

Poetry Series

**PATRICIA  
DOBROSIPEARSON  
- poems -**

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# PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON(05/10/1966)

Born in Sacramento, CA

Mother: Georgia Pamela Williamson

Father: Kenneth Ray Pearson

Sister: Lori Lee Pearson Cord

Children: Anthony Gomez Dobrosi, Tibor Taylor Dobrosi, Elisabeth Klariska Dobrosi

Graduated: Cordova High School 1984

Married: 1985 to Tibor Laszlo Dobrosi

Divorced: December 20th,2000

Married: 2006 to David Eugene Hannaford

Divorced: July 4th,2009

Hobbies: Painting, Freelance Writing, Poetry, Guitar

Ambitions: Crush Politics, Abolish Ignorance, and Lift the Down Trodden.

Favorite Color: Green

Favorite Numbers: 14,27

Blood Type: o Negative

Title of Grandmother Granted: 2009

Suedonym: Jane Doze

Websites: ,

Religion: Catholic (although, the Priest won't call me back!) LOL

Signature: Kisses

# A Jewish Wedding

Jane Doze - A Jewish Wedding

By JaneDoze

Hi, I'm Jane Doze and I have a story to tell you...

I have not been to many weddings. This one was pretty funny. My brother had poison oak and his face was swelled up so big he couldn't see out of his eyes. He had to walk around with an ice pack on his face all day. He was in the groom's party so; he was wearing a tuxedo too!

My uncle was confused and said to me during the ceremony, ' I didn't know we were Jewish? ' I had to tell him that we aren't.

It all went by pretty fast actually. The Rabbi had the Bride and Groom sign the papers and then everyone had to pose for pictures.

I reflected how weeks before, I had helped one of the maids of honor make the party favors.

She took Hershey's kisses and taped them together to make roses. They turned out really good. There was one on every plate in the reception room. I was so proud to have helped.

When the pictures were finally over, we all were so hungry and happy to go inside. As we approached the reception room, someone came out into the hall and said to the Bride, ' The Rabbi has eaten all the party favors! '

The Bride said to the Groom, ' See, I told you something bad would happen. It always does, even after all the wedding planning! '

She was a pretty good sport. The Bride had someone escort the Rabbi to his car, while her bridesmaids went and tried to arrange what was left of the party favors. They placed them into vases, a few here, and a few there.

Then, the Bride and Groom cut the cake to the music of the mission impossible theme. They even wore goggles and bibs. It was an awesome day even though my brother couldn't see a thing.

Moral to the Story: Never leave a Rabbi in a room full of temptation

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# A True Test Of Heart

A True Test of Heart

An Angel from above screamed to those below

'Make way, make way for the falling.'

It is a long way down.

Broken wings piled upon the ground.

Beneath the tragedy

lay a man who would not move, he could not move.

His soul called by the saints. He tempted fate.

He stood in wait.

He laid himself to break her fall.

He gave his all to this strangers call.

His life.

His love.

His soul.....

No angels feathers in his bedding of down.

Marked by his strength of heart, Greatness found.

He from above screams to those below.....

'Make way, make way for the falling.'

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Brothers Inventions

Jane Doze - My Brothers Inventions

Hi, I'm Jane Doze and I have a story for you...

My dad is an inventor. He has made some of the neatest things. For example, my dad made a miniature golf course in the backyard. The cats would poop in his sand pit. It made him so mad! So, he hooked the sprinklers up to the motion detector lights. Now, when the lights go on, so do the sprinklers. Pure Genius. We have wet cats all over the neighborhood.

My brother wanted to be an inventor, just like my dad. He started out small. Tried to get us to try his salt on sauerkraut. Nope! He even tried to get us to drink his catsup milk. (He is allergic to chocolate milk.) I said to him, ' If it's so good, why don't you drink it? ' He did. Then he ran into the bathroom and got sick.

My brother is not an inventor yet. He should stay away from food and drink inventions. I do give him credit for trying. Maybe next time Bro.

Moral to the story: Don't drink your Brothers Inventions.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Bubbles

BUBBLES

WRINKLED LIKE A PRUNE MY DEAR

IN THE AFTERNOON

BUBBLES GOING DOWN.

GOING DOOOOWWWN

DOOOOWWWN

BUBBLES GOING DOWN

I'M A QUACK WITH A RUBBER DUCK

BUBBLES GOING DOWN.

GOING DOOOOWWWWN

DOOOOWWN

BUBBLES GOING DOWN.

SMELLS LIKE PEACHES

WITH A TOUCH OF CREAM

BUBBLES GOING DOWN.

GOING DOOOOWWWN

DOOOOWWN

BUBBLES GOING DOWN.

NICE AND SOFT TO THE TOUCH

BUBBLES GOING DOWN

GOING DOOOOWWWN

DOOOOWWWN

BUBBLES GOING DOWN.

MAKES ME SING THIS LITTLE SONG

MY BUBBLES GOING DOWN

GOING DOOOOWWN'

DOOOOWWN

BUBBLES GOING DOWN

WHEN YOU PULL THE PLUG

THEY GO DOWN THE DRAIN

BUBBLES GOING DOWN

GOING DOOOOWWN

DOOOOWWN

MY BUBBLES GOING DOWN.

Feeling Silly in the Bath.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON



# Conrad Buchanan

Conrad Buchanan

Conrad

She is coming down. You can not stop her.  
She cries for the city to make way for the falling.  
You stand without fear. You can not stop her.  
Bravery only a true man knows.  
You stood below.

Conrad

You could not change the path she was on.  
She cried from a place so high.  
You listened. You prayed.  
You stood below.

Conrad

You made a difference though you are gone.  
You stood below.  
Bravery only a true man knows.  
The saints commend you for what you know.  
You stood below.  
Bravery only a true man knows.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Daddy Long Legs

Daddy Long Legs

By Jane Doze

□

□

Hi. I am Jane Doze and I have a story to tell you.

When we were kids my sister was very strange. She did things girls just never do. She loved bugs! Icky! I loved to read and learn. At the age of 6, I read almost the entire dictionary and several of the encyclopedias my mother had bought.

My sister was only 4 years old and had begun her collection of BUGS. She had moths and butterflies stuck with pins on a board. My mother was helping her. So proud that one-day her daughter would be a scientist.

I found an article that spoke of how certain reptiles could grow back body parts. For example, the lizard could grow back its tail. So, I decided it was time for my sister to become a scientist for real.

I saw her on the front porch holding her Daddy Long Legs. I said, 'Hey Lori, did you know that a spider can grow back its legs if they get injured?' She didn't believe me. I egged her on. 'Lori, pull off his legs and wait to see.'

My sister was always willing to do what I said. So, she pulled all the legs from the spider. We stood and waited, watching but nothing happened. Finally, she began to cry. My mom came out. 'What's wrong honey?' My sister went on to tell her what I had said and showed the poor dead spider to my mother.

My mom turned to me, 'Jane, how could you do that to your poor sister?' I responded as I always did, in a too smart for my own good answer. 'Mom, there are 5 more spiders right up there in the eave. She can TRY AGAIN!'

Moral to the story: It may be true, but that doesn't mean you need to prove it.

Here is more information on regeneration if you want to be a scientist when you grow up.

• [Spiders - National Zoo](#) | FONZ

Brought to you by the National Zoo| FONZ.

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- Regeneration (biology) - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

## E. Caesia

Once a lover  
danced upon my roof.  
Enchantment,  
A vision for my imagination to feast upon.  
His fragrance lingers.

The lover  
left great work behind for others.  
He rotted the homes protective coverings  
with his cool shadows and debris.  
He brought forth no true fruit,  
only seedlings to litter the beds.

For this reason, in all his greatness,  
He was cut away at the base.  
Now, all that remains  
are the memories of his existence;  
The painful emptiness of the air,  
A vacancy,  
A Blessing and a Loss.....His legacy.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# European Gates

Iron gates that creek and moan,  
Lock one in, Shut one out.  
Iron gates that stand alone,  
Bars two in, Bars two out.  
Cannot climb the sharpened points,  
Three lay in, Three lay out.  
Have to squeeze in between,  
Four limbs in, Four limbs out.  
Wrestle with the strength in holds,  
Five push in, Five push out.  
Finally one can see beyond,  
Six times in, Six times out.  
Wrought the iron, weakens with age,  
Seven years in, Seven years out.  
Haven't closed the iron gates,  
Eight them all, Eight them all.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Firminting In My Oak Barrel

Firminting in my oak barrel  
drunk by drunks and connoisseurs  
only made by special brewers

Firminting in my oak barrel  
Here I sit and firmint  
taking in tastes of my surroundings

Firminting in my oak barrel  
not jealous of the chardonnay  
for rich my blood red history

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

## G....Lori Days

Hi I'm Jane Doze and I have a story to tell you....

My favorite times were with my sister. She was such a great sidekick. Everyone needs a yes man. Everyone needs someone to laugh at their jokes or be the butt of them. Well, when it is your sister, and she has your mom and dad wrapped around her little finger...the sky is the limit.

We used to live in South Dakota. It's a beautiful, small place where trouble is what you make of it. Everyone knows your name, and your parent's names. It was a great time in our lives. It only lasted a little while but, the memories are forever.

My parents moved to an old two-story house. One that was charming. With the small storm room off the front door where your mom makes you dress and undress for the cold weather. Charming, with one room to share, the size of four and a walk in closet big enough for dad to make a playhouse in it for you. A genius Christmas gift when you are broke and it's too cold to play outside. The places where little girls own BB guns and ride ponies. Where livestock are a staple and huge gardens are planted for the harvest.

The very first year that my parents planted their garden, they did it in style. Corn and green beans and watermelon. Everyone loves watermelon. Seems my mom was a bit frustrated because the pony could get its head over the fence to eat the corn. They stopped that with the electric fence. But, that's another story. Little did she know, that problem was the least of her concerns. Try a couple of little girls with an appetite for watermelon.

'Hey Lori, .....go ask mom for a knife.' and off she went. Apparently my mother was so taken aback by my sister that she simply handed her one. Never stopped to question what a 4 year old would want with a knife. We lived on a farm. Trouble is only what you make of it. My precious sidekick....My partner in crime was as hungry for watermelon as I was.

So, we began. I cut open the first one. It was about 12 inches long at most. Imagine my surprise when there was nothing ripe to eat..... I looked at my loyal companion. She was like Robin is to Batman.....Like Butter is to Bread.....like Cheese is to a big fat Ham. 'Do you think we should try another one?' the silent type she was and my yes man. She quietly nodded.....

Off we went on a spree of insanity. I did not realize how many watermelons could grow from one vine or how much damage two little girls could do in about 10 minutes. Imagine the disappointment.....me promising my sidekick something in return for her loyalty. Nothing.....nothing until my mother came to see what her lovely little girls were doing.

We were not so lovely that day...trouble is what you make of it.

Moral to the story: Doing the same thing over and over again will not produce new results.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON



# Gypsy Grace

GYPSY GRACE

Hey I loved you the only way I could  
I loved you with a loyal truth  
the way a gypsy should

I read the palm of your hand  
and danced around the fire  
calling in the mystics

I played the liar  
and promised you the future  
influenced by a crystal

I loved you the only way I could  
I loved you with a loyal truth  
the way a gypsy should

The stones are stacked  
to guide the lowly  
My bags are packed  
for this long journey

I loved you the only way I could  
I loved you with a loyal truth  
the way a gypsy should

For you I traded a fortune  
For you I traveled broken  
For you I gave a gypsy's grace

I loved you the only way I could  
I loved you with a loyal truth  
the way a gypsy should.

My love to you brother.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Highway Robbery

I found your hand in my pocket again  
My friend,  
I thought I'd give it back.  
It doesn't belong to me  
see,  
I put it in this sack.  
Your hand seems to wander  
How far can it go?  
You best tend to it  
or see the blood flow.  
I found your hand in my pocket again  
My friend,  
I thought I'd give it back.  
No Pairs  
No Royal Flush for You,  
Just this sack  
Jack.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# How My Sister Got So Smart

Hi I'm Jane Doze and I have a story to tell you.  
How My Sister Got So Smart

They say that you are born with special talents. That you are created to do special things in your life. Do remember the guy that got struck by lightning? Sometimes you get special powers this way. The movie was called Powder. He could control electromagnetic fields, bend objects with his mind and he was white as a ghost.

Not too different from my sister. She's a geometry teacher. I take a lot of credit for her abilities.

When we were small, I was six and she was four, we moved to South Dakota. It was cool. We moved into a really old farmhouse. It had an upstairs and that's where the bedrooms were. It was on a few acres. Before I knew it we had a cow, some pigs, two ponies, cats and a dog.

Well, on a farm you have to keep your animals in. Usually you just use a fence. My pony had a habit of leaning over the fence to eat the corn from our garden; so my dad decided to put in an electric fence. We never knew when it was on or off and there was no place along the fence where the electric fence was not. I liked to climb the fence and see my pony.

So, here is where the beauty of miracles comes in. I used to ask my sister to touch it. Just to see if it was on. I never made her. I just asked. ' Hey Lori, touch the fence ' and she would do it every time! ! !

Sometimes, it was on. She would let me know. Sometimes it was off. I think we lived there for a year or two. So that is how my sister got so smart. It wasn't lightning, it was voluntary shock therapy. Now she is a math GENIUS. I wonder if she would do it for me now?

'Hey Lori, .....touch the fence.'

Moral to the story: Don't ALWAYS do what your told.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Missing Fingers

Jane Doze - Missing Fingers

By Jane Doze

Hi, I'm Jane Doze and I have a story for you...

Have you ever been scared? I mean really scared? Well I have. It's bad enough when you have an Uncle named Bud, who only has three fingers due to a tractor accident (he is missing the middle two) , always grabbing at your shirt.

Missing fingers ARE scary! !

My sister Lori wanted to be a member of the missing fingers club. She was out in the garage one day, wearing her brand new yellow satin jacket. She worked all summer for that cool jacket. I guess she decided to file her nails. She turned on my dad's grinder. Need I say more?

That's right. Screams... and then there was a really ruined jacket and my sister saying to my dad that she was really sorry. I know she meant it.

I just remember my dad yelling at me. 'Jane. Find her Finger! ! ' He said that over and over again. 'Jane. Find her Finger! ' I looked everywhere but I couldn't find the missing finger. My sister still has it as far as I know. Guess my dad was a bit freaked out too!

She did something that almost made her a member of the missing members club! ! ! Boy did I learn something.

Moral of the Story: Never Touch Someone Else's Stuff!

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

## Ms. Quoting A Diddly

Miss Quoting rode a pony,  
that was too small  
for her fat fanny.  
It seems her legs  
were a bit wobbly,  
and she was eventually  
put into retirement.  
I know it is true because,  
I myself have  
visited her once or twice.

Ms. Quoting met with ignorance,  
a friend of mine to whom college was attending.  
Punctuation was a problem in her behavior.  
So she was sentenced  
to a life of ill-repute.  
I received the impression  
that english was not her language,  
and she was literally challenged.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# River Of Clarity

I am Drawn, Created,  
Elevated.  
Sketched, Becoming,  
Illuminating.  
Dancing, Freeing,  
Captivating.  
Cold, Mysterious,  
Dark and Jaded.  
Rolling, Thundering,  
Earth Crumbling.  
Bound, Tossed,  
Rumbling,  
Tumbling.  
Roaring, Soaring,  
Touching the Earth.  
I am Standing, Falling,  
Over-Flowing.  
Blue, Green,  
Clear and Unseen.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Still

kissed by her tears  
held by her breath  
choked till she's cold  
drunk by a man

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Tacoma

She beckons me to my window.  
'Can you see my view? '  
I squint my eyes and challenge my mind,  
only to fall short of her vision.  
Was it the shadow cast upon my pane that left me unable?  
My eyes have failed me, my dear!  
I wrestle with your descriptions.  
I try to widen my view,  
so as to see the details  
you are sharing,  
of the window you look through.  
The leaded glass from which I drink  
the morning sun leaves me blind.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON



# The Girl Who Cried Wolf

Hi, I'm Jane Doze and I have a story for you...

The Girl Who Cried Wolf

Do you remember the story the boy who cried wolf?

Well, here is a little mom and step dad were always so good at getting home way too late and scrambling to get us fed and in bed for school. Dinner was always around 11pm at night.

Let me give you some background on my little sister. Just so you know, I really love her. She was the most fun. She was picky. Especially about food. There was rarely an occasion that she did not complain. Imagine the whiniest voice coming from a child of seven. ' I don't like this...do I have to eat this? ' 'Mom.... can't I have some cereal or some spaghetti o's? ' Mom...I don't like this...this taste gross! '

So, the whole family had gone to Valencia in Los Angeles. There is a beach there that is perfect for glider planes. We spent all day there. We were tired and hungry and of course, home by eleven. Here is my mom struggling to think of something for dinner because we hadn't eaten all day. She says, 'Jane, you can make Uncle Ben's instant rice can't you? ' That was my job.

I am nine years old making instant rice in the kitchen, in a hurry. She is frying up hamburger and adds her favorite quick remedy to everything...cream of mushroom soup.

So when it's all done, she dishes up my little sister first. She does need to get to bed. Automatically upon taking a bite she says...'Mom... this tastes awful...do I have to eat this? ' and my mother who had too much for the day screams at her out of frustration...'You eat every bite of that dinner! ! ! ! '

So, my sister begins to cry and shovels the salty tears and the dinner into her mouth choking and gagging.

Then comes my step dad. My mom usually serves him first, but tonight there is no order in the way we are doing things. As my mom comes into the kitchen to dish her up.... my step dad yells...'Pam..... Pam come taste this! ! ! ' my mom responds with...'Honey I am dishing myself up right now.' He insists...' taste this

right now! ! ! ' So she goes out to him.

Apparently, you are supposed to use teaspoons full of salt for the instant rice not tablespoons. Three I think, I think I used three. By the time my mom came into the kitchen and asked me what spoon I had used; she turned to stop my poor sister from eating the terribly salty disaster. Too late. I am afraid she had eaten...every bite and was still crying.

She never complained about my moms cooking again.

Moral to the story: Only complain when the food is Too salty! ! !

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# The Master Plan

August 2013, after 1984 we came to realize that a foolish nation could leave itself depleted of resources, so the government worked to procure resources throughout the continent and attaining the New World Order. Warfare was less conspicuous within the new utopia because peace would be maintained at all costs. The forced civil obedience continued to test the thinkers. Big Brother produced hostility and restlessness among 'the dead' through a controlled environment....it appeared that failure of the New Order was possible after all. It was not the discontent of 'the dead' that were cause for concern, but of the undisputed masters of the entire world who became dissatisfied with the current controlled condition....to be continued....in a book.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Tied To Nancy

## A POETRY RIDDLE

Tied To Nancy  
Drown by a broken woman  
What a tale to tell,  
1400 feet and no toes  
Tied to nancy's sail.

Undertaking death  
Overtaking ale  
Marked by a cross of his own making'  
Tied to nancy's sail.

Vikingsholm a friend to ghosts  
Fannette island for tea and toast  
Captains parties for the host  
Tied to nancy's sail.

No rest for barter  
No business for granite chambers  
Tales to remember  
Tied to nancy's sail.

Patricia L Dobrosi-Pearson  
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PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Untitled

Have you ever studied the impression  
that words make upon a page?  
The beauty in the rythmn  
the pattern  
the passion in the strength of the pen,  
knowing which words to press  
and which to shadow.

They need not start  
at the margin  
they need not end on  
the last line  
they form their own semitry  
their own language

a work of art buried for you to uncover  
to interpret  
to reinvent  
to discover.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Vikingsholm

The lights distilled  
viewed through glass  
fingerprints distort,  
thirsty drinkers  
too will pass  
to seek another port.

Whines the wind  
when bow is broke  
leaves for sailors blow,  
marveled at simplicity  
through glass the light now glows.

Its late she crys  
the horn  
it tells,  
of wayward travelers tales.

Down the hatch  
with mortal sins;  
they drown.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Voltaire's White Bull

And she read to the saints  
and spoke to her lord  
and played her instruments  
and sang in chord

to lift the heads  
that fell too soon  
and raise the sun  
and set the moon

the devil cried in his despair  
for beauty won  
so grand and fair.

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON

# Walking With George

I can hear the echo of your paws clammering against the concrete.

The bell rings but I cannot see any children recess.

Then you chase the squirrel up the tree.

You are definitely a hunting dog.

This time you seem more able to exercise your body.

Not over winded, drooling with exhaustion.

I no longer have to drag you by the leash.

I heard the sound of music playing.

Piano.

Walking the streets in Washington on a clear, temperately perfect day.

Painters working lovingly on an old house.

And jokingly, I said as I passed by a large colonial resembling that in *Gone with The Wind*,

'They should put a sign out in front that reads....Frankly My Dear, I Don't Give a Damn! '

(I don't think the neighbors would appreciate that.)

PATRICIA DOBROSIPEARSON



# Well..... Jane Said! ! ! !

Hi, I am Jane Doze and I have a story for you...

Well, Jane Said

I am thinking about how gullible people are today. My sister once said that gullible means you eat too much. I thought that I must be gullible then. Then, I looked it up in the dictionary. This was a joke in our household. It was all about how many things you could get someone to believe and they would pass on to the next person.

So I'm standing in the kitchen at the age of fourteen or so. My little brother is there full of wisdom. He is always full of something. He tried to get me to drink Catsup milk because he couldn't have chocolate. He said it was good. I didn't try it. He tried to get me to put salt on my sauerkraut, but I didn't fall for it. You know, he was only around seven years old.

There were ants all over the kitchen because it had rained the night before and we had our house built on the biggest peewee anthill in the world. There was a trail of them across the counter, all through the canisters. Winding around every object and obstacle.

Of course, I being a girl was really creeped out. I went and sat on the chair in the living room and the next thing I know I'm covered in them. I jumped up screaming! ! ! In comes my little brother wisdom. He was truly serious in the face and he proclaims...'If you put pepper on them...they'll eat it...and burn up and die! ! ! ! !

Well, I didn't try it.

But, I did share this story with my sister who was a year younger than me and then I laughed and went to my room. About an hour later, my mom came home from work and screamed. (I thought it was the ants) until she said 'WHO Poured PEPPER ALL OVER THE KITCHEN?' and I heard my little sister say.....'WELL, JANE SAID.....'

