ben büyük bir şarkıcı Nasılsın, aşk

Sesinizi için harika ve uyumlu,

Ve geçici şeyler ses gittiğiniz harika,

Sizin için çok büyük şarkı söylemek,

Klasik rock sanatçılar tarafından yazıldı rock şarkıları

Beatles, Rolling Stones gibi kim;

Eğlenceli gibi modern rock sanatçılar tarafından;

Katy Perry, Alicia Keys gibi insanların pop şarkılarını,

K'Naan, Eminem, Beyoncé, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson ve Carrie Underwood;

Soft rock şarkılarını millet Billy Joel ve Johnny Cash gibi;

Üçüncü gün, Chris Tomlin gibi grupları tarafından Christian şarkıları,

MercyMe, Britt Nicole, sayım kron, Newsboys ve çok daha fazlası;

Birçok kişi yazdım ibadet şarkı,

Özellikle ilahiler ve etajer bin yıl önce bir Aziz yazan;

Ben nasıl bu gibi caz tunes şarkı seviyorum

Louis Armstrong'un co-performer, Ella Fitzgerald tarafından söylenen.

Ses güzel, capcanlı, rezonans,

Euphonious, hoş ve çok daha fazlası.

O kadar güzel ormana gölgelik bir kuş şarkı gibi.

Ben yeterince asla olabilir.

O geçici beni alto sesinizi duymak her zaman Gülümse,

Nasıl o sesleri, sahaları ve notları arasında değişiklik gösterir.

Bu kesinlikle güzel.

Ben çok şarkı,

Ve ben şarkı için seviyorum,

Ben belki olabilir öğrenmek için

Seven bir düet başkası mı

Ben aynı şeyleri söylemeye

Ben asla unutmak harika bir şeydir.

Harika bir sanatçı yok mu,

Ben senin sanat, aşk

Ve ben nasıl görünüyor seviyorum.

Gibi bir fotoğraf bakmak boya,

Sanki o bir kamera tarafından alınmıştır çizim,

Ve sanki hayat yaptığınız sen heykeltraşlık,

Kendi ayı elinden.

Resimlerinizde, sizin heykel,

Çizim ve eskiz,

Senin Halılar, yorgan;

Hepsi harika eserler oldukları —

Canlı ve parlak,

Canlı ve renkli,

Hiçbir şekilde glib veya pısrık,

Ama mirthful ve kendine güvenen,

Onların temyiz göz gösteren,

Ve henüz onlar sembolik,  
Anlam dolu,  
Biri bunları düşünürken durduramaz.  
Benzeri bir yetenek ile büyük bir sanatçı olduğunuzu;  
Teklik eşsiz  
Başkalarının ne yapmış.  
Eğer bir da Vinci veya bir Michelangelo vardır,  
Hediyeler, beceri ve yeteneklerini çeşidi ile  
Sen sahip.  
Ben senin sanat aşk,  
Ve ben yardım edemem ama onları düşünmek,  
Ve onların güzellik dikkat edin.  
Yeteneklerinizi harika.  
  
Yazınızı da muhteşem,  
Sizin için büyük bir yazar olduğunu,  
Ve büyük bir şair,  
Ben senin şiir okumak için  
Özellikle denilen bir  
'Ben Trinity hakkında bugün öğrendim'  
Hangi beni güldürdü harika bir şey oldu mu

Bunun için kendi kardeşi hatırlattı

Ne zaman ı okumak o.

Ben de şiir 'Fireflies Dusk içinde' hatırlıyorum

Bana her şeyi düşünün için Java

Bana anlatmaya çalışıyordu,

Ve okurken sevdim,

Bunun için çok derin

Ve anlam dolu;

Kulaklarım müzik şiir gibidir,

Ahenkli ve melodi dolu,

Ben yardım edemem ama dinlemek

Dalgaların sıçrama yatıştırıcı,

Söğütler içinde fısıldayan Rüzgar,

Aliterasyon ve kinaye,

Uyumsuzluk ve kafiyeli,

Görkemli kullanılan metafor,

Fotoğraflarını kullanılan similes

Hepsi kadar sanat dahil eklemek için.

Büyük bir şair olduğunu,

Ve şiir benzersizdir;

Eğer, kendinizi inkar edemez.

Ben de bu yetenek, seviyorum,  
Ben bir yazarım kendim için  
Ve benim gibi başka bir kişi karşılamak sevindim.

Senin bibliophilia da harika,  
Ben aşk için Okumayı severim,  
Tüm büyük kitap hatırlıyorum  
Kitaplığınızda tutmak,  
Bana her şeyi hatırlıyorum  
Tüm yazarlar ve seni seviyorum yazarlar hakkında  
Şairler, romancılar,  
Essayists ve her şey bunun gibi.  
Ben ben edebiyat hakkında konuşmak sevindim,  
Ve özellikle yazma,  
Kitap okumak gibi çünkü  
Şiirler incelemek,  
Ve senin strongpoint yapılır.  
Sevindim benim ilgi alanlarından sizinle paylaşabilirim.

Sen are da büyük Hıristiyan,  
Kendinizi İsa Mesih için adıyorum,

Tıpkı yapmaya çalışırım,

Düz-se bile ı bir Katolik am

Ve eğer bir Hollandalı reform Protestan,

İkimiz de bir şey gerçek iman —

Tanrı bize verdi kendini'nın lütfu

Her şeyi biz bizden önce görmek,

Ve hiçbir şey bizden uzak alınabilir

Sürece biz O'na güveniyorum.

Başkalarına yardım etmek ve birbirlerine yardımcı olmak için hazırız için

Ve ben istekli vermek için

Ben tıpkı vermeye hazır.

Bu inancın çok büyük büyümek görmek harika,

Kim dünyayı kurtarmak o içinde düşündüğünüz için

Bizim Kurtarıcımız İsa Mesih Mesih.

Aşkım, ben sizin için bir şey istiyorum,

Eğer sen üzgün, ben konfor,

Mutlu, ben sana güleceğim,

Sorunlu ise, ben size avukat,

Çelişki varsa, ben dinlemek ve seni teselli;

Eğer kızgın olan, ben eğer yatıştırmak için çalışacağız;

Eğer endişeli iseniz, size güven;  
Eğer endişeli iseniz, ben orada sizin için olacak.  
Ben mutlu olmak istiyorum  
Senin mutluluğun en önemli olduğu  
Bana bu dünyada.  
Ben çiçek gerektiğinde satın alacak,  
Size benim takdir göstermek için bir elmas yüzük almak,  
Buna benzer bir şiir yazmak,  
Orada sizin ve aileniz için olmak ne zaman  
Sen beni orada olmak gerekir;  
I-ecek orada var olmak bizim çocuklar için  
Senin için benim için özeldir.  
Ben sinemaya götüreceğim,  
Ve ne olursa olsun size yardımcı olabilir mi  
I her zaman aşk.  
Biz size çok çocuklar olacak  
Sahip olmak istiyorum,  
Your body IS kullanıyorum,  
Yani ben ne karar vermenize izin verir  
Bunun için kullanmak istediğiniz,  
Bir de ki içinde olduk.

Kız arkadaşım yok mu,  
Zaman önemli diđer  
Yakında nişanlısı olmak,  
Yakında nişanlı üzereyiz için  
Ve kısa bir süre içinde eşi olmaya,  
Biz kutsal evlilik bađı alacak için  
Tanrı'nın önünde bu ilişkide.  
Ođulları ve kızları kendi elimizde,  
Çocuklar, biz her zaman seveceđim  
Ve biz büyük insanlar olmalarını arttıracak,  
Ve biz büyük Anne olacak.  
Büyük Anne olacak,  
Ve ben harika bir baba olacak.  
Hayatımın aşkı olduđunuzu, sevgilim;  
Bunu bilmek istiyorum.  
Ben Kulun deđilim,  
Ve sen are benim efendi;  
Ben isteyerek vermek kendim için  
Böylece ben her ihtiyacınızı karşılayabilir  
Eđer mutlu olmak.  
Ben esnek ve itaatkâr,

Ben sana senin mutluluğun için göndermek için.

Senin hakkında her şeyi seviyorum,

Ve bunu yapmak istekli sizin için.

Bunu bilmek istiyorum.

Benim ruh eşini yok mu,

Benim tek gerçek aşkımsın,

Ve senin gibi başka hiç kimse

Kim bana tamamlar.

Ben bunu öğrenmekten çok mutlu

Ve seni tüm kalbimle seviyorum.

Yani, aşkım, bu üç kelime

Bilmeniz gereken her şeyi söylemek,

Onlar sadece nitelendirdi her şeyi açıklamak için

Her şey sizin için hissediyorum,

Ne zaman ı için görmek, benim kalp palpitates,

Benim serdtse arrhythmic olur,

Benim glubina dushy sizi görünce mutlu olur,

Benim bağırsaklar büküm ve üretmek;

Benim gülümseme istemsiz olur,

Ben kontrolsüzce gülmeye,

Ben uzun ve yumuřak i.

I love you, canım,

Ve ben sizin iin bir Őey istiyorum.

Benim ruh eŐini yok mu,

Ve bu u kelime her Őeyi aıklamak

İliŐkimiz uzerine kurulmuŐtur:

Sevgi, Őefkat, selflessness, kendimizi ve Tanrı'nın.

Bu u kelime hatırlıyor,

Ve ben bunları sylerken,

Őnemini unutmayın,

Bu u kelime iin mükemmeldir,

Ve ben size son bir kez onları sylemek,

'Seni seviyorum.'

Justin Reamer

# Umlaut

What an unusual name for a question mark,  
But it's apparently used for vowel sounds  
For reasons I am not very sure.

Justin Reamer

# Unbound

He is unbound,  
For he hath no wife,  
My dear sir,  
As thou canst surely see.

Justin Reamer

# Uncertainty

Will love ever come my way?  
Who knows for sure?

Justin Reamer

# Unconditional Sacrifice

My dear,  
I want you to know that  
I love you with all my heart,  
And I will be there for you whenever you need me,  
For I love you always,  
And will never stop loving you.  
I want you to know this because  
Even though you will go through great trauma,  
I will always love you with all of my heart.  
Bear well,  
And do the best you can.

Justin Reamer

# Underneath The Rain

My eyes trail out the window,  
Noticing all the green on the ground,  
But there was no rainbow,  
As the rain made a splashing sound.  
I went outside to notice the rain,  
As my upper body grew very wet,  
I imagined all my swelling pain,  
As the mood swooned my regret.  
The ground was wet and deep brown,  
As I contemplated everything in my head;  
I could not help but frown,  
Since this was where my feet had led.  
Now, I know why I feel pain,  
Every time it begins to rain.

Justin Reamer

# Unending Storm

I sit in the basement,  
And I watch out my window,  
For the sky is dark,  
And filled with clouds,  
Clouds as dark as night.

The rain keeps falling atop the roof,  
Pit-pat, pit-pat, it splashes constantly,  
And the wind is blowing rather hard,  
Making the trees dance  
To an unheard eerie rhythm.

Lightning appears in the sky,  
Every split second,  
Making a luminescent flash,  
And it's Zeus' thunderbolt,  
Striking whatever causes wrath.

The clap of thunder  
Is loud and brusque,  
And it echoes across the house,  
And continues to rumble,  
Like a continuing drumline,  
As if the percussionists  
Never cared to stop,  
Even when the conductor cuts off.

My little beagle lies next to me,  
Shaking frantically with  
Such a tremour,  
And panting constantly,  
Like it's the most horrific thing  
The world has come to know.  
She fears the thunder,  
And she tries to hide,  
Looking for someplace safe.

The storm goes on,  
It has continued for ten hours,

And keeps going,  
Even at the time of noon.  
I still see nothing but darkness,  
And the sky hasn't cleared,  
To all of our dismay,  
So we will not go outside,  
Due to the dangerous thunderstorm.

What the Greeks may have thought,  
I can really describe,  
And you may see,  
That Ancient Times were superstitious.

When the storm came about,  
The Greeks felt the wrath of the gods,  
Zeus had been angry,  
So he sent down his lightning bold,  
And killed someone on sight.  
Someone had enraged him,  
And he killed the person,  
Punishing him as such.

The rain was Demeter's,  
For she made crops grow,  
And this time, she was happy,  
For Persephone was with her.

But Zeus was still angry,  
Even with Demeter's happiness,  
And he smote someone,  
Anyone of his choosing.

But this is what the Greeks thought,  
And that was long ago,  
But we, as Christians,  
Think differently,  
With disasters such as these.

Long ago, God gave the weather  
To Satan to control,  
And Satan could do as he pleased,  
And he would torment us.

In this unending storm,  
He continues to torment us,  
And God will allow it for a time,  
But God prevails eventually,  
And sends the clouds away,  
Making the sun shine again,  
High in the sky.

But the storm keeps on going,  
And it still has not cleared,  
But the dreariness will go away,  
And the sun will shine again.

Justin Reamer

# United States Of America

'Hello, good sir,  
You must be the Traveller  
As they call you,  
Who was coming into our town  
This beautiful afternoon.  
I suppose you don't mind  
If I talk to you, sir? '

No, not at all. I  
Do not mind if you talk  
To me in the least bit.  
I am the Traveller  
You speak of,  
For that is what people  
Call me,  
Especially chaps like you,  
My fine good friend.  
Talk to me any way you like,  
For I have nothing to hide,  
For I have been many places  
In my travels,  
And I am not afraid to share.

'Have you been in our town  
Before, sir? '

This small town,  
The one that is called  
Ravannah?  
No, I have never set foot  
In here before,  
And I must say that  
It is something.

'What do you think  
Of Ravannah, sir? '

I think it is actually  
Quite wonderful,

Dear boy,  
For the people are very friendly,  
And the scenery is beautiful.

'Thank you, sir,  
I really appreciate that.  
How many places have you been? '

I have been to countless places,  
Dear boy,  
For I have been all over the world,  
And I have so much to share.

'Have you been to America before? '

Yes, I have,  
Dear boy,  
And it is quite an  
Interesting place.

'Oh, Mr Traveller, sir,  
I wish I could leave Britain  
Sometime,  
For I have never been anywhere,  
Not even America,  
Which seems so interesting  
In history books  
And in literature.'

Well, dear boy,  
America is a wonderful  
Place,  
I must say,  
There are so many things  
About it,  
That make it truly unique.

'All right,  
Can you tell me  
About America, good sir? '

Sure thing,

Dear boy,  
Ask anything you like,  
And I can tell you anything  
You would like to hear.

'Mr Traveller,  
What is New York City like?  
I've read all about it,  
And I don't know what it's like.'

New York City, you say?  
Well, that is America's  
Largest city,  
With buildings  
And skyscrapers,  
That are bigger than buildings  
Over in London,  
And it is so noisy,  
With all the crowded streets,  
And all the people,  
And all the cultures,  
And languages  
And everything else  
Imaginable.  
I must say that there are many  
Automobiles,  
But there are also many cultures,  
For the people are all very  
Friendly, dear boy,  
For they come and greet you  
Unprejudicedly,  
And they are welcoming.  
And Central Park is amazing,  
And so is the Empire State Building,  
As well as the Statue of Liberty,  
And Times Square,  
And Fifth Avenue,  
And everything else there is.  
It is magnificent!

'What is the State of New York like,  
Mr Traveller? '

New York State is very beautiful,  
For it has mountains and forests,  
And people who are all very friendly.  
I must say that it is a remarkable place,  
Especially after going  
To the Adirondacks;  
Those were very beautiful, indeed.

'Have you ever been to Maine? '

Yes, indeed  
I have, dear boy,  
I have been  
To Maine.

'What is Maine like? '

Maine is a very beautiful place,  
Not too many cities,  
And many small towns, in fact.  
It is a rural area,  
With many farms  
And many friendly people,  
And they all farm with  
Crops or with cattle.  
The coast is very beautiful,  
Especially in the summer,  
With the waves crashing against  
The shore,  
And the beautiful forests  
Are also beautiful,  
And the sunset is amazing.  
I believe the American writer  
Stephen King lives there,  
And I met him,  
And he is fantastic,  
For he was so friendly to me,  
A foreigner as his fan.

'Interesting, Mr Traveller,  
That is very interesting.

Have you been to New Hampshire? '

Yes, I have been to New Hampshire.

'What is it like? '

New Hampshire is a lot like Maine,  
Except the territory is smaller,  
And it has a few cool cities,  
Like Lexington.  
It is honestly truly something,  
That I can relate to.

'Hmmm...that is very  
Interesting,  
Good sir;  
So, what is Vermont like? '

Vermont is much like Maine, also,  
With rural areas,  
Friendly people,  
And vast, beautiful forests.  
However, there is not  
A shoreline,  
And there is not much there to see.

'Interesting, Mr Traveller,  
Very interesting, indeed.  
Have you ever been to Massachusetts? '

Yes, indeed,  
I have been to  
Massachusetts.

'What is it like? '

What is it like, you ask?  
Well, it is a  
Very beautiful place.  
It has many hills  
From the Appalachian Mountains,  
And many cities

Such as Boston,  
And Worcester,  
And Handover,  
As well.  
The people are very friendly  
There, also,  
And I must say it is magnificent,  
As far as the view of the ocean.

'Mr Traveller, you  
Seem to have been everywhere.  
Can you tell me about the  
Rest of the United States? '

Yes, sure thing,  
Dear boy.  
I will tell you  
About all 50 states,  
If you really want me to.

'Yes, please! I would  
Love to hear about them! '

All right,  
Here goes,  
And I will tell  
You about my travels.

Rhode Island is  
A very small state,  
You can drive right through it  
In 15 minutes  
And never even know what hit you,  
And it is very hilly there,  
With many of the Appalachians  
Protruding this way and that.

Delaware is a small state, too,  
But not as hilly  
As Rhode Island,  
And the people are friendly there,  
As well,

And everyone loves it there.

Connecticut is  
A friendly state  
With many people  
There,  
And it has many forests,  
That is there,  
And is a very nice place.

New Jersey is  
Known for the  
Show 'Jersey Shore'  
Where people act  
Stupidly  
On reality TV,  
But the people there  
Are nothing like  
Those on that stupid  
TV show  
With Snookie and her gang,  
For New Jersey has forests,  
And cities like Newark,  
And is known for the backside  
Of the Statue of Liberty.

Pennsylvania is a place  
With many mountains  
And many forests  
With small towns scattered  
All over the place.  
The people there are friendly,  
And a major business is  
The coal mines.  
They are truly something over there,  
I will let you know.

Virginia is one  
Of the oldest States  
In the United States  
Of America.  
It was first founded

By Sir Walter Raleigh,  
When he founded  
Jamestown.  
Virginia was a proud  
State,  
For it was home  
to Thomas Jefferson,  
And it was a slave state,  
But today, it has no slaves,  
And it has many rural areas  
As well as its share of urban areas,  
Such as Jamestown itself.

Maryland was  
The first Catholic  
Colonies,  
And it also used  
To be a slave state,  
But it is not a slave state  
Anymore.  
It has beautiful beaches,  
And beautiful forests,  
And a good share of farmland,  
And the people are friendly,  
And the cities are big,  
With cities as big  
As Baltimore.

Washington, D.C.,  
Is truly something unique,  
For it is a capital  
Within the District of Columbia,  
And is the most fascinating  
Piece of land in America.  
It has the governmental area,  
With Congress,  
The White House,  
The Supreme Court,  
And also many monuments,  
And the Smithsonian Institution.  
It is very beautiful,  
And the people are very

Friendly there,  
No matter where you're from,  
Or who you are,  
They are very nice to you.

North Carolina is  
A very pretty place,  
With forests,  
And farmland,  
And a few swamps.  
This is the place where you  
Begin to hear those  
Americans with  
Southern accents.  
You will be able to hear  
Them say things  
That are different from the  
Traditional American accent  
That you would expect.  
They are truly something,  
I will tell you that.

South Carolina  
Is very beautiful, too,  
For it has the same features  
As North Carolina,  
But it has Myrtle Beach,  
A very beautiful beach,  
That is great for watching the sunset  
And enjoying one's time in  
The ocean blue.

Arkansas is  
Also rather beautiful,  
Even though it is  
Rather dry,  
It is famous for its farmland,  
And I must admit  
That the people there  
Are just like those  
Who are described in  
Samuel Clemens'

(Or if you know  
Him by Mark Twain)  
Novel 'Huck Finn.'  
They are pretty lazy,  
And laid-back, too;  
It just cracks me up to see  
Them snoozing in their rocking chairs.

Alabama is also  
Rather something,  
For it is the home  
Of Birmingham,  
Dear boy!  
That is the place  
Where the riots took  
Place in the South  
During the 1960s.  
Yet, it is a lot better  
Off than what it once was,  
For it is peaceful now,  
And the people are friendlier  
Than they ever were before.

Louisiana was  
A French colony  
Once upon a time,  
But then Jefferson  
Purchased it,  
And it became the state  
It is today.  
It is the home of  
New Orleans,  
Where the Jazz Music  
Started,  
And it is the home  
Of Cajun food,  
And the home of the Creoles,  
A truly interesting culture,  
If you ask me dear boy,  
And the Mississippi runs  
Straight through it,  
And it's absolutely marvelous.

Mississippi is also interesting,  
For there is a beautiful shoreline,  
And Biloxi  
Is truly something,  
From what I hear.  
I must say it is fascinating,  
Dear boy,  
To see Mississippi,  
Where many people have lived,  
And I would go there again,  
If I could,  
Just to see it.

Georgia is fascinating, too,  
If I must say so,  
With Atlanta at its core,  
It is a great state to live in,  
Dear boy.

Florida is also fascinating,  
With big cities such as  
Miami and Tallahassee,  
And St. Augustine,  
And much more,  
'Tis the home of the Everglades,  
And Biscayne National Park,  
And it has a beautiful shoreline,  
And is home to Disney World,  
Some crazy American theme park,  
And is also the home to the Florida Keys.  
The Keys are the best part,  
For they are so beautiful,  
I would love to visit them again,  
If I ever could.

I must say that Ohio  
Is truly something,  
For it is known for the Buckeye tree,  
And is home to one  
Of the Biggest Universities,  
Which is the

Ohio State University,  
Which holds the most people  
Of all time;  
Though it is not better than  
Harvard, one of the best  
American schools,  
And it certainly  
Does not compare to our schools,  
Oxford and Cambridge.  
It has many cities,  
Including Cleveland  
And Cincinnati,  
And has a Six Flags  
Theme Park,  
As well,  
But is also home  
To Rock-and-Roll,  
If you know what that is,  
My dear friend.  
Ohio is truly something,  
And I might go back there  
Again, just for the hell of it,  
Dear boy,  
For it fascinates me.

Illinois is also something,  
For it has a large city,  
Named Chicago,  
Which is so beautiful when  
You see it,  
For it is nothing like  
New York City,  
But it is so beautiful,  
Definitely in its own right,  
Especially with all its suburbs  
And landscaping  
And the colleges,  
Such as Loyola,  
And Northwestern,  
It is truly something.

Kentucky is also something,

For it is home to Mammoth Caves,  
Which holds a ton of wildlife,  
Such as bats,  
And snakes,  
And blind fish,  
And also many crystals from  
Every sort of mineral imaginable,  
Dear boy,  
For it is remarkable.

Missouri is quite beautiful,  
Especially with it  
Being the home of St. Louis,  
And the grand Mississippi,  
For it is truly remarkable,  
For Mark Twain lived there,  
And did remarkably well,  
As a journalist and a boatman,  
For he was America's Dickens.

Iowa is kind of bland,  
For it is filled with corn,  
Although the people are very nice,  
All I could ever see were rows and rows of corn.  
They never stop,  
And I mean, Infinite,  
Dear boy,  
So infinite as far as the eye could see,  
It would probably drive you mad.

Nebraska is no different,  
Being that corn state, too,  
Oh, if there were only something  
Different that could  
Make that state stand out,  
For I would never return there,  
Dear boy.

Kansas is so flat,  
For it is flatter than  
A pancake,  
For there are no hills,

And there are no mountains,  
And nothing but wheat,  
Alfalfa  
And corn,  
And much farmland  
To be considered.  
However, the people are very kind,  
That I would go up and visit  
Again,  
For they have some of the  
Best attitudes in the world.

Minnesota is something,  
Dear boy,  
For it is home  
To Mall of America,  
Which is the Americans'  
Shopping Centre,  
For they go there just  
To spend there money  
And do nothing else at all,  
Although Minneapolis is remarkable,  
For it has a lot to do,  
And there is so much to see  
That it is very  
Interesting, indeed.

Indiana is interesting,  
As well,  
For it is kind of  
Like Ohio,  
But different in its own way,  
For it has its share of rural areas,  
And its share of urban areas,  
Such as the awful Gary  
With its awful rancid smell,  
And Indianapolis,  
Which has a nicer area,  
And a much nicer smell.  
It is truly something, too.

Tennessee is quite something, as well,

For it is the home of Nashville,  
Which was where country music  
Originated,  
And is the capital of the world,  
And also is where Memphis exists,  
One of the highest standing poverty  
Rates in that country.  
Tennessee is truly something, too.

Oklahoma is something, too,  
For it is all desert,  
But has very friendly people;  
It has many ranchers,  
Who smile at you and wave,  
And love you no matter what.

Texas is probably  
The most interesting  
Out of the Continental US,  
For it has many beautiful  
Southern bells,  
Many friendly people,  
Ranchers who love to say halloa,  
People who strike oil every day,  
And pioneers who love  
To become entrepreneurs.  
The people are very friendly,  
And the cowboys love to sing,  
And the citizens hold onto their  
Good old heritage.  
It's a great thing to see.

North Dakota is very beautiful,  
With the Rocky Mountains  
Running through them,  
For they are something,  
I must say,  
For what they are worth.

South Dakota is  
The home of Mt. Rushmore,  
The monument

With all the president's  
Faces carved into rock,  
Including George Washington,  
Abe Lincoln,  
Thomas Jefferson,  
And Teddy Roosevelt,  
And also the home of the Badlands,  
For it is something,  
That national park,  
Where there is practically nothing there,  
But there is also the buffalo,  
Which South Dakota is known for,  
And which we know today.

Colorado is  
Truly something,  
For the whole state  
Is made of mountains  
And valleys,  
And it is absolutely beautiful,  
For Denver is a great place to  
See the view of the mountains,  
And a great place to ski  
And snowboard in the winter.  
It's a place where Sean White  
Would practise all the time  
If he could.  
I must say that it is beautiful.

Utah is  
The home of the Mormons,  
Where there is the Great Salt Lake,  
And Salt Lake City,  
Which is the Mormons'  
Residence,  
And I must say they are  
Very friendly,  
Especially when they talk  
About Jesus Christ,  
The man who saved us of our sins.  
In today's society we don't talk about God,  
But the Mormons are not afraid

Of talking about Him,  
And they're so friendly,  
Dear boy,  
That they invited me to dinner with them,  
And I would go back there any time again,  
If I could.

Montana is absolutely gorgeous,  
With all the mountains in the area,  
For it is the home of Glacier  
National Park,  
The beautiful place with all the mountains  
In it,  
The place is so breathtaking,  
I would love to see it again,  
Just once, if I could.

Wyoming and Yellowstone,  
Those are two very great places,  
For the geysers are so beautiful,  
And the hot springs so impressive,  
And everything is just great.  
I would go back there again,  
Dear boy,  
And see Old Faithful  
One more time.

New Mexico may  
Be all desert,  
But up in the Rocky Mountains,  
There is so much vegetation  
That it is unimaginable,  
For it is the greatest thing there is.  
I would say you have to go there,  
Anytime you can.

Arizona is desert,  
Yes that is true,  
For it is known for the Grand Canyon,  
Which is truly a magnificent sight,  
And I must say that you would love it,  
That glorious behemoth,

You would love the beauty it has  
And everything your eye  
Cannot see, dear boy.

Nevada is not much,  
And there is not much there,  
Reno is kind of  
Stupid,  
And I must  
Say that Las Vegas  
Is the dumbest place  
In the world,  
Even dumber  
Than Liverpoole  
Here, dear boy.  
Las Vegas has  
Every vermin and  
Every scoundrel crawling  
There that you can possibly  
Imagine;  
They are what Dickens would  
Call filthy, impertinent,  
Human beings.  
Vegas has prostitutes,  
Gangsters,  
A high crime rate,  
Awful casinos,  
People who gamble  
All the time,  
Casinos crawling  
With bookies,  
Streets crawling with  
Loan sharks of every sort,  
Whores on every streetcorner,  
Accompanied by their pimps,  
And bars filled with  
Every alcoholic you can think of,  
And strippers in every bar or  
Restaurant imaginable.  
You can even get married  
To an unclean wench  
If you wanted to,

And, by Jove,  
Did I hate that place!  
I would never go back  
To Vegas  
Or Nevada ever again.

Washington State,  
On the other hand,  
Is a very beautiful place,  
For it has the beautiful coast,  
Beautiful forests  
That are much like Maine,  
And beautiful Seattle,  
And I would go there  
To hear the whales sing,  
If I could,  
Dear boy,  
For it is one of the  
Best states there.

Oregon is also beautiful,  
With Portland,  
And beautiful forests,  
And a fantastic shoreline.  
The people there are friendly,  
And the peaches are delicious,  
For that is what it is famous for,  
Those delicious peaches.  
I would go back again,  
If I could,  
And I probably will,  
For you should come and visit,  
Dear boy,  
And see it for yourself.

California is something,  
Since it is on the Sunbelt,  
It has big cities,  
Such as San Francisco,  
San Jose,  
And Los Angeles.  
The beaches are beautiful,

But the people in  
The big cities are  
A little stuck up,  
But the people in  
The rural areas  
Are very kind indeed.  
There are beautiful forests,  
And there is also  
Lots of desert,  
If I may add.  
It is a big state,  
And you would like it,  
Depending on what  
You like to see.

Alaska is  
Truly beautiful,  
For it has everything there,  
And it is quite something,  
For there are barely people there.  
There is a lot of wilderness,  
If you want to be like  
Jack London,  
You can explore the Wilderness,  
Climb Mt. McKinley,  
And mingle with the wildlife.  
I liked it quite a lot,  
For I could think to myself,  
And I loved it,  
So maybe you will, too.

Hawaii is like a vacation spot,  
Where you will probably enjoy yourself,  
For the people  
Are warm and friendly,  
And the environment is so warm.  
There are palm trees,  
Nice beaches,  
And plenty of wildlife;  
And there are the dolphins  
You can swim with  
That will brighten up your day.

You would probably like it,  
Dear boy,  
If you had to  
Get away,  
And I am sure  
You probably do  
Sometime  
Just to relax  
The day and night  
Away.

And, there is Michigan,  
Which is truly something,  
For it is so beautiful,  
It might be the best of the states,  
For it has Lake Michigan,  
Lake Huron,  
Lake Erie,  
Lake Superior,  
And whatever else,  
And has the most beautiful forests  
In the world.  
Sleeping Bear Dunes is  
A beautiful national park,  
As well as Isle Royale.  
I loved the wilderness,  
And the independence I had there,  
Dear boy,  
For it was truly something.  
I also love the Michiganders,  
For they are all so friendly,  
For it does not matter  
If they are city slickers  
Or country bumpkins,  
Or liberal  
Or conservative  
It does not matter,  
Since they are nice people,  
And I would definitely  
Go back there again,  
And I will,  
When the time is right.

'Wow, Mr Traveller,  
You really have been everywhere,  
And you have so many stories! '

Yes, I guess I do,  
But I have enjoyed my travels.

'That's still cool.'

Look, dear boy,  
May I ask you something?

'Sure; anything.'

I have been many places,  
And I have seen the world,  
But travelling is of no use to me now,  
Unless I take someone else.  
So, dear boy,  
Would you like to travel  
With me and see the world?

'Yes, I would love to,  
Mr Traveller,  
I would love to! '

Good, then I'll take you  
With me,  
And we'll leave Britain tomorrow.

'Only one request, sir.'

Yes, dear boy? What  
Is your one request?

'May we go to America first? '

Well, since you seem so amazed by it,  
We will go to America first,  
Dear boy.  
So, would that make you happy.

'Indeed! I would  
Love to see America! '

Good to know,  
Old chap.  
Then your adventures  
Begin hereon out.  
Off to America we go!

'Yes, Thank you, good sir.  
Thank you so much.'

You're welcome dear boy,  
But remember one thing.

'Yes, Mr Traveller? '

To thine ownself, be true.

Justin Reamer

# Unknown

I see you all the time;  
You are in my dreams and  
In my sleep,  
You are part of my worst nightmare,  
And all you do is cloud my mind  
With fear that you are watching me,  
Following me,  
Leering at me with whatever dark form that you have.  
You are dark and scary,  
Always in my shadows,  
You watch me with that red eye you have.  
You take from me what  
Matters most,  
Then give me boxes at my doorstep  
Which show a child  
With milky skin and a pallid complexion,  
But screams like a daemon as  
The skin falls away to reveal  
Its horrid true form.

You are my worst nightmare,  
Because I see you in my shadows,  
Tempting me with the gifts you offer,  
Whispering in my ear,  
Touching my shoulder with those  
Long, clawed bony hands,  
Which make me fear for my life  
When those fangs of yours are bared.

What do you want with me,  
You daemon presence?  
What do you want with me,  
O Bane of Creation?  
Why do you want to hurt me such?  
What is it you need,  
If anything?

O Draconian spirit,  
Shadow of the Night,

I beg you please let me be;  
Stop following me in the darkness,  
Stop offering me those horrid things you  
Have to offer.  
Your daemonic aura is the worst  
Thing I could ever imagine.  
I feel you at my side,  
The world becomes cold,  
Even as the sun shines,  
The shivers are sent down my spine.  
You look at me with those wary eyes  
Burning red with anger and hatred;  
You continue to bother me,  
You monster of hell,  
And you never let me be.

What is it that you want?  
I am tired of your temptation;  
I do not want to rule the world.  
You scare me with everything you have,  
But you do not fool me;  
I will not give in to you.  
Your scaly, long fingers  
Are as ugly as can be;  
Those red eyes you have,  
They are as bland as your personality.  
That smile you use to charm women  
And to tempt men like me—  
It is fake, fraudulent  
In every sense of the word.

You hypocrite! Let me be!  
I don't know who you are,  
But I will not put up with you!  
You are a monster of the Pit,  
You don't belong here.  
Go back to where you belong  
And let me be so  
I can live my life.

Justin Reamer

# Unser Vater Im Himmel

Wer ist der Vater im Himmel?

Haben wir keinen Beweis dafür, dass er existiert?

Haben wir keinen Grund, die an ihn glauben?

Obwohl wir ihn noch nie gesehen haben?

Und sein Gesicht noch nie gesehen haben?

Ja, haben wir Grund, die an ihn glauben,

Und unser himmlischer Vater ist sehr real,

Denn er der Grund ist sind wir heute noch am Leben,

Und das Leben in dieser Welt.

Gott ist groß, und er ist gut,

Er liebt uns alle,

Denn wir alle seine Kinder.

Er kümmert sich um uns in jeder Hinsicht,

In jeder erdenklichen Weise,

Und er ist der Grund, warum, den wir lebendig sind,

Denn er uns erschaffen.

Gott ist der Schöpfer,

Denn er das Universum erschaffen,

Denn er der universellen Künstler,  
Und dass wir nicht leugnen kann,  
Denn er alle Planeten erschaffen,  
Alle Pflanzen und Tiere,  
Jedes Molekül, das es zu zählen ist,  
Und jedes Bakterium, Protozoen,  
Pantoffeltierchen, Amöben, Hydra,  
Wasserpest, Streptococcus, Staphylococcus,  
Dinosaurier, Pilz und Virus, das es gibt.  
Er kennt jeden Stern am Himmel,  
Wie groß ist das Universum,  
So wie das Universum begann,  
Jeder Planet es jemals war und sein wird,  
Und vieles mehr.  
Er schuf die Bäume,  
Die Blüten,  
Die Tulpen und Margeriten,  
Der Löwenzahn, die Lilien,  
Der Flieder und die Rosen,  
Und Pinien,  
Und die Nadelbäume,

Und die Tannen,  
Und die Fichten,  
Und die Ahornbäume,  
Und den Eichen,  
Und Palmen,  
Und die Birken,  
Und das Buchen,  
Und den Eschen,  
Und die Laubmoose,  
Und die Schachtelhalme,  
Und die Flechten,  
Und der Farne,  
Und die Schneebesens Farne,  
Und vieles mehr.

Er schuf alle Bakterien,  
E. Coli einschließlich,  
Streptokokken,  
Staphylokokken,  
Milchsäurebazillus,  
Hydra,

Masern,

Die Sache, die Tuberkulose verursacht,

Und der Eubakterien und vieles mehr.

Er schuf alle Pilze,

Einschließlich Hefe und Schimmel,

Pilze und viel mehr als das.

Er schuf die Algen,

Und Protozoen,

Einschließlich Diatomeen,

Amöben,

Paramecia,

Wasserpest,

Und vieles mehr.

Er schuf auch alle Tiere,

Einschließlich der Wölfe,

Die Hunde, die wir als Haustiere kennen,

Beagles und Cocker Spaniel,

Labradors und Pitbulls,

Berner Sennenhunde und Huskies,  
Bauhunde und Doggen,  
Und alle anderen Rassen,  
Die Katzen, die wir als Haustiere kennen,  
Geparden und Tiger,  
Ozelots und Jaguare,  
Pumas und Löwen,  
Mountain Lions und Pumas,  
Bären und Pandabären,  
Pinguine und Robben,  
Seelöwen und Meeresschildkröten,  
Orcas und Delfine,  
Wale und Tümmler,  
Alligatoren und Flusspferde,  
Schlangen und Eidechsen,  
Frösche und Kröten,  
Molche und Salamander,  
Eulen und Falken,  
Kanaren und Kardinäle,  
Chickadees und Liveshows,  
Möwen und Pelikane,

Papageientaucher und Goldfinches,

Falken und Tauben,

Enten und Gänse,

Schwäne und Wasservögel,

Hühner und Hähne,

Kühe und Bullen,

Pferde und Ponys,

Maultiere und Esel,

Esel und Hengste,

Kaninchen und Eichhörnchen,

Streifenhörnchen und Affen,

Präriehunde und Gopher,

Maulwürfe und Biber,

Wiesel und Frettchen,

Affen und Schimpansen,

Gorillas und Orang-Utans,

Fische und Haie,

Seeanemonen und Quallen,

Seeigel und Seesterne,

Kraken und Schnabeltier,

Elch und Hirsch,

Elch und Rentier,  
Karibu und Buffalo,  
Schildkröten und Landschildkröten,  
Ameisenbären und Ameisenigel,  
Koalas und Hasen,  
Kängurus und Opossums,  
Mäuse und Ratten,  
Kaulquappen und seltsame Dinge,  
Ziegen und Schafe,  
Und alle Insekten, die wir kennen,  
Wie Moskitos,  
Bremsen und Deerflies,  
Käfer und Schmetterlinge,  
Raupen und Rüsselkäfer,  
Sonden und Motten,  
Heuschrecken und Libellen,  
Und vieles mehr.

Gott schuf das Land, in dem wir leben,  
Die Wälder, die wir alle kennen und lieben,  
Alle die Berge, die wir in der Ferne sehen,

Und von denen einige wie wir zu klettern und Skifahren auf;  
Er schuf die Strände zum Schwimmen,  
Und Surfen,  
Und für so viel mehr  
Und er schuf unsere Sonne,  
Und unsere wunderbaren blauen Himmel,  
Und alle Tage,  
Und alle die Nächte,  
Und alle auf das Wetter,  
Ob es sonnig ist,  
Regen,  
Schnee,  
Graupel,  
Oder Hagel.

Gott hat uns geschaffen,  
Wenn er Adam und Eva erschaffen,  
Und obwohl sie von der Anmut fielen,  
Gott weiterhin zu schützen,  
Obwohl sie gesündigt hatten.  
Sie hatten ihre Söhne, Kain und Abel,

Und Kain ermordet Abel aus Neid,  
Aber Gott sah noch nach ihm,  
Auch wenn Cain gesündigt hatte.

Wenn Gott eine große Flut geplant,  
Mit dem Willen, ein Boot zu machen gewährt er Noah,  
Und er baute den Bogen,  
Und nach der Flut,  
Er erneut die Erde aufgefüllt.

Gott begann dann seinen Bund mit Abraham,  
Die durch Isaac zog,  
Dann durch Jacob,  
Wer war 'Israel' aufgerufen werden  
Und dann durch Moses,  
Und Josua,  
Und alle Könige und Richter,  
Bis er seinen Sohn gesandt,  
Jesus Christus,  
Um uns von unseren Sünden zu retten.

Gott liebt uns,  
Denn wir seine Kinder.  
Er kennt jeden von uns persönlich,  
Denn er weiß, dass jedes Haar auf dem Kopf,  
Jeder Gedanke, die wir haben,  
Und jede Idee, die wir tragen.  
Er ist allmächtig  
Und allwissend,  
Er ist das größte Wesen im Universum.

Er ist barmherzig,  
Denn er dich liebt,  
Und werden alles für Sie tun,  
Um Sie wieder zu ihm zu bringen.  
Er will Sie so schlecht,  
Für Sie sind sein Kind,  
Und er wird Liebe, die Sie wissen, egal was.

Gott ist groß,  
Und er ist gut,  
Und er wird Sie kümmern,

Egal was,

Denn das ist, warum haben wir Grund zu der

An ihn glauben.

Justin Reamer

## V?I B?N

Thân yêu c?a tôi, tôi mu?n cho b?n bi?t  
M?t cái gì đó mà là r?t quan tr?ng v?i tôi,  
Và m?t cái gì đó có th?  
R?t quan tr?ng v?i b?n, quá,  
N?u b?n có giá tr? tình yêu c?a tôi ch?  
Càng nhi?u càng t?t, tôi có giá tr? c?a b?n.

Thân yêu c?a tôi, tôi đã v?i b?n  
Mi?n là tôi có th? nh?.  
Tôi có th? nh? khi chúng tôi đã là tr? em,  
Và cha m? c?a chúng tôi hàng xóm,  
Và chúng tôi hàng xóm, là t?t,  
T?t nhiên  
Và cha m? c?a chúng tôi s? l?p l?ch 'choi-ngày '  
H? g?i là h? tr? l?i sau đó và v?n làm bây gi?,  
Và đã có nhi?u hon n?a d? nó.  
B?n, em gái c?a b?n, và anh trai c?a b?n s? đi qua,  
Và b?n s? hang out v?i anh trai c?a tôi, ch? em tôi và tôi.  
Tôi nh? nghi r?ng cô gái đã du?c t?ng,  
Và tôi s? tránh cho b?n,

Và bạn nghĩ rằng tôi đã có mặt bạn,

Vì vậy, bạn sợ tránh tôi, quá.

Tuy nhiên, sau một vài tuần,

Chúng tôi đã trở thành bạn bè,

Và chúng tôi phát hiện ra rằng chúng tôi đã có rất nhiều điểm chung,

Và rằng chúng ta có thể tin tưởng lẫn nhau.

Chúng tôi đã trở thành rất gần,

Và chúng tôi sợ chơi Super Mario Brothers với nhau,

Và chúng tôi sợ chơi Pokémon,

Và chúng tôi muốn xem phim hoạt hình Disney,

Với con chuột Mickey, Goofy, và Donald Duck,

Và chúng tôi sợ xem Looney Tunes với nhau,

Với Ili Bunny, vịt Daffy, Elmer Fudd,

Sylvester mèo, Tweety chim,

Muu chuột E. Coyote, Roadrunner,

Và Marvin the Martian,

Và chúng tôi sợ xem Tom và Jerry với nhau,

Và thầy mèo điên nhún đánh búi lên búi

Chuột rất thông minh và dí dỏm.

Nó đã là rất nhiều niềm vui.

Tôi nhớ trung tâm học,  
Lớp đầu tiên,  
Khi chúng tôi sẽ có bạn bè khác,  
Nhưng chúng tôi đã không thể tách rời,  
Cho không ai có thể làm cho chúng tôi rời đi  
Tôi nhớ khác,  
Cho chúng tôi là những người bạn tốt nhất,  
Và không ai có thể ngăn chặn mà.

Tôi nhớ trong lớp học hai,  
Khi chúng tôi đã là cả hai vào đầu,  
Và chúng tôi đọc nhiều sách cùng,  
Bao gồm Junie B. Jones,  
Căn học Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest, và bộ truyện Harry Potter.  
Hãy nhớ khi chúng tôi sẽ dùng để nói về  
Harry Potter tốt cả thời gian,  
Và ghi nhớ khi chúng tôi đều vui mừng  
Về bộ phim Harry Potter mới sắp ra?  
Nó là tuyệt vời.

Chúng tôi là những người bạn tuyệt vời.

Hãy nhớ trung trung học?

Chúng tôi đã như vậy khó khăn sau đó,

Cho chúng tôi nghĩ rằng chúng tôi sẽ

Không bao giờ ngày ? tốt cả,

Cho chúng tôi nghĩ rằng họ là kinh tế,

Và, Tuy nhiên, chúng tôi hành động như một cặp vợ chồng,

Tuy nhiên, chúng tôi bắt đầu tham gia trong cuốn sách tốt hơn,

Chúng tôi như Pendragon, Underland Chronicles,

Và nhiều hơn nữa.

Sau đó, bạn có nhớ trung trung học?

Tôi đã làm, thân yêu của tôi, và tôi phải nói,

Nó đã được awesome,

Đó là khi tôi nhận ra rằng tôi đã có cảm xúc

Cho bạn, và bạn có cảm giác đẹp với tôi, quá,

Và chúng tôi nhận với nhau,

Và chúng tôi đã là các cặp vợ chồng lớn nhất bao giờ hết.

Chúng tôi sẽ nghiên cứu với nhau, hãy nhớ?

Và chúng tôi sẽ nói về kinh điển

Chúng ta cần như những người viết bởi Charles Dickens, lưu

Leo Tolstoy, William Shakespeare, Fyodor Dostoevsky,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (một yêu thích của bạn của lòng bàn tay) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, và John Steinbeck,

Và Virginia Woolf và Mary Ann Evans (cả hai người trong số họ

Đã là một sự yêu thích cá nhân của bạn) .

Hãy nhớ rằng, chúng tôi đã cung cấp vào triết học, quá,

Đặc biệt là khi chúng tôi nói chuyện về

Plato và Aristotle,

Socrates và St Justin,

St. John và St Paul,

St Thomas Aquinas,

St. Augustine thành Hippo,

St. Peter các sự đời,

Immanuel Kant,

Sophocles và Virgil,

Homer và Euripides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Khổng tử và Sun Tzu,

Lão tử và Siddhartha Gautama,

Thánh Phanxicô thành Assisi,

Và Bertrand Russell.

Tôi nhớ rằng chúng tôi yêu tất cả các tác phẩm của họ,

Và chúng tôi đã có một thời gian tuyệt vời nói về họ.

Sau đó, tôi nhớ tất cả các điệu múa,

Đi về Homecoming là một khiêu vũ vụng về,

Bởi vì ngu ngốc và whatnot,

Và què què tuyệt là tất cả các quy định,

Nhưng nó không phải là làm nhút.

Tuy nhiên, prom là kinh nghiệm làm nhút,

Trong cả hai nam đã tuyệt vời về bạn, thân yêu,

Và tôi yêu như thế nào chúng tôi nhảy múa và đã có một thời gian tốt,

Không có vấn đề gì các DJ chơi,

Ngay cả khi nó đã là âm nhạc crappy rap,

Out-of-control hip-hop,

Awesome rock-and-roll,

Nh?c pop mát m?,  
M?t bài hát ch?m,  
Nh?c d?ng quê c?a b?t k? lo?i,  
Swing tràn d?y nang lu?ng, nh?y múa,  
Ho?c th?m chí nh?y múa salsa  
Ho?c Macarena,  
Ho?c YMCA,  
Ho?c th?m chí có th? có th?.  
Tôi đã có m?t th?i gian tuy?t v?i v?i b?n,  
Ngay c? khi b?n bè c?a chúng tôi u?ng  
Punch spiked v?i thu?c nhu?n tràng,  
Và khi b?n bè c?a b?n an g?y,  
Ti?t l? m?t chút quá nhi?u cho hương v? c?a riêng m?t.

Sau đó tôi nh? t?t nghi?p c?a chúng tôi,  
Và đó là tuy?t v?i,  
Cho chúng tôi đã có v?i nhau,  
Và sau đó chúng tôi nói chúng tôi yêu nhau,  
Và tôi bi?t r?ng chúng tôi làm,  
Cho tôi có th? c?m th?y nó trong trái tim tôi.

Sau đó chúng tôi đã đi đến trung cao đẳng với nhau,

Và những kinh nghiệm đã được tuyển với cho

Trong ba năm qua,

Và bây giờ chúng tôi là người cao niên,

Và tôi vẫn hài lòng với bạn, thân yêu.

Tuy nhiên, tôi có một cái gì đó để cho bạn biết,

Cho tôi chắc rằng bạn muốn nghe nó,

Tôi muốn để cho bạn biết trước khi chúng tôi thực hiện bất kỳ

Lên quyết định trong cuộc sống của chúng tôi, thân yêu,

Cho tôi yêu bạn nhiều hơn bất cứ điều gì,

Và tôi biết rằng chúng tôi đang trong tình yêu,

Nhưng mọi quan hệ của chúng tôi sẽ một cam kết,

Và nhiều hơn thế.

Thân yêu của tôi, người yêu của tôi,

Anh yêu em

Và bạn biết điều đó,

Nhưng những gì tôi muốn nói là

Tôi đã dành toàn bộ cuộc sống của tôi với bạn,

Và tôi muốn với bạn

Cho ph?n còn l?i c?a cu?c s?ng c?a tôi,

D?i v?i b?n là ngu?i l?n nh?t

Trong toàn b? cu?c s?ng c?a tôi,

Và đó là không có ai gi?ng nhu b?n.

B?n là ngu?i tôi luôn luôn có th? cu?i

N? cu?i t?i b?t c? khi nào tôi có m?t ngày t?t,

Nhìn d? nói chuy?n v?i khi tôi có khó khan

Ho?c các v?n d? c?a b?t k? lo?i,

Tìm ki?m tr? giúp khi tôi dang theo h?c m?t cái gì đó

Diên nhu sinh h?c phân t?,

Hóa h?c h?u co,

Ho?c tính toán, tài chính, kinh t? vi mô

(Đó là m?t l?p h?c kinh kh?ng, by the way) ,

Ho?c s? li?u th?ng kê, v?t ly lu?ng t?,

Ho?c th?m chí qu?n tr? kinh doanh,

Ho?c m?t cái gì đó diên nhu k? toán,

Nhìn d? an ?i tôi khi tôi dang bu?n,

Tìm ki?m tr? giúp khi tôi chán n?n,

Xem chương trình TV nhu siêu nhiên

Và Family Guy và South Park

M?i đêm,

Th?c hành D?c tin c?a tôi v?i m?i ngày,

Cho c? hai chúng tôi tin vào Thiên Chúa,

Và ông đã cung c?p cho chúng tôi v?i r?t nhi?u,

Nói chuy?n v? sách và h?c nh?ng di?u

Và ngay c? chính tr? và tri?t h?c

Và v?n d? th? gi?i v?i

Và th?m chí khoa h?c v?i

B?i vì c? hai chúng tôi là h?c gi?,

Và nh?ng ngu?i tôi k?t hôn v?i

B?i vì tôi yêu b?n r?t nhi?u,

Và tôi s? yêu b?n mãi mãi.

Anh mu?n ? bên em

Mãi mãi và bao gi? h?t,

Ngay c? khi chúng tôi đi vào Thiên đàng v?i nhau,

Tôi mu?n v?i b?n sau đó,

Cho tôi mu?n chi tiêu cu?c s?ng c?a tôi v?i b?n,

Và tôi s? không bao gi? d? l?i cho b?n cho b?t c? ai khác,

B?i vì b?n là cô gái hoàn h?o

Và nh?ng ngu?i ph? n? hoàn h?o cho tôi.

B?n là b?n gái c?a tôi bây gi?,

Nhung b?n có th? là hôn thê c?a tôi

Ngày hôm sau,

Và tôi mu?n b?n ph?i v? tôi.

Tôi mu?n k?t hôn v?i b?n,

Và m?c dù cha c?a b?n

Không th?c s? ch?p nh?n c?a tôi,

Tôi ch?c r?ng chúng tôi có th? làm vi?c nó ra,

Và cha c?a tôi,

Có th? là m?t ngu?i đàn ông tuy?t v?i v?i tôi,

Là cha tôi r?t ngậy tho c?a b?n,

Và m? c?a b?n là ngậy tho c?a tôi,

Và m? tôi là ngậy tho c?a b?n.

Tôi mu?n nh?n du?c k?t hôn v?i b?n,

D?i v?i hôn nhân là m?t di?u thiêng liêng,

Và hôn nhân s? th?c s? th? hi?n tình yêu c?a chúng tôi,

Cho nhu Chúa Giêsu nói,

Khi hai nh?n du?c k?t hôn,

'Ngu?i đàn ông và ph? n? tr? thành m?t xác th?t '

Và tôi mu?n s?ng m?i ngày theo Chúa Giêsu Kitô c?a t?,

Và tôi biết rằng cả hai chúng tôi yêu Chúa Giêsu bằng nhau,

Và chúng tôi sẽ sống đời tên của ông.

Chúng tôi sẽ có một thời,

Và chúng tôi sẽ không bao giờ ly hôn,

Cho chúng tôi đã biết nhau 21 tuổi,

Và chúng tôi biết lẫn nhau trong phạm vi dục dục của chúng tôi,

Và chúng tôi không cần một tờ giấy

Để biết những gì tình yêu,

Cho chúng tôi là tốt hơn so với các

Trung bình về đức kết hôn sau một năm.

Và, chúng tôi có thể có con, nếu bạn muốn,

Hoặc, chúng tôi không cần phải có con, nếu bạn không muốn,

Đó là hoàn toàn tùy thuộc vào bạn,

Kể từ khi bạn là một trong đó cung cấp cho sinh.

Nếu bạn muốn có con tự nhiên,

Đó là tốt,

Hoặc nếu bạn muốn áp dụng chúng,

Đó là tốt, quá,

Để chúng tôi có thể có trẻ em như nhiều như bạn mong muốn,

Cho dù đó là một đóa tr? ch?,

Hai đóa con,

Ba con,

B?n ngu?i con,

Tám ngu?i con,

Tr? em m?t tá,

Tr? em mu?i lam,

Hai muoi,

1.000 (m?t nghìn) ,

Ho?c th?m chí 4.000.000 (b?n tri?u ngu?i nói)

Tr? em,

Nó không quan tr?ng, cho quy?t d?nh

Tùy thu?c vào b?n,

Và b?n có th? quy?t d?nh

Nh?ng gì b?n mu?n làm gì v?i co th? c?a b?n.

Nhu xa nhu d?t tên các con nh? bé,

Tôi đã ch? có m?t gi?i h?n:

R?ng h? không có b?t k? tên diên

Ch?ng h?n như 'Xoay' ho?c 'Chupacabra'

Ho?c m?t cái gì đó như 'La-a' ho?c 'N?'.

Tuy nhiên, chúng tôi có th? th?o lu?n v? nh?ng đi?u kho?n, khi th?i gian d?n,

Đó là khi chúng tôi đang th?c s? k?t hôn,

Và đó là cho chúng tôi đ? đ?ng y ho?c không đ?ng y v? trong tương lai.

Tuy nhiên, tình yêu, tôi mu?n nói

Tôi mu?n b?n trong cu?c s?ng c?a tôi,

Và tôi yêu b?n nhi?u hơn b?t c? đ?u gì,

Và n?u b?n không mu?n tôi,

That's okay,

Nhưng tôi s? luôn luôn yêu thương b?n,

Và, bây gi? mà chúng tôi có v? đ? t?t nghi?p,

Tôi ch? mu?n nói r?ng tôi mu?n k?t hôn v?i b?n,

Và không ph?i trong tru?ng cao đ?ng,

Tính ngay bây gi?

Nhưng sau khi chúng tôi t?t nghi?p,

Và c? hai chúng tôi đã b?t đ?u s? nghi?p,

Nhưng tôi mu?n nói,

Tôi r?t thích chi tiêu cu?c s?ng c?a tôi v?i b?n,

Và tôi mu?n ti?p t?c chi tiêu cu?c s?ng c?a tôi v?i b?n,

Cho ph?n còn l?i c?a cu?c s?ng c?a tôi,

Thông qua phép bi tích đúng s? th?t và thiêng liêng c?a hôn nhân.

Tôi muốn với bạn cho phép còn lại của cuộc sống của tôi,

Vì bạn là người duy nhất tôi muốn

Và điều này là, không có gì khác để nói,

Nhưng mà tôi yêu bạn, thân yêu,

Và tôi muốn với bạn.

Justin Reamer

# Vacancy

A house on a street  
In a small neighbourhood  
Occupying space as it stands.  
Decorations from ages past  
Deteriorate as wilting plants  
Fill the once vivacious garden  
Teemed with luscious vegetation.

The windows cracked in the daylight,  
The floorboards rotting to ash;  
The porch slowly decaying,  
The weather vane turned to rust.

Near the window, an odd thing-  
The body of a person, perhaps-  
Sits in a chair, staring into space,  
Nothing but a shell, a vegetable,  
Turned dormant within the house,  
As time sucked all matter within it,  
Emptiness living within its wake.

Justin Reamer

# Vantage Points

Grey eyes lit with stupid infatuation,  
Curly blonde hair like a bail of straw,  
A buck-toothed overbite of an insipid idiot,  
The long nose only a hillbilly possesses and  
The wave of a hand in utter senility are  
The images you see me to be in your mind,  
An annoying moron enamoured of you,  
Following you wherever you saunter.

Long blonde hair like ears of a cocker spaniel,  
Highly volatile blue eyes exploding like A-Bombs,  
An impatient foot tapping at lightspeed and  
An icy cold glare with flames of comical quality  
Demonstrate the images I see you to be,  
The Donald Duck angry at the world's stupidity.

The images we see are optical illusions,  
Two interpretations of the same subject,  
But destructive nuclear missiles from a  
Mule's innate truantlike stubbornness,  
Heehawing in protest like a pain in the ass,  
While Old MacDonald stands utterly clueless.

Our differences, however, need not be Apartheid,  
But consolidated colours like an orca's pigmented skin,  
Understanding each other with tolerance and respect,  
Where the images do not create a consuming inferno,  
But an island where Nature is familiar with harmony,  
And all beings in existence can be at peace.

Justin Reamer

# Vehicle

Metaphors are interesting, yes,  
Especially since she is the rose,  
In which the rose is like the car  
In which she is being compared to.  
I guess I like it.

Justin Reamer

# Verb

Run, jump, fly, ski,  
Smile, walk, write, convalesce,  
Introduce, acquire, agitate,  
Aggravate, tot, jot, and sign.

Action words we know and love,  
Using them in our everyday language,  
There is no point not to use them,  
Or we wouldn't be an active people in the first place.

Justin Reamer

# Victoria Justice

My dearest Victoria,

How sweet your name sounds in my ears,  
As it caresses the very soul of my heart,  
And how my heart beats  
When I hear your name running  
Through my ears,  
Like the sound of music,  
And when you sing,  
Your voice sounds like  
Music to my own ears,  
And I can barely stand to miss it.

You are beautiful in your own way,  
For you are outstanding,  
And you are humanitarian,  
And you are giving,  
And you help all those that are around you,  
For you are Victoria,  
The soul of the arts of the Victorian era,  
For Dickens would have considered you a seraph,  
And Hugo would have considered you an angel,  
Dumas thought of a nymph,  
Tolstoy, the symbol of purity,  
Dostoevsky, the beauty of the world,  
Mark Twain, the sign of intellect  
And wit,  
Virginia Woolf, the sign of intelligence,  
Kate Chopin, the sign of awakening,  
Jane Austen, the symbol of confidence,  
George Eliot, the symbol of the flame,  
The leadership in the night,  
And Oscar Wilde, a symbol of temptation.

Victoria, you are talented in so many ways,  
For you make my heart beat,  
And there is nothing better than to see  
You smile as you perform,  
For you know the true value of art,

And how it affects our world,  
For you know how it inspires,  
And how it gives,  
And the artist uses it to make  
What he or she makes of it.  
For you are an artist, as well,  
And you know full well,  
What you can do with it.  
You are great, and you know it,  
For no one will stop you at all.  
I wish you the best of luck in life,  
And may God bless you all of your days.

Sincerely,

The Anonymous Writer

Justin Reamer

# Victorian Complexity

My brother is my brother,  
He is of the same blood,  
He is my brethren,  
And he is of my kinship,  
And he is my little bro,  
And he is mostly my best friend.

My brother is mostly my best friend,  
Since we are of the same blood,  
And we spend more time together,  
Than we do any of our friends.  
I always look out for my brother,  
Since he is of my kinship,  
And he sometimes looks out for me,  
Usually when he's in a good mood.

Yet, there is something strange about him,  
Which I cannot understand,  
It's like he has two personalities,  
Or when the mysterious mood swings kick in.

One moment, he'll be happy,  
And he'll be funny, quiet, and calm,  
The next, he will be sad,  
And quite down in the dumps,  
And then he will be angry,  
Insulting, abrasive, and impertinent.

I do not understand it,  
But it's something that's complex,  
Sigmund Freud hinted it,  
And the Victorian writers have brought  
It into perspective of every sort.

All the Victorian writers  
Hinted at Sean's moodiness  
That yet remains a mystery  
To every one of us.

Robert Louis Stevenson  
used the two-faced personality  
And it relates to Sean's mystery,  
If you look quite closely.  
Dr Jekyll is Sean's happy side,  
For he is joyous and pure of heart,  
And has every good intention,  
But Mr Hyde is Sean's ugly side,  
For he is careless and mean,  
And rotten and fowl.  
Long John Silver is also is also like him,  
A rotten man with a heart,  
And yet, they are both alike,  
For whatever reason unknown.

Edgar Allan Poe,  
Also relates to my brother,  
Some of his characters were two-faced,  
As Sean is right now.

The same goes for Charles Dickens,  
Who used many of Sean's traits, too,  
And it is still inexplicable,  
For nothing can be found.

I still do not understand this,  
Why my brother acts this way,  
So let me give you the Victorian description,  
To soothe your dismay.

Sean can be very happy,  
And he can be fun and talkative,  
And gregarious and hilarious.  
Everybody likes his behaviour, this,  
And it is quite pleasant,  
Sean is a good converser,  
And a good joke cracker, at that.

Then there's the negativity,  
When my brother quite explodes,  
He becomes mean,  
Insulting everyone,

Making fun of them,  
And demeaning them.

The Victorian writers described this,  
And Freud called it bipolarity,  
But I don't know if this is right,  
But then, I don't know for sure.  
I'll never understand his behaviour,  
And I'll never know why,  
But I will tell you one thing,  
I prefer Dr Jekyll instead of Mr Hyde.

Justin Reamer

# Viola

Like the violin,  
The viola has a wonderful voice;  
He is a tenor and sings quite well,  
Making the orchestra sound amazing.

Justin Reamer

# Violin

Violin is a beautiful woman,  
Making pitches like there is nothing to it,  
For she is beautiful  
And energetic,  
And her voice sounds wonderful  
With her fellow string instruments.

Justin Reamer

# Vivacity

Oh, the wonders of life,  
As sparrows fly through the air,  
And warblers sing their  
Absolutely wonderful tunes.

They sing for one reason-  
For they are inebriated-  
As I am-  
On the glory of life itself.

Justin Reamer

# Vug

Wow, what a cool geode!  
You can see the crystals through  
This cavity.  
It's awesome!

Justin Reamer

# Waking And Sleeping

Whether we know it or not,  
We are always asleep,  
Unaware of the true potential we have,  
For we are sucked into a mode of normalcy,  
Which takes away our potential,  
And makes us unaware of what is around us.  
We sleep eternally on this world,  
Living a dream,  
Never waking from it  
And coming to our senses  
Of what is really out there.

Justin Reamer

# Wall-E

Intelligence like a computer,  
Reciting facts like an encyclopaedia,  
Defining words like a dictionary,  
A trash compactor still functioning.

A mechanic by nature,  
Loving and kind,  
A faithful soul,  
Compassion seeping through flesh,  
A romantic sap of sorts.

A Romantic Transcendentalist,  
Childlike and naive,  
A Lover of Nature and musicals,  
A die-hard fanatic of Victor Hugo  
And musicians Rogers and Hammerstein,  
This little guy loves life and  
Would share it with all of us  
If he had the chance to.

Justin Reamer

# Wallflower

I sit here on a wall,  
Wondering who I am,  
And sitting quietly as if I don't exist,  
When people walk in.

They are two lovers,  
Two friends,  
People I have never seen before,  
But I see the affection they hold  
For each other so dearly.

I then see them cuddling,  
Making out,  
And sharing the love they have,  
And then they bicker and fight,  
Go their separate ways,  
And the two lovers,  
Boy and girl,  
Man and woman,  
Never see each other again.

I am the wallflower,  
Not knowing what to make of this,  
But I just study human behaviour,  
And this thing I saw,  
This relationship,  
Makes me marvel at it even more,  
And I continue to ponder  
My very existence,  
Since this is a place  
Where I do not belong.

Justin Reamer

# Wanderers

Wanderers wander wonderfully  
While weepers work Wednesdays,  
With wombats washing women's wool,  
Wheeling wagons wishfully washing,  
Windows willowing willows  
While weepers were wiping worms,  
Wonders with whistles wander wistfully;  
Wind whispering waddles,  
Wigwams warming Wendigos,  
When Willy wakes with water.  
War wins water weirdly,  
Weird wonders wait wastefully,  
What when where why.

Justin Reamer

# War, What Is It Good For?

War, what is it good for?  
For killing each other  
And committing mass genocide,  
Or fighting over small pieces of land,  
For resources that we do not have,  
Or for religious reasons no one understands?  
Why do we bring out the guns?  
To play with our new toys,  
To see what they can do?  
To have a little fun,  
Until someone loses his life?  
Just to say that we are more advanced?

Well, we have taken lives,  
And we have lost our friends and our comrades,  
Losing each other for some lost cause  
Unjustifiable as it is.  
We die and we continue to  
Because we kill each other for no reason at all,  
Eventually leading to our destruction.  
This war, what is it good for?  
Nothing but for leading to our destruction,  
For I will never see a brighter day  
In this Godforsaken feud that  
Shall go on until the end of time.

Justin Reamer

# Waters Upon The Rock

Waters rush against the shore,  
Making me swoon with happiness,  
Thinking of your great mirth,  
And how great you are,  
For you are special to me.

Justin Reamer

# We Are Your Children

Mum, this Mother's Day,  
We want you to know about all the great work  
You have done to help us become the people  
We have become.  
You may sometimes think that you  
Are a failure,  
But this is not true,  
For you have done great things for  
All of us,  
Thus making you the greatest mother  
In the entire world.

Elyse was once an awkward little girl,  
But very kind and sweet,  
Yet bad things happened to her sometimes.  
You were there for her when  
She first learned how to walk,  
When she learned how to talk,  
When you lactated for her,  
When she first started school,  
And when she first had glasses.  
You helped her with her homework,  
And she eventually became independent.  
You were there for her when  
She was molested by some people,  
And you listened to her,  
And you tried to help her in  
The best way you possibly could.  
You taught her how to ride her bike,  
And she had a blast with that.  
Your encouragement and guidance helped  
Her become what she became today.  
Look at her, Mum:  
She was valedictorian of West Ottawa High School,  
Top scholar, in fact,  
With a 5.1 GPA,  
And a 34 on the ACT.  
She went to U-M,  
The Alma Mater you went to,

And got a 3.9 GPA there,  
Especially after all the hard classes she took,  
She succeeded.  
She is now in med school at U-M,  
Studying to become a doctor,  
And you encouraged her,  
And now look at the fine woman she has become.  
She has a boyfriend who cares about her,  
And a family that loves her,  
All because of what you did for her.  
Take heart in how God worked through you,  
Because He know that you did great things.

Sean was a cute little guy,  
And he was a very nice kid.  
He then became angry with the world  
After Dad left,  
But you helped him in  
Whatever way you could,  
Therefore helping the man calm down,  
And helping him get back on track.  
Because of you,  
He is learning more about responsibility  
And more about kindness and compassion.  
He is your son,  
And he has a lot to learn,  
But because of you,  
He has learned so much and is still  
Willing to learn even more.

Stefanie was a sweet little girl,  
But she underwent depression  
And cut her hair,  
And pulled her hair out.  
She has her friends,  
And has many good things in life,  
But with your help,  
She is growing her hair back.  
She actually wants to grow her hair back,  
And she is doing even better in school.  
You helped her get back on track, Mum,  
And you listened to her,

And you guided her.  
If it weren't for you,  
Stef would not be doing as well as she is now.

And me,  
Well, I give a lot of  
Credit to you, Mum,  
Because I must say that I  
Am thankful that you are my mother,  
For you are the best mother in the world,  
To me anyway.  
I was happy,  
But then I suffered from kindergarten,  
And you stood up for me.  
My father mistreated me and insulted me,  
But you came to my aide.  
Children persecuted me constantly,  
But you came to help me.  
I was depressed,  
And you noticed,  
And you tried to help me in the  
Best ways that you could.  
You rejoiced at my birthday parties,  
Celebrated great Christmases,  
And showed unconditional love to me.  
When I broke my head,  
You nursed me to invalescence.  
You helped me convalesce.  
When I did stupid things,  
You guided me so that I could become  
Better and more responsible.  
When you realised my disabilities,  
You helped me cope with them.  
When I was depressed,  
You lifted me up.  
When I was happy,  
You rejoiced with me.  
When I was angry,  
You listened and calmed me.  
When I was hungry,  
You nourished me.  
When I was thirsty,

You gave me drink.  
When I was naked,  
You clothed me.  
When I was sick,  
You gave me shelter.  
When I was suffering,  
You showed me compassion.  
When my teachers, my principal, and my priest  
Tried to stab me in the heart,  
And hang my corpse for all to see,  
You helped me by saving my life,  
Physically, emotionally, and spiritually.  
You gave me a father figure in my mentor,  
Bruce Sturing,  
Who taught me how to be a true man,  
And you taught me the feminine side of things,  
The spirituality of compassion,  
Kindness, understanding, empathy,  
Faith, hope, love, generosity,  
Courtesy, sacrifice, philia,  
And, most of all,  
Agape.  
You have done so much for me,  
And look what I've become.  
I am a writer,  
A helper,  
A servant,  
A hard-worker,  
A good student,  
And an Eagle Scout.  
I wouldn't be who I am without you.

Mum, we are your children,  
And we thank you for all that you  
Have done,  
And now, today,  
We wish to repay you  
In whatever way we can,  
And we love you with all of our hearts.  
Thank you, Mum,  
For all that you do.



# Wej Mu'

BangwI', tu'lu' law' Doch NIM ghajMogh

'e' laH jatlh je SoHvaD Qu'

'ach pa' wa' Dochmey Hoch 'e' vIHutlh.

jatlhHa'law' 'oH qo',

nIvbogh nob Hoch be'ghomDaq:

nIb law' wej mu' 'e' ja'DI' vo' wuS,

'qamuSHa'.'

bangwI', 'e': qID DaQublaH,

nuv jocose ghaH 'e' DaSov.

'ej scam bIquv 'op 'oH DaQublaH,

vay' lo'laHbe'.

'ach vIt 'oH neH

jatlh, 'qamuSHa''

jatlhHa'law' 'oH vIja'laH

mo' feelings Hoch Del 'oH,

Hoch emotions.

Hoch Qub.

Hoch nongtaHghachwIj,

Hoch pung,

'ej Hoch muSHa'ghach SoHvaD vIghaj.

'ar jIH 'e' Del

vay' vay' tugh Data'nISbogh 'e' SoHvaD,

no matter nuq cost.

actions Hoch Del 'ej

Hoch feelings SoHvaD ta'.

'oH maw' chaq DaHarbe',

bangwI'

'ach teH nuq jatlh.

not nep'a' SoH,

'ej wej jInep DaH,

'ej vaj reH toj

vay' 'e' luHar vanwIj.

Doch vanwIj 'oHbe' scam.

wej scandal.

tojbogH chabIj wej ngeb,

jInep'a' 'ej 'oH yIn.

muSHa'ghach jInep'a' chaq jatlh nuv,

'ach SoHvaD muSHa'ghach genuine.

'ej Hoch assured

ghotvam'e' teH.

jawwI' jatlhbogh, 'qamuSHa''

boqta' je rIn jatlhqa',

continuously.

simultaneously.

'ej continually.

'ej reH mon legh

HoSqu'mo' wej vaqwI' vaj De''e'

nuq jath.

Hoch actions pItlh Del

'ej batlh ghaH am

Qub, feelings Del.

'ej emotions 'ej QuQ SoHvaD vIghaj

'ej Hoch waw' relationship ghaH,

wej mu' basis

vay' relationship path pa' qeylIS.

teH, 'ej

laH 'e' vIyaj.

sweetheart qamuSHa',

tu'lu'bogh pagh je bIquv,

compassionate je, je qempa'

thoughtful je, je qu

pagh je vImuSHa' law' SoH.

SoH 'IH

qaStaHvIS poH nI' blond jIb 'e' HoSchoH volchaH,

'ej ghaytan sunlight boch nI'

Qo'noS strands neH qen moulded vo' quv gold.

wov SuD mInDu' boch parmaq

michigan ghaytan 'ej jIHvaD qawmoH

wov SuD chal summertime

ghorgh noontime DaSum.

chep chaH Hoch poH mon,

portals qa'II' 'ang.

'ej nuq cha' Hoch pa' umqu' ghot.

mon 'IH,

pa' illuminates 'oH HeghDI' darkness dimness pagh

vaj SoQ Qot Hu'tegh, wej Hop DoH.

ghaH mon contagious,

yotlmeyvo' Hoch rop rur

chaH, je chenmoH.

mIw Hagh 'a

'oH adorable 'ej grandiose.

SoHvaD meq nob Haghqu'choH tIhaQ

latlh nuv Hagh, je,

'ej 'oH buSbogh 'a Hoch,

DaH bel teS.

lom slender 'ej maHmo',

figure 'IH nob.

not 'urmangvetlh web vIlaj rur naH coconut Sor,

je DawI' noHmo' tonSaw' ta' solomon yISra'el,

puqloD jachtaHvIS jatlh: ta' DavID yISra'el 'ej jerusalem.

wa'logh jatlh,

ghorgh bom tIhab, bom songs ghItlh ghaH,

not 'urmangvetlh web vIlaj rur naH DeH.

bosoms tIn 'ej 'IH,

qatoy' 'e' chaq chenpu' qo' puq qar nurture.

chaH 'IH,

Hu'DI' loD pum Hoch slow tIhuH SoH je

figure 'IH chenmoH.

stature majestic.

SoHvaD yIt gracefully wherever QochQo'chuqlaw',

not ghe"orDaq pagh pum,

'ach 'IH rur yIt.

sophistication mamej proper be'.

'ach tu'lu' neH 'a.

qu muchwI' SoH

jan multiple chu' 'Iv.

Dun violinist SoH,

Dun pianist.

'ej guitarist Dun.

violin reH beautifully.

crescendo decrescendo 'ej Hoch Sov,

vaj reH 'eywI',

loQ ghogh vIghaj 'e' toH intonation.

jatlhchu' ghaH notes vaj bow 'e',

euphonious QoQ Dat QochQo'chuqlaw' chenmoH,

differentiating SabtaHbogh tempos vIq

allegro, andante, presto, largo, je moderato.

DaSov Hoch ritardando 'ej rallitando.

Hoch caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata

accent, 'ej tenuto.

melody reH vaj,

ghaH posture Dun,

'ej nIS wej yIDaQo' umqu' ghot embouchure.

piano, acoustics nIvmo' HeghDI' chu'

SoHvaD beethoven van wab rur ludwig HeghDI' QujmeH tagh ghaH,

pagh johann sebastian bach

wolfgang amadeus mozart pagh.

reH wonderfully.

Men songwriter SoH.

ghorgh HurDagh chu' SoH,

natural SoH,

SoHvaD Quj rur yach Hoch

pa' pagh vay',

wab qu 'ej,

tlhoS pretty.

DaH bel teS,

qaStaHVIS Hoch aural Dapvetlh.

trombonist jIH.

'ej nap compared

qu complexity

'ej talent

SoHvaD nob.

ghaH QoQ laHmey unique.

laH musical 'a.

Dun outdoorswoman SoH,

SoH vIp Suq yIQ,

moj lam 'ej wilderness tlhov 'ej taQ taH.

outdoors Dun Daq,

'ej Hoch around legh parHa'ghachwIj,

neH ghaytan jIjatlhpu'.

'e' vImuSHa' 'e' umqu' ghot

ghoS raQ ghaytan vISov,

hike, qam Do Duj, swimming.

canoe, kayak, wakeboarding.

waterboarding, skiing.

rollerblading chuch skating,

backpacking, surfing, scuba diving.

sailing, rowing, qet, qet.

water-skiing, bird-watching, whale-legh

Duj, jet-skiing, fishing, campfires qach,

marshmallows yIt, HuD climbing vutwI',

'ej 'e' rur Hoch latlh.

tlhoQ, Ha'DIbaH, poch 'ej parHa'ghachwIj vISov.

natural biologist SoH,

natural zoologist.

'ej natural botanist, law' mIw

'ej jIQuch outdoors vaqwI' 'a legh.

bang, 'e',

jIH loDHom scout 'ej scout eagle,

'ej nuqDaq jIH vISovbe' vaj chaj

Qu' wej 'e' Hur during summertime ghaytan

'ej Du'meyDaq inclined Hurvo' ghorgh bIr

pa' chal HuvchoH,

nIvbogh peD,

'ej winter Dun jaj.

jIH Quch outdoors bang,

SoH yap Hoch po'chugh.

chay' Dun singer SoH vImuSHa' 'e',

puSvaD qu 'ej 'ey,

'ej QutwI' Doch wab Dun may' wherever ghoS

SoHvaD law' bommey bom,

nagh bom ghItlh classic nagh artists

such as beatles, rolling stones, je;

pong contemporary nagh artists such as Fun;

bom pong nuv such as katy perry, alicia ngaQHa'moHwI'mey pop,

k'naan, eminem, beyoncé, jessica simpson.

jessica alba, kelly clarkson, carrie underwood je.

QI'yaH nagh bom pong 'aqla' such as billy joel 'ej johnny Cash;

christian song pong ghom such as wejDIch jaj, chris tomlin.

mercyme, britt nicole, 'ech mIv'a', Newsboys, 'ej latlh mamej.

worship bom 'e', qatlh ghItlh nuv law',

especially van bom 'ej ghItlh saints net millennia ben law' whatnot.

chay' loQ ghogh vIghaj 'e' jazz such as nuv bom 'a

bom pong louis armstrong co-performer, ella fitzgerald.

puSvaD 'IH, qempa', resonant.

euphonious bel, 'ej vaqwI' latlh.

'oH je 'IH law' cha'par singing canopy ngem.

yap 'oH laH not Suq.

jIHvaD mon poH alto ghogh vIQoy chenmoH

chay' fluctuates 'oH DuqIppu'chugh 'uybogh pegh, tor, notes.

'oH absolutely 'IH.

bom, je,

'ej bom qamuSHa',

je 'e' vIta'laH possibly Sov

HIja' duet je latlh vay' ghaytan 'Iv

law' rap bom Doch Qu'

qu ta' 'e' laH not vIIlj.

qu artist SoH,

SoH'a' 'a

'ej chay' legh 'a.

nItebHa' maDIj, mangoH rur pop photograph vaj,

tu'lu'be' Men pong mIllogh qonwI' ghaH,

'ej sculpt SoH Men yIn neH chenmoH

vo' SIQ ghop.

paintings, sculptures,

'etlhDaj lel chay' je sketches

tapestries, quilts;

chaH SoH'a' Hoch qu yIntagh jIHMej —

vivid 'ej radiant.

vaQchoH 'ej colourful

nabvam glib pagh diffident.

'ach mirthful 'ej,

cha' DoH mInDu'wIj appeals,

'ej 'ach symbolic.

vaj naQ wej vaj,

chaH contemplating pagh mev wa'.

Dun artist, talent rur pagh latlh SoH.

uniqueness incomparable

vay' nuq luta'.

SoH da vinci michelangelo pagh.

bIquv nob, laHmey, talents je

'e' ghaj.

SoH'a' parmaq

'ej pagh QaH 'ach chaH contemplate

'ej neH, bI'IHba'mo' tu'.

Dun talents.

ghItlh je magnificent.

SoHvaD Dun writer.

je, Dun DawI' noHmo' tonSaw'

bom tIhab laD,

especially wa' pong

'vIghoj umqu' ghot trinity DaHjaj'

be'ghomDaq qu ta' 'e' Hagh chenmoH,

jIHvaD qawmoH DaH lach'eghDI' loDnI'wI'

ghorgh 'oH laD.

bom tIhab 'Fireflies Dusk, ' je qaw

Hoch qel jIHvaD chenmoH 'oH

jIH jatIh nID.

'ej 'oH parmaq

'oH vaj tISchoHlaHbe'bogh

'ej vaj naQ wej vaj.

poetry rur teS QoQ ghaH,

euphonious 'ej melody naQ,

pagh QaH 'ach ghaH

joq splash soothing.

SuS tlhup willows.

alliteration 'ej, allusion.

assonance 'ej, dissonance.

metaphors majestically lo'.

similes sagaciously lo'.

chaH involved SoH'a' chel Ha' Hoch.

, Dun DawI' noHmo' tonSaw' SoH,

'ej poetry unique.

vaj pagh tem SoH.

talent 'a je,

jIH writer jIH.

'ej jIQuch vay' latlh rur jIHvaD ghom.

bibliophilia nIvmo' je,

'a laD parHa'ghachwIj,

'ej Hoch Dun paq qaw

pol be'nI'a'wI', Datu',

'ej Hoch Doch jIH neH qaw

vIHtaHbogh Hoch authors je writers 'ej QuQ parHa'ghachwIj

DawI' noHmo' tonSaw', novelists.

vaj ghaytan essayists 'ej Hoch.

jIQuch laH vIghel literature,

'ej especially ghItlh,

qaSchoH paq laD ghaytan,

bom tIhab peruse,

reading 'ej strongpoint.

jIQuch nongtaHghachwIj wa' laH SoH.

SoH je Hugh Dun,

tugh devoting 'e' yeSuS 'IHrIStoS ngan voDleH,

neH ghaytan vay' Data'nISbogh 'e' vInID.  
pagh vImuSchugh vabDot catholic, jIH  
'ej dutch Reformed protestant.  
cha' tlIH Har vay' genuine —  
qeylIS ghaH 'Iv machenpu'DI' bothDaq  
Hoch legh pa' maHvaD,  
'ej laH DanID pagh maHvaD  
Hoch nI' puS yIvoqQo' ghaH.  
maH naDev latlhpu' QaH je Hoch latlh QaH,  
'ej wInobqang QIn Ho'  
neH puS qatoy' yInob.  
'oH tIn va vaj ghaHmo' HoSchoH vIlegh.  
Har ghaH 'Iv qo' pol,  
'IHrIStoS ngan Saviour yeSuS voDleH messiah.

bangwI', jIH batlh vay' Qu' SoHvaD,  
toH, lutmaj SoH 'IQ, comfort,  
vaj SoH Quch, jIHagh,  
vaj SoH luleghmo', counsel,  
vaj SoH yol, 'Ij 'ej console.  
vaj SoH QeH, mollify 'e' nID.

vaj SoH anxious, reassure.

vaj SoH yIDaQo', tu'lu' SoHvaD.

Quch vIneH.

HoSqu'mo' happiness 'ach potlh 'oH

NIM ghajMogh jIHvaD.

chal whenever 'ut je'.

Separ Ha' tIho' cha' poHIj.

bom tIhab nagh wa' ghItlh,

tu'lu' 'ej qorDu' whenever

jIHvaD tu'lu' bImejnIS;

tu'lu' puq,

SoHvaD le' jIHvaD.

vItIhap movies.

'ej Qu' whatever vIta'laH QaH 'e' Sov

'e' qamuSHa' reH.

je law' puq law' SoH wIghaj

'e'.: neH,

lom yIlo' 'oH,

vaj nuq wuq yInISQo'

'oH lo' neH,

vaj Daghaj.

chaj SoH,  
tera'Daq veQ latlh,  
tugh 'e' fiancée,  
tugh affianced.  
je tugh be'nal,  
quv matrimony ghaH  
qaStaHvIS ruSvam pa' qeylIS.  
puqloD puqbe' so je,  
puq reH bang,  
'ej chaH 'e' Dun nuvpu' pep  
'ej Dun muSHa'bogh.  
SoH Dun SoS,  
'ej tIn vav.  
yInwIj muSHa'ghach SoH, sweetheart;  
vISov vIneH.  
toy'wI' jIH,  
'ej SoH pIn'a'.  
jIH willingly nob  
vaj 'e' Hoch nIS chaq ghom  
SoHvaD, 'e' Quch.  
jIH vaD 'ej submissive.

submit happiness.

bang, Hoch umqu' ghot,

'ej batlh ruch Hoch SoHvaD.

vISov vIneH.

mate vIghoj SoH,

wa' teH bangwI',

'ej pa' pagh latlh rur

'Iv complements jIH.

jIQuch DaSov

je yablIj Hoch tIq.

latlh vaj, bangwI', mu' wej

Hoch Sov bImejnIS jatlh

Hoch neH Del Del chaH,

Hoch vItu' SoHvaD,

'ej leghDI', palpitates SuvwI' tIqwIj,

serdtse moj arrhythmic.

glubina dushy moj Quch legh puS tIhIH,

twist 'ej churn guts.

mon moj involuntary.

Hagh uncontrollably,

pebepQo' qaStaHvIS 'ej QI'yaH.

sweetheart qamuSHa',

'ej batlh vay' Qu' SoHvaD.

mate vIghoj SoH,

'ej SuH wej mu' Del Hoch

founded relationship ghaH:

muSHa'ghach, pung, selflessness, Hoch wIta'pu', 'ej qeylIS ghaH.

nIb law' wej mu' qaw.

'ej chaH jatlh,

importance qaw.

wej mu' nIvmo',

'ej chaH vaj jatlh wa' poH Qav,

'qamuSHa'.'

Justin Reamer

# Westshore Mall

Once a jungle with many faces,  
People smiling with bags in hand,  
Pictures with Santa every Christmas,  
And an over-sized bunny every spring,  
The Westshore Mall stands today,  
A lonely edifice long forgotten in Holland.

A ghost town with many abandoned sarcophagi,  
The empty hallways reek of silence,  
Nothing more than vagrants and employees  
Wandering the empty streets of a city  
At one point in its prime, but no longer,  
Listening to music of voices long forgotten.

Although Westshore slowly dwindles and decays,  
It still recalls its particular customers,  
Nostalgic old timers who remember its zenith,  
When the halls used to teem with life and  
Happy conversations were audible from miles away.  
Unfortunately the tides of capitalism brought inevitable change,  
Sweeping the people with it like plankton in a reef,  
Wiping away whatever glory it had,  
Turning it into a landmark of the oblivion.

Justin Reamer

# Whales

The whales, they say,  
Are the gentle giants of the world,  
Going around and loving one another,  
But there is something else to them,  
Something people don't notice,  
Something almost divine.

Two humpbacks swim in front of my ship,  
Blowing and breathing,  
Communicating with each other,  
Yet one of them is dormant,  
Not stationary,  
But still,  
And I don't understand why.  
It seems to me that maybe she is tired,  
Or maybe she is old and weary,  
Or perhaps dead,  
But my guide assures me she lives,  
And she is living with full vitality.  
Rather than moving around, he says,  
She stays still for one reason-  
She is pregnant, about to go into labour.

She sits there,  
And we see the humpbacks circle her,  
As they begin a sort of ceremony together.  
The whale then goes into labour,  
And she pushes with all her might.  
The tail and the flukes are the first  
To come out,  
And then a new calf is born.  
The humpbacks circle the mother  
And lift their heads in the sky as  
The young child, the calf,  
Is born in front of them.

The young calf does not know how to breathe yet,  
But the mother takes her calf  
By the roof of her mouth,

Her forehead,  
And pushes him up by his belly  
So that his head can reach the surface,  
And the young calf breathes for the first time.  
All the humpbacks rejoiced at this beautiful sight,  
As well as all of us,  
We mere humans that were able to see the spectacle.

The young calf then begins to swim,  
Practising with all his joints,  
Seeing how he can work them,  
Much like an infant who is discovering  
His or her world.  
It plays with its mother, its father,  
Its relatives and its siblings.  
The whales all hum to the calf  
With a tempo so majestic  
And so euphonious and happy.  
They sing a song for the newborn,  
And he sings along with them.  
The mother keeps him at his side,  
And they sing,  
Celebrating their family's new birth.

The whales, I realise,  
Are family-oriented,  
And they see the beauty and wonder  
Of all children and adults alike;  
They rejoice at birth, marriage, and things like that,  
And mourn for those who die.  
They see the ultimate thing in life- love,  
And they see the Higher Being that created them- God.  
They rejoice and mourn throughout their lives,  
But they see the good things they have,  
And are thankful for all that they do.  
They are almost Divine.

I wonder, why cannot we be like the whales?  
Why must we be so simple,  
So harsh, so stoic,  
So stearn,  
Being wonks of every crazy generation,

Becoming more atheistic, secular, and complicated,  
Lamenting over trachles,  
And suffering from what we do not know?  
Maybe we should consider the whales,  
And be like them,  
And maybe be thankful for  
The things we have.  
It might be better for all of us.

Justin Reamer

# What If...?

Late one night,  
I started dreaming,  
Dreaming many things,  
And questions went through my head,  
As if an endless cycle,  
And the wheel kept spinning round and round,  
Without a push of friction...

What if I had been mean to someone?  
What if I had eaten a jumbo burger?  
What if I had a different father?  
What if I hadn't had Asperger?  
What if I had a girlfriend?  
What if I turned green?  
What if I had a different past?  
What if I told someone he was mean?  
What if she didn't mistreat me?  
What if I had not written the Letter?  
What if I had been on Mars?  
What if everything was better?  
What if I were a girl?  
What if I were married?  
What if I had breasts?  
What if I were buried?  
What if I had not been yelled at?  
What if I had not shouted?  
What if my sister hadn't been molested?  
What if my brother hadn't pouted?  
What if I grew facial hair?  
What if Dad wasn't abusive?  
What if I didn't look so weird?  
What if bullies weren't persuasive?  
What if Bruce hadn't come along?  
What if Mum had died?  
What if we went through home foreclosure?  
What if I hadn't tried?  
What if Elyse couldn't go to college?  
What if I hadn't had an injury?  
What if my little sister hadn't cut her hair?

What if Bill Clinton didn't commit perjury?  
What if Hitler didn't kill the Jews?  
Or never came to power?  
What if al Qaeda hadn't attacked?  
What if we did not take showers?  
What if Japan hadn't been bombed?  
What if I had self-esteem?  
What if Bush hadn't invaded Iraq?  
What if things weren't as they seemed?  
What if Dad had not gone bankrupt?  
What if I had committed suicide?  
What if Circuit City stayed in business?  
What if Stalin hadn't committed genocide?  
What if a friend hadn't drunk?  
What if my aunt had escaped death?  
What if the world never smoked?  
What if they had not made meth?  
What if there was World Peace?  
What if there were no nukes?  
What if we were vegans?  
What if all he had were cukes?  
What if the Cold War had progressed?  
What if the USSR took over?  
What if there were a new world order?  
What if we hadn't had land rovers?  
What if I had two belly buttons?  
What if we had a third eye?  
What if we flew like birds?  
What if we knew every digit of pi?  
What if my native tongue was Greek?  
What if we were Dutch?  
What if we were homeless?  
What if we didn't have that much?  
What if we lived in the desert?  
What if we were poor?  
What if we didn't have property?  
What if I didn't do my chores?  
What if we were all the same?  
What if we were clones?  
What if we were robots?  
What if we spoke in drones?  
What if I were gay?

Or bi on the side?  
What if we weren't prejudiced?  
What if we didn't shave our hides?  
What if we didn't have discrimination?  
What if there wasn't racism?  
What if we had determination?  
What if there wasn't sexism?  
What if we believed in abstinence?  
What if we were chaste?  
What if we didn't have scandals?  
What if we didn't have any taste?  
What if we weren't crazy?  
What if we weren't wasteful?  
What if we did not pollute?  
What if we were graceful?  
What if God has 100 ears?  
What if He has four arms?  
What if He has created other life?  
What if man knew His charms?  
What if Lucifer had not fallen?  
What if he had no pride?  
What if Satan had not tempted?  
What if we didn't stride?  
What if we were monkeys?  
What if the world were free?  
What if we were all coordinated?  
What if we could all climb trees?  
What if we were turkeys?  
Or even birds perhaps?  
What if we were perfect?  
What if we didn't have mishaps?  
What if things were better?  
Better than today?  
What if things were normal?  
AS normal as a pile of hay?  
What if I drank a glass of wine?  
What if we did not eat swine?

The questions ran through my head,  
Again and again.  
They never came  
To an end.

I do not know where  
They came from,  
They never ceased to end.  
The wheel raced again,  
As I fell asleep the next night.

Justin Reamer

# What Is Love?

What is Love?  
That is something  
I do not know,  
And I do not even  
Feel like I can  
Understand it,  
For I have never  
Been able to experience it.

I have heard so many things  
About love that  
I do not understand what  
It can mean,  
But I do know the basics,  
I guess,  
In order to understand  
The gist of what goes  
On in a relationship.

In Corinthians 13,  
St. Paul says that  
Love is patient  
And love is kind,  
And that it is not  
Pompous or self-centred,  
But giving and desirous.

Well, that is the  
Basics of Love, I guess,  
In the sense that,  
Yes, it is definitely  
Selfless and giving  
And kind and loving,  
For I would even say  
That that is what love is.

I guess to me,  
Love is selfless,  
Caring and giving,

Kind and compassionate,  
Forgiving and understanding,  
Merciful and infallible,  
Communicative and feeling,  
Emotional and relaxed,  
Cooperative and helpful,  
Respectful and desirous,  
Passionate and fonding,  
Firm and guiding,  
Accepting and tolerant,  
Friendly and amiable,  
Reverent and God-fearing,  
Open-minded and liberal,  
Conservative and interdependent,  
Laidback and easygoing,  
Poised and unprejudiced,  
Ecstatic and exciting,  
Consistent and persistent,  
Sporadic and spontaneous,  
Loyal and reliable,  
Trustworthy and honest,  
Humorous and good-natured,  
Happy and joyous,  
And submissive  
And unselfish,  
And unpompous,  
And not narcissistic,  
And not deceiving,  
And not disloyal,  
And selfless beyond all else.

Love is when you  
Know that the  
'Special someone' you  
Met will always be there  
For you,  
No matter if it  
Is in your darkest times,  
Or even in your brightest times,  
And you know that you can count  
On him or her.

Love is selfless,  
And it is special,  
But I do not know what  
It is like,  
Since I have not experienced  
It before,  
But that is okay,  
For I will find out  
Eventually,  
Whether it will be  
Sooner or later.  
Because some day,  
Love will find me.

Justin Reamer

# What Makes You Beautiful

Dear,  
You are special in every way,  
And you know it,  
For you can do anything,  
And you are great.

I am not going to sing  
A One Direction song for you,  
(For I know you would hate that) ,  
I want to let you know what makes you beautiful.

You are truly special,  
For when you smile,  
Your smile is so contagious;  
When you are in a good mood,  
Your mirth is inspiring,  
And it is an epidemic in the room,  
For your mirth is what makes everyone  
Smile when they see you,  
Including me,  
Especially when you gambol with  
Your little cousins,  
And display a much different lexicon  
With them,  
As I do with any little kid  
I play with,  
For they are bundles of fun.

Yet, you are beautiful,  
For you are a lark,  
Rather than a dove,  
As Victor Hugo said  
Of Cosette in his work,  
'Les Miserables, '  
For you are bold,  
And you take on the world,  
And whereas I am an introvert,  
For I am a writer,  
A poet, an essayist,

A novelist,  
And an artist with many talents,  
And where artists are naturally timid,  
You blossom with your beauty,  
And you are bold,  
And you seek the world about you,  
And you extroverted,  
The outgoing extrovert,  
That seizes every opportunity it gets.  
I am Marius,  
The Introvert,  
And you are Cosette,  
The Extrovert,  
The Lark,  
At which Hugo calls you.

Yet, you are  
Artistic as well,  
For you can create so many things  
Out of any medium,  
For you are beautiful in that way, too,  
For you see the world as I do,  
And you know what to make of it,  
And you know what you want out of life,  
For you are strong  
And courageous,  
And I want you to know that  
I care about you,  
No matter what,  
For if things falter in any way,  
I will be there for you,  
Yet what makes you beautiful  
Is your ability to shine,  
For you are neither diffident  
Nor vapid nor foolish,  
And never hold anything in  
Blithe disregard,  
Nor do you live in blissful ignorance,  
But you are a realist by nature,  
Self-confident and virtuous,  
A woman of true candour,  
Observant and assertive,

Erudite in every way,  
And special to what I see,  
For you are beautiful in my eyes.

The way you present yourself,  
The way you interact with other people,  
The way you dress and act,  
The way you speak,  
The way you look,  
The way you love and laugh,  
And the way you always remain happy,  
That's what makes you beautiful,  
For you are special to me.

Justin Reamer

# What?

I guess I have  
Some questions that remain  
Unanswered to this day,  
But I will write them  
Out on paper so that  
I can have my say.

What is a human being?  
What is a brain?  
What is a mind?  
What is a soul?  
What is your favourite subject?  
What is the meaning of life?  
What is the longest word in the English language?  
What does that word mean?  
What is the universe?  
What are aliens?  
What is philosophy?  
What does philosophy do?  
What is the purpose of science?  
What does an atheist do with his  
Or her life?  
What is a government for?  
What is the purpose of a society?  
What is the purpose of culture?  
What is so important about countries?  
What is the U.N. for?  
What is Dharma?  
What does it have to do with this world?  
What is the purpose of knowing calculus?  
What is love?  
What is Love?  
What is the purpose of marriage?  
What does it mean to be nocturnal?  
What is a pyromaniac?  
What is wrong with serial killers?  
What do pyromaniacs do?  
What is sexual assault?  
What is wrong with being gay?

What is wrong with being a lesbian?  
What is wrong with being bisexual?  
What is the purpose of prejudice?  
What is the purpose of discrimination?  
What is wrong with drinking alcohol in moderation?  
What is Karma?  
What is its purpose?  
What is family?  
What is its purpose?  
What are all the letters of the alphabet?  
What is the biggest pencil in the world?  
What is the world record for running miles?  
What is the world record for juggling?  
What is the longest book ever written?  
What is terrorism?  
What were the Twin Towers?  
What is the purpose of emotions?  
What does the Earth do?  
What is wrong with me?  
What is my purpose in life?  
What do I have in common with other human beings?  
What is the purpose of a psychologist?  
What is this room I am in?  
What is your name?  
What are your hobbies?  
What are you majoring in?  
What is your age?  
What is your birthday?  
What is the importance of these questions?  
What is the purpose of asking them?  
What is my name?  
What are my hobbies?  
What is my past?  
What do people think of me?  
What do my friends think of me?  
What does my mum think of me?  
What does my father think of me?  
What do my siblings think of me?  
What does God think of me?  
What do I think of myself?  
What is a revolution?  
What is a husband?

What does he do?  
What is a son?  
What does he do?  
What is a brother?  
What does he do?  
What is a father?  
What does he do?  
What is a family?  
What is its purpose?  
What is a boyfriend?  
What does he do?  
What is an engineer?  
What is a teacher?  
What is a writer?  
What is a poet?  
What is a novelist?  
What is a firefighter?  
What is a personal trainer?  
What is an athlete?  
What is my problem?  
What is your problem?  
What is your feeling?  
What is chemistry?  
What is a compound?  
What is a unicorn?  
What is fantasy?  
What is the difference between real and pretend?  
What is right and wrong?  
What are morals?  
What is morality?  
What is heaven?  
What is hell?  
What is an actor?  
What is an actress?  
What is the purpose of the police?  
What is the military?  
What is its purpose?  
What is a car?  
What is a mechanic?  
What is a doctor?  
What is an EMT?  
What am I?

What is a drug?  
What does it do to you?  
What is a radio?  
What does it do?  
What is the purpose of a TV?  
What is an American?  
What is an Indian?  
What is a Brit?  
What was the USSR?  
What was the Soviet Union?  
What is Communism?  
What is capitalism?  
What is democracy?  
What is dictatorship?  
What is autocracy?  
What is monarchy?  
What is authoritarianism?  
What is oligarchy?  
What is a corporation?  
What is a CEO?  
What is a CFO?  
What is an employer?  
What is an employee?  
What is retail?  
What is a business?  
What is floccinaucinihilipilification?  
What is that?  
What is this?  
What is Yellowstone?  
What is a park?  
What is a language?  
What is a dictionary used for?  
What is an almanac used for?  
What is an encyclopedia used for?  
What is an atlas used for?  
What is a map?  
What is life?  
What is the Bible?

I guess I have enough questions  
For now,  
So I will leave and

Perhaps ask some more another day.

Justin Reamer

# When?

I have so many questions  
That seem not to have an answer,  
Yet, I still have to  
Get them off my chest,  
So here goes...

When is the end of the world?  
When did World War II take place?  
When did the first human civilisation begin?  
When was the American Revolution?  
When was the English Civil War?  
When did the Roman Empire fall?  
When did Jesus die on the cross?  
When was the start of the Catholic Church?  
When was Muhammad born?  
When did Muhammad meet Gabriel?  
When did he start his revolution?  
When was the Great Depression?  
When was the Treaty of Versailles?  
When did the universe begin?  
When is my class today?  
When is my class tomorrow?  
When is your class tomorrow?  
When was your mother's wedding?  
When did Hitler come to power?  
When did the Soviet Union (USSR) fall?  
When was America free?  
When were the Articles of Confederation written?  
When was the Constitution written?  
When was the Jacksonian Democracy?  
When was Manifest Destiny?  
When was the Age of Imperialism?  
When was Reconstruction?  
When was the Secession from the Union?  
When was the Civil War?  
When was the Korean War?  
When did General Robert E. Lee serve the Confederacy?  
When did General Ulysses S. Grant serve the Union?  
When was Lincoln assassinated?

When was the French Revolution?  
When was the Cold War?  
When was JFK assassinated?  
When did FDR become president?  
When was the Russo-Japanese War?  
When was Pearl Harbour?  
When was 9/11?  
When was Osama bin Laden killed?  
When did Homer write 'The Iliad' and 'The Odyssey? '  
When did Leo Tolstoy write 'War and Peace? '  
When did Tolstoy start his major movement?  
When did Charles Dickens start writing?  
When did he start dating Ellen Ternan?  
When did Victor Hugo write 'Les Mis? '  
When did he go into exile?  
When did William Shakespeare start writing?  
When did Sir Francis Bacon start writing?  
When did John Milton start writing?  
When did John Milton write 'Paradise Lost? '  
When did William Makepeace Thackeray write 'Vanity Fair? '  
When did Dr Gary Eberle start writing?  
When did Dr Harold Bloom, Ph.D., start reading?  
When did Stephen King start writing horror stories?  
When were you born?  
When was your first election?  
When did you start dating your girlfriend?  
When was your first date?  
When was your first relationship?  
When was your Junior Prom?  
When was your Senior Prom?  
When did you graduate from elementary school?  
When did you graduate from middle school?  
When did you graduate from high school?  
When was your wedding?  
When did you have your first child?  
When was your first child born?  
When is Tom Deluca coming here?  
When is Natalie Stovall coming here?  
When is Robin Hemley coming here?  
When is Jaimy Gordon coming here?  
When is Herbert Woodward Martin coming here?  
When can I go see the Hope College Visiting Writers Series?

When can I see you again?  
When may I look into your eyes?  
When may I hold you again?  
When may I caress your brow?  
When did the Pope change the Roman Missal?  
When did Obama pass the Healthcare bill?  
When was there first income tax?  
When should I make the biggest decision of my life?  
When is the biggest decision of my life?  
When will we all die?  
When will the sun burn out or explode?

Who knows?

I guess those are only some of my questions, but  
It works, for not all of them can  
Be answered,  
And that is okay by me,  
For I will take a break for now.

Justin Reamer

# Who Are You To Stop My Writing?

Who are you to stop my writing?  
Who are you to tell me what I cannot do?  
Who are you to control me?  
Who are you to tell me I cannot write?

Writing is my therapy,  
It is my craft,  
I will tell you that  
If you stop me,  
I will label you as daft.

I do not care for insults,  
I do not care for jeer,  
What I want is suggestions,  
And maybe a little cheer.

I do not need any enemies,  
For I do not care for a fool,  
You do not need to be one,  
Because you are an insignificant tool.

I don't care if you have something to say,  
For all you can do is insult me,  
I don't care about you,  
For you're just like a stagnant tree.

I don't care about your impertinence,  
For it makes me mad,  
And all you do is insult me,  
Which would be very bad.

You have a lot of audacity,  
That I will admit,  
But you are quite a fool,  
For all you do is sit.

I will write as much as I want,  
And that you cannot stop,  
I will write to my heart's content,

And you can blow your top.

Go do yourself in the mirror,  
If all you can do is hinder,  
I do not need your antagonism,  
As you act like a kinder.

You cannot stop me,  
No matter what you do,  
So if you try to stop me,  
I will say f&\*# you.

Justin Reamer

# Who Is God?

A man sat down  
On his porch,  
As he came home from work,  
After his long walk  
From the factory he worked in.

His feet ached,  
And he let out a huge sigh,  
And said,  
'I am back,  
And my feet are aching,  
But I am back with my family again.'

His son came out of the backyard,  
And ran over to him,  
Seeing that his father was home;  
He ran up to him and shouted,  
'Daddy, you're home!  
I am so glad to see you!  
How was your  
Day at work,  
Daddy?  
How was it? '

The man smiled at his son  
And said,  
'Work was great today, son,  
And I am a little tired,  
For I have been working for quite awhile,  
But all is well for me.'

'Why are you tired,  
Daddy? ' his son asked,  
'How can you possibly  
Be tired when you  
Just got home? '

'Well, when you grow up, '  
His father said,

'You get tired from exercise  
Just as you get tired  
At night when it is  
Time for bed.'

'Oh, that works, '  
His son said,  
'So, Daddy, can I ask  
You something? '

'Yes, son, ' he said,  
'You may ask me  
Anything you want.'

'I was in Sunday school  
Yesterday,  
And they were talking about someone  
Named God.  
Do you know God, Daddy? '

'Yes, I do know God, sonny,  
I know Him quite well, ' the  
Father said, smiling.

'What is He like,  
Daddy?  
Is He a big grown man,  
Big and tall,  
Like you, Daddy?  
Or is He a giant,  
Something like the BFG,  
Or is He short and fat?  
What does He look like? '

'Sonny, ' the father laughed,  
'I don't know what God looks like,  
For I have not seen Him.'

'But you said you knew Him...'

'Yes, I know Him,  
But you see, sonny,

God is not a human,  
But something greater  
Than that.'

'What do you mean,  
Daddy? How is He something  
Greater than that? '

'He is not someone you see  
Every day on the street  
Like Roger the Milkman,  
Or Frank the Dumpman,  
Or our neighbour Joe Willey,  
Or your best friend Johnny Cloud.  
You see, God is not a human,  
But He is something greater than that,  
For He is someone you know so well,  
That you do not have to see Him  
To know Him.'

'Then who is God, Daddy? '

'Well, Sonny, God is the creator  
Of everything.  
He created the Sun,  
The Stars,  
This World,  
And the Whole universe.  
He created all the planets,  
And the sky,  
The oceans and the lakes,  
The trees,  
The animals,  
And even us.  
He is the Creator,  
And He is the Lord of the Universe.'

'Wow, Daddy,  
That is amazing.  
But does God love us, though? '

'Yes, He loves us very much,

Sonny,  
He loves us more than anything in the world.'

'That is awesome, Daddy,  
But why does He love us? '

'He made us, sonny,  
So that is why He loves us,  
For we are His own creation,  
And that is why He loves us,  
Because He is our Father in Heaven.'

'Wow, Daddy,  
That is really cool.'

'Yes, indeed, ' his father said,  
'God is definitely amazing,  
Especially in His own way.'

'Hey, Daddy? '

'Yes, son? '

'I am getting kind of hungry, ' his son said,  
'Can we go inside and get a bite to eat? '

The father smiled and said,  
'Yes, sonny,  
We can get a bite to eat.  
And, did you know that God  
Was the one who gave us food to eat? '

'Really? Wow! That's cool.'

'Mmm-hmm! That is true!  
He gave us all the food  
In the world to eat,  
So hence we should  
Thank Him for it.'

'I'll do that, Daddy.  
I'll do that.'

The father smiled,  
'All right, sonny, '  
He said, 'You do that.'

So the father took his son  
By the hand  
And brought him inside the house  
Where they ate a great dinner.

The family never forgot God,  
And the son always remembered  
Who God was  
And gave Him thanks for the rest  
Of his life.

The son grew older  
And grew to be devout to the Lord,  
And gave God thanks for everything  
He did for him.  
The son, as he became a father,  
Taught his son about God  
The way his father had taught him,  
And the generations continued,  
And the tradition followed throughout the family  
For generations.

The son lived to be successful  
Due to the Lord's Will,  
And he expressed his gratitude until  
The day he died,  
Where he met the Lord in Heaven  
To this day.

Justin Reamer

# Who Knows?

Who knows anything this  
Day and age?  
It is so unpredictable.

Justin Reamer

# Who?

I guess I have  
Some questions that  
I have that are  
Unanswered,  
And I guess I will  
Write them down  
To the best of my ability.  
So, here they are,  
If you wish to see  
Them and give  
Advice,  
For I do not know  
And I need some help,  
But I might be  
Able to get some answers  
Today sometime.

Who is Charles Darwin?  
Who invented evolution?  
Who is my father?  
Who was Muhammad?  
Who wrote the most books?  
Who wrote the most novels?  
Who started science?  
Who was the first philosopher?  
Who was George Washington?  
Who was the first president?  
Who was the first pope?  
Who was the first African-American president?  
Who is the most famous African-American athlete?  
Who is Plato?  
Who is Isaac Newton?  
Who is your mother?  
Who is your girlfriend?  
Who is your friend over there?  
Who are you?  
Who am I?  
Who is the man looking into my bedroom window?  
Who is that guy staring at me?

Who is that girl staring at me?  
Who wrote David Copperfield?  
Who wrote Pride and Prejudice?  
Who is Jane Austen?  
Who is Charles Dickens?  
Who is Leo Tolstoy?  
Who is Fyodor Dostoevsky?  
Who is the leader of France?  
Who is the leader of England?  
Who is the British Queen?  
Who was the first monarch of England?  
Who was Julius Caesar?  
Who is William Shakespeare?  
Who is John Smith?  
Who was Pocahontas?  
Who was Mahatma Ghandi?  
Who was Abraham?  
Who was Moses?  
Who was the founder of Hinduism?  
Who was Confucius?  
Who was Laozi?  
Who was Siddhartha Gautama?  
Who was the first sultan of the Ottoman Empire?  
Who was Maximillien Robespierre?  
Who was Thomas Jefferson?  
Who is Dr Martin Luther King, Jr.?  
Who is Dr Joe Martin?  
Who was Sacajawea?  
Who was Pontiac?  
Who were Lewis and Clark?  
Who was Roger Williams?  
Who is my mother?  
Who is my father?  
Who are members of my family?  
Who invented the telephone?  
Who invented the car?  
Who invented the TV?  
Who invented the computer?  
Who invented the laptop?  
Who invented the iPod?  
Who is Bill Gates?  
Who was Steve Jobs?

Who was Ben Franklin?  
Who was Thomas Edison?  
Who was Copernicus?  
Who was Sophocles?  
Who was Socrates?  
Who is William Shakespeare?  
Who is Sylvester Stallone?  
Who is Clint Eastwood?  
Who is Anne Hathaway?  
Who is Jessica Simpson?  
Who is Jessie J?  
Who the hell is Tinie Tempah,  
And who the hell has a name like that?  
Who is Tao Cruz?  
Who the heck is Lil Wayne?  
Who is this Lady Gaga weirdo?  
Who invented the safety pin?  
Who was Henry Ford?  
Who was Andrew Carnegie?  
Who was John D. Rockefeller?  
Who was J.P. Morgan?  
Who was Lucy Burns?  
Who was Frederick Douglass?  
Who was Harriet Tubman?  
Who was the first black Supreme Court Justice?  
Who was Constantine?  
Who was Genghis Khan?  
Who was Kublai Khan?  
Who was Ivan the Terrible?  
Who was Josef Stalin?  
Who were the Communist Party?  
Who is the first man in history?  
Who were the Incas?  
Who were the Mayans?  
Who were the Aztecs?  
Who is God?  
Who is Jesus Christ?  
Who is Alexandre Dumas?  
Who is Jules Verne?  
Who is H.G. Wells?  
Who is Victor Hugo?  
Who is John Milton?

Who is Michael Jackson?  
Who is Madonna?  
Who is John Lennon?  
Who were the Beatles?  
Who were the Stones?  
Who is Keith Richards?  
Who is Mick Jagger?  
Who is Led Zeppelin?  
Who is Jimmy Paige?  
Who is Shay Stewart?  
Who is Rose Pankiewicz?  
Who is Lindsay Hoffman?  
Who is Peter Triezenberg?  
Who is Sean Riemersma?  
Who is Michael Bowen?  
Who is Lord Maximillien Norton?  
Who is Lord Byron?  
Who is Peter Jennings?  
Who is Charles Baudelaire?  
Who is Robert Frost?  
Who is Emily Dickinson?  
Who is E.E. Cummings?  
Who is Edgar Allan Poe?  
Who is Stephen King?  
And who discovered biology?

Those are many  
Questions, and I realise  
This, but I could  
Possibly get them  
Answered at another  
Time,  
So I will get my answers  
Eventually, and I know  
I will be happy.

Justin Reamer

# Why I Will Not Get Out Of Bed

I lie awake,  
The ceiling before my vision,  
Watching the specks and dots  
Dance together on the surface,  
Creating images from pointillism.  
Despair lies before me,  
Weighing me down like a dumbbell.  
To get up is exercise, tiring work,  
To face reality is my fear,  
Unready for anyone to see me.

Lost in a dark tunnel,  
I can't see where I am,  
No light to guide me anywhere,  
Weighed down by pressure,  
I collapse from fatigue,  
No longer capable of moving on.  
So, I lie here, exhausted,  
Lost in despair,  
Unable to get out of bed.

Justin Reamer

# Wilcox Park

Bird songs resonating in the air;  
Autumn leaves falling from trees;  
A squirrel running across a sidewalk;  
A baseball soaring in mid-trajectory;  
A car engine humming in a parking lot;  
A young girl leaving a shady Honda;  
Bicycles meandering a crash course;  
People climbing over a sign reading 'Fury.'  
Dogs barking at a supernatural presence;  
A disembodied spirit careening aimlessly;  
Jesus and the Devil conversing like old friends;  
The Morrigan waving her festering hand,  
Resounding the tolling bells of death.

Justin Reamer

# Wilt

Will thou cometh with me?  
For thou must,  
And thou wilt,  
For 'tis important to me.

Justin Reamer

# Windbag

What is it that makes me so difficult is it my temper my stubbornness my inability to give empathy people tell me I am difficult to live with but I tell them that this is not so I am a good person if anything and they know this to be true I have many friends who support me people who will back me up I trust them and they trust me that is what counts but why do people hate me that is what I don't understand I mean maybe I can be short-tempered and a little bit selfish but aren't we all I mean Cain was selfish and envious so he killed his little brother Abel because of it and Adam and Eve did not listen to God so they were punished too humans are imperfect it would only make sense that I am imperfect too right I think so but I am not sure but why do people hate me that I do not understand maybe it is because I wear glasses so people think I am nerdy maybe it is because I am silent so people find it hard to talk to me maybe it is my apathy because I do not care about a lot of things maybe it is something else something I do not know and have to search for within my heart but what on Earth would that thing be for that I do not know what could I possibly have that people hate that would make people hate me do you know what that is do you know what it feels like do you know why people could hate me do you have a reason you could tell me do you think you could give me a good idea because I don't know and I am trying to figure it out I don't know if you have any ideas but if you could tell me that would be great because I have no idea myself oh God I wish I knew I wish I knew why people hated me so much if only I could figure that out then I could stop the persecution and help people understand how I feel I guess it will be hard but I know I can make friends I just need to find the reason and then I can bring the hatred to an end we will all be happy everyone will be including me we will see what happens and I will be free

Justin Reamer

# Winter

Freezing cold outside,  
Snow blizzard-ing like crazy,  
Wind blows in your face.

Justin Reamer

# Wintumn

I look outside my window,  
And see nothing on the ground,  
Yet it is very cold,  
And the snow is not here,  
Yet the trees are bare,  
And I don't understand,  
How that can be so.

Maybe it's a hybrid season,  
Of autumn and winter combined,  
So maybe it's wintumn,  
If that is what it is,  
But God may not intend that so,  
But perhaps we humans created a new season,  
Which is beyond His reach.

Wintumn is here,  
For we had a white Christmas,  
But now we will have a green New Year's Day,  
And it is quite strange to me,  
How this ever came to be.

Maybe global warming created this,  
But who really knows?  
There was snow all the time,  
But now 'tis autumn again,  
Or at least it feels like it,  
So wintumn it is,  
Or perhaps spring came early,  
And what we got instead was springter,  
But who really knows,  
For apparently wintumn is here again,  
And it's the weirdest thing in the world.

Justin Reamer

# Wis

What do you know?  
What do you know, huh?  
What do you know?  
Tell me,  
And I will be happy.  
Tell me what you wis.

Justin Reamer

## With You

My dear, I want to let you know  
Something that is very important to me,  
And something that may be  
Very important to you, too,  
If you value my love just  
As much as I value yours.

My dear, I have been with you for  
As long as I can remember.  
I can remember when we were toddlers,  
And our parents were neighbours,  
And we were neighbours, as well,  
Of course,  
And our parents would schedule 'play-dates, '  
As they called them back then and still do now,  
And there was much more to it.  
You, your sister, and your brother would come over,  
And you would hang out with my brother, my sister, and me.  
I remember thinking that girls were gross,  
And I would avoid you,  
And you thought that I had a disease,  
So you would avoid me, too.

But, after a couple of weeks,  
We became friends,  
And we found out that we had a lot in common,  
And that we could trust each other.  
We became very close,  
And we would play Super Mario Brothers together,  
And we would play Pokémon,  
And we would watch Disney Cartoons,  
With Mickey Mouse, Goofy, and Donald Duck,  
And we would watch Looney Tunes together,  
With Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd,  
Sylvester the cat, Tweety the bird,  
Wile E. Coyote, the Roadrunner,  
And Marvin the Martian,  
And we would watch Tom and Jerry together,  
And saw the crazy cat get beat up by

The very smart and witty mouse.  
It was a lot of fun.

I remember elementary school,  
In the first grade,  
When we would have other friends,  
But we were inseparable,  
For no one could make us sit away  
From each other,  
For we were best friends,  
And no one could stop that.

I remember in second grade,  
When we were both into reading,  
And we read many of the same books,  
Including Junie B. Jones,  
Flat Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest, and the Harry Potter series.  
Remember when we used to talk about  
Harry Potter all the time,  
And remember when we were all excited  
About the new Harry Potter movie coming out?  
It was great.  
We were great friends.

Remember middle school?  
We were so awkward then,  
For we thought that we would  
Never date at all,  
For we thought dating was disgusting,  
And, yet, we acted like a couple,  
But, we started engaging in better books,  
Such as Pendragon, the Underland Chronicles,  
And so much more.

Then, do you remember high school?  
I do, my dear, and I must say,  
It was awesome,  
For that was when I realised that I had feelings  
For you, and you had feelings for me, too,  
And we got together,  
And we were the greatest couple ever.

We would study together, remember?  
And we would talk about classics  
Such as those written by Charles Dickens,  
Leo Tolstoy, William Shakespeare, Fyodor Dostoevsky,  
Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (one of your favourites) ,  
Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and John Steinbeck,  
And Virginia Woolf and Mary Ann Evans (both of whom  
Were some of your personal favourites) .

Remember, we were also into philosophy, too,  
Especially when we talked about  
Plato and Aristotle,  
Socrates and St. Justin,  
St. John and St. Paul,  
St. Thomas Aquinas,  
St. Augustine of Hippo,  
St. Peter the Apostle,  
Immanuel Kant,  
Sophocles and Virgil,  
Homer and Euripides,  
Sir Francis Bacon,  
Rene Descartes,  
Friedrich Nietzsche,  
Confucius and Sun Tzu,  
Laozi and Siddhartha Gautama,  
St. Francis of Assisi,  
And Bertrand Russell.  
I remember that we loved all of their works,  
And that we had a great time talking about them.

Then I remember all the dances,  
For Homecoming was an awkward dance,  
Because of people grinding and whatnot,  
And Snowball was all right,  
But it wasn't the greatest.

However, prom was the greatest experience,  
For both years were great with you, dear,  
And I loved how we danced and had a good time,  
No matter what the DJ was playing,  
Even if it was crappy rap music,

Out-of-control hip-hop,  
Awesome rock-and-roll,  
Cool pop music,  
A slow song,  
Country music of any sort,  
The energetic swing dancing,  
Or even dancing to the salsa  
Or the Macarena,  
Or YMCA,  
Or even the can-can.  
I had a great time with you,  
Even when our friends drank  
The punch that was spiked with laxatives,  
And when your friend's dress snapped,  
Revealing a little too much for one's own taste.

I then remember our graduation,  
And that was great,  
For we were there together,  
And we then said we loved each other,  
And I know that we do,  
For I can feel it in my heart.

We then went to college together,  
And the experience has been great for  
The past three years,  
And, now we are seniors,  
And I am still happy to be with you, dear.

However, I have something to tell you,  
For I am sure you want to hear it,  
For I want to let you know before we make any  
Big decisions in our lives, dear,  
For I love you more than anything,  
And I know that we are in love,  
But our relationship will take commitment,  
And much more than that.

My dear, my sweetheart,  
I love you,  
And you know that,  
But what I want to say is that

I have spent my whole life with you,  
And I want to be with you  
For the rest of my life,  
For you are the greatest person  
In my entire life,  
And there is no one like you.

You are the person I can always laugh with,  
Smile at whenever I am having a good day,  
Look to talking to when I have troubles  
Or problems of any sort,  
Look for help when I am studying something  
Crazy like molecular biology,  
Organic chemistry,  
Or calculus, finances, macroeconomics  
(Which is a horrid class, by the way) ,  
Or statistics, quantum physics,  
Or even business administration,  
Or something crazy like accounting,  
Look to comforting me when I am sad,  
Look for help when I am depressed,  
Watch TV shows such as Supernatural  
And Family Guy and South Park  
Every night,  
Practise my faith with every day,  
For we both believe in God,  
And He has provided us with so much,  
Talk about books and scholarly things  
And even politics and philosophy  
And world problems with  
And even science with  
Because we both are scholars,  
And the person I would marry  
Because I love you a lot,  
And I would love you forever.

I want to be with you,  
Forever and ever,  
Even when we go into heaven together,  
I want to be with you then,  
For I want to spend my life with you,  
And I will never leave you for anyone else,

Because you are the perfect girl  
And the perfect woman for me.  
You are my girlfriend now,  
But you could be my fiancée  
The next day,  
And I want you to be my wife.  
I want to marry you,  
And even though your father  
Does not really approve of me,  
I am sure we can work it out,  
And my father-in-law,  
Can be a great man to me,  
As my father is very fond of you,  
And your mother is fond of me,  
And as my mother is fond of you.

I want to get married to you,  
For marriage is a sacred thing,  
And matrimony will really express our love,  
For as Jesus said,  
When two get married,  
'The man and woman become one flesh, '  
And I want to live every day according Jesus Christ's word,  
And I know that we both love Jesus equally,  
And we will live up to His name.

We will be one flesh,  
And we will never divorce,  
For we have known each other for twenty-one years,  
And we know each other to our full extent,  
And we do not need a dictionary  
To know what love is,  
For we are better than the  
Average couple who gets married after a year.

And, we can have children if you want to,  
Or, we do not have to have children if you do not want to,  
For that is completely up to you,  
Since you are the one that gives birth.  
If you want to have children naturally,  
That is fine,  
Or if you want to adopt them,

That is good, too,  
For we can have as many children as you desire,  
Whether it be an only child,  
Two children,  
Three children,  
Four children,  
Eight children,  
A dozen children,  
Fifteen children,  
Twenty,  
1,000 (a thousand) ,  
Or even 4,000,000 (four million)  
Children,  
It does not matter, for the decision  
Is up to you,  
And you get to decide  
What you want to do with your body.  
As far as naming children,  
I have only one limitation:  
That they not be any crazy names  
Such as 'Twist' or 'Chupacabra'  
Or something like 'La-a' or 'Female.'  
Yet, we can discuss those terms when the time comes,  
For that is when we are actually married,  
And that is for us to agree or disagree on in the future.

However, sweetheart, I want to say  
That I want you in my life,  
And I love you more than anything,  
And if you do not want me,  
That is okay,  
But I will always love you,  
And, now that we are about to graduate,  
I just want to say that I want to marry you,  
And not during college,  
As of right now,  
But after we graduate,  
And we both have started careers,  
But I want to say,  
That I enjoyed spending my life with you,  
And I want to continue spending my life with you,  
For the rest of my life,

Through the true and sacred sacrament of matrimony.

I want to be with you for the rest of my life,  
For you are the are the only one I want to be with,  
And the thing is, there is nothing else to say,  
But that I love you, dear,  
And that I want to be with you.

Justin Reamer

# Within A Minute

Rushing like the day has gone by,  
The man up high,  
Looked down below,  
And shouted no.

Superman was his noble name,  
Saving his game,  
Not to be bane,  
Love Lois Lane.

Hearing someone's shout for help,  
Superman yelped,  
And sped bullet,  
Within minute.

Justin Reamer

# Without You

Baby, I know this is crazy,  
But we have been apart for so long,  
I really want to be with you,  
Because I cannot stand to live without you.

Life without you is horrible,  
For there is an emptiness within me,  
That is so conspicuous  
And so depressing,  
That I need you to fill it up.  
You are the reason why I live,  
For I cannot stand being without you.

Baby, I miss you,  
And I miss seeing you;  
I miss your smile,  
Your beautiful long, blond hair,  
Your wondrous blue eyes,  
Your great sense of humour,  
Your great and awesome laugh,  
The softness of your locks,  
The sincerity of your embrace,  
The softness of your touch,  
The ways in which you caress me,  
And the way you light up my world  
When I see you walking gracefully toward me.

I miss your kindness,  
Your thoughtfulness,  
Your beauty,  
Your patience,  
Your humour,  
Your happiness,  
Your good-naturedness,  
Your creativity,  
Your artistry,  
Your musical skills,  
Your generosity,  
Your courtesy,

Your gracefulness,  
Your meaningfulness,  
Your intelligence,  
Your intellectuality,  
Your voluptuousness  
(Though not as important as the others) ,  
Your giddiness,  
Your ecstasy,  
Your enthusiasm,  
Your excitement,  
Your organisation,  
Your love,  
Your passion,  
Your compassion,  
Your selflessness,  
Your musical voice,  
Which is so beautiful,  
And so much more.

I miss you, babe,  
And we should get together soon,  
For I miss you so much,  
And I need to tell you how much I love you,  
For I cannot stand to live without you.

Justin Reamer

# Wobot

Wobot is amazing,  
Inspiring people all over,  
They inspire engineering,  
No wonder why we're Rover.

Wobot is cool,  
And simple and free;  
We will be tomorrow,  
Going on an engineering spree.

Justin Reamer

# Wolphin

The offspring of a whale  
And a dolphin,  
Quite beautiful in fact;  
I cannot believe it's sterile!

Justin Reamer

# Wonder

Where does the world go  
That everything is so crazy?  
What is everyone thinking,  
That I will never understand?  
I guess it is just craziness,  
And nothing more than that,  
For that is what it is,  
Craziness at best.

Justin Reamer

# Wonders

What wonders are there in the world,  
For we know not what they mean,  
But can only guess as to their true meaning,  
For I know what they are,  
But an enigma they remain,  
Especially as I see them all,  
For I do not understand them.  
I hope one day I can,  
For they are the wonders of the world,  
And I hope one day I will have true understanding.

Justin Reamer

# Words

My dear,  
Let me tell you  
That when I write  
This poem about you  
That words cannot begin  
To describe you,  
For they are an understatement  
Of your true beauty,  
The one which only comes  
When someone gets to know you,  
When someone like me  
Gets close to you.

My dear,  
This poem would  
Do you a disservice,  
For it can only describe  
What you are like,  
Not give the whole intensity  
Of your uniqueness,  
Nor the whole intensity  
Of your very own beauty.

For if I painted a picture of you,  
We would only see the beauty  
On the outside,  
Which is only a part of you,  
And if I took a photograph,  
No one would be able to see  
The beauty that exists  
Inside of you,  
For only the outside  
Would be showing,  
And though it does add up,  
It is only a façade  
To the actual beauty you have.

But, yes, I write this poem  
For you,

Since you are my beloved,  
And I can write  
How I truly feel  
And what you really  
Mean to me.

My dear,  
You are so beautiful,  
For anyone can see it  
In your eyes,  
And in your face,  
And in your body,  
But they do not see the whole thing,  
For this is what most people see.

You have a very good body,  
Very much intoned,  
Very thin,  
And very muscular,  
Making you look like  
A supermodel  
To most men.

You have big breasts,  
A thin waistline,  
A toned stomach,  
Long, muscular arms,  
And long, full legs.

Every time you breathe,  
Your breasts rise and fall  
With your lungs,  
Making you beautiful  
And unique.  
Your waistline is thin  
And toned,  
Giving men horrible  
Thoughts about you  
That I myself  
Would never have.  
Your arms are strong  
And swaying,

Giving them a conviction,  
And your legs are full  
And beautiful,  
And express the purpose  
And conviction you have.

When you walk, my dear,  
You walk so gracefully,  
For your legs move  
Without falling,  
Or tripping,  
And your arms sway  
Back and forth,  
Gracefully,  
With art,  
As if like a ballet dancer.

Your body is so fine,  
That you would look great  
In anything,  
Including a tanktop,  
A dress,  
A shirt,  
A t-shirt,  
A beautiful blouse,  
Shorts,  
Tight jeans  
That some women  
Like to wear,  
Relaxed jeans,  
A skirt,  
A mini-skirt,  
Daisy-dukes,  
Or even a beautiful prom dress.

Your hands can  
Be very gentle,  
And when they touch me,  
Whether it be  
On my cheek  
Or on my waist,  
They show love and

Affection for the man  
You love.

And your curves are perfect,  
For they make graceful  
Moves as you dance with me.

But, that is not  
The only thing I adore,  
For I also love your face,  
Which is the portal to your soul,  
And the gateway to your mind.

Your brown hair,  
Which goes down to your waist,  
Is long and beautiful,  
And curls in the most perfect manner,  
And sways as you walk,  
And the curls are beautiful,  
For they bounce as you walk  
Toward me,  
And they reflect the  
Sunlight perfectly,  
And it is a great  
Complement to your beauty.

Your eyes are the most vibrant brown,  
For they hold the vivacity  
You have,  
And they shine  
Like the sun,  
And complement you well.

Your nose is small and rounded,  
Which is just perfect,  
And your ears are the perfect size,  
But that is not the only thing that  
Makes you beautiful.

For it is your smile  
That makes you special,  
For you have a beautiful smile

With beautiful white teeth  
That shine in the daylight  
And is contagious to everyone  
Around you,  
And it reflects the happiness  
You feel in you,  
And the warmth that  
Emanates from your heart,  
And the light that emanates  
From your soul.

When you are with me,  
You are so very kind,  
For you are selfless,  
Caring,  
Helpful,  
And cheerful.

You care about everything  
I have to say,  
And you are a good listener,  
Just as I am to you.

And you are constantly giving,  
Just as I give to you,  
For you are selfless,  
And you and I know  
What love truly is.

When I hold you against me,  
I can feel the warmth  
In your body,  
And your heart beating  
In your chest,  
And I can feel your breast  
Rise and fall  
As you take each breath.

Every time I embrace you,  
I feel the warmth  
Of your heart and  
The kindness of your soul,

For you are Christlike,  
If anything.

When I see you,  
I am always excited,  
Because I care about  
You so much,  
That I would do anything for you,  
And would spend every minute  
Of my day with you.

I would give you everything,  
My dear,  
For I care about you  
And I want you to be happy.

You are my soulmate,  
And you are my love,  
And that is what it is,  
As far as it can be.

As you see, the words  
Do you a disservice, my love,  
For they do not describe  
Who you are  
Without someone looking at you,  
Or even getting to know you.  
But you are my sweetheart,  
And I am yours forever,  
And I will always be there,  
For you are beautiful  
And unique.  
No woman can compare  
To you,  
And because of that,  
I will always love you,  
Even in our old age,  
And I will always be loyal,  
And be there whenever  
You need me.

I am yours,

And words on a page  
Do not describe the  
Feelings I have for you,  
For I cannot explain it  
Well enough.

I love you, my dear,  
And I will never  
Leave you for anyone else.

I will love you forever,  
Until the end of time,  
For I am yours,  
Truly Forever.

Justin Reamer

# Working The Diner

Working the diner is hard work,  
When I go around and clean,  
For I sweep the kitchen,  
And mop the floors,  
And do everything on a whim.  
I go to the bathroom to take a leak,  
And then start to work,  
For I sweep the tiles,  
Mop the floors,  
Wipe down the countertops,  
Making them as clean as can be,  
Meticulous and spotless,  
To be exact,  
And do so much more.  
I refill the food tray,  
And refill the tanks,  
Refilling the soda fountains,  
And the milk bags,  
Which are so heavy  
That it is like stuffing  
A glob of fat into a box,  
And the juice cartons,  
Which are not so bad after that.  
Yet, the job gets harder,  
As people stumble around you,  
For you stumble on your own feet,  
Whether you are sweeping, mopping, clothing, or dusting,  
For you try to clean the counters,  
And someone bumps into you,  
And you try to mop the floors,  
And someone shoves you,  
Making you slip and fall on your back,  
And you try to refill the machines,  
But people bump into you,  
And become impatient with you,  
Which is hard for anyone at all.  
That is part of my life,  
But it gets harder,  
As machines start to malfunction,

And soap gets everywhere because people  
Bumped into the mop tray,  
And the malfunctioning machine  
Sprays the unfortunate student who touches it,  
And I try so hard to balance everything out.  
Life is difficult working the diner,  
For everyone bumps into you and can be very rude,  
And dealing with milkblobs can be very hard indeed,  
Especially when you have to cut their tubes,  
Which is even harder.  
Yet, clean-up is easier,  
For I wipe everything down,  
And I clean the nozzles,  
Empty the coffee,  
Empty the ice under the salad bar,  
And do so much more.  
I do everything until my work is done,  
And it is pretty great.  
I am happy to work,  
No matter how hard it is,  
To work the diner,  
For I am happy there.

Justin Reamer

# Wot

What doth thou wot?  
I wot this,  
And that,  
But what doth thou what,  
What knowest thee?  
I know not,  
For I wot not.

Justin Reamer

# Wrath

I am one of the deadly sins,  
For I am the one that makes you feel angry,  
And may lead you to do wrongful things.

I blind you,  
And mask the truth from you;  
I hide your actions,  
And make them unaware to you until  
You realise what just happened.

I am a curse,  
For I blind you from the truth,  
And make you unwilling to accept that truth,  
Because I am anger,  
Which makes your rage come true,  
Which brings about your wrath,  
Which is my true name,  
And with it comes a grudge.

I am a curse,  
And you do not want me,  
But honestly,  
It is fun for me to see  
You hurting other people,  
Even though you don't intentionally do it,  
Or even if you are blinded by the truth.  
For I am Wrath,  
And I take amusement from your anger,  
And the pain you inflict on others,  
And I am from the fiery pits of hell.

Beware of your human instincts,  
For I am one of them,  
And I may show up in your fiery head.

Justin Reamer

# Writer's Block

Something I get stuck on,  
Something I cannot break,  
I try to figure out what to write,  
Instead of staring at this slate.

I try to rack throughout my mind,  
Thinking like Lewis Carroll,  
I try to empty my head,  
Unlike that crazed Will Ferrell.

What do I do?  
What should I write about?  
I can't think of anything,  
And I just want to shout.

I think of subjects in my head,  
Looking for available pictures,  
But all I see is a big white wall,  
And all its big bumpy textures.

Why can't I think of anything?  
Why can't I write?  
It'd be no better on a keyboard,  
In which I'd type in plain sight.

What is the point of this?  
Why can't my mind connect?  
I cannot think of anything  
That I'd rather dissect.

People complain about this all the time,  
And it always does bug me,  
I hate it when it comes back,  
Stinging me like a Goddang bee.

Whenever I write this essay,  
Though a procrastinator I am not,  
Mrs Stoel may be proud of me,  
Since she's very hot.

When will I get this essay done?  
Hell, when will I get this started?  
And, man, does it stink in here,  
Because my brother just sharted.

I have to put the fingers on the keys,  
If I want to get this essay done;  
I have to think of something,  
In order to finish page one.

My siblings are noisy in the background,  
Interrupting my train of thought,  
If only I had a quieter place,  
To be where God has not wrought.

I can think of something,  
I'm sure of it by now,  
But I have to tear down this wall,  
If I can jump off the bow.

Do't be sensitive of the water,  
'Tis only a metaphor,  
Just ignore what I said,  
And go on out the door.

I need to finish this essay,  
Which is due tomorrow,  
But how can I do something,  
When I'm surrounded by this sorrow?

I have to think of something,  
For this English essay pronto,  
Or I will be regretting it,  
If I don't go for rapido.

It's been an hour,  
And I don't know what to write;  
And Anna's talking in my head,  
She's blind right to her sight.

If only I could think,

If only I could write,  
If only I was like Corrine,  
So this essay doesn't bite.

Now, Holly's barking in the background,  
Making matters worse,  
And Lucy does her stupid beighing,  
Making me more terse.

What am I going to do,  
I cannot stand this writer's block,  
I try to think of something,  
Even with Mom and her pot of crock.

I will think of something,  
And it better be very soon,  
Or I will fail my class,  
Looking like a buffoon.

And then I suddenly thought of something,  
And I finally cracked the wall,  
I thought of the Roman Empire,  
And why it had its downfall.

There was an idea to my essay,  
Thank God for helping me there,  
I can finally write it out,  
As I sit in this chair.

I have finally cracked the block,  
This thing that I abhor,  
I finally have my idea,  
Which is what art is for.

Justin Reamer

# Writing

A blank page, ripe for the picking,  
Beckons the pencil over to make contact,  
To become intimate as they commence  
The intimate interaction as individuals  
In sync with the rhythm of life's spirit.

Up-slash, down-slash, downward swipe,  
Up-swipe, down-swipe, double slash,  
Slitting the throat of an individual t,  
Pounding the eye of an i with a fist,  
The pencil and paper become one,

A combined stream of consciousness  
Transferred to the blank page,  
Each letter forming individual shapes,  
Converging to make whimsical words,  
To ultimately form sanguine sentences.

Chastisement and admonition ensue as  
The pencil and paper conjoined  
Together in their telepathic link,  
Change words and revise sentences,  
Adjusting structure and syntax

To meet the nuances and connotations of  
Individual words and phrases until  
The writer's intended message,  
Painstakingly fine-tuned and  
Worked exhaustively to the bone,  
Finally connects with the reader.

Justin Reamer

# Wye

The letter or something  
Having a similar shape  
Is pretty interesting, huh?

Justin Reamer

# Wynton Marsalis

A trumpeter of great prestige,  
Playing his trumpet like no one's ever seen,  
A great embouchure blowing wind,  
A great tone to go with it,  
Remarkable intonation,  
Wynton Marsalis owns the jazz stage.

Justin Reamer

# Xylophone

Guy with lots of pitches,  
He sings wonderfully.

Justin Reamer

# Yahweh Sabaoth

Dear God,

I cannot thank You enough  
For all the things You have done for my family.  
You are wonderful in all that You do,  
For You are the Creator of the World,  
The Supreme Being of the Universe,  
The Maker of all things,  
The Master Artist.  
You make the mountains tremble,  
The rivers quiver in fear,  
The oceans part as You extend Your hand.  
There is no one like You,  
And never will be.

Father, I cannot thank You for all that  
You have done for my family and me.  
You gave us food to eat,  
Clean water to drink,  
Clothes to wear on our backs,  
Shelter to live in,  
Beds to sleep on,  
Education opportunities,  
Employment,  
And all the people  
That we know and love.

You saved us from our Father's wrath,  
And I cannot thank You enough for all You've done.

Father, I just ask that You please bless everyone  
Who needs Your help,  
Including the poor and needy,  
The sick and dying,  
The suffering,  
And so much more.  
Please be with them  
And protect them.

And please help all of us  
To have a wonderful day today,  
And help us to serve You in  
The best way that we can,  
Thank You for all that You do.

Amen.

Justin Reamer

# Year's End

Time has been moving,  
Slowly or quickly,  
It matters not,  
For the days have passed us by,  
And we have all lived our lives together,  
But what we must know is that this year  
Is coming to an end,  
And we all must face the fact.

Really, this year has had its  
Positives and its pejoratives,  
And it may have had its good points  
And its bad points,  
But this is also a chance to start over again,  
So as the New Year is here,  
Let us reflect and see what we have done,  
And decide what we can do better,  
And thus we can make every year,  
No matter what number it is,  
Better by making our lives better  
And focusing on God.

So, now the New Year is here,  
And let's make our resolution,  
And we can become the people we want to be,  
So let us stand together, and we'll pray,  
And we'll ask God for guidance in our daily lives.  
Quick, make a wish! The time has come.  
It's here, and I want to say this:  
Happy New Year!  
May God bless you in all that you do!

Justin Reamer

# Yen

What a weird thing,  
I am craving chocolate,  
And I have some sort of desire  
I cannot comprehend,  
For I think I look at this  
Attractive woman,  
And I desire her,  
But for what reason?  
I don't know.  
Human nature is beyond my control.

Justin Reamer

# You Are Holy

Lord,  
You are the master of creation,  
The worker who is great,  
You are great,  
And You are holy.

You are the hope to the hopeless,  
The joy to the depressed,  
And the happiness to those who mourn.  
You are Holy.

You are the God  
Beyond our majesty,  
For You are Holy.

God of Wonders  
Beyond our majesty,  
You are Holy.

You are the Creator of the world,  
Ruler of the universe,  
The One who resides in heaven,  
The One who knows all,  
You are Holy.

You are special,  
And You are beautiful,  
And You are Holy.

You are the Greatest being  
In all of the history  
Of the entire Universe.  
You are Holy, Lord,  
And I will always praise You for it.

Justin Reamer

# Young Man Birdwatching

Now he is young no more  
with his binoculars in his hands  
camouflaged in the vegetation  
watching the birds  
in the evening as the sun sets  
watching them fly together  
bring prey to fledglings  
feed them and  
eventually teach them to fly.

He hears them  
feet and claws intertwined  
singing the perfect love song that  
a balladeer would write  
creating a depth of meaning.

The man smiles  
watching the fledglings  
taking flight for the first time  
before confined to a nest  
as this young man had once  
been as a child under parental care  
now a full-grown man  
ready to fend for himself  
ready to survive on his own.

Justin Reamer

# Your Birthday

Now, today is a special day,  
When we gather around,  
To celebrate that special day  
In which you were born,  
And we turn on the heavy sound.

This day is magical,  
For 'tis your special day,  
And we're going to make it special,  
For you to have it all the way.

And you know that it is great,  
For we are no fools,  
And since today's your special day,  
We are going to make it cool...

It's your birthday!  
And you know it's gonna be great!  
It's you birthday! (your birthday!)  
And you know it will be just fine!

It's you birthday! (Your birthday!)  
You know that love is coming your way,  
It's you birthday! (Your birthday!)  
And today's going to be your best day, anyway! ! !

Now, we know that you don't like lightning bolts,  
But we've found the gift for you,  
And it's something enjoy,  
And we haven't any misery,  
For you're that special person,  
Who doesn't need to have a toy...

It's your birthday!  
You know it's gonna be great!  
It's your birthday!  
and you know it will be just fine!

It's your birthday,

We're going to make it awesome for you,  
And we're gonna make it special beyond all else,  
Cuz it's your birthday! (your birthday!)  
And we're gonna make sure you're happy on this special day,  
And you know that you're gonna make it through it all! ! !

Now, when we get into your house,  
We will set up the cake,  
To make sure that it is great,  
So that you don't end up with a flake.

And, when we set up the cake,  
We'll the light the candles with a flick,  
And you'll have two seconds to make a wish,  
And you can blow it out with a swish...

And with the wish said and done,  
There will be plenty of cake for you,  
And for all of us in here,  
So that you are not ever overdue...

It's your birthday!  
And you know it's gonna be great!  
It's your birthday!  
And you know it will be just fine!

It's your birthday,  
And it will be awesome for you!  
It's your birthday!  
And, baby, we'll make it special for you! ! !

Now, with the cake done and gone,  
It's time to grab those presents  
Which contain the musical possessions  
That you tend to love,

And then you can open them,  
And have a great blast,  
And you'll have that shock on your face,  
For this thing just can't lose...

It's your birthday!

And you know it's gonna be great!  
It's your birthday!  
And you know it will be just fine!

It's your birthday!  
And you know it's gonna be awesome!  
It's your birthday!  
And love can always be great!

Now, when the presents are opened,  
You will be happy to see the things,  
And you'll be happy with all of us,  
And love will be in your heart...

It's your birthday!  
And you know it was great!  
It's your birthday!  
And you know that it was fantastic!  
It's your birthday!  
And nothing is better than what you saw,  
And I hoped you enjoyed it all,  
For it's time for the birthday man to go!  
But, it's your birthday!  
And I have one thing to tell you,  
That you will always be great,  
And happy birthday is here! ! !

Justin Reamer

# Your Heart

Loving you is something I hold dear,  
For I love being with you,  
And I love holding you tight,  
For you are great,  
And you are the greatest gift  
A man could ever ask for.

When I see you,  
You make me smile,  
For my heart beats inside my chest,  
At an interminable rate,  
And I involuntarily smile,  
For my veins feel great,  
And dopamine runs through my system,  
For it gives me the feeling of love,  
And when I see you,  
My heart skips a beat,  
And butterflies flutter in my stomach,  
And I sigh at the romantic thoughts  
That come into my head.

I believe you are special,  
As I have said so many times before,  
And God wants us to be together,  
For He has etched our hearts  
With the hands of a cherub,  
So that we would be together,  
As He wanted us to be,  
So we will be together  
For the rest of our lives  
On this Earth,  
Until the day we die,  
In which we would be together in heaven.

Yet, I want to let you know  
Is that I want nothing more from you  
Than for you to be happy,  
And I want your heart,  
Which makes me happy,

For knowing that you love me makes  
Me happy,  
And all I ever want to do  
Is do things that would make you happy.  
I do not love you for your body,  
Even though you have a remarkable figure,  
And you are gorgeous through and through,  
A natural-born beauty,  
To be exact,  
And I do not want your money  
(Although you have none) ,  
And I do not want to have sex with you,  
(Even though I might if we ever marry) ,  
But what I want is to love  
And to be loved  
And to make sure that your  
Happiness is secure.  
For that is what I want.

Your heart is what matters most to me,  
For it holds every emotion you feel,  
Is the bearing of the soul,  
Contains your every ounce of love,  
And I want you to be happy,  
For that would continue the endless  
Fountain of love that springs  
From your soul and into your heart  
And toward other people.  
I want you to be happy,  
And I love you more than anything,  
And I want you to have a heart of gold,  
And if you give it to me,  
I promise I will protect it,  
For I would never let harm come its way,  
And I will always be there when you  
Need me,  
For I love you that much,  
For I am unconditionally and  
Irrevocably in love with you,  
And I will love you till the end of my days.

You are the greatest thing in this world,

And no one is more beautiful,  
More temperate,  
More coquettish,  
More gallant,  
More graceful,  
More dove-like,  
More mirthful,  
More youthful,  
And more vivacious  
Than you are.  
This is why I love you.  
I will be there,  
And I will love you until  
The end of my days,  
For you are the greatest thing  
That I could ever ask for.  
I love you,  
And that is that.

Justin Reamer

# Your Love

If you want to understand  
How a relationship works, my friend,  
And especially if you desire  
A certain man like me,  
You have to understand what a  
True relationship is like,  
In order to engage into  
Anything close to what you  
Try to do to me.

My friend, you are very beautiful,  
And you are very cute,  
And you are one of the sweetest  
People I have ever met,  
And I will always care about  
You no matter what,  
But, if you want to know  
What a relationship is like,  
It is not like the physical  
Hot-flashy stuff that you are used to,  
But so much more than that.

A relationship is emotional,  
When two people are always happy  
To see each other every day,  
And never want to leave each other's company,  
Because they are so tightly knit together,  
And the love comes in when they  
Decide when they truly do care about each other,  
As more than just average-Joe friends.  
They then get serious,  
And start making more physical contact,  
Instead of just holding hands,  
Which is an indication of a crush only,  
And an indication of attraction.

When they decide that they are in love,  
They start to do more than that,  
Such as hugging and kissing,

And a peck on the cheek,  
And a peck on the lips.  
Simple kissing is even more meaningful,  
For it reveals a big smile from both people  
In a relationship,  
Which makes it all the more special.

When they get even more serious,  
They might go into the first kiss,  
And that is when they are ready,  
For they go into it prepared,  
Ready to do something  
Instead of coming on too strong,  
Or doing the hot, passionate relationship  
That you are used to.  
They will go into snogging,  
Or tonsil-hockey,  
Or French kissing,  
And they may enjoy it,  
Or they may say that they were not ready yet.  
But the line stops there,  
For they will not have sex until they are married,  
And they will not engage in anything beyond that point  
Until they may be affianced,  
Or even married.  
The Sexual Intercourse will  
Not come until the honeymoon.

My friend, I do not want a sexual  
Relationship with you,  
And on the contrary,  
I want your love.  
I want an emotional relationship,  
Where I can always spend time with you,  
And know that you and I can be together  
For as long as we want,  
And that we both care about each other,  
And that we hold something special in the world.

I do not want something that will end  
Automatically,  
And I do not want to get heartbreak because of it,

And I do not want to be regretful  
Of a mortal sin I may commit if I  
Were not in control of myself.  
But, truthfully, I love your soul and your heart,  
More than I love your flesh,  
Even though you are still a very beautiful  
Woman on the outside,  
You are a very beautiful woman on the inside.

I know you apologised for coming on too strong,  
And I really do forgive you for that,  
But I want to let you know that I care about you,  
And that I want what's best for you,  
And that I want you to be happy,  
And that I want you to be safe  
By staying away from this miserable lifestyle,  
Like the one my own father lives,  
And I want you to be happy  
And not develop Borderline Personality Disorder,  
When you can have true friends,  
And possibly, a boyfriend that you can count on.

In order for us to be  
In a relationship, my dear,  
You have to know what you want.  
I care about you,  
And you know not what you want,  
And you are confused when  
It comes to relationships.  
This is not New Jersey, my dear,  
For this is the Midwest,  
And we do things differently here.  
However, you have to know what you want.

When I watched 'Love and Other Drugs, '  
I knew that life was more than just sex,  
And misery and simple feelings,  
For it was devotion.  
Anne Hathaway, who played the  
Character who had Parkinson's Disease,  
Fell in love with a guy who played  
Around with everyone,

And the guy finally fell in love with her.

When the guy went off  
To pursue his job,  
Hathaway left,  
And the guy chased her,  
And realised that he loved her,  
And that he wanted her more than anything  
Else in the world, even if she was sick or not.  
They then made up and embraced in the end.

My friend, you must understand  
That you have to pay attention to certain things.  
Do not follow the desires of the flesh,  
But follow the desires of the Spirit.  
Your body, which is corrupted by Satan  
And original sin from Adam and Eve,  
As St Paul wrote in Romans,  
Desires many things,  
Such as revenge,  
Hunger and thirst,  
Lust and sex,  
Aggression and fear,  
And intimidation.  
Do not follow what your body wants,  
But listen to your heart,  
Your soul, and your conscience,  
And know what it wants,  
And you will know what you want,  
For your heart will guide you  
On the right path,  
Whether or you are  
Looking for a relationship or not.

You may know what you want,  
But you just have to do some  
Self-searching,  
So that you can figure it out.  
And, if you want to be with me, my love,  
You have to understand  
That I want an emotional bond  
That will stick us together

And will keep us together  
Unless something should go horribly wrong.  
I want you to know that I would always be  
Loyal and giving to you,  
In all of your forms,  
And that I will always care about you,  
No matter what decisions you make,  
Or what behaviour you display.

But, if you want to be with me,  
I want you to know that I want your love,  
And I want your devotion,  
As I would be devoted to you,  
And I want your loyalty,  
As I would be loyal to you  
And would never cheat on you,  
And would always stand up for you,  
No matter the situation,  
And I want your heart,  
For it can be nothing,  
If we cannot bond in that way,  
And if we cannot hold each other  
In our hearts,  
And we cannot reveal our secrets  
To each other,  
And we cannot sacrifice  
Or give anything to each other.  
I want that kind of relationship,  
And I want your love  
More than anything.

I will always love you,  
And I will always care about you,  
But you have to know what you want,  
So this is what I have to say to you,  
And I hope you understand me,  
For I do not want to do anything that will hurt you,  
And if in a relationship,  
I want to know that we will always be together  
And that there will be trust between us.

So, know thyself,

And do what you can,  
But let me tell you,  
That I love you,  
And that I care about you,  
And nothing will ever change that.

May God bless you, my love!

Justin Reamer

# You'Re Special

My dear, you, to me,  
Are the most beautiful woman  
In the world.  
You are special in every way  
Because I see so many gifts and talents  
That you have that make me happy to see.  
I know what makes you special,  
And so I love you with all my heart  
Because you are the most wonderful  
Woman I have ever met.

You are beautiful in every way,  
With your long blond hair as bright as the sun,  
Angel's locks glowing gold in the sun;  
Your eyes are bright and blue,  
Like the lake in its summer colours,  
Or the sky in its sunny days.  
They are filled with vivacity and love,  
For all those around to see it.  
The things they show are magnificent  
To all those who love to see your happiness.  
Your smile is bright,  
Illuminating a room,  
Contagious in every way,  
For when people see it,  
They can't help but smile back.  
Your slender body is wonderful,  
For you walk with great stature,  
Walking gracefully throughout the room,  
And no one can help but to notice.

You are an outdoorswoman,  
One who likes to camp and fish,  
Take long hikes and backpacking trips,  
Someone who loves to bike, swim, and run,  
Who loves to boat, canoe, and kayak,  
Give tubing, waterboarding, and waterskiing a try,  
One who loves to go skiing or ice-skating,  
And likes to play minigolf as a hobby.

You love the outdoors,  
Watching the birds as they sing  
And dance in the treetops,  
And you love to see the animals doing  
Their everyday routine.  
The trees are filled with life,  
And you notice everything they do, too,  
For you admire God's creation for what it is.  
You are great and wonderful.

You are an avid reader,  
Reading every book you can get your hands on,  
For you like poetry, fiction, and Christian stuff,  
And you like the classics and things like that,  
For I remember when you said you read Oscar Wilde for fun,  
And I remember when I saw you seeing C.S. Lewis.  
The Bible is also important to you,  
For you read it a lot,  
And you apply it to your life,  
Which is a wonderful thing.

You are a great artist,  
Making pictures that look like photographs,  
Sculptures that appear lifelike,  
And portraits that look like the real thing.  
You draw like there is no other,  
And you weave and knit like  
There is nothing to it,  
Making masterpieces out of it just the same.  
You are amazing,  
And good at what you do.

You are a great musician,  
Playing the guitar, the violin,  
The piano, and singing,  
You are gifted,  
And we commend you for it.

You are a great poet,  
A great person,  
And a great writer,  
For you write poems like

They are music to our ears,  
Making rimes sound like melodies,  
Making people seem wonderful,  
And so much more.

You are also a believer,  
Which is most important,  
Because you try to do the best you can  
To be good to others,  
And you never fail those you love.  
You have been good to many,  
And we commend you for it.

You are special to me,  
And I love you with all of my heart,  
For I love everything that you do,  
And there is nothing greater than you.

Justin Reamer

# Z Toba

Moi drodzy, chce poinformowac

Cos, co jest bardzo wazne dla mnie,

I cos, co moze byc

Bardzo wazne dla Ciebie tez,

Jesli wartosc tylko moja milosc

Jak cenie Twoje.

Moi drodzy, bylem z wami

Tak dlugo, jak pamietam.

Pamietam, kiedy bylismy malych dzieci,

I nasi rodzice byli sasiadami,

I bylismy sasiadami, jak również

Oczywiscie

I naszych rodziców by zaplanowac 'terminy play'

Jak nazwali je nastepnie z powrotem i nadal to zrobic teraz,

I bylo duzo wiecej do niej.

Ty, Twoja siostra i brat twój przyjsc,

I by spedzac czas z mój brat, moja siostra i ja.

Pamietam, myslac, ze dziewczyny byly brutto,

I pozwolilby uniknac

A myślałeś, że to choroba,

Więc chcesz uniknąć mnie, zbyt.

Ale po kilku tygodniach,

Zostaliśmy przyjaciółmi,

I okazało się, że mamy wiele wspólnego,

I że możemy ufać sobie nawzajem.

Staliśmy się bardzo blisko,

I chcemy grać Super Mario Brothers razem,

I chcemy grać Pokémon,

I możemy oglądać kreskówki Disneya,

Z Myszka Miki, Goofy, a Donald Duck,

I będziemy obserwować Looney Tunes razem,

Z Królik Bugs, Kaczor Daffy, Elmer Fudd,

Sylwester kota Tweety ptaków,

Wile E. Coyote, Roadrunner,

I Marvin Martian,

I będziemy razem, obserwować Tom i Jerry

I widziałem szalony kot pobili się o

Myszka bardzo inteligentny i dowcipny.

Było dużo zabawy.

Pamiętaj, Szkoła podstawowa,  
W pierwszej klasie,  
Kiedy mamy już innych znajomych,  
Ale byliśmy nierozłączni,  
Bo nikt nie może uczynić nas siedzieć daleko  
Od siebie,  
O byliśmy najlepszymi przyjaciółmi,  
I nikt nie mógł powstrzymać to.

Pamiętam, że w drugiej klasie,  
Kiedy byli do czytania,  
I czytamy, że wiele z tych samych książek,  
Junie B. Jones, w tym  
Mieszkanie Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest i serii o Harrym Potterze.  
Pamiętam, kiedy zwykliśmy mówić o  
Harry Potter cały czas,  
I pamiętam, kiedy wszyscy byliśmy podekscytowani  
O nowym filmie Harry Potter wychodzi?  
To było świetne.

Mielismy wspaniałych przyjaciół.

Pamiętaj gimnazjum?

Byliśmy tak niewygodne to,

Bo myśleliśmy, że będziemy

Nigdy dotąd w ogóle

Bo myśleliśmy, że celownik był obrzydliwy,

I jeszcze, zachował się jak para,

Ale zaczęliśmy, angażowanie się w lepszych książek,

Jak Pendragon, Kroniki Underland

I wiele innych.

Następnie Czy pamiętasz liceum?

Nie, Moi drodzy, i muszę powiedzieć,

To było niesamowite,

Za to był, kiedy zdałam sobie sprawę, że uczucia

Dla Ciebie, a ty miał uczucia dla mnie, zbyt,

I mamy ze sobą,

I byliśmy parą największe w historii.

Mozemy się uczyć się razem, pamiętasz?

I będziemy mówić o klasyki

Jak te napisane przez Karola Dickensa,

William Shakespeare, Lew Tolstoj, Fiodor Dostojewski,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen, (jeden z ulubionych) ,

Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck i F. Scott Fitzgerald

I Virginia Woolf i Mary Ann Evans (zarówno z których

Były jednymi z ulubionych osobowych) .

Pamiętaj, że byliśmy również w filozofii, zbyt,

Zwłaszcza, kiedy rozmawialiśmy o

Platona i Arystotelesa,

Sokrates i św. Justin,

Jana i Pawła,

Tomasz z Akwinu,

Augustyn z Hippony,

Świętego Piotra Apostoła,

Immanuela Kanta,

Sofokles i Wergiliusza,

Homer i Eurypides,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene Descartes,

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Konfucjusz i Sun Tzu,

Laozi i Siddhartha Gautama,

Franciszka z Asyżu,

I Bertranda Russella.

Pamiętaj, że kochaliśmy wszystkie swoje prace,

I że my bawiliśmy się świetnie, mówienie o nich.

Następnie pamiętam wszystkie tance,

Do powrotu do domu był niezgrabny taniec,

Ludzie szlifowania i etazerka,

I Snowball było wszystko w porządku,

Ale to nie było największe.

Bal był jednak, największe doświadczenie,

Dla obu tych lat były wielki z Ciebie, drogi,

I lubi jak tańczyła i miał dobry czas,

Nie ma znaczenia jaki DJ grał,

Nawet jeśli była to brzydki rap muzyka,

Hip-hop out-of-control,

Niesamowite rock-and-roll

Fajne muzyki pop,  
Powolny piosenka,  
Muzyki country, jakiegokolwiek rodzaju,  
Hustawka energiczny taniec,  
Lub nawet taniec salsa  
Lub Macarena,  
Lub YMCA,  
Lub nawet może, może.  
Miałem wspaniały czas z Toba,  
Nawet, kiedy pili nasi przyjaciele  
Cios, który był najeżone Srodki przeczyszczające,  
I kiedy twój przyjaciel ubrać się rzucił,  
Odsłaniając nieco zbyt wiele dla własnego smaku.  
  
Następnie pamiętam ukończenia naszej szkoły,  
I to było wspaniale,  
Dla byliśmy razem,  
I wtedy powiedział, że lubi siebie,  
I wiem, że robimy,  
Bo ja to czuje w moim sercu.

Następnie udał się do kolegium razem,

I doświadczenie było dobre dla

Ostatnich trzech lat,

A teraz jesteśmy seniorów,

I wciąż cieszę się z wami, drodzy.

Jednak mam coś do powiedzenia,

Jestem pewien, że chcesz usłyszeć

Bo chcę, aby poinformować Cię, zanim podejmiemy wszelkie

Wielkie decyzje w naszym życiu, Szanowni Państwo,

Bo kocham Cię bardziej niż cokolwiek,

I wiem, że jesteśmy w miłości,

Ale nasz związek podejmiemy zobowiązanie,

I dużo więcej niż ów.

Kochanie, moje kochanie,

Kocham Cię

I wiesz, że

Ale to, co chcę powiedzieć jest to, że

Spędziłem całe moje życie z Tobą,

I chcę być z Tobą

Przez resztkę mojego życia,

Dla Ciebie są największe osoby

W całym moim życiu,

I nikt tak jak ty.

Jesteś osobą, którą zawsze można się posmiać z,

Uśmiech w każdym przypadku, gdy jestem o dobry dzień,

Spójrz do rozmowy, gdy mam kłopoty

Problemy jakiegokolwiek rodzaju, lub

Szukać pomocy, gdy jestem studiuję coś

Szalony jak biologia molekularna

Chemia organiczna,

Lub rachunku, finansów, makroekonomia

(Co jest okropne klasy, przy okazji) ,

Lub statystyki, fizyki kwantowej,

Lub nawet administracji biznesu,

Lub coś szalonego, takich jak Księgowość,

Szukać pocieszenia mnie, kiedy jestem smutna,

Szukać pomocy, gdy jestem przygnębiony,

Oglądaj programy telewizyjne takie jak nadprzyrodzone

I Family Guy i South Park

Kazdej nocy,  
Cwiczyc moja wiare z kazdego dnia,  
Dla nas obie wierza w Boga,  
I dostarczyl nam tak wiele,  
Dyskusja na temat ksiazki i naukowe rzeczy  
A nawet polityki i filozofii  
I swiatowych problemów z  
A nawet nauki z  
Poniewaz obie jestesmy uczeni,  
A osoba, by poslubic  
Bo kocham cie bardzo,  
I kocham cie na zawsze.

Chce byc z toba  
Na wieki wieków,  
Nawet, gdy idziemy do nieba razem,  
Chce byc z Toba  
Bo chce, aby spedzic moje zycie z Toba,  
I nigdy nie opuszcze cie za kogos innego,  
Bo jestes idealna dziewczyna  
I idealna kobieta dla mnie.

Jestes teraz, moja dziewczyna

Ale byc moze Moja narzeczona

Nastepnego dnia,

I chce, zebys byla moja zona.

Chce sie ozenic

I chocby nawet twój ojciec

Naprawde nie zatwierdzi mnie,

Jestem pewien, ze mozemy sie dogadac,

I mój tesc,

Mozna byc wielkim czlowiekiem, dla mnie,

Jak mój ojciec jest bardzo lubi

A Twoja matka jest lubil mnie,

A jak mama to lubia sie.

Chce wyjsc za maz

Malzenstwo to rzecz swieta,

I malzenstwa naprawde wyrazic nasza milosc

Tak jak Jezus powiedzial,

Kiedy dwóch wyjsc za maz,

'Meczczyzna i kobieta staja sie jednym ciałem'

I chca zyc kazdego dnia wedlug Jezusa Chrystusa slowa,

I wiem, że oboje miłość Jezusa

I będziemy żyć na swoją nazwę.

Bedziemy w jednym ciele,

A my nigdy nie będzie rozwód,

Dla znamy siebie dwadzieścia jeden lat,

I wiemy nawzajem do naszych w pełnym zakresie,

I nie potrzebujemy słownika

Wiedzieć, czym jest miłość,

Dla nas są lepsze niż

Srednia para, która wychodzi za mąż po roku.

A mamy dzieci, jeśli chcesz,

Czy nie musimy mieć dzieci, jeśli nie chcesz, aby,

Do tego jest całkowicie do Ciebie,

Ponieważ jesteś tym, który rodzi.

Jeśli chcesz mieć dzieci naturalnie,

To jest w porządku,

Lub jeśli chcesz je, przyjmuje

To jest dobre, zbyt,

Dla możemy mieć tyle dzieci, jak pragniesz,

Czy to będzie jedyne dziecko,

Dwoje dzieci,

Troje dzieci,

Czworo dzieci,

Osmioro dzieci,

Kilkanascie dzieci,

Dzieci,

Dwadziescia,

1000 (tysiac) ,

Lub nawet 4.000.000 (cztery miliony)

Dzieci,

Nie ma znaczenia, do podjecia decyzji

Do Ciebie,

I dostac sie do decydowania

Co chcesz zrobic ze swoim ciałem.

Jesli chodzi o dzieci nazewnictwa,

Mam tylko jedno ograniczenie:

Oni nie mogą być wszelkie szalone imiona

'Twist' lub 'Chupacabra'

Lub cos w stylu 'La-a' lub 'Kobiecych'.

Jeszcze omówimy te warunki, kiedy nadejdzie czas,

To jest, gdy jesteśmy faktycznie zoną,

I to jest dla nas, aby zgodzić się lub nie na w przyszłości.

Jednakże kochanie, chcę powiedzieć

Że chcę cie w moim życiu,

I kocham cie bardziej niż cokolwiek,

I jeśli nie chcesz mnie,

To jest w porządku,

Ale zawsze będzie miłość

A teraz, że jesteśmy o szkole,

Chcę tylko powiedzieć, że chcę wyjść za mąż

A nie na uczelni,

W tej chwili

Ale po mamy szkole,

I oboje zaczęli kariery,

Ale chcę powiedzieć,

Że cieszył się wydatków na moje życie z Tobą,

I chcę kontynuować wydatków na moje życie z Tobą,

Przez resztę mojego życia,

Przez prawdziwe i Najświętszego Sakramentu małżeństwa.

Chce byc z Toba do konca mojego zycia,  
Bo ty jestes sa jedyna rzecz, chce byc z,  
I chodzi o to, nie ma nic innego do powiedzenia,  
Ale, ze kocham cie, kochanie,  
I ze chce byc z toba.

Justin Reamer

## Z Vami

Draga moja, zelim pustiti več

Nekaj, kar je zelo pomembno zame,

In nekaj, kar lahko

Zelo pomembno za vas, prevec,

Ce cenite moje ljubezni, le

Kar cenim tvoje.

Draga moja, sem bil z vami za

Tako dolgo, kot jaz lahko spomnim.

Se spomnim, ko smo bili malcki,

In naši starši so bili sosedje,

In smo bili sosedje, kot tudi,

seveda

In naši starši bi urnik 'play-datume'

Kot so ti jih takrat in zdaj, še vedno

In tam je veliko vec.

Vi, vaša sestra in tvoj brat bi prišel cez,

In bi se druzim z moj brat, moja sestra in me.

Spomnim se, mislec, da so bila dekleta bruto,

In bi se izognili vas,

In si mislil, da sem imel bolezen,

Tako bi mi, izognili prevec.

Šele cez nekaj tednov,

Smo postali prijatelji,

In smo ugotovili, da smo imeli veliko skupnega,

In da smo lahko zaupajo drug drugemu.

Smo postali zelo blizu,

In zelimo igrati Super Mario bratje skupaj,

In zelimo igrati Pokémon,

In mi bi gledal Disney risanke,

Z Mickey Mouse, neumen, in Donald Duck,

In mi bi gledal Looney Tunes skupaj,

Z Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Elmer opijaniti,

Sylvester urha klicati, tic, Tweety

Trik E. Coyote, Roadrunner,

In Marvin Martian,

In mi bi gledal Tom in Jerry skupaj,

In videl crazy cat dobili pretepel s strani

Zelo pameten in duhovit miško.

Bilo je veliko zabave.

Spomnim, OŠ,  
V prvem razredu,  
Ko bi imeli druge prijatelje,  
Vendar smo bili nelocljiv,  
Zakaj nihce bi lahko nas proc sit  
Med seboj,  
Ker smo bili najboljši prijatelji,  
In nihce strjena lava nehaj s tem.

Spomnim se, v drugem razredu,  
Ko smo bili tako v branje,  
In beremo veliko iste knjige,  
Vkljucno z Junie B. Jones,  
Ravno Stanley, Animorphs,  
Deltora Quest, in Harry Potter seriji.  
Se spomniš, ko smo uporabili za pogovor o  
Harry Potter ves cas,  
In ne pozabite, ko smo bili vsi navdušeni  
O novih Harry Potter film, ki prihajajo ven?  
Bilo je super.

Smo bili veliko prijateljev.

Se spomniš srednje šole?

Smo bili tako nerodno potem,

Za smo mislil, da bi

Nikoli datum sploh,

Zakaj smo mislili dating je nagnusno,

In še, bomo ravnali kot nekaj,

Vendar, smo zaceli, vkljucevanje v boljših knjig,

Kot Pendragon, Underland Chronicles,

In še veliko vec.

Potem, se spomniš srednje šole?

Storim, draga moja, in moram reci,

Bilo je super,

Za to je ko sem spoznal, da sem imel obcutke

Za vas, in boste imeli custva do mene, prevec,

In sva skupaj,

In smo bili doslej najvecji par.

Mi bi študija skupaj, se spomniš?

In mi bi govorili o klasiki

Kot so tiste, ki ga je napisal Charles Dickens,

Lev Nikolajevic Tolstoj, William Shakespeare, Fjodor Mihajlovic Dostojevski,

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen, (eden od svoje favorite) ,

Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, in John Steinbeck,

In Virginia Woolf in Mary Ann Evans (oba

So bile nekatere stavite) .

Ne pozabite, da smo bili tudi v filozofiji, prevec,

Še posebej, ko smo govorili o

Platon in Aristotel,

Socrates in St. Justin,

Janeza in Pavla,

St Thomas Aquinas,

St. sveti Avguštín,

St. Peter apostol,

Immanuel Kant,

Sofokles in Virgil,

Homer in Evripid,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene Descartes

Friedrich Nietzsche,

Konfucij in Sun Tzu,

Laozi in Siddhartha Gautama,

Franciška Asiškega,

In Bertrand Russell.

Spomnim se, da smo ljubili vse, od njihovega dela,

In da smo imeli veliko časa, govorimo o njih.

Potem se spomnim vseh plesov,

Vrnitev domov je bilo nerodno ples,

Zaradi ljudi, brušenje in malenkosti,

In plaz je bilo vse v redu,

Ampak to ni bil največji.

Maturantski ples pa največji izkušnja,

Za obe leti so bili super z vami, dragi,

In sem ljubil, kako smo plesali in je imel dober čas,

Ni važno kaj DJ igral,

Tudi če je bila usedlina rap glasba,

Out-of-nadzor hip-hop,

Super rock-and-roll,

Kul pop glasbe,  
Pocasi pesem,  
Country glasbe kakršno,  
Energicne swing ples,  
Ali celo ples salsa  
Ali Macarena,  
Ali YMCA,  
Ali celo na lahko.  
Sem imel veliko casa z vami,  
Še kdaj pili naši prijatelji  
Udarec, ki je bil z dodanim odvajala,  
In ko vaš prijatelj obleko snapped,  
Razkrivajo malo prevec za lastnega okusa.

Nato se je spomnite naši diplomi,  
In to je bil velik,  
Zakaj smo bili tam skupaj,  
In smo potem rekli smo ljubili drug drugega,  
In vem, da storimo,  
Za to lahko cutim v moje srce.

Potem smo šli na fakulteto skupaj,  
In izkušnje je bil super za  
V zadnjih treh letih,  
In zdaj smo upokojenci,  
In jaz sem vedno vesel, da se z vami, dragi.

Vendar pa imam nekaj za povedati,  
Za prepričan sem, da jih zelite slišati,  
Zakaj zelim pustiti več, preden naredimo vse  
Velike odločitve v naših življenjih, dragi,  
Za ljubim bolj kot karkoli,  
In vem, da smo v ljubezni,  
Vendar naš odnos bo obveznost,  
In veliko več kot to.

Draga moja, Moja ljubica,  
Ljubim te  
In veste, da,  
Ampak kaj hočem reci je, da  
Sem prezivel celo moje življenje z vami,  
In rad bi z vami

Za preostanek mojega zivljenja,

Ste oseba, ki je največji

V celotnem zivljenju,

In ni nikogar, kot si ti.

Ste oseba, ki lahko vedno smeh, z,

Nasmeh na kadarkoli sem ob dober dan,

Poglej v pogovoru z, ko imam tezave

Ali tezave kakršno,

Poiščite pomoc, ko sem študij nekaj

Crazy kot molekularna biologija,

Organske kemije,

Ali calculus, financ, makroekonomija

(Ki je grozen razred, mimogrede) ,

Ali statistike, kvantne fizike,

Ali celo poslovne administracije,

Ali nekaj norega kot so racunovodstvo,

Videti, da me potolazi, ko sem zalostna,

Poiščite pomoc, ko sem potr,

Watch TV kaze, kot so nadnaravne

In Family Guy in South Park

Vsak vecer,  
Poklic moji veri z vsak dan,  
Za obe verjamemo v Boga,  
In on nas preskrbljen nas s toliko,  
Pogovor o knjigah in akademске stvari  
In celo politiki in filozofija  
In svetu tezave s  
In celo znanost s  
Ker sva oba so učenjaki,  
In oseba, ki bi porociti  
Ker ljubim te veliko,  
In bi radi vecno.

zelim si biti s tabo

Vecno,  
Tudi, ko bomo šli v nebesa skupaj,  
Rad bi z vami nato,  
Zakaj zelim preziveti svoj življenje z vami,  
In nikoli ne bo pustil boste za kogar koli drugega,  
Ker ste popolno dekle  
In popolna zenska zame.

Zdaj, ste moje dekle

Ampak lahko bi se moja zarocenka

Naslednji dan,

In zelim, da se moja zena.

Zelim, da se poroci,

In ceprav tvoj oce

Res ne odobravam me,

Sem prepričan, da lahko delamo

In moj tast,

More biti velik clovek mi,

Moj oce je zelo rad vas,

In tvoja mama je fond mi,

In moja mama je rad vas.

Zelim, da se porocita

Za poroko je sveto stvar,

In zakonu bo res Izrazamo ljubezen,

Za kot Jezus je dejal,

Ko dva se porocita,

'Moški in zenska postala eno meso'

In hocem ziveti vsak dan po Jezusove besede,

In vem, da sva oba ljubezen Jezusa enako,

In mi bo ziveti do svoje ime.

Bomo eno telo,

In nikoli ne bo razvezo,

Zakaj smo znani seboj enaindvajset let,

In vemo drug drugega, naš celotnem obsegu,

In ne potrebujemo slovar

Vedeti, kaj ljubezen je,

Smo boljše kot v

Povprečen par, ki se poroci, po enem letu.

In bomo lahko imajo otroke, ce zelite,

Ali nimamo imeti otrok, ce ne zelite,

Za to je popolnoma odvisno od vas,

Ker ste tisti, ki rojeva.

Ce zelite imeti otroke naravno,

To je v redu,

Ali ce zelite, da jih, sprejme

To je dobro, prevec,

Zakaj imamo toliko otrok, kot si zeliyo,

Ali je samo otrok,

Dva otroka,

Trije otroci,

Štirje otroci,

Osem otrok,

Deset otrok,

Petnajst otrok,

Dvajset,

1.000 (tisoc) ,

Ali celo 4.000.000 (štiri milijone)

Otroci,

Ni pomembno, za odločitev

Je do vas,

In dobiš, da odloči

Kaj zelite narediti s svojim telesom.

Ce je poimenovanje otrok,

Imam samo eno omejitev:

Da ne bodo vse noro imena

Kot 'Twist' ali 'Chupacabra'

Ali nekaj podobnega 'La-a' ali 'Zenska.'

Še, bomo lahko razpravljali o teh izrazov, ko pride čas,

Za to je ko smo dejansko porocen,

In to je za nas, da se strinjajo ali ne strinjajo o v prihodnosti.

Vendar, ljubica, hocem reci

Da hocem v mojem zivljenju,

In ljubim te bolj kot karkoli,

In ce noceš me,

To je v redu,

Ampak jaz še vedno ljubim,

In zdaj, da smo o tem, da diploma,

Hocem reci, da zelim, da se poroci,

In ne v šoli,

Kot prav zdaj,

Ampak ko smo diplomiral,

In zaceli smo obe kariere,

Ampak hocem reci,

Da sem uzival, poraba moje zivljenje z vami,

In zelim še poraba moje zivljenje z vami,

Za preostanek mojega zivljenja,

Skozi res in Sveti zakrament zakonu.

Zelim biti z vami, za preostanek mojega zivljenja,

Za vas so so edini zelim biti s,

In stvar je, ni nic drugega reci,

Ampak, da ljubim te, dragi,

In da zelim biti z vami.

Justin Reamer

# Zealot

You are very dedicated, aren't you?  
So dedicated that it's a bit excessive,  
A bit EXTREME? ? ?  
Well, take a chill pill, honey,  
Because things are lax around here.

Justin Reamer

# Zedonk

What a weird offspring,  
The offspring of a zebra and a donkey;  
It is quite weird,  
But very intelligent.  
It still looks pretty,  
Like a mule.

Justin Reamer

# Zeus

I am Zeus,  
For I am one of the  
Greek gods  
That lives on  
Mt. Olympus.

I am the king of the gods,  
For you probably  
Know that,  
And I am considered a hero  
Among the Greeks.  
They make a sacrifice to me  
Every time the Olympics  
Happen.

You may have heard of  
My childhood  
When my father,  
Kronus,  
Tried to eat me alive,  
As well as all of my  
Siblings,  
Which he gobbled down,  
But my mother saved me,  
For she hid me away  
In a cavern,  
And she raised me  
To become a warrior.

When I came of age,  
I fought Kronus  
And the rest of the Titans,  
And I claimed Mt. Olympus  
For the gods,  
And I freed my brothers  
And my sisters,  
And I became king  
Of Mt. Olympus.

I cut Kronus up  
Into a thousand pieces,  
And I threw him into  
Tartarus,  
And he never came back.

I married Hera,  
And man,  
Is our marriage  
So unhappy,  
Because she is such  
An unhappy woman,  
Always bickering  
With me about this  
Or that,  
Or whatever comes to  
Her stupid head.  
I wish she could do something  
Else with her life.

And we had an awful child, too,  
Named Ares,  
Who is such a spoiled  
Little brat,  
For all he ever does is throw  
Temper tantrums,  
And he is good for nothing,  
So, yes, I do not like him.

I, along with the other gods,  
Created the world  
And the things that live on it.  
I personally liked the animals,  
For they were so cool,  
I gave them everything,  
For they were my favourite,  
And I did not like you humans  
At all,  
For you were too foul  
And imperfect,  
I could not stand you guys.

However, Prometheus gave  
You guys fire,  
And that ticked me off,  
So I was angry with him,  
And I punished him  
And made him suffer.

I must say that I  
Do have a thing for human girls,  
For they are far more beautiful  
Than my wife,  
If anything,  
And I must say that I have had  
Quite a bit of them.

Who ever knew that  
A woman could fall in love  
With an animal?  
I mean Europa fell  
For me when I was in  
The form of a bull,  
And another woman fell for  
Me when I was in the form  
Of a swan.

I mean, what is with humans?  
It is rather funny.  
I guess I have a thing  
For woman, though,  
And I cannot help myself,  
For I have a lust problem,  
And I really like sex,  
And I guess I love attractive  
Girls,  
I mean I would probably  
Go flirt and do 'it'  
With someone like Kate Upton,  
Candice Michelle,  
Or Kelly Brook,  
Or even Brooklyn Decker,  
Or Selena Gomez,  
But I have to watch out

For Hera's temper,  
For she gets really jealous,  
And I hate it when she starts  
Her yapping,  
And I hate it when she  
Is all brutal and stuff.  
Screw her,  
I like my women,  
And I will have it my way.

And, you probably also know  
That I fathered many  
Demigods,  
Heroes as the Greeks  
Called them,  
For they were my children.

I fathered Hercules,  
Perseus,  
Theseus,  
Pelius,  
And many more,  
And they all did heroic  
Acts,  
But I did kill some of them,  
Sadly,  
Such as good ol' Hercules,  
For he freed Prometheus  
From his binds,  
And I killed Hercules  
On the spot.

I am rather short-tempered,  
And can be very vengeful,  
For I will strike down  
Anyone or anything  
That ticks me off.  
I have a lightningbolt,  
And I have aegis,  
My shield,  
And I am not afraid to use it.

Though, I have been tricked,  
Especially by Hera,  
That nasty person she is.  
Darn! If only  
I could get back at her,  
Oh, well,  
It works.

I guess I am also  
The peacekeeper of the gods,  
For they are always whining to me,  
Like Hades whines that he is lonely,  
And Aphrodite whines about the little  
Attention she gets,  
And Hera whines about me  
Cheating on her,  
And Demeter whines when  
She does not get to see  
Her daughter because she is with Hades.

I get sick and tired of it,  
And all I want to do is  
Go relieve myself of my duties,  
And I just want to get some me time,  
Even if it is, guiltily,  
With another woman,  
But, yes, that is that.

I guess I can get tired of my job,  
But hey, it works,  
And I will always be King,  
Unless Kronus tries to  
Come back or something,  
But, hey, no one is going to do  
That now, would they?

After all, Mt. Olympus  
Is where its at,  
Despite the gods  
And their whining,  
I mean, all we need  
Is Dionysus,

And it's perfect.

So, I am kind of  
Liking this joint,  
So I will stick with it,  
Even if it is the  
Rest of eternity,  
But, hey, what gives?  
I'm a god,  
So I can do whatever I want,  
So yeah,  
It's all good.

I am done complaining,  
So it was nice meeting you,  
And there is a throne that  
Is awaiting my arse,  
And a beautiful woman  
Waiting in my bedroom,  
So if you excuse me,  
I will not keep them waiting,  
And just one more thing,  
Don't tell Hera.

Thank you,  
And it was nice meeting you;  
Have a good day.

Justin Reamer



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Justin Reamer

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Amoebas,

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Labradors ??? ?????? ???????,

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Hound ?????? ??? μ????? ??????,

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Ocelots ??? jaguars,

Pumas ??? ?? ???????????,

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Newts ??? salamanders,

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Puffins ??? goldfinches,

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Chipmunks ?? ??????????,

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Octopi ?? ????????????,

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Auburn-Lewiston ??? β??β????,

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Horseflies ??? deerflies,

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Borers ??? moths,

Cicadas ??? ??β????????,

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Justin Reamer

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Rollerblading, ???????μ??,

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???? ?? Beatles ??? ?? Rolling Stones, ??? ????

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K'Naan, Eminem, ??????????, Jessica Simpson,

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson ??? Carrie Underwood?

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Christian ?????????? ??? ?????????μ??? ??? ???? μ??? ?μ???, Chris Tomlin,

MercyMe, Britt Nicole, μ????????? ????????, ?? ??????? μμ??????, ??? ????? ??????

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Euphonious, ???????????????, ??? ??? ????.

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????? ? ? ? ??????? μ? ????????? ???? ? ? ? ? ? ??????

? ? ????????????? ?????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? μ????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? μ????? ?????μ? ? ? ? ? μ???????? ???? ? ? ??????.

????? ? ? ? μ????? ?????????????,

????? ?????? ? ? ? ?????? ? ? ? ,

??? μ? ? ?????? ? ? ? ? ? ?????????.

???μ???????? ???? ??????????? ? ? μ? ?????????????,

???????????? ? ? ? ?????? ???? ? ? ? ? μ???? ? ? ? μ? ????????????? μ?????,

??? ? ? sculpt ? ? ? ?????? ?????B?? ? ? ? ,

??? ? ? ?????? ? ? ? .

??? ????? ?????????????, ??????? ? ? ? ,

??? ??????? ? ? ? ???????,

??? ?????????????, ? ? ?????μ???? ? ? ? ?

????? ? ? ? ??????? ???? ???????-

????????? ? ? ? ???????B????,

????????? ? ? ? ???????μ?,

????????? ?????μ?????? ? ????μ??,

???? mirthful ? ? ? ???????????????,





?????μ???? ?? ?????????? ?? ??????? ??.

??????? ??? ? ?????, ??????,

????? ?μ?? ??? ?????????? ?? ?????? μ??,

?? ?μ?? ??????? ? ???? ?????? ?????? ??? ?? ?μ??.

?? bibliophilia ?????? ?????? μ?????,

?? ??????? ? ???? ? ?β?????,

?? ?? ?μ?μ?? ?? ? μ????? ββ???

??????? ? ββ?????????? ??,

?? ?? ?μ?μ?? ?? ? ????μ??? ?? μ?? ??????

?? ?????? ??? ??????????? ?? ??????????? ?? ???????,

? ?????, ???????????,

? ????μ?????????, ?? ?? ? ????μ??? ??? ???.

?μ?? ??????? ?? μ???? ? μ???? ??????? μ ??????????? μ?? ??,

?? ?????????? ??????,

????μ???? ? ? ? ???? ? ?β????? ββ???,

????????? ? ????μ???,

?? ?????????? ?????? strongpoint ???.

?????μ?? ?? μ???? ? μ????????? ?? ?? ? ???? μ?? μ?? ???.

?????, ??????, μ?? μ????? ?????????????,

?????????????? ???? ????? ???? ????? ?????? ???????,

????B?? ????? ???? ?????????? ?????,

????? ???μ? ?? ?? ??μ?? ???????????,

??? μ????????μ??μ??? ?????????? ???μ????????μ???,

??? ?? ??? ?????????? ?? ????? ?????μ?????-

?? ????? ??? ? ?????? ? ????? ??? μ?? ??????

?, ?? B?????μ? μ?????? μ??,

??? ?????? ??? μ????? ?? ?????? μ????? ??? ?μ??

??? ??? ??????μ? ?????μ? ?μ?????????? ? ' ??????.

????? ?μ??? ?μ????? ??? ??? ?? B????????μ? ????? ?????? ??? ?? B????????? ? ?????  
??? ??????,

??? ???μ??? ??? ?????μ?? ??? ?? ??????,

????B?? ????? ??μ?? ?????μ?? ?? ??????.

????? ?????????? ?? B?????μ? ??? ?????? ??? ?? ?????????? ????? ?????,

??? ?? ??????????? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ???μ?,

??? ?????? ?????? ?????????? ? ??????????.

????? μ??, ??μ?? ?????μ?? ?? ?????? ??????? ??? ???,

??? ?????? ?????μ????, ??? ?? ??? ??????????????,

?? ?????? ?????????μ????, ??? ?? ?????? μ??? ???,

?? ?????? ?????μ???, ??? ?? ??μB????????? ???,

?? ?????? ?? ??????????, ?? ?????? ??? ?? ??? ??????????????.



????, ????? ?? ???? ?? ????.

???? ???? μ??,

??μ?????? ???? μ??,

????μ? ?? ? ???? ????β???????????,

???? ?μ??? ?μ???? ?????μ? ?? ????? affianced,

?? ?????μ? ?? ? ???? ????????,

?? ? ?β??μ? ??? ?μ?

? ???? ? ???? ??????? ? ????.

? ?????μ? ??? ? ???? ? ???? μ??,

? ?????? ? ????μ? ?????,

?? ? ????μ? ??? ? ???? μ????? ????????,

?? ? ?μ???? μ????? ??????.

? ????? μ?? μ????? μ?????,

?? ? ?μ?? μ?? μ????? ???????.

???? ? ????? ? ? ? ? μ??, ??????? μ???

???? ? ? ? ??????? ????.

??μ?? ?????? ??,

?? ????? ???????μ? μ???

????μ?? ?????μ? ? ? ? ?

???? ???? ? μ????? ? ? ?????? ???? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

?? ? ???? ???????μ????.

??μ?? ????????? ???? ?????????,

??? ??? ????????? ???? ???? ?????????.

????? ?? ?????? ??? ?????,

??? ??μ?? ??????μ?? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?????.

????? ?? ?? ?????????? ?????.

????? ?? ?????? μ??,

??? μ?? ????????? ?????,

??? ??? ????????? ????????? ?????? ??? ??????

??? ??μ????????? μ??.

??μ?? ??? ???? ????????? ????? ?? ??????????

??? ?? ?????? μ? ??? μ?? ??? ???????.

????, ?????? μ??, ?????? ?? ?????? ???????

?? ??? ?? ??? ??? ??????? ?? ???????,

??? ?? ?????? ??? μ????? ?????????????, ??????????????

?, ?? ?????????μ?? ??? ?????,

??? ????? ??? β????, ? ?????? μ?? palpitates,

??? serdtse ????????? ?????????μ????,

??? glubina dushy ????????? ?????????μ???? ??? ??? ??? ?????,

????????? μ?? ????????? ??? ??????????

??? ??μ????? ????????? ?????????,

???? ????????????,

???????????? ?????? ??? μ?????.

? ' ?????, ????????? μ??,

??? ??μ?? ?????μ?? ?? ????? ?????? ??? ???.

????? ?? ?????? μ??,

??? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ??? ?????????????? ?? ??????

????? μ?? β?????????:

?????, ??μ?????, ??????????????, ??? ? ?????? μ??, ??? ? ?????? ? ????

??μ?????? ?????? ??? ?????? ???????,

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??μ?????? ?????? ??μ????,

??? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ?????? μ?????,

??? ?? ??? ?????????? ?? ??? μ?? ?????????? ?????,

«? '?????.»

Justin Reamer

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? ???'????, ???? ?? ???? ?????????,

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? ???? ????????? ? ?????????????? 'play ??? '

?? ???? ??????????? ? ???? ???? ??????????? ? ?? ????????? ?????,

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??, ???? ????????? ? ??? ???? ? ?????????,

? ?? ? ??????????? ? ???? ??????, ??? ?????? ? ?????.

???'????, ? ?????????, ?? ?????????? ???? ???????,

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? ?? ??????, ?? ? ??? ? ??????,  
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? ?? ??????????, ?? ? ??? ???? ?????? ??????????,  
? ?? ?? ????? ? ????????? ????? ??????.  
?? ????? ???? ????????,  
? ?? ? ????? ? Super Mario Brothers ??????,  
? ?? ? ????? Pokémon,  
? ?? ? ????????? ????????????? ??????,  
? ????? ??????, ????? ? ????????? ???,  
? ?? ? ????????? Looney Tunes ??????,  
? Elmer Fudd Bugs Bunny ????? ???,  
????????? ?????? Tweety ????,  
Wile e. ?????, Roadrunner,  
?? ?? ?????? ????????????????,  
? ?? ? ????????? ??????, ??? ? ??????  
? ??????? ? ?????????????? ??? ?????????? ??????  
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? ???'????, ?????????? ??????,

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? ???'????, ? ??????? ?????,

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? ?? ?????????, ?? ??????? ??? ? ????

?????????? Junie b. ?????,

???????? Stanley, Animorphs,

Deltora Quest ? ?????? ?????????.

???'????, ????? ?? ?????????????????, ??? ?????????? ???

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? ???'????, ????? ?? ????? ??? ??????????

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? ??, ?? ?????, ?? ?????,

???, ?? ??????? ?????????????? ?????? ??????

??????????, ???????????, ????????? Underland

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? ??????, ??????? ??, ? ? ?????????? ?????????, ??

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?? ? ?????????? ??????, ???'?????????

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??????????, ?????? Charles Dickens,

Leo ?????????, William Shakespeare, ?????? ???????????????

Miguel de Cervantes, Jane Austen (???? ? ?????? ????????????) ,

Ernest Hemingway, ????????? ?????? ??????????????? ? ????? ???????????,

? Virginia Woolf ? Mary Ann Evans (???????? ? ?????

???? ?????? ? ?????? ?????????????? ??????????????) .

????'????????, ?? ?? ????? ?????? ? ?????????????, ?????????,

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?????-????????? Hippo,

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????? ? ???????????,

Sir Francis Bacon,

Rene-Descartes,



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?? YMCA,

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? ??? ? ?????., ? ?????? ??? ?????.,

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? ? ?? ? ???? ???? ? ????, ???????.

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?????? ?????? ? ??? ???? , ??????,

? ?????? ?? ??????, ?? ??????,

? ? ????, ?? ? ????????????? ? ??????,

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? ? ????, ??? ??? ???? ?????????.

? ????, ??? ??????????? ? ???,

? ?????? ??? ???? ???? ???? ?

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? ??????????, ?? ?? ?????? ?????????? ????,

? ??? ??????,

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? ?????? ??????? ????,

?, ?? ?? ???? ??????? ???.

? ????, ??? ?????? ?????? ? ???,

??? ?????? ? ?????????? ???,

? ??? ???? ?????? ?????????? ??? ??????,

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'?????? ? ?????? ?????? ?????? '

? ? ??? ???? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??????,

? ? ???? , ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ????? ????????? ,

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?? ?? ?????? , ??? ?

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? ?? ?????? ????? ?????? , ????? ?? ??????? ,

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??? ?????? ?? ??????? , ??? ?????????? ?? ,

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?? ?? ?????? ?????????? ?????? , ?? ?? ??????? ,

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?'????????? ?????,

?????????,

1000 (??????) ,

?? ???? 4000000 (???????? ??????????)

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?? ??,

? ?? ?????????? ?????????? ??????????

?? ?? ?????? ?????? ? ?????? ????

?? ?????????? ?????????? ?????,

? ??? ?????? ??? ??????????:

?? ??? ? ???? ????-???? ????????????? ??????

?????????, '?????' ?? '????????'

?? ??? ? ???? '?? ?' ?? '????'.

?? ? ???? ? ???? ?????????? ? ???? , ??? ?????? ???,



? ???? ???? ? ?????? ??? ??? ??????,

? ??? ? ? ?????? ?????, ?? ? ???? ???? ?,

? ??????, ? ???? ???? ????????,

??? ?? ? ?????? ?????, ?????,

? ?? ? ???? ???? ? ??????.

Justin Reamer

# ?????????

? ?????? ?????? ??????,

?? ????? ??????, ??? ?????? ?????,

??? ???, ??? ?,

? ?? ?????, ? ? ?????, ??? ? ?????????????.

? ?????????????,

?? ??, ??? ?????????? ?? ?????;

? ??????, ??? ? ?????????,

??? ? ??????, ??? ?.

? ????? ???, ??? ?? ????????? ????? —

? ??????, ??? ? ??? ?????. ? ?????, ??? ? ??????, ?? ????? ?????? —

?? ????? ??????????, ????? ?? ? ??? ?????.

? ?????, ? ?????? ??? ????????? ??????, ??? ?

?????? ?????? ??, ??? ??? ?????,

?? ?? ????????????? ?????? ?????? ?????????, ? ?????????,

???? ?????????? ?????????? ??? ?????.

? ??? ?????? ? ?????????? ??????, ??? ?????? ????

?????? ??????? ??? ?????. ? ?????, ??? ??? ?????????? ??????? ?????,

??? ? ??????? ??????? ??? ?????????? ??????? ? ??? ??????? ?????? ??????. ???

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??? ??? ??????? ????? ?? ? ???,

??? ? ??? ?????? ? ????????? ? ???,

? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????,

? ??? ????????? ? ????????? ?? ?????????? ? ???,

??? ??? ?????? ????? ? ?????.

? ????, ?? ??, ??? ?????????? ? ????????? ?????, ??

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? ????????? ? ????????? ?????,

????? ????????? ????? ?,

? ??? ?? ????, ?????? ??????????? ??,

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?????? ???, ?????? ??? ?????? ???????.

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? ????????? ?? ??? ? ?????????? ?????????????????? ?,

????????? ?? ?????? ??? ??????????

? ??? ?? ? ?????????? ??????????

?????, ??????? ?? ????? ??????

????????? ?????,



????? ?????? ??????? ??????,  
?????? ?????? ?????? ??????? ??????,  
? ? ??????? ????????????????,  
?? ?? ????????? ?????,  
? ?? ?????? ?? ??????????,  
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? ?? ??? ??????????,  
??? ??? ?? ?? ??????????,  
? ?? ????, ??????? ? ????????????? ? ?.

? ?? ????, ?? ?,  
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???? ?? ?? ??????, ??? ???

??? ?? ?????? ?????????? ???????,  
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??? ?? ?????? ??????,  
??, ??? ? ?????? ?? ?????,  
??? ??? ? ?????? ?? ???,

? ??? ?? ??????????,  
? ???, ??? ?,

? ???, ??? ?,

? ????, ??? ? ?????? ????,

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??? ?? ? ?????????? ????,

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? ?? ??????????, ?????????? ?? ??????????,

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?? ?????????, ??????, ??????,

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?? ? ??????, ?????????? ?????????????? ? ??????,

?? ? ?????? ??????, ?????????, ??????, ?? ????????? ?????????????? ?????????.

? ??? ? ?????? ?????? ????, ????????? ?,

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? ?? ??????? ?????? ????, ??? ? ? ?????????????? ?????????????.

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?? ?????? ??????? ???? ????? ?????,

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? ??????? ?? ?????????? ???????????.

? ?????? ?????? ? ???? ??????,

? ???? ? ???? ????,

???????? ??? iPod

???????? ?????????????? ??? ????????

? ?????????? ??? ????????????????????? ???????,

??? ?????? ?? ?????????? ??????? ?????,

? ?? ??????, ??? ?.

? ??????????,

??? ?????, ??? ?????????,

? ???? ??? ??????????????

??? ?? ?????????, ????????? ???-?????? ?????? ?????????????????????;

? ?? ?????????????? ? ???? ?

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? ???? ? ? ?????????? ??????? ?????,

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? ??? ?,

? ? ????????????, ??? ???, ??? ?????????? ?? ???,

?? ? ?????, ??? ? ??, ??? ???????.

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? ? ??????, ?????????? ?.

Justin Reamer

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?? ?? ?????? ?????? ??????????,

? ?????, ????? ? ????????? ??,

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?? ?? ?????, ? ?? ?????, ?? ?? ??? ?????????.

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?? ?????? ?????????????? ????? ??;

?? ??????, ?? ?? ?? ????? ?????????,

?? ??? ?????????? ??? ???.

????? ???, ??? ?????-

??????, ?? ?????? ?????. ?????, ?? ?????????, ?? ?????? ????? ??????-

?? ?? ?????, ??? ?????? ?????.

?? ?????, ?????? ??? ??? ?????? ?????, ?? ??

?????? ? ?????, ?????? ? ?????,

?? ?????? ?????????? ??, ? ?????????,

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?? ??? ?????? ? ?????????? ?????????, ?? ?????? ?? ?????

?????? ? ?????? ?? ????. ????????? ??, ?????????? ?? ????????? ??,

?????? ?? ??????? did my ??? ????? ? ?????? ? ??? ?????? ??????????. ????????? ??,

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'????? ? ?????????? ?????? ? ??????????, ?? ?? ?? ?????? '

??? ?????? ??????? ?? ?? ????, ?? ?? ??????????

????????? ?? ? ?? ?????? ? ?????:

'????; ?? ?? ?????? ?????????, ??? ? ??????, '

? ?? ?? ???? ?? ??????.

????? ??????, ?? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?,

? ?? ?????, ?? ?? ???;

????? ?????? ?????? ????,

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????? ?????? '?????????' ?? ?? ?????? '????'

??? ????? ?? ?????? ?? ???? ?? annunciate ?????? ??.

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I ? ???? ???,

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?? ?? ?? ?????????, ????????? ???? ?????????,

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???? ???? ???? ?????, nerd, ?????, ???? ? ????????? ? ??????.

?? ???? ???? ???? ????, ?? ???,

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???????? ? ??? ????????? ??????? ??????,  
? ?????? ?? ???? ?????????? ?? ????????????.  
?? ?? ????? ????????? ? ????? ?????????? ??????,  
? my earbuds ? ????? ??,  
???????? ?? ??? iPod,  
????? ?????????? ????????? ??,  
? ?? ?? ????????????? ??????, ??????  
?????? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ??????????,  
? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ???.  
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??? ????? ?????????, ?????? ??? ?? ???????????????;  
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Justin Reamer



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Paramecia,

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Ocelots ? ??????,  
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Chickadees ? ??? ??????,  
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Justin Reamer



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?? ????? ?????? ??????,

? ?? ?????? ? ?????? Super Mario Brothers ??????,

? ?? ?????? ? ?????? Pokémon,

? ?? ? ? ????????? Disney ????????????,

? ????? ???? , ??? , ??????? ??? ,

? ?? ? ? ????????? Looney Tunes ??????,

? ??? ???? , ????? ??? , ????? ???? ?

????????? ?????, Tweety ???? ,

Wile E. ?????, Roadrunner,

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? ?? ? ? ????????? ? ? ? ?????? ??????,

? ?????? get crazy cat ??????

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Deltora Quest ? ????? ????? ?????.

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?? ????? ????????? ? ? , ?? DJ ???? ,

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??-?? ????????? ? ?-???

Awesome ????

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??? YMCA,

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Justin Reamer

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? ??? ?? ????????? Looney Tunes ???????,

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?????? E. ?????, Roadrunner,

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1000 (??????) ,

??? ??? 4,000,000 (?????? ????????)

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???? '?????' ??? 'Chupacabra'

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Justin Reamer



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??? ?????????, ?????? ritardando ? rallitando,

????? caesura, staccato, marcato, fermata,

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? ?? ?? ?????????????? ?? embouchure.

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??? ?? ?????? outdoorswoman,

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?????? ?? ?????, ?????, wakeboarding,

Waterboarding, ?????? ?? ???,

??????, ?????? ?? ???,

Backpacking, ???????, ??????????

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????????? marshmallows, ??????, ?????????? ??????????

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K'Naan, ??????, ??????, ??????? ????????,

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MercyMe, Britt ?????, ?????????????? ???????, Newsboys ? ????? ??????

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?????? ? co-performer ? ???? ???????????, ?? ??????????????

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Euphonious, ????????? ? ?????? ???????.

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?????? bibliophilia ? ??? ????,

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Michigan, ?? ? ?????????? ???????

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?? ? ??? ?????? ? ???? Scout,

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?????????, ?????, Rolling Stones ? ???;

????????? ?? ???? ?????? ? ? ?????????????;

??-????? ????, ??? ? Katy Perry, Alicia Keys

K'Naan, Eminem, ??????, Jessica Simpson

Jessica Alba, Kelly Clarkson ? Carrie ?????????????;

???? ??-????, ????, ??? ? ???? ???? ? Johnny Cash;

Christian ????? ???? ???? ???? , Chris Tomlin,

MercyMe, ????????? ???? , ????????? ???? , ????????? ? ????? ????;

???????????? ???? , ? ???? ???? ???? ,

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? ?????, ? ? ???? ???? tunes ????? ??

???????? Louis Armstrong Co-????????, Ella Fitzgerald.

?? ????? ? ?????, ???, ???????????,

Euphonious, ????? ? ???? ????.

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Euphonious ? ??????? ?????????,

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Similes, sagaciously, ????????????????????

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? ??? ??????? ?? ??????????????;

?? ?? ??????? ?????????????????? ?????.

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?? ? ????????????? ?????,

? ? ?????, ??? ????????? ?????? ??????, ?? ?.

??? bibliophilia ????? ? ???????,

? ?????, ?? ?? ?????? ??????,

? ???'??????, ?? ??? ?????? ??????

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? ??????? ?????? strongpoint.

? ?????, ?? ? ???? ????????????? ?????? ? ???? ?????????????? ? ?????.

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???, ?? ? ???????, ??? ???,

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??? ? ????? arrhythmic,

??? glubina dusy ??? ???????, ?????????? ???,

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Justin Reamer

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?????? ? tenuto.  
??????, ?????? ???????  
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? ??? ?? ?????? ?????????????? ? embouchure.  
?? ?????????????? ?????????? ???????, ?????? ?? ?????????,  
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?? ?????????????? ?????????? outdoorswoman,  
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Waterboarding, ?????????? ?? ??????,  
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Backpacking, ??????????, ?????????????? ?????????????,  
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??? ? Boy Scout ? Eagle Scout,  
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???-?????, ?????????????? ?????????????? ?????????????????? ???  
?????????, Beatles, the Rolling Stones ? ???;  
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???-?????, ?????? ?????, ??? ????? ??????, Alicia Keys,  
K'Naan, ??????, ?????????, ?????????? ?????????,  
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?????-??? ?????? ??????, ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ? ??????? ???;  
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MercyMe, ?????? ??????, ?????????? ???????, Newsboys ? ??????? ???????;  
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Euphonious, ?????????? ? ??????? ?????????.  
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Peruse ??????,  
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Justin Reamer