

OUR NICOLE MARY OUR DANA OUR GEORGETTE

OUR ANTHONY OUR ALYSSA OUR DEBBIE

ON LOSS ABOARD SE SI DAVID RYAN

THE INSULT OH BLAH DI, OH BLAH DA

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

DASHER

OUR FRIEND DEBBIE

*This is one of the first serious poems that I wrote. It was written not to long after we lost Nicole. It may have been the first time that I thought that I may have a talent for poetry.*

## OUR NICOLE

A fresh picked flower, from a neighbor's yard  
    "I Love You, Pop" on a hand-made card  
A goodnight kiss and a hushed "Sweet dreams"  
    "I Love You, Mommy" her sweet face beams  
Her talking, her laughter, her sometimes whine  
    Oh, to hear them one more time  
The stories she told, they were so much fun  
    All her chores, that were rarely done  
Her two older sisters, she loves them so  
    The messy room, we're afraid to show  
    All the dreams in a young girls mind  
    This and more she leaves behind  
Her little friends, her teachers, her pets  
The dentist appointments she always "forgets"  
Her smile, her braces, her smudged up glasses  
These memories grow fonder as each day passes  
    The love in her heart, we can never measure  
These memories and more we'll always treasure.



*Technically this is not a poem. I wrote this for Mary as a 32<sup>nd</sup> anniversary present.*

## I Love Mary

- 1 Because of the three beautiful children she gave me and the light in our hearts that will shine forever.
- 2 Because I have someone to share street fairs, Ranger games and the hammock, among other things.
- 3 Because she loves me in spite of my faults.
- 4 Because there is no one I would rather spend a weekend with.
- 5 Because of the S.E.X.
- 6 Because we can't fit on the couch together any more...and we laugh about it.
- 7 Because, every now and then, we still try to fit on the couch together.
- 8 Because I couldn't have gotten through our most difficult time without her.
- 9 Because she laughs at my jokes, even the real bad ones.
- 10 Because she doesn't laugh at my failures.
- 11 Because I can cry in front of her.
- 12 Because she can cry in front of me.
- 13 Because the favorite thing she likes about the Beatles is that I love them.
- 14 Because of the way she loves our grandchildren.
- 15 Because of her blatant prejudice against anything not Yankee, Giant or Ranger.
- 16 Because of the wonderful family she allowed me to become a part of.
- 17 Because she is such a good and decent person.
- 18 Because of her endless optimism, the heights of which are matched only by the depths of my pessimism. Yet it works.
- 19 Because of the little wiggle she does when she takes off her pants.
- 20 Because she stood by me all through my stupid years.
- 21 Because of her tremendous sense of style.
- 22 Because the thought living without her terrifies me ...and then there she is... right by my side.
- 23 Because she makes me laugh.
- 24 Because when we met I thought she was the most beautiful girl I ever saw.
- 25 Because today I think she is the most beautiful girl I ever saw.
- 26 Because I can sing out loud in front of her.
- 27 Because she makes me happy.
- 28 Because she pretends to like the gifts that I give her.
- 29 Because I like to try and make her happy.
- 30 Because I can tell her anything.
- 31 Because of the undying trust that she has earned.
- 32 Because she makes me want to write this list.

*My inspiration for this poem is obvious.*

## OUR DANA

The day you were born, t'was like Christmas in August  
A beautiful gift, made especially for us  
Our hearts were lifted but our nerves were frayed  
"What will become of this treasure we've made?"  
The years have come and the years have gone  
The joy in our hearts lives on and on  
You've shared in our jubilation and grieved through our sorrows  
And in so many ways, brighten all our tomorrows  
You now have two children, to love and hold dear  
Knowing full well, that we'll always be near  
You've done so much more, than we ever hoped for  
You're classy, you're smart, it's you we adore  
Our question's been answered, to our great delight  
Our daughter, our treasure, grew up just right

*After writing poems for Nicole, Mary and Dana there was considerable pressure for a poem for Georgette. It took a number of years but the inspiration finally came when Georgette bought her own house and moved out. The reference to "Seinfeld" is the sit-com that we used to watch together when we had dinner.*

## OUR GEORGETTE

You've left our house, but never our home.  
You're away from us now, but you're not alone.  
You found your love, we've stepped aside  
Filled with love and an extreme sense of pride.  
You've got morals, you're happy and oh, so smart,  
You're a beautiful young woman with a great big heart.  
Our food bill is down, we're saving some money,  
But when we eat, "Seinfeld's" not quite as funny.  
We've shared so much, your whole life through.  
What would we have done, without you?  
There were times we'd laugh, there were times we would cry  
Every day of your life, you've held your head high  
If you have any flaws, they're hard to detect  
You're our daughter, we love you, you've earned our respect.

*Anthony, my grandson, and I were walking home from the store one day and it had just finished snowing. Anthony couldn't help but to fall down in the snow and make a snow angel. That triggered the first line of the poem and the rest just flowed. Now 18, he continues to live up to this poem.*

## OUR ANTHONY

He's thirteen years old but tries to act older  
With confidence and guts, he's getting much bolder  
It's not always easy, on the road to manhood  
But knowing my "buddy", his future looks good  
He's helpful and caring, he's got all he will need  
With his wit and his style, he will surely succeed  
He shows no fear, he'll try most any thing  
He'll joke, he'll dance, he might even sing  
To his friends he's "Pork Chopp", that name may not last  
But the memories he's making will go by, oh, too fast  
And for now, he's a kid, and boys will be boys  
Being a man can wait while he does what he enjoys  
Growing up is inevitable, it's impossible to stop  
But he'll always be "our boy" to his Nana and Pop

*Alyssa was born a scant two years after we lost Nicole (our darkest day). She, too, has continued to bring smiles to our faces*

## OUR ALYSSA

Our tears were fresh, you wiped them away  
You delivered us from our darkest day  
You were the most beautiful baby we'd ever seen  
And you're growing up to be a beautiful teen  
Right from birth, we've greeted you with sighs  
Watching you blossom brings joy to our eyes.  
You've cared for your pets, from lizards to fishes  
Trying to grant all of their wishes.  
Oreo, Spike, Dasher and Alex to name a few  
All getting special attention from you.  
Your little brother, (down deep you love him)  
Along with Christina, Jessica, Cody and Kim  
As the years go by and you bring more smiles to our faces  
Remember that in our heart, you're in the highest of places.



*Debbie is Michael's oldest daughter and my God-Daughter. She really is an inspiration and everything in this poem is true.*

## OUR DEBBIE

We all want a hero, someone to look up to  
For Aunt Mary and me, that hero is you.  
Everyone has problems, everyone feels pain  
But, not everyone refuses to complain.  
You're raising 4 kids, you should be proud.  
And doing it alone, sets you from the crowd,  
Not only alone, but doing a great job,  
With never a whimper, a sigh or a sob.  
Time spent with you is always such fun  
Your humor is quick, second to none.  
You've got so much more than you realize  
An inspiration, a role model, a hero in our eyes.

*This poem was inspired by the loss of a friend's grand-daughter. I remembered the feelings from my own pain.*

## On Loss

You walk into a crowded room, the conversation becomes hushed  
The talk is polite, but everything seems rushed  
Everyone's so compassionate, everyone's so kind  
With nary a clue, as to the weight of your mind.  
You're doing something basic, maybe combing your hair  
And, suddenly, you're crying, because she's not here  
"Time heals all wounds" someone will say  
That may be so, but not on this day.  
Yet, you get through the day, hiding your tears  
Then you get through the weeks, the months, the years  
You're doing something basic, maybe combing your hair  
And, suddenly, you're smiling, because she *was* here  
The pictures in your mind and the memories they impart  
Help fill the void, that was left in your heart.

*This poem was written, obviously, for my brother Michael. He has been asking for a poem for years but the inspiration just never came. Maybe his failing health was the impetus; whatever the motivation, he was very pleased by it. "Se Si" is Gaelic for him and her. It is pronounced Shay Shee.*

### *ABOARD SE SI (Shay Shee)*

We meet at the dock, my brother and me  
For a day of sailing, aboard *Se Si*  
The wind will guide us, to a far away place  
Where our troubles and woes, we don't have to face  
We head to that spot, via the Long Island Sound  
We're never this happy, when on solid ground  
We talk, we laugh, and on occasion we've cried  
We're honest on *Se Si*, we have nothing to hide  
As the seas get rough, we fight together  
We stay the course, no matter the weather  
It's back to dry land, for my brother and I  
We're ready for life and all it will try  
We've got each other, we don't need much more  
To tackle any problems that may come to our door.

*The inspiration for this poem was the birth of my great-grand-son, David Ryan Butler. I wanted Alyssa to know that we loved her and we were going to give her all the love and support that she will ever need. The wise man that echoed those words was my father. I first heard them when I told my father that Mary was pregnant. He was indeed a wise man.*

## Our David Ryan

A wise man once echoed a phrase he had heard:  
    *“God made a branch for every bird”*  
In the heart of the forest, a new branch has sprung  
    And surprise of surprises; a new life has begun  
    The meaning is simple; it’s so plain to see  
    That we welcome the addition to our family tree

A new *magical* journey begins on this day  
    Your heart and soul will lead the way  
You’ll be amazed at the wonders you’ve yet to learn  
    As your journey proceeds with each twist and turn  
    At times it will be rough and hardships you’ll bear  
    Your Nana and Pop will always be there

This is, of course, inspired by marion's Last Will & Testament in which she disinherited ginny, Michael and me.

She put ink to paper, in nineteen seventy eight,  
But the pain it inflicted would have to wait  
She told one son, then hid behind death's door  
Thus sealing her fate, forever more.

We always had each other, or so I had thought  
Until, in their web of lies, they were eventually caught  
With their true feelings exposed, it now makes sense,  
That the whole "family" thing was just a pretense

"I have in mind, but make no provisions for...."  
Having said that, she needn't say more.  
Her legacy is that of an uncaring mother  
Loving only one son and certainly no other.

So, he gets it all, doesn't have to share  
And he thinks he deserves it, he thinks that it's fair  
For a mother and brother to act in this way  
Is a lot more despicable than anyone can say

It is hard to admit, but the facts are there.  
She was my mother, but she didn't care  
My memories are in ruin but my future is bright  
'Cause I know in my heart I did everything right.

You would think this would have discouraged me from any further poems

I hope on your birthday you have some fun  
You're the prettiest girl I've seen turn thirty one  
Your husband, your daughters and sister and brother  
Love you very much, as do many others  
To your mother and father, you're the joy of their life  
As for me, I'm just glad you're my wife  
So Happy Birthday, my darling, till I write my next poem  
When we're sitting together in an old people's home

c1982

A very early attempt at writing; not very good in my humble opinion

I've loved you for what seems like my whole life  
My world is made better, with you as my wife  
The joys of mine are magnified, because you are here  
Please always love me, my Mary Dear

Our children, our home and even in a trouble time  
Everything seems better because you are mine  
Nothing can destroy me if you are near  
Please always love me, my Mary Dear

I'm sure I've done things to make you blue  
But always remember, my love is true  
With us together, we have nothing to fear  
Please always love me, my Mary Dear

No one knows what their future will be  
One thing that's certain, it's you and me  
Whenever you need me I'll always be there  
Please always love me, my Mary Dear

Let's make a new pledge, let's make a new vow  
We'll always love each other, as we do now  
Living without your love, I couldn't bear  
Please always love me, my Mary Dear

This is sung to the tune of "Oh Blah Di" by "The Beatles"

## OH BLAH DI, OH BLAH DA

When Stephen married Mary they were so in love,  
Yet, no one ever thought that it would last.  
They must have gotten some help from up above  
Because it works and all the doubts are in the past

Oh Blah Di, Oh Blah Dah, Life Goes On Bra, La-La How The Life Goes On  
Oh Blah Di, Oh Blah Dah, Life Goes On Bra, La-La How The Life Goes On

Now they have a lake house in the Poconos  
Spending every weekend side by side  
Sharing in their lives, as it comes and goes  
Even though it's been, at times a bumpy ride

Oh Blah Di, Oh Blah Dah, Life Goes On Bra, La-La How The Life Goes On  
Oh Blah Di, Oh Blah Dah, Life Goes On Bra, La-La How The Life Goes On

It took three year but they built a brand new home  
With all the kids living right next door  
Who can ask for anything more?

Happy ever after in their Throgg's Neck home  
Mary lets the grandkids run the show  
Stephen stays at home and tries to write a poem  
And it's so clear that their love is all they know.

Oh Blah Di, Oh Blah Dah, Life Goes On Bra, La-La How The Life Goes On  
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And if you're happy like us sing:  
Oh Blah Di Blah Dah



The first poem I wrote for Mary wasn't really a poem; it was more of a list so I finally wrote an actual poem for the love of my life.

## Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

I look back at our past and think, oh, what a ride  
The unvarying constant is you by my side  
Our journey has taken us through good times and bad  
Together, we've given it all that we had  
Alone, I would never have found my way  
And that makes you my "Yesterday"

I look at our lives from my easy chair  
My heart skips a beat when I see you right here  
Our journey never seems to stop for a rest  
As we laugh and love and reach for the best  
How much I love you, I don't have to say  
And that makes you my "Today"

I look ahead to our future and break into a smile  
Knowing that you'll be here all the while  
Our journey will proceed and our love will grow  
To a height I never thought that I'd know  
Alone, happiness I would have to beg, steal or borrow  
And that makes you my "Tomorrow"

The inspiration for this poem is obvious, I wrote it on the night Dasher was put down

## Dasher

He was more than “just a dog”, more than “just a pet”  
He was the best friend that I will never forget  
It was on Christmas morning, when he first came here  
So, we named him “Dasher”, after Santa’s reindeer  
The friendship was instant, no need to wait  
The love was mutual and would never abate  
He would jump and bark when I came through the door  
He made me happy, that’s for sure  
He was a Black Labrador, a rather noble breed  
A noble dog, a noble dog indeed  
I could never replace him, I wouldn’t try  
With tears in my eyes, we said our good-bye  
He was more than “just a dog”, more than “just a pet”  
He was the best friend that I will never forget

*I was cleaning out my desk from downstairs and I came across this poem that I had written but had forgotten about;*

I miss;      Looking forward to Christmas morning  
                  The kisses she gave me without any warning  
                  Making fun of her latest hairstyle  
                  The many ways she could make me smile  
                  Hiding eggs, on the night before Easter  
                  Talking to her about a favorite teacher

I miss;      Enjoying watching other kids play  
                  Counting my blessings at the end of the day  
                  Buying her sparklers on the fourth of July  
                  The look on her face when caught in a lie  
                  See her, in costume, on Halloween  
                  Watching her grow into a beautiful teen

I miss;      Sleeping peacefully, knowing everyone's alright  
                  Crossing the street with our hands held tight  
                  The sound of her laughter, it was so hearty  
                  Coming home from work with a "Daddy party"  
                  The way she loves us with her heart and soul

I miss;      Nicole

*I had to re-write this poem after I lost the original poem that I wrote years ago; this one has many lines and shares the same thoughts as the lost original. I miss Daddy*

When I think of my father, which I do now and then  
I shed a tear for what should have been.  
He had a big grin and a warm, friendly smile  
He dressed immaculately, that was part of his style.  
He could recite whole sonnets from the plays of Shakespeare  
Or tell tawdry jokes, when sure that no children could hear.  
We worked together; he was a waiter, I a busboy  
Time spent together was always a joy.  
He couldn't enjoy his grandchildren, which now total fifteen  
Nine of them, he's never seen.  
He died too young and bore too much pain  
Without him, my life was never the same.

*A good friend who is facing a serious illness inspired this poem*

## *Our Friend Debbie*

*Let's total up our friendship, in laughs, not in years.  
We'll deduct the minutes that we've shared our tears.  
Add in the distance, if we connect all of our smiles.  
And deduct the distance that separate us in miles.  
Count how many times we have gone out for dinner  
Subtracting those pounds that would have made us much thinner.  
Can we attach a number to the joy that your hugs bring?  
Plus the hours that we will spend as we drink, dance and sing.  
What, you may ask, do all these numbers mean?  
It means our friendship is real, yet still feels like a dream!  
It won't be long before our next escapade  
For now we just treasure the memories we've made.  
As you face your next battle, we can't be close by,  
But think of the numbers; numbers don't lie!*