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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 32nd 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 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

THE INSULT

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

UNTITLED

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

UNTITLED 2

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

It took three-years but they built a brand new home
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Happy ever after in their Throggs 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

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

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

MY FATHER

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.

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!*

*Our lives changed, for the rest of our time
After taking our vows in '69
What made us think we would ever get here?
Still filled with love, year after year.
50 years ago, we could have never known
The height that our love would have eventually grown
Our daughters, grand-children and now a great grand-son
Have brought years of joy and, oh, so much fun
This year is special, celebrating a milestone
Secure in the fact that our love has grown.
Our sadness was unbearable, impossible to hide
Yet, together we endured, standing side by side
There's no way of knowing what our future will bring
But my love for you is a guaranteed thing
So, Happy Anniversary, my best friend, my lover, my wife
Thank you for being the BEST part of my life.*

February 5, 2021

*I lost a friend today, tomorrow won't be the same.
Tears well up, with just the mention of her name.
But tomorrow's sadness will, in time, fade away.
Replaced by the memories of an earlier day.*

*Remembering our vacations brings a smile to my face
The laughter went on, at a dizzying pace.
Our trip to Italy was certainly our best.
That's saying a lot, considering the rest.*

*Our vacations were amazing, but much more than that.
What I'll miss most, is our daily "chat".
We would talk and laugh for hours on end.
And I'll never have that with another friend.*

*So, I raise a glass, wiping away some tears,
And say "Thank You, my friend, for the unforgettable years"*