

Poetry Series

**SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON**  
**- poems -**

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# SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON(January 10 1939)

Born in my grand mother's store in Ward, Colorado where my father worked the coal the age of six our family moved to Las Cruces, New Mexico.

He started his own blacksmith shop.

I joined the in 1956 through 1959.

Served on to air craft carriers.

The USS ORISKANY CVA 34 and the USS HANCOCK CVA 19.

I bumbled around visiting different cities around the United States.

I went back in the ry 1965.I was sent to Vietnam later that ng 7 campaign's through April 1970. During my time in Vietnam I was awarded the medals, ribbons, citations, & commendations.

Bronze Star Medal.

Silver Star Medal.

Navy Good Conduct Medal 1 bronze star.

National Defense Medal 1 bronze star.

Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal.

Vietnam Campiagn Medal 1 silver star 2 bronze stars.

Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon with 1 bronze star.

Combat Action Ribbon.

Navy Battle 'E' Ribbon.

Expert Pistol & Rifle Ribbons

Cross of Gallantry Meritorious Unit Citation of Vietnam with palm limb.

I went to college marjoring in Art and Drafting. I became a Map Maker using the computer I did this untill I Retired when I was 68.

I have been writing poetry for a number years plus

I am a Distinguished Member International Poets Society

## A Birthday Poem

Any birthday implies good times shared.  
By the people who really cared,  
All the tears and hardships they will endure.

Along the road of life, Just to give of self without  
showing their troubles and strife.  
To make a commitment to keep on going,  
No matter which way the wind is blowing.

Just to keep their love alive on matter what  
every body seam's to say,  
So remember you have only one birthday,  
the are only the anniversary's of that day.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# A Far Journey

I met a man who journeyed far,  
And he talked of the things he had done,  
Of the places that he has been,  
And how he had so much fun.

The buildings so tall, Oh the mighty walls,  
The monuments to honor someone,  
Such sights to see...  
Such wonders under the sun!

But the things he remembered the most,  
Are the people along the way,  
The smiles, the warmth, the friendships,  
To brighten your day.

Lands near and far, whose people are  
So different in so many ways,  
Than the life we have known,  
And the ways we have all been raised...

Some tip their hats, some bowed their heads.  
They all had their own way to just say...  
Hello my friend...  
Sure hope you have a nice day.

Yes, the things he remembered the most  
Are the people along the way.  
The smiles, and their friendships  
That brighten your day.

And this man who journeyed far, he told me...  
You know I have been all around,  
I have found that my consists of...  
The friends that I have found.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# A Guardian Angel

Many people will in and out of your life,  
but only true friends will leave footprints in your heart.  
To handle yourself, use your head;  
To handle others, use your heart.

Anger is only one letter short of danger.  
If someone betrays you once, It's his fault;  
If he betrays twice, It your fault.

Great minds discuss ideas;  
Average minds discuss events;  
Small minds discuss people.  
God gives every bird It's food,  
But He does not throw it into It's nest.

He who loses money, loses much;  
He who loses a friend, loses more;  
He who loses faith, loses all.  
Beautiful young people are the acts of nature,  
But beautiful old people are the works of art.

Learn from the mistakes of others.  
You can't live long enough to make them all yourself.  
The tongue weighs practically nothing,  
But so few people can hold it.

Friends, you and me....  
you brought another friend....  
and there were 3....  
we started our group....  
Our circle of friends....  
and like that circle....  
there is no beginning or end.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# A Journey

A journey to god is a journey within the self.  
Not because we think, we are god's,  
But because there we find his mercury,  
His love and his humor.

Yes humor that he would a group like us,  
Not just that he would make a group like us.  
But he would find favor and purpose in all,  
The never-ending pilgrimage,  
Into the mind and soul of self.

To find the wonders he has done,  
That is our journey,  
To the greator, to the one.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# A Prayer Of Mourning

Almighty and Ever-Loving God, in You we place our trust and hope. Violence and cruelty can have no part with you. You guide everything with wisdom and love. Hear the prayers we offer for those who lost their lives in the attack on America.

May your love and the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ bless and console us and gently wipe the tears from our eyes and remove the fear from our hearts.

Look also with your favor on the families and friends who mourn the victims and comfort them in thier loss. Console them in the hope that all who trust in You will find peace and rest in Your Eternal Kingdom. Bless them with Your presence and surround us all with Your love.

Guide those in authority, O Lord. By the wisdom of our leaders and integrity of our citizens may harmony be restered and justice be served. Allow our leaders to strive in this time of despair for what is right and just.

Calm this terror that threatens us. Grant that peace, the fruit of justice and charity, may reign in America and thruoghout the world.

Amen

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# A Vietnam Veteran With P. T. S. D.

I am a Vietnam Veteran with P. T. S. D.  
Who has survived a bloody war 37 years ago,  
And now with help I am being able to share  
Of what I have learned and saw.

Felling the pain to be alone,  
A If no has ever really cared.  
When the nightmares begin,  
No secrets only anger and fear.

The sweat soaking my pillow every night,  
The sights and sounds, come alive.  
The smell of gunpower, B-40 rocket's,  
Recalling the raining thunder and fire.

I fell soon my enemy will no longer be within.  
I am grateful for this opportunity to be a member  
Of some of the strongest and bravest men,  
In My Group of Vietnam Veterans with P. T. S. D.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Ask The Children

We complain about polluted air, Rivers and seas...  
But children nowadays babysat by TV screens,  
And we expect their lives to be somehow clean.  
We then we let them wander around, In packs like dogs,  
To prowl the night streets, In their mental fogs,  
Untill they end up deep in their sorrows and sobs.  
Many people complain about the children nowadays...  
'Spoiled Little Brats', I've heard some say,  
Out of the hood like a pack of strays.  
Well when the hell did we take the time,  
To listen to the questions of their youthful minds,  
And to understand their search for a life?  
Is It too much that we meditate,  
On where we're headed, Before It's too late?  
Let's help our children learn to participate!  
For as a world family, We all bear the chore,  
Of teaching our young to be so much more,  
Than ' Just a Home-Boy ' Whom we'll soon deplore.  
A youthful mind must be nourished well,  
Guided and strengthened to withstand all hell,  
And most of all loved, And cared for well.  
So what's my part, And what's your part too,  
Come on people let's see what we can do,  
To heal the hurt that affects me and you.  
This gangsta thing has gone way too far,  
They now shoot at each other from the inside their car.  
Then another child dies, And breaks someone's heart.  
Maybe It's the children we should ask,  
' What can we do to take on the task...?'  
To make your world a safe place at last.  
No matter how, Let's ask these questions,  
Let's find a way to work toward the solutions,  
That would involve us all in the resolutions.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Caution

My life revolves around your sight,  
In my dreams I hold you tight.  
I'm in ecstasy when the night is right,  
So why am I cautious?

I feel an emptiness when your not around,  
Like an echo waiting for a sound,  
You tugged at my heart,  
Now I never want to be apart,  
So why am I cautious?

I know this day I could let myself go,  
And love you like heaven can know,  
If you are willing to let it be so,  
Tell me and away all caution will go.

(March 10th 1982)

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Dragons, Demons & You

It seems there are some little  
Dragons and Demons,

That have haunted your and  
mind all these seasons,

Comeing from deep within  
your mind

Every so often they even so kind,  
For God has created them and the rest,

That is to give your heart and a test,  
And being not afraid, You since just  
what is true,

For after creating the Dragons and Deamos,  
He also created you.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Drinking Blues

I got the drinking blues,  
Feel like I been used,  
Your on a great high  
Crash Landing....

## Drinking Blues

Just to drink one more drink,  
So you can get another high,  
To fall down, depressed,  
Feeling scraped across the floor....

Seem you can't get enough,  
These chains have really gotten tough,  
So please help me God of Love  
To find a purpose for my soul....

Help me give up this drinking,  
From sinking deeper in this hole,  
You know that Lady called Booze,

## Drinking Blues.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Fix And A Prayer

I cross myself, n' pass the church,  
Then I'm off to buy a fix.  
I ask my god to protect me first,  
Then I'm off to buy a fix.

I ask that someday I might fine,  
A reason just to live,  
Some special kind of peace of mind,  
N' a special love to give.

I'm stuck, I can't change, they say,  
I gotta have a fix,  
' La chive' All the people say,  
' You'll never, ever kick.'

But still I pray 'forgive me god ',  
N' still go buy a fix.  
Then sit around, scratch n' nod,  
Now I don't feel sick'

Hours pass....there ain't no pain,  
Cause I just a fix.  
Then gettin straight, n' hurtin again,  
N' lookin ' for a fix.

God help me off this merry-go-round,  
Chained to this 'horse' I sit.  
N' break the spell that keeps me down,  
N' teach me how to live and love a bit.

(March 10th 1970)

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Friendship

Friendship is a certain type of love that never fades,  
It lasts forever and ever, and forever It shall be.  
Friends are trustworthy, dependable and always be there for you.  
While a friendship is something special,  
Friendship longs for love, companionship, and honesty.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# High In The Sky

Where does heaven and earth meet?  
Is it a place in our world...  
Like a address on a city street?

I think i found it, a place deep inside...  
In the chambers of our thoughts and,  
All those feelings that we try to hide.

Can it be that common resting place...  
Where all will be judged Evil or Kind?

That place where trust and doubt converse...  
Looking each other in the eye...  
Just to see who is Best or Worst.

For all will be foretold at last...  
Because that is the beholders task.  
The beginning of Now and the end of Then..  
Intertwining all that is.

Weather to live again? despite the pain it brings..  
Or go to the light and find some relief...  
From this world of troubles and grief.

So where does heaven and earth meet?  
In the deepest part of our souls..  
Only he knows for sure, The one on High,  
Where heaven and earth meet somewhere High in the Sky.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# I Have Been To The Light

I have been to the light and It was  
the Brightest of Bright,

Along the way I saw a lot my friends  
and some kin.

Be not afraid for I keep away the bad  
thoughts and sin. Then 'The one on High' said

Go back and share the words that I've given you  
To write when the time will be right.

For your new life has just begun this very night.  
I have been to the light the one that is the,  
'Brightest Of Bright'

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# If I Knew

If I knew it would be the last time  
that I'd see you fall asleep,  
I would tuck you in more tightly  
and pray the Lord, your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time  
that I see you walk out the door,  
I would give you a hug and kiss  
and call you back for one more.

If I knew it would be the last time  
I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise,  
I would tape video tape each action and word,  
so I could play them back day after day.

For surely there's always tomorrow  
to make up for the oversight,  
And we always get a second chance  
to make everything right.

There will always be another day  
to say our 'I Love you's',  
And certainly there's another a chance  
to say our 'Anything I can do's?'

But just in case I might be wrong,  
and today is all I get,  
I'd like say how I love you and  
hope we never forget

Tomorrow is not promised to anyone  
young or old alike,  
And this may be the last chance you get  
to hold your loved one's tight.

So if your waiting for tomorrow,  
why not do it today?  
For if tomorrow never comes,  
you'll always regret the day.

That you didn't take that extra time  
for a smile, a hug, or a kiss,  
And you were too busy to grant someone,  
what turned out to be their last wish.

So hold your loved ones close today  
and whisper in their ear,  
That you loved them very much and  
you'll always hold them dear.

Take the time to say ' I'm sorry, ' " Please forgive me, '  
' Thank you, ' or " It's oaky'. And if tomorrow never comes,  
you'll have no regrets about today.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# I'Ii Just Wing It

If I just wing It and some mistakes,  
Please forgive me and I'll do all it takes.

For when I awake and know that you still with me,  
My heart skips a few beats and I thank god for thee.

So as we together travel this path hand in mitt,  
Wiht your love and grace, Then I will just wing It

(November 10th 1983)

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# In Search Of??

Sitting at a side walk cafe  
Drinking espresso...Lost in my thoughts of  
Visceral churning...Anticipation on rise  
While fighting with Yea and Nay.

My thoughts began to rise,  
Then the espresso would kick in and  
the planes would fly over head  
Sounding like Sonic Booms in my head,

The impulses piercing my mental screen  
out of a clouded sky,  
Oh! ! the thought to run from it all.  
As the planes continued their fly by's,

Yet...Some where out of my clouds...  
Comforming the formation of thought,  
That's been by fueled by a high octain  
impulse of caffeine  
Flies a lone vessel on the waves of ideas.

' The Treacherous Thought To Face Up...'

To strafe this formation of impulse,  
With round after round of my own thuth,  
Scattering this winged formation was,  
The Thundering Boom, the Realization,

The rude awakening of me at War,  
Within myself engaged in a ' Dog - Fight '  
Across the skies of my mind.  
' IN SEARCH OF? ? ? '

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# It Was Best

I know it was best for you and me,  
I know that measured my love and you set me free.

For we still have our great illusion yet,  
Unsolied, unspoiled without any vain regret.

I won't denie that it make sad,  
To know I've missed and what I might have had.

It's a clean sweet memory I'v set apart,  
For I'll always be faithful in my heart.

(January 18th 1979)

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Life's Grief

Frustration... Oh Frustration... why teh hell me?  
Defeat and Frustration landing heavy on me,  
I'st a weighty load, I'm needing some relief.

Plans fallen through... Purpose all done...  
What's going down, Where's the hell the sun?  
The light and happiness, where's It all gone?

I'ts in these day's, These dreary day's... time Illfated,  
Nights of emptiness... Where all seems unrealted  
Day's of stealy points... Day's I've really hated.

This is when I seek you most, Dear god above...  
Restore the youthful life in me, Oh lord of love,  
Help me reach to you, Touch me gently like a dove.

Help me understand your purpose in life's grief,  
To look to you when troubled, Then fine relief.  
To make good somehow, What has been delt  
Me this life called grief.

(June 24th 1971)

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Little Shadows

Shadows....

A semblance of what we think we are  
Changing from moment to moment,  
Depending on the direction one walks  
in their day.

Preceptions....

A semblance of what we think we are.  
Also changing, growing, shrinking,  
Depending on the direction one walk  
in their day.

Like one's little shadow....

Self percetion might depend on ones  
' juxta-position',  
Some times tall, overextending past reality....  
Ohter times....just barely under foot...  
Trampled.

Depending on the direction one walks  
in thier day

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# My Prayer

I tossed a prayer out into the breeze  
There it caught by the rustling of leaves  
Then it continued on, To and Fro  
And Here and There.

But most rejected the prayer or did not care  
Some merely glanced, then turned away.  
On and on the breeze would not stay,  
Untill it finds a willing ear recive the prayer,

Then I spied a stranger who seem to be at pray  
For he had wondred from far- far away  
With he's head bowed in shame from grief and shame  
I could see he was crying as if in pain.

Then my prayer reached out and touched his heart  
Then he recived It's message of hope and cheer  
He aroze and quickly, He improved fully, not in part  
Turned again, back home away from his shame and sin

Now my prayer lives in the of every one who recives it's  
Message of hope and cheer,  
For it travels on and on and on

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# One Last Question? ?

I went to the party, And I remembered what you said  
You told me not to drink, So I drank soda instead  
I really felt proud inside, The way you said I would  
I didn't drink and drive, Although the others said I should

I know I did the right thing, As I knew you are always right  
Now the party is ending, As everyone is driving out of sight  
As got into my car, I knew I'd get home alright  
I started to drive away, But as I pulled out into the road

The other car didn't see me and hit like a load  
As I lay on pavement, I heard the policeman said  
That the other guy is drunk, I'm the one will pay  
I'm lying here dying, I wish you'd get here soon

How could happen to me, My life just like a balloon  
There is blood all around me, and most of It's mine  
I heard the medic say, I'll die in a short time  
I just wanted to tell you, I swear I didn't drink

It was the other guy, He was the one who didn't think  
He was probably at the same party as I  
The only difference is, he drank and I will die  
Why do people drink? It can ruin your whole life

I'm feeling sharp pains now, Pains like sharp knife  
The other guy that hit me is walking around  
And I don't think it's fair  
I'm lying here dying and all he can do is to stare

Tell my Brother not to worry, Tell Daddy to be brave  
And when I go to heaven, Put 'Daddy's Little Girl 'on my grave  
Someone should have told him not to drink and drive  
If only they had told him, I would still be alive

My breath is getting shorter, And I know the end is near  
Please don't cry for me,  
For when I need were always there  
I have one last question? Before I say good by.

I didn't drink and drive. So why am I the to die?

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# One Day

As I meandered through the alleys of  
my mind one day,

I was lost in the words that I wanted to say....

I prayed that someone would help me  
out of mental fog. and guide me in what to say.

From the getto deep in my mind,  
Some where inside a lonely corner, I would find  
the courage to start writing.

As I meandered in the alley of my mind one day

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Questions

I have some questions don't yoe see,  
And these are some that has been bothering me,  
Do we find for ' P.T.S. D.' by flying all the way up their?  
Or do we only find the cure through prayer?

Is he listening from his throne on high?  
Trying to guide us to the reason why.  
Do we have to pray on bent knees?  
Just to show a sing of humility.

I don't think there's a correct time or place to pray,  
Just as long as It's sincere in ever way.  
So let's all pray together to find the P.T.S.D. cure! ! !  
These are some of questions that bothered me for sure.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Reach For A Star

Don't be afraid of you are,  
Shoot for the moon, Reach for a star!  
If your afraid of who you are,  
You'll get nowhere, at leased not far.

Don't be afraid to talk aloud:  
Stand tall and stand up proud!  
Let no one tell you what to do,  
For you are someone...You are You!

Don't be afraid of what is said:  
Stand tall, stand proud...Hold up your head!  
Don't let people get you down,  
Don't trade your smile for a frown!

Just listen to the words I say,  
And things will start to go your way,  
So don't be afraid of who you are....  
'Shoot for the moon, reach for a star! '

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Silent Dreams

I met a traveller a teacher he said....  
Raised by a carpenter in place called Galilee  
He told his lessons were all about life  
About freedom from the endless troubles and strife.

That living in this world he surely present a way  
to teach us to 'Love' was his mager intent.  
Hope for all the oppressed people of this earth...  
With out pre-judging them on their place of birth.

This preacher with compassion deep in his eyes  
Peared into my soul, right past all my disguises.  
Seaming to understand the fear behind each mask,  
This teacher sure had all right question's to ask.

With time....and hope...I too could learn to cope.  
What triggered deep inside me, starting that very day  
Were reasons to live again, the reason to love again  
and to hope.

Day by day almost step by step or so it seems.  
Relief has been mine, from my world  
of silent dreams

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

## Sing A Song

If you think you have troubles and woe's,  
Check with the man upstairs and he give you a show.

Count your blessing's one at a time,  
Making life's mountains a little easier to climb.

So say a little prayer and by yourself do all you can,  
Leave the rest to God to work his wondrous plan.

His plan always works, right or wrong,  
So try to feel better an sing a song

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Some Of My Thoughts To Live By

1. If I love you because you love me, that is merely a trade, like a thing bought in market, It is not love, To be in love in not ask any thing in return, Not even to feel that you are giving something. And through such love then you can feel freedom to express your true emotions.

2. If you could strip desire of pain, of suffering, struggles, of all the anxieties, and fears that go with it, So that only the pleasure remained, Would you then want to be free from desire.

3. If you can look into the mirror of a relationship exactly as you into an ordinary mirror, then there is no end to self knowledge.

4. A great paradox of life that is the act of praying, is an admission that we are separate and apart from God. while at the same time wishing our selves to be One with God

5. Time is not a reality, only ' Now' exist. The Past is over and does not Future has not happened yet as it does not exist. only 'Now' is.

6. Only by what looks like denial, when we doubt and questions, do we receive the answers, Often we must lose faith in order to find true faith.

7. You have to look closely if you want fine your own empathy.

8. Freedom if it to be a true freedom. Must come from the source that is within each individual.

9. When man stop fearing the rest of the Family of mankind? He will stop feeling the emotion called Hate, and be able to love everyone.

10. Having a sense of humor is considered a  
prime virtue. For man that is no accident

11. I have lived long enough to look carefully the second  
time into things that I am certain of the first time.

12. The dead take to the grave, clutched in their hands,  
only what have given away.

13. Pay attention to your enemies, for they are the first  
to discover your mistakes.

14. We do not remember days we only remember moments.

15. We are all mortal until the first kiss and second glass of wine.

16. A lie has speed. But the truth has endurance.

17. It's not the mountains we conquer, But ourselves.

18. It's no one's business how someone keeps house,  
Only what kind of neighbor they are in case of an emergency.

19. When we are the powerless to express our feelings  
that is when they are the most.

20. Try to like others for who they are, not what they want  
you to think you are.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# The Paradox

The cold hard reality....  
Occurs in the heat of the truth,  
As when fall turns to winter....  
There is fine wine on same  
shelf with vinegar...  
There is a quintessence hidden  
behind the gall.  
The Paradox....  
That life wouldn't be life with out it so...

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# The Sad Buffoon

The sadness of a sad buffoon,  
hidden behind a smile.  
The loneliness of a king, surrounded  
by high style.  
The treachery of security held in  
a sovereign vile,

That white powdered courage these  
chemicals beguile,  
Children of all ages, Play Russian Roulette,  
Dancing with devils....In a continuous Pirouette.

Using that powdered enigma...downward  
deeper in debt,  
Don't be deceived by her pristine white attire.  
her crystalline sparkling, which disguises her mire,

What started to be a game she will create  
a endless desire.  
Chasing her love. But only hell fire.  
But It's very important to 'Note'  
Not that some of her victims will sink wiht her boat.

A plea to one who is a sad buffoon,  
If cocaine is your lover she'll destroy you soon  
Uncouple your self from her. and get back in tune  
So get togehter from wherever you have been strewn

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Twist Of Fate

The the preacher's kid is all wasted no dope  
The phychologist's girl say's she can't cope  
The mechanic's son's car just barley runs  
That how this world is just as sure as I'm alive

The shoemaker's kid has holes in shoe's  
The phychiatrist's wife is at home with the blue's  
This old world has such a strange twist of fate  
While there's every reason to love,  
We still find reason's to hate

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON

# Wellcome Home Soldier

We buried another veteran to day,  
He went ti his god, from us, he went away,  
He was yuong, in the prime of his life,  
He left three children and a gourageous wife.

He was killed in action, in vietnam war,  
He fough the enemy with out shame.  
He wore his uniform with honor and pride,  
For his country, with out blame.

But he now come to surrender, to his earthly pain.  
He knew that he would be in the presence of his lord.  
But what about his children, and the wife he adored?  
Please god, let them always remember him.

We buried a follow veteran to day.  
He will now be with all fallen veteran brothers.  
Well Come Home Soldier.

SIDNEY W. JOHNSTON