

Poetry Series

Bryan Norton
- poems -

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Bryan Norton()

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Have yourself a little

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Have yourself a taste of

19

If you're in the mood to fall...

If you're big or you're tall

If you're short or you're small

Well it really doesn't matter at all

When 19 is the one who comes to call

Ba da da da da da da da

You'll catch it at your local

... shopping mall

Da da da da da da da da

Da da

Yea.

Bryan Norton

A Loss Of Something (1st Part)

March came in like a lion
And never let up, not really
The children spent most of their day outside
Except, maybe, for a quick lunch and a goodbye hug

In the country, the darkness is like a blanket
It covers our house and even our lives
Like some foreboding cloud, or storm
Ready to swallow us whole, and then move on to the next house

The children, Markie and Stu, seem to relish the large, empty fields
And thick, virgin forest that lies just beyond a small, dilapidated fence
That surrounds our property and is otherwise... antiquated
Or quaint at best

Judging by the children, our move has been a great success
Reggie and I, however, are surprised by the lack of sunshine...
And lack of neighborly warmth
Even from those with deep local roots

Sometimes, when the wind howls at night
The darkness itself seems to come alive
Even the children feel it, but hardly say a word
So content, are they, in their own private world

This world extends to the nearby forest
Where they have created a pretend home
(And pretend others to play with)
Primarily, well, guess we couldn't say

Sometimes, when everyone is comfortably in bed
And sleeping well, and peacefully so
A loud rapping can be heard at the front door
More terrifying than one can imagine

The property seems to be a frequent stop for strangers
Many of them lost and looking for directions
Some of them friendly and talkative
Some of them just wanting to move on, quickly...

... To be continued

Bryan Norton

A Loss Of Something (Second Part)

By the way, my name is Jean, Jean Decker
And this is my story... if you can take it
My husband Reggie and I, along with our children, Markie,⁸ and Stu,⁶
Purchased an old country home located on 16 private acres

Ever since we arrived, the surrounding countryside
Much like we imagined, is green, and gorgeous, in every respect
Most of the property consists of large fields in every direction
Which eventually fade into a small but welcome forest

It is there that the kids are most likely to be found
Cutting through the fresh, surrounding pasture grass
And disappearing, slowly but surely, into the trees
A most extraordinary, personal playground for the kids

At the same time, I've noticed in both children
A certain aloofness, which never existed before
Like a flame, once burning, now wanting
Yet still they clamor to play outside

When the children come home, in the twilight hour
They return always later than previously
Exhausted, irritable, and tight lipped
Ready for bed and an early release tomorrow

Nightly, the darkness falls like a deep, mysterious hand
Covering our home and crushing us in its grip
Suffocating the life out of us
And sometimes, just after midnight...

Bryan Norton

Bumblebee Honey

I've never seen a Bumblebee
Lose a fight with a Snapdragon
No matter where or when
The mighty Bumblebee
Opens wide the dragon's mighty jaws
And deftly crawls inside
To steal the coveted prize
And defeat the mighty dragon
(Of which there can be many!)

In fact, no earthly creature
Can subdue that cheery bumbler
That fuzzy buzzing, dragon busting
Blossom bobbing, flower trusting
Petal popping, nectar bringing
Black and yellow, striped stinging
Pollinating, sugar sipping
Honey-eyed skinny dipping
fellow.

Bryan Norton

Captain Nate (Aye Aye, Said The Captain)

Aye, aye, said the captain, or Mooney of late
Aye, aye, to the swabbie, his young pirate mate
A young pirate laddie, who shared the same trait
A frightful dislike for the food which they ate

Oh how should I rate, that cunning Miss Kate
Who called for the mutiny that finished my fate
She said I was handsome, she said I was great
O how could you vote for the new Captain Tate?

My dear pirate captain, my dear Captain Nate
I hear what you say when you speak of your date
I came for my captain, I came for my mate
I came for the name that was key to your fate

Then Mooney was struck by the blade of his mate
The mountain of muck that he made of his plate
The streak of bad luck that he laid on Miss Tate
And even the schmuck that he played on their date

He longed for the day when they said he was great
The battles he fought and the food that he ate
The ladies who loved him for losing the weight
That some people said was the blight on his fate

He thought of the start of his own pirate days
The ships that he sank in a cannonball's blaze
The force of the wind and the waves on his ship
The soft, rolling sea on the rest of his trip

Now some of the pirates who cherished the gloom
Were shocked by the tears of the man in the room
They stopped for a bit as they looked in the face
Of someone they said was a living disgrace

For Mooney was drinking and starting to rant
His clothing was stinking and looking more scant
His hair was unkempt with a broad touch of grey
His long, shaggy beard was more shaggy that day

His face bore the eyes of a man who is lost
Who strangely is free by the fact he is bossed
Who cries for the lady, who gets up to say
How grateful she is when he lets up that day

But though our dear Mooney was in a bad state
Because he was hated by more than one mate
He never regretted his love for Miss Tate
Or choosing a lady to be his first mate

One day when our Mooney was standing by Kate
He knew what to do for himself and Miss Tate
He flung that old plate in the ocean at last
To say in his way, he was free of the past

To prove that his vision was honest and true
He quickly departed the ship that he knew
For joining our school and for doing some good
By teaching our kids for as long as he could.

Bryan Norton

Congratulations, Kerstyn!

Congratulations, Kerstyn, as you celebrate this hour
When you are called to be a mom and have a baby shower
The little boy that grows within will be here very soon
And on the day that he is born your heart will skip the moon

You have a growing sense of pride that you will have a son
And now you know the boy inside is loved by everyone
A baby is a miracle who makes your life complete
Because he likes the way you laugh and what you have to eat

Perhaps you thought your life would stay the same for very long
But courage is the will to say that maybe you were wrong
The married life can rank a nine for ladies and their men
A baby is the special one who makes your life a ten

Your mother is the anxious soul who found it hard to wait
But now you know the reason why she wanted you to date
Her gratitude in your success is more than she can say
I guess you know the rest of us are happy all the way

Your husband is the joyful one to have a baby boy
For what is there about a son that daddy's can't enjoy
They get to proudly sit and watch the process that you do
But maybe changing diapers will be good for both of you

The freedom that you used to know is merely just a word
And what you get is just a glow for what you have endured
The gracefulness in how you work is merely just a ploy
To prove that you can be a mom and do what you enjoy!

Bryan Norton

Covid Courtesy

DON'T SNEEZE IN THE BREEZE

Unless you say please.

DON'T OOZE IN THE BOOZE

No choice I would choose.

DON'T SNEER AT A TEAR

It's a matter of fear.

DON'T WEEP IN YOUR SLEEP

Your COVID may creep.

DON'T CRY WHEN YOU FLY

A tear of goodbye.

DON'T DRIP ON A LIP

No slobber is hip.

DON'T SNEEZE A DISEASE

On carrots and peas.

DON'T FLICK WHEN YOU'RE SICK

Whatever you pick.

DON'T HUG WITH A BUG

In place of a shrug.

DON'T DROOL ON A FOOL

At home or at school.

DON'T KISS WITH REMISS

Say no with a hiss.

DON'T BLEED WHEN YOU BREED

Whatever the need.

DON'T BARF ON A SCARF

The way that dogs harf.

DON'T SOB FOR A SLOB

Who took your old job.

DON'T WED IF YOUR DEAD

Your fluids may spread.

DON'T SLIP ON A DRIP

And fall as you flip.

DON'T DROOL IN A POOL

You naughty old fool.

DON'T 'BIDE IF YOU DIED

Just go back inside.

DON'T WOO WITH THE FLU

Nobody loves you.

DON'T MARRY AND BURY

A woman named Larry.
DON'T DRIVE NOT ALIVE
There's no chance you'll survive.
DON'T BORE WITH A SORE
That's itching once more.
DON'T GO WITH THE FLOW
Your Covid may grow.

Bryan Norton

Dear Lord, My Truest Love

Dear Lord, my truest love
In spite of all my lies
Thou calleth me above
Thou heareth all my cries

In this, my lowly station
Thy love for me is clear
Thy truth is my salvation
Thy word is mine to hear

Thy righteousness my well
Thy majesty my song
Thy deep and boundless swell
Hath left my spirit strong

Thine eyes are like the flame
That burns away my guilt
Inside thy righteous blame
My love for thee is built

Thou blesseth me with sight
To make the darkness day
The moon-glow in my night
The star that leads the way

The follies of the flesh
Are sins I can resist
Each day is new and fresh
To help my faith persist

The knowledge that I could
Is happily my reason
To fill my life with good
And joy in every season

Thou blesseth me above
With mercy for my sins
And in thy boundless love
My faith in thee begins

Thy glory is thy right
To save the world from fear
The story of my fight
To keep thy spirit near

Thy rock is my foundation
Thy righteousness my sword
The strength of every nation
That seeks to serve the Lord

Thy love for me is pure
Thy word has told me so
Thy blessings will endure
To help my spirit grow

If thou would have me still
Lead on, thy tender hand
For now I leave my will
To serve at thy command.

Bryan Norton

Eat Your Heart Out

Eat your heart out, and what is left
The lips that pout, the soul bereft
The loss of love, the lack of heart
The stress of life, in whole or part

The sweeter side, of love and bliss
May not confide, a tender kiss
But on your side, a single hope
Of joy inside, by how you cope

The peace within, may start anew
For how you win, is what you do
The more you give, the more you save
The will to live, by what you gave.

Bryan Norton

Eddy

Why won't mama go to bed
Said Ned to Freddy Flake
I don't think she has been fed
There must be some mistake

Freddy gives to Mama Eddy
Children for her sake
Eddy lives for Papa Freddy
And their home to make

Honey, Bunny and sister Sunny
Are very fond of back rubs
Funny Sunny nicknamed Bunny
Merry blonde of bathtubs

Older brothers Dan and Stan
Compete for treats with Teddy
Bolder mothers never can
Create more sweets than Eddy

Freddy spied the fish he caught
And strung for Ed to fry
Teddy tried his dish for naught
And flung the head goodbye

Teddy's flounder flew by Freddy
Soundly striking sister Sunny
Freddy's rounder son by Eddy
Never was profoundly funny

Eddy baked a scrumptious plate
Of fresh Pacific sole for Freddy
Teddy staked a bumptious trait
By stealing garlic bread from Eddy

Bunny cried as Sunny tried
To wrestle Teddy's dish away
Sunny sighed as Honey eyed
The plate with Freddy's fish filet

Teddy flew to Freddy's bed
To flee from Sunny bopping
Freddy knew that Teddy's head
Was free for Bunny hopping

Eddy brought some bread to Ned
But not a slice to Freddy
Freddy bought that loaf of bread
To feed that dumb oaf Teddy

What got Ed was when Fred said
That Ted in bed would like more bread
But not one Flake like her son Ted
Would feed her bread, not even Fred

Why make a fuss about my bread
When you should teach the boy instead
I bake for you and all you said
Was Ted would like his bread in bed

Then Eddy stirred the plot once more
But did not doubt or hesitate
When Freddy heard His slamming door
He knew about his real fate

Eddy drove from all the drama
Taking Ned and daughters too
Teddy dove to catch his mama
And the bread that Bunny threw.

Bryan Norton

Elocution

For miles and miles of mindless devotion
I wander this earth with one single emotion
In search of the answer to appetite sweet
And to rest on the crest when my life is complete

But meaning like motion is much like the ocean
Flailing about for one fool's fleeting notion
Failing to fear all the things that I should
Searching for one thing I know to be good

Like a chump in the dump of depressing debris
I may slump from the bump when my bike hits a tree
And blame the first person I happen to see
Without seeing the problem is actually me

Through shades of the morning and blades full of dew
When sun rays on blue days make shadows of you
I ponder the meaning of minds in confusion
Who yonder lie reading my last elocution.

Bryan Norton

Eyebrows On Noses

Eyebrows on noses and whiskers on women
Large rats and wombats that suckle my kitten
Penguins that waddle in hot sulfur springs
These are a few of my befuddled things

La da, di da da

Piglets that paddle in puddles of poodles
Parrots that prattle for peanuts and noodles
Wild things that fly in the face of my fan
These are the things that I chase when I can

La da, di da da, li da da, li da da

Rabies and robbers and nights in Havana
Babies that slobber on bites of banana
Fickle young fingers in pickles and kraut
These are the things that my life is about

When the elephant stomps
When the Man-o-war stings
When I'm feeling small
I simply remember my old mattress springs
And then I can't jump
At all!

La da, di da da, li da da, li da!

Bryan Norton

Farewell, You Slob

Goodbye our very good best friend, we hate to see you go
We hope that you remember us and visit us below
And maybe you'll drop by to say how much you miss us so
That's when we'll call Security in case you want to know

We hear you have the most rad office on the fourth floor high
You're going to have a better view, you're learning how to fly
You know that we have faith in you though we can't tell you why
That's why we had to pay HR to give you one more try

We hope that you achieve your dreams of stardom, wealth, and power
You needn't be the least concerned, they pay us by the hour
The time we had with you dear friend was like a fragrant flower
A flower that died because this year you never took a shower

We wish you now farewell, good luck, there's just one thing we lack
Another person, hopefully, to pick up all your slack
And should you fail in your new job because you are a hack
Our greatest wish is this, you slob, WE HOPE THAT YOU COME BACK!

Bryan Norton

Forgiven

I have one life to live, he said
For which my soul is driven
No lesser man can stay in bed
For not, and be forgiven

"But what of those, who living hard
Should beg, and mercy find
Should those who draw the losing card
Be forced to stay behind? "

The business man, can do much more
Than those who beg for meat
The progress that we made before
Is not the beggar's beat

"But what about the family man
The father of his brood
Who did the best a father can
To buy a bag of food? "

The family man may do his part
His labor not to shirk
But even those who lack the heart
May have the will to work

"But what about the orphan lad
Or tiny orphan miss
Who never knew a mom or dad
Or drew a tender kiss? "

The orphan is most wont to take
But seldom to give back
He never knows, what others make
Or more, what others lack

"But what about the humble men
Who seek the Father's face
If by their deeds, they stumble then
Is mercy more than grace? "

The humble man who seeks the Lord
Should seek a steady job
No wiser man, should yet afford
The right to be a slob

"If I suppose, what others keep
Is more than I've been given
Then worry less, provide I sleep
Eternally forgiven."

Bryan Norton

From Calm And Quiet Sanity

From calm and quiet sanity
The source of my confusion
Brought riot to reality
And force behind delusion

Assaulting me and leaving me
In silent desperation
Affronting my humanity
Inside this degradation

What unseen force maliciously
Devoid of good intention
Is crushing me perniciously
In thoughts of my invention

Binding me with indecision's
Deepening despair
Blinding me with visions
Of a world that isn't there

The shackles of this grand design
Are chains I cannot see
And yet they check this life of mine
Through false reality

In crushing weight of hopelessness
I suffer silently
A victim of this mind mess
Some might call insanity

Some struggle for the right to live
While others live to die
Or battle through the night to give
Some meaning to the lie

The mystery they can't reveal
Is one with no solution
How can I know if life is real
Or really an illusion?

Bryan Norton

Galapagos, The Loneliness Of Thee

Galapagos, o once mighty island
Rising up from the sea
Fertile, green, teeming with life
And lovely as can be

Your majesty exceeded all
And told a different story
Of species that regaled the earth
In different forms of glory

And everywhere, there is beauty
In things which grow and creep
In things which swim and fly
In precious things to keep

For millions of years, these islands
Were jewels of land and sea
Of all things bright and beautiful
In splendid greenery

The fires once that fueled these islands
Are fueling other plates
And yet, in peace and beauty still
Are creatures with their mates

Dear Galapagos, dear island home
The loneliness of thee
Becomes thy time on Mother Earth
Thy lasting legacy

Bryan Norton

Hey Mister Sunshine

Hey Mister Sunshine, you're looking hot today
How do you bring the world that sunny glow?
The weatherman is wrong again, the clouds are gone away
And butterflies are putting on a show

Hey Mister Sunshine, you're looking clean and bright
How do you grow my garden plants so big?
I watered my zucchini fruit and though it came out right
The size of it was too large for a pig

Hey Mister Sunshine, you're looking for the dawn
How do you start the day and get the most?
I think you melt the morning dew which settles on the lawn
From Mister Moon, our friendly nighttime host.

Bryan Norton

Honestly

Honestly, I love the way I feel when you're with me
Especially, the way you hug and kiss so tenderly
Truthfully, I tell you now and for eternity
I will hold and keep you near me, in my loving heart eternally

Honestly, I need you more than words could ever say
Eventually, I mean to make you mine in every way
Aggressively, my love for you will grow each passing day
Heaven dear is here beside you, and from you my heart will never stray

Honestly, nobody else can fill me like you do
Frequently, I find my dreams are full of loving you
Perpetually, beneath a cherry tree when skies are blue
Both our hearts will beat together, in a merry wonderland for two

Honestly, I promise you the best that I can be
Faithfully, I vow to love and cherish only thee
Joyfully, you are the sunlight dancing on my sea
With all my heart and soul I love you, true and always honestly

Bryan Norton

How Do I Love Thee?

How do I love thee?
More so than life and breath
More so than clouds of glory be
That buoy me in death

I love thee more than eagle wings
That soar above the dens
The splash of secret silver springs
In misty mountain glens

I love thee more than moonlight beams
In wonders to provide
The glory of our hopes and dreams
In hands we hold outside

I love thee more than tongue can tell
In fervent passion stress
My gratitude for living well
Inside your tenderness

I love thee more than life is long
Through hallowed hopes to hold
The happiness of this, my song
In pleasures bright and bold

I love thee more, each passing day
Each precious gift you bring
I promise you, in every way
My heart, my home, my ring.

Bryan Norton

How To Write A (Pretty)poem

When I was but a youngster
A poem was just a poem
A little rhyme for little people too
I learned a new perspective
When teacher sat me down
And taught me how to write like poets do

P is for the perfect poem, poets polish late
R is for the reader up at night
E is for the eloquence, others emulate
T is for the tact in how you write
T is for the trust you win, when you tell the truth
Y is for the yearnings of our youth

P is for the passion, properly employed
O is for the only one you love
E is for the ebullience, thoroughly enjoyed
M is for the magic moon above
S is for the silly side, someone spied in you

A is for the artful things you do
R is for the right to speak
E is effort too, and that is why a poem is...

U.

Bryan Norton

I Know That I Would Write A Poem

I know that I would write a poem
If I could find the time
But somewhere from the tidal foam
I have a hill to climb

To brush your teeth and use a comb
Is not my kind of crime
But when I rush to write a poem
I do it all the time

The nature walk is on my list
Of things to do today
The petting zoo I can't resist
Is where I go to play

The very fact that I exist
I ponder more each day
But getting smacked and seldom kissed
Is still a better way

I know that I would write a poem
If I was in the mood
But when I spend the night at home
I tend to be a prude

The chance to think is why I roam
But then I tend to brood
I know that I would write a poem
If I could give up food.

Bryan Norton

I Like To Read The Verse

I like to read the verse of song
When such is very good
The very best of poetry
Is clear and understood

When songs are very beautiful
Like many songs of choice
Somebody wrote the melody
That gives the words a voice

Not every poem is musical
Nor fit for composition
So many poems that people write
Are not in that tradition

But when I read my favorite things
And cherish every word
I know the sound of music makes
The way they should be heard

Now many songs are really bad
Or just not good enough
But even those which drive you mad
Are diamonds in the rough

The poet has a role to play
In songs that really shine
The musicals that people love
Will make you stand in line

So many songs of years ago
Are played in shows today
The modern ones that people hear
Are seldom used that way

I like to read the verse of song
And even sing the tune
The poet is the one who brings
The magic to the moon!

Bryan Norton

I Lost My Heart (In San Francisco)

I lost my heart, in San Francisco
The day that I lost you
When you told me so long
Then I knew it was wrong
But my darling, what else could I do?

It was there in the mist of the morning
On the block of that old Union Square
When I left with a frown
For that old China Town
And the job that was calling me there

So I left you alone by a painting
Of a clown that was starting to cry
But the clown that you saw
Was the one you could draw
By the tear that you saw in my eye

Well they put me to work in the kitchen
But their dollar was less than a dime
For the money I lost
On the salad I tossed
Was the change in the rest of my time

So I wandered a bit by the seals
That were calling for something to eat
But the stomach I heard
Was the one I deferred
When I fed them the rest of my treat

Well I stole me a bit of some chocolate
From a shop that was close to the bay
But the letter I wrote
Was the one on the boat
On the morning they put me away.

Bryan Norton

I Want To Write A Poem

I want to write a poem, she said
To share what I might say
To give my views on how to live
A new and better way

To walk the talk and do my part
For country, hearth, and home
To share the feelings of my heart
I want to write a poem

I want to say that happiness
Is fickle more than fair
For joy is not a thing to plan
But shows in how we care

The sweeter things in life are free
No greater still in Rome
For those who dream of what could be
I want to write a poem

To take a stand for what is right
Is how you find your voice
But when you take a chance on love
You make a perfect choice□

The simple joys of life are few
In sand and sea and foam
But while the world is fresh and new
I want to write a poem

The greatest love is how you live
By tiny acts of good
For love is not what you have done
But doing what you could

The beauty of a brighter sun
Is everywhere you roam
But even when my day is done
I want to write a poem!

Bryan Norton

If I Could Write A Poem

If I could write a poem to raise
The rising of the sun
Then I would write some words of praise
To say the good I've done

But since the rays of warmer days
Are not that nice to some
Then I would fight to praise the night
And prove I'm not so dumb

If I could shrink a fluffy cloud
Or greet a lightning bolt
Then I should think a stuffy crowd
Would treat me like a dolt

But since the flow of fluffy clouds
By ocean waves are kissed
Then you should blame the stuffy crowds
For adding to the mist

If I should move by someone small
To win the hilly crest
Then I would prove to one and all
I did my silly best

The starting gun is when I climb
The self that I must face
My parting run is now the time
For stepping in my place.

Bryan Norton

If I Should Write A Poem

If I should write a poem, my last
To celebrate my death
My cause would be, the common man
His life, his love, his breath

His will to serve the larger good
To do what parents must
The legacy of those who work
To build a lasting trust

If I should write a song, my last
My heart should sing the rose
The sweeter scent of beauty brings
Such glory to my nose

The gift of life is nature's bloom
A melody to those
Who hear the song and find the rest
In nature's sweet repose

If I should give a speech, my last
To say my goodly part
Then I would speak on what I know
The feelings of my heart

The chance to serve the ones who lack
Is how we learn to live
The more you love the more you have
A bigger heart to give

If I should run a race, my last
My finish line to face
My fervent wish would be to find
The strength of my own pace

To do the most that I can do
My limits more to test
And thus confirm to this, my soul
I did my very best.

Bryan Norton

In A Poem

There's a notion you have, that a poem should be good
And the way that you write, is a fight, understood
So you think to yourself, and you write, as you would
In a poem.

In the stillness of night, or the bustle of day
There is something inside you which stokes you to say
That what fades in your mind is what stays on display
In a poem.

Every word, every line, every stanza we start
Every meaning of life, is a light to impart
Every truth, is a right, and a gift of the heart
In a poem.

In a valley so low, or a mountain so high
There is nothing you know, that is not worth a try
So you reach for a cloud, but you capture the sky
In a poem.

In the glory and wonder and meaning of man
And the right of his birth to be all that he can
You may capture his life and the course of his plan
In a poem.

For love is much better than trouble and doubt
To perish in hate is to pass in a drought
Much better to live and to let your love out
In a poem.

Bryan Norton

In Starlight Time

The beauty of a galaxy
Is heavenly
A canopy of wonder and delight
Beneath a lilac tree
You made love to me
More tenderly than truly at first sight

My ecstasy is suddenly
A raging sea
A misery so deep it will not die
But though I paid the cost
Of foolish dreams I lost
The morning frost is with me by and by...

I wonder why the stars on high
Are shining still
Mocking me at will
The virgin snow
Reflects a warmer glow
But I am colder for the chill

Like a Whippoorwill
In the throes of deep December
When Autumn leaves still blow
In songs I can't remember
From distant dreams
Of long ago

Beside the train that night
We said goodbye
You were born to fly
Somewhere on the breeze
The scent of lilac trees
Still brings a teardrop to my eye

Though I question why
In my quiet contemplation
The meaning of the stars
May be their inspiration

The memory of
Starlight time.

Bryan Norton

Lorena

Rising artist artfully
Weaving palette poetry
Crafting beauty brilliantly
Painting living lovingly

Radiating like the sun
Growing, glowing little one
Sharing, caring, never done
Giving love to everyone

Freshening like summer rain
Watering the famished plain
Raising rows of golden grain
Making meadows bloom again

Feeding families facing fear
Helping homeless hasten here
Nursing needy neighbors near
Doing double duty dear

Leaving home when she was young
Grieving those she was among
Flipping on her face she flung
Falling in a ball of dung

Getting up when she was dead
Going home to sleep in bed
Thinking more of food instead
Showering like mother said.

Bryan Norton

Lunatic

Because he didn't think like them
They said he lost his mind
Because he didn't share their views
They said that he was blind

Because he made the ground his bed
They said he was a dog
Because he ate what nature fed
They threw him in a bog

Because he didn't look like them
They said he was a freak
Because he didn't smell like them
They tossed him in a creek

Because he never went to school
They said that he was dumb
Because he kept the golden rule
They said he wasn't fun

Because he would not arm himself
They beat him with a stick
Because he loved his enemies
They called him lunatic.

Bryan Norton

Make Up To Break Up

Where is this place
Why am I here
In a world of many strangers
Chasing my rear

The troubles I face
Were never more clear
In a world of many dangers
I tremble with fear

Alone I exist
With nobody near
Promise we'll be together
Year and year

Make up, to breakup
That's what, we do
First you hold me
Then you scold me
And you told me
We're through

Please, come and get me
Never forget me
Do you regret me
Say it's not true

You are the laughter
The one I am after
Hopefully, thereafter
My one is you

If you will take me
Never, forsake me
Don't ever break me
My heart in two

Make up, to break up
That's what, we do

First you hold me
Then you scold me
And you told me
We're through

Make up, to break up
That's what we do
First you hold me
Then you scold me
And you told me
We're through

Make up, to break up...

Bryan Norton

My Corona (The Corona Virus Song)

Her name was Nola
From Hispaniola
She liked to get her fix
On Coca-Cola

She liked to coochy-coo
With everyone she knew
But when she blew her nose
Then all her friends withdrew

At Corona
Corona virus
It's the hottest spot
Inside your sinus

At Corona
We fell pell-mell
Ah ah ah
Don't feel so well

His name was Lu Gan
He came from Wuhan
He liked to dance all night
As much as you, man

He liked to socialize
With all the girls and guys
But since he caught the bug
His mouth is catching flies

At Corona
Corona virus...

Her name was Betty
She was a free spouse
She liked to play all day
In someone's tree house

But she could not survive

When you turn sixty-five
You run a higher risk
That you won't leave alive

At Corona
Corona virus...

Her name was Miley
A type of virus
I guess that's why she clogs
The human sinus

But when she caught the flu
She spread her germs to you
A way to make you sick
And make you angry too

At Corona
Corona virus
It's the hottest spot
Inside your sinus

At Corona
We fell pell-mell
Ah ah ah
Don't feel so well

Ah ah ah
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL
Ah ah ah
Ah ah!

Bryan Norton

My Favorite Things

My favorite things are the leaves of a tree
Which dance in the breeze as they flicker and flee
In the heat of the day their shade beckons me
And the shadows they cast sweep the grass silently

In the summer they shimmer for everyone
On branches which wave in the wind to the sun
In the fall they scatter like colors that run
For the smallest of children to chase and have fun

My favorite things arrive with the weather
On wild, windy days that go on forever
When thunder and lightning make mischief together
And moist, silent creatures wake up to get wetter

Billows of rain clouds appear where they blow
To blanket a sleepy but soft yellow glow
The brilliance of heaven is breaking below
From sun ray to raindrop to beautiful 'bow

My favorite things are the sand and the sea
And the surf as it breaks on the rocks violently
Forming gentle white foam which the tide brings to me
And to tiny sand creatures that creep quietly

We learn how to live through whatever life brings
Building tomorrow through sorrow and stings
Through every new trial my happy heart sings
As I smile and remember my favorite things.

Bryan Norton

O Beautiful, My Country Thee!

O beautiful, my country thee, the pride of pilgrim dreams
My home beneath an azure sky, is where the sunlight gleams
America, America, forever proud and free
Your governance, in righteousness, preserves our liberty

With gratitude, for blessings great, we move our work along
Each sacrifice we make today, will keep us safe and strong
America, America, a beacon to the world
Your vigilance, with steadiness, will keep our flag unfurled

We recognize, with grateful pride, our soldiers in the field
Who give their lives to keep us free, when lesser causes yield
America, America, where peace thru strength prevails
Your bravery, inspires me, your courage never fails

In every heart, where virtue lies, there lives prosperity
Imbued with firm resolve to serve, with true humility
America, America, may God thy glory be
And in thy peace, may we increase, in love and charity

The pioneers, of long ago, were just like you and me
They came to seek a better life, to leave posterity
America, America, on mountain, plain, and sea
May you remain, through every gain, the crown of history!

Bryan Norton

O Lord My God

O Lord, my God, my strength in all my trials
In every walk, thy voice has been my guide
When I am weak, and most in need of comfort
Inside me still, thy spirit doth abide

When I am lost, I feel thy Spirit near me
Thou calleth me, to glorify thy ways
Thy path is peace, thy Word is true salvation
In all thy works, thy boundless love displays

Then praise thy name, my Savior God to Thee
O Lord my God, O Lord my God
Then praise thy name, my Savior God to Thee
O Lord my God, O Lord my God

In countless ways, His Holy Spirit prompts us
To follow Him, and do what He would do
At every turn, through tears and tribulation
He lights the way, to guide and lead us through

If we are true, our souls will rise to meet Him
And O what joy, will fill our hearts that day
To feel His wounds, in resurrection's glory
And know our sins, have all been washed away

Then praise thy name, my Savior God to Thee
O Lord my God, O Lord my God
Then praise thy name, my Savior God to Thee
O Lord my God, O Lord my God!

Bryan Norton

O Where Did It Go?

O where did it go, dear?
O where did it go?
My one burning question
O where did it go?

The past is behind me
The present I know
The question before me
O where did it go?

Our truth is forever
Our bond will endure
This moment I treasure
Was never more sure

No mysteries are timeless
With nothing to show
But still I must ponder
O where did it go?

Let's dance to the music
Let's make a new rhyme
Let's plan for the future
One step at a time

Let's risk it together
By taking it slow
But deep in reflection
O where did it go?

Our journeys are calling
The restless of heart
Let's share them together
Let's make a new start

In visions of beauty
We'll bask in the glow
But next to my duty
O where did it go?

Let's make every moment
A time to rejoice
The past is the promise
I heard in your voice

The time that we cherish
Is something to grow
But where did it go, dear?
O where did it go?

Bryan Norton

Oh What Do You Do?

There once was a man who would never be calmed
Dismayed by the future ahead
Then somebody saw that the man was embalmed
Delayed by the fact he was dead.

Oh what do you do when the future's involved
Do you hide in your bathroom or bed
There are so many issues that must be resolved
And so many are left to be said.

You may have thirteen daughters who ask you for money
And none of them ready to wed
In the course of the life that you spend with your honey
Be glad for the ones you have bred.

Oh what do you do when your mind has evolved
And the book that you borrowed is read
Do you think of the mysteries that need to be solved
Or the stomach that wants to be fed?

You may think of your lawn and the dogs of your neighbors
And shop for a new kind of med
But when you have blamed them for causing your labors
Then how do you help them instead?

Oh what do you do when your password expires
And the geek who was with you has fled
Just think of the peace in the passing desires
That never get run by your head.

Bryan Norton

Oliver, The Prequel

When I was young and fate was kind
No mocking tongue nor state of mind
Betrayed my room, my welcome bed
My refuge in the years ahead

Where nothing but the night is black
And black is never dark for lack
Of something bright or greater light
But merely brings a lesser sight

And should a sullen something scratch
Or enter unbeknownst to hatch
A nightmare by my crib or bed
No lack of love appeared instead

But still there grew impending fear
That drew from shadows newly near
To tempt the tender tears of youth
And soon betray a child's truth...

In days of yore, the greedy game
Betrayed the poor, the needy same
Who lost the score, but won the shame
Of those who bore the pauper name

Though many more who win their place
Are firm before the master's face
The ones who plead for simple grace
Are shown the door of their disgrace

The mother weeps for one so dear
Her flesh and blood are buried near
Alone and lost, she's not the first
To bear the cost of what she nursed

A baby sleeps, she could not save
Or rescue from a silent grave
A sad goodbye to someone small
Who learned to cry but not to crawl

In London Town the work is spare
No space or ground is not a fair
For those who seek to buy or sell
Or pose for those who try as well

The sour face you greet today
May take your bread and run away
Without a word of gratitude
That shows a better attitude

The children cry for lack of food
While passersby who treat them rude
Are prone to pass them on their way
In spite of how they want each day

And so it was in olden times
When sadder lives were not the crimes
That many made them out to be
The story of my family...

My mother's name was Seraphine
A woman strong but still serene
Who kept a cherished memory
Of someone dear who used to be

Her mother's name was Mary Pace
A mortal with an angel's face
Who found the strength of will to fight
To keep her baby safe at night

When she was young and indiscreet
She met a boy who made her greet
The rising sun with such delight
That heaven seemed to be her right

His eyes were brown, but not so deep
That all he fixed per gaze might weep
Or hope to share and then to wed
The sweet, alluring joys of bed

His hair unfurled from it's place

But curled more about his face
Which made her laugh with pure delight
To brush his hair and make it right

He never was the kind of lad
To make you think of him as bad
His earnest ways and silly jokes
Were popular with many folks

No pleasant lad was more sincere
To pledge his heart and make it clear
That this the love they shared was sure
And Mary called him Oliver

Though Oliver was Mary's light
Her mother thought it wasn't right
That Oliver should make her laugh
Without a job on his behalf

The mother's name was Lady Jane
A noble lady who might feign
To be the class she hoped to be
The cusp of aristocracy

Her light brown hair was in a bun
Though slightly reddish in the sun
The stoic image of the strong
Who tell you no when they are wrong

When she was young at twenty-three
She left her home and family
To marry one she barely knew
A burly man named Killebrew

Though Killebrew was often drunk
He kept our lady in a bunk
And hit her with a punch or stick
To prove the hunch that he was sick...

Bryan Norton

Our Lord And Savior

Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ
Received a humble birth
But through his love and sacrifice
He proved His time on Earth

He came to save the soul from sin
The rich man and the poor
And by His sacrifice we win
The right to live once more

O dearly now our Savior's love
Reflects on Christ the Man
His calling came from up above
Before the world began

Upon the cross He meekly died
To keep His Father's trust
For He alone is qualified
To claim us from the dust

When we abide His master plan
We glorify His name
For when we love our fellow man
We love Him just the same

If we are true to what he taught
Our souls will see his face
The miracle of love he brought
To all the human race.

Bryan Norton

Pirate Letter

Hello my dear Father and Mother
From your distant but still loving son
I am pleased that you're reading this letter
And for all the good deeds you have done

In my head I keep hearing your voices
And the way that I sleep is not well
I can still see the tears on your faces
Which you cried in a bitter farewell

How is Jimmy my dear younger brother?
Is he happy or angry with me?
Does he work on the dock with his Daddy?
And come home every night when he's free?

How is Sally my sweet baby sister?
She was only a wee bitty lass
Has she grown up to be like a missy?
With a tongue full of hissy and sass

My dear mother I'm sorry I hurt you
But the call of the sea is to blame
And the tales of booty and glory
Which are treasures of pirate ship fame

My dear father we spoke of the future
And the work that you do every day
And the chance that we might be together
As a team on the dock of the bay

But the ships that are coming are going
And the world is a much bigger place
Than the small fishing village we live in
And the weariness etched in your face

Please forgive me for making you angry
And for everything bad I have done
But the sea is for starboard adventure
And for winning the gold in the sun

Will you please tell my brother I love him
And the same to my darling young sis
I still think of our childhood adventures
And of all the good times that I miss

My dear parents if you will accept me
I would like to come back for a day
To the home of my childhood Christmas
And the land of my feeling this way

But my ship will be gone the day after
And my heart will be heaving with pain
For I know that my sorrow in parting
Will exceed all my notions of gain

But the ocean is my wedded lady
And to her I must always be true
Though I feast on her beauty and wonder
Still my dreaming is always of you.

Bryan Norton

Pirate School

From village to village and seaports of plunder
The children of peasants are making a blunder
If hope is for heroes who rise in the moment
Then many get zeroes for troubles they foment

The mind and the measure of lads who are leaving
Are learning by joining the throngs of believing
In winning a treasure and spending their booty
And all for the pleasure of doing their duty

For what can a lad who is finding his bearing
Expect from a life that is filled with such daring
The person may pause in the course of his peril
But what of the sailors who die by the barrel

The kingdom of kings may be caught in the rubble
The course of all things which are causing the trouble
The scorn of the peasants who pick up their axes
Is said to be read in the bills of new taxes

And mothers still mourn for the loss of their young
And the scorn of the truth as it rolls off the tongue
And the aged who cry for the loss of their youth
In a passel of tears and a thimble of truth□

But what can you do for these kids and recruits
Who are fresh out of school and the fur on their boots
Who are claiming more knowledge with less than before
As they race for the wind at the back of the door

The blood and the slaughter that one finds in battle
Is better for pirates who poke as they prattle
The pirate is prone to an old way of thinking
That hurting is winning and loving is shrinking

So less by the leads of the poverty making
And more by the needs of the risks we are taking
The school that we started for children in progress
Is better for students who think more in duress

And from this new version of pirates and glory
And tempting the youth by a new kind of story
The promise of schooling where knowledge is healthy
Is better for winning than robbing the wealthy

From morning to evening, in rising and sailing
Our pleasure for working is wiser than failing
The image or progress of kids that we finish
Is something to cherish and never diminish

Though wealth is a wonder that pirates are picking
We hope that our students will stay with the licking
The poking and prodding of people in public
Is better for learning than leaving the subject.

The school is for youth and for youngsters of passion
Who know that a pirate is more than a fashion
The conduct of Captains' who promise you glory
Is better for losing than winning a story.

Bryan Norton

Poetry Adventures (The Pirate) # 3

I had a great day when I heard the good news
That someone discovered my gold on a cruise
The new pirate captain invited me back
To pick up my booty and stay with the pack

To all the dear pirates who thought I was dead
I gave them a hug and a slap on the head
For walking a plank and a plop in the sea
I'm grateful to know they would drop in for me

The captain was grinning and warming his chair
He said I was winning by joining him there
I gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek
He gave me a bug that persisted a week

He told me the plan for the rest of the day
My job was the same and the plunder my pay
He told me the pirates were glad I was back
To pick up their chores and the bulk of their slack

The lady who dumped me was dead like her dad
For doing my duty she took what I had
Her passion was robbing the men of their hoard
By making them jump off the end of a board

I thanked my dear captain for finding my chest
But then I said no for the sake of my quest
I told him a vision of me that is true
For robbing and killing is not what I do

I spoke of the lady who captured my heart
To be with her daily is my favorite part
The gift of her love is the joy in my life
For which I am hoping to make her my wife

We met by the tulips that blossom and sing
The beauty of lips in the dawn of the Spring
I gave her my heart for the love that I crave
By doing my part in the way I behave

Unlike other pirates who pay by the sip
I saved all my gold for the sake of a ship
I could not foresee where my hunger might lead
But love is the fruit when the heart is the seed

I used my new seashell to summon the whale
Who rescued my life with a flip of her tail
I knew she would come in the course of her day
To meet my new lady and join us in play

We paddled a boat to be close to her reach
I knew she would die if she swam on the beach
We laughed and we played on her back for a bit
But when there were sharks then we knew that was it

I said my goodbye to the lass by the sea
I longed for the day when her class would be me
My waiting was longer than lovebirds can sing
The chance for a ship was my new pressing thing...

Bryan Norton

Poetry Adventures (The Pirate) # 4

In spite of the choice that I made to be wed
The call of the sea was the voice in my head
The wreck of a ship that I bought on a dare
Was ripe for a trip with a little repair

I gathered a crew from the worst of the lot
The pirates I knew in the way I was taught
A bunch of old sailors who fought with a sword
In search of a ship and a captain aboard

We packed a few things and the men were alright
To fish on the strings of the stars overnight
The King's Royal Navy was somewhere in port
And we were the kind who they hunted for sport

The evening was cool with a touch of the breeze
Which filled up our sails and pushed us with ease
No ships were in sight as we set our own course
To conquer the night with the lightest of force

Then one of the men who I thought was the best
Was searching the sea from the top of his nest
When suddenly something he knew that we feared
Was captured by him in the flag that appeared

He knew that our ship was designed as a hoax
For scaring young sailors and female folks
He called to his mates who were cautiously sick
To think that the Navy was on to our trick

The wind in our sails was hardly a storm
And somewhere the fog was beginning to form
The danger we sighted decreased in the mist
Perhaps they decided to cease and desist

But just when the danger was seemingly past
The King's Royal Navy appeared with a blast
They fired their cannons and blew us to bits
My ship was disabled by too many hits

I thought to surrender by all that I saw
But why was the Admiral so quick on the draw?
And what was the purpose in jailing my crew
When they were just sailing with nothing to do?

We stood by and watched as the Navy approached
I felt like an egg that was already poached
When something upsetting appeared in my scope
That caused me to cry and to give up my hope

The devil's own daughter who did as she willed
Was holding the head of the man that she killed
She captured his ship and the hearts of his men
To come after me and to kill me again

But when she was near with the navy in tow
To capture my ship and to lay me a blow
She did not foresee what so few can survive
My good friend the whale had swallowed her live!

Bryan Norton

Poetry Adventures (The Pirate)# 1

Thru maritime miles of minions in motion
We hedge our opinions while pledging devotion□
To serving the Captain and sharing our smiles
Through barrels of onions and flea-bearing trials

But even the pirates who pose in a rumble
Are learning the merits of those who are humble
The path of our choosing where sinning is pleasure
Is better for losing than winning a treasure

I plunged overboard when I soared off a plank
At the point of a sword and a sore lady's prank
The captain's first mate made her daddy agree
That my fate was a date with the fish in the sea

I knew she was baiting my body at brunch
To catch me in waiting and serve me for lunch
All pirates are worthy to fish and to feast
But no one should make me a dish for a beast

From well on the brink to a splash in the sink
I fell in a flash for a female fink
I knew she was watching me fall in the tank
And laughing discreetly with daddy to thank

I should have resisted the words that she said
But when she persisted they went to my head
I told her I loved her but so did my mate
Who never returned from his very first date

It seems bloody retching but fatefully true
When somebody fetching is fatal for you
You flee from the danger but fractured you find
That pretty young stranger has captured your mind

You think that she needs you for making a start
But she really knees you for breaking apart
A mob in her keep is the poorest of help
Who force you to leap in a forest of kelp

Though mad as an adder I drifted from reach
To bob like a bladder in search of a beach
The Great White beside me was my willing host
To have me for dinner and eat me the most

Then something resembling a storm with a tail
Came surging at me in the form of a whale
I lost my composure and when I passed out
She tossed me all over to sit on her spout

Upon this brave lady who skirted the water
I fled for my life from the ship captain's daughter
She brought me to land on the girth of her blubber
To flip me ashore like a lousy landlubber

From deep in the sea to a seat by a seal
The freedom I keep is a cheap kind of deal
The beach that I sleep on is sunny and hot
So happy to be where my honey is not...

Bryan Norton

Poetry Adventures (The Pirate)# 2

In spite of the way I was doomed in my past
I might have resumed all my duties at last
The ship captain's daughter who killed for a lark
Was tossed overboard in the path of a shark

The captain himself made a pitch in the punch
For helping the witch who was having my lunch
He flew out of sight for a faulty conclusion
That I was a bite in a salty solution

I learned of his fate from an old pirate mate
A scurvy old sailor who thought I was great
A stable companion when we were at sea
Who seemed rather stunned by the image of me

He thought I returned as a ghoul or a ghost
Or maybe the drool of a watery host
The scourge of a demon who rode on a wave
To scare an old seaman who tried to be brave

He cried like a baby to learn I was real
And not merely someone who died as a meal
The grind of a crumb on the swish of a plate
The kind of a chum that a fish never ate

I spoke of the shark that was chasing my tail
And how I was saved by the grace of a whale
He told me the pirates had picked him at last
To be their new leader in light of the past

I asked my old friend if the couple they tried
Were found to be fit or just fit to be tied
He told me the captain was mad as a hatter
And even his daughter was no laughing matter

The lady was grinning when you made a splash
She said that you died when you took out the trash
We stared at each other and said this can't be
That pirates and shipmates should die stupidly

The captain was drunk when he made his mistake
But when you are sunk there is no second take
He plead for his life and he plead for his daughter
We fed them on board and we fed them in water

When learning of late that my captain was dead
I turned from my mate and I lowered my head
The man was reduced by the last of his brood
But no one alive should be treated as food

I knew that my life as a pirate was done
When I was a fool in the course of my fun
The future of pirates on land may be dim
But even a pirate should know how to swim

So many brave pirates who plunder in wigs
Are trading the sea for a cow and some pigs
My life as a pirate is what I love best
But even a pirate must bury his chest...

Bryan Norton

Prometheus Bound

Prometheus bound, but not denied
The better part of food is fried
Fresh or fridge, it's all the same
Smarter people light a flame

Prometheus bound, hear me cry
Someone's got a fish to fry
Eating well is my desire
Come on baby, light my fire

Prometheus bound, where's the fun
Would you like your meat well done?
As for me, should you care
Cook my steak and make it rare

Prometheus bound, rope around
Sorry for the barking hound
It's no crime to teach us tricks
Tell us when to gather sticks

Prometheus bound, lost or found
Simon says we're homeward bound
Light the light and help us learn
Only you can make us burn

Prometheus bound, don't conform
Sorry 'bout that chloroform
As you know we're more than sad
Very soon our meat goes bad

Prometheus bound, take control
Someone's mother killed a bull
We could even eat a cow
But the milk is better now

Prometheus bound, break your chains
We're still waiting for some brains
Fat is flavor in our meat
Promey baby bring the heat!

Bryan Norton

Rhymes And Reasons For

To budding new poets who value your time
The very best option for you may be rhyme
Though simple by nature a rhyme says a lot
Like words on a cake that your mother has bought

For rhyme is the frosting that covers your poem
A time of defrosting for lovers at home
The dance of two words in a meter you fill
The romance of birds in a sweeter new bill

The part of a writer is cheap in a way
The heart of a fighter you keep on display
The groove in your past is the way you begin
To prove you can last on the day that you win

Now poems which are pretty are never so free
But those which are witty are clever to me
The sound of the voice that you share in the ring
Is bound by the choice of the care that you bring

So if you like writing and singing as well
But nothing exciting is ringing your bell
Nor anything priming the spring of your mind
Then maybe your rhyming is something to find.

Bryan Norton

Rocks

I climbed a rocky hill one day
To conquer each gradation
My will became the strongest way
To match determination

I could have walked for city blocks
Without such irritation
But in the course of fighting rocks
I found my explanation

They say that rocks make rocky roads
And rocky roads are rough
For rocky roads and heavy loads
Make going very tough

But even when you walk alone
Through every huff and puff
You learn to conquer every stone
If you persist enough

When tribulations trouble you
Like late-night cuckoo clocks
Experience will pull you through
Each time that trouble knocks

The obstacles we face in life
Are really building blocks
So if your life is full of strife
Go climb a hill of rocks!

Bryan Norton

Sarah Perfect Pirate Princess

Sarah perfect pirate Princess
Welcome to your shipboard home
Papa pirate holds and keeps you
Safely through the tidal foam

Mama pirate loves you dearly
But she died from giving birth
Tenderly she held and named you
Sarah, Princess of the Earth

Baby girl, like your mother
With your hair of golden silk
All I have is love to give you
And a little bit of milk

You have plundered something in me
When you came and stole my heart
Don't you know that you're my treasure
Only you can play that part

Sarah, Princess, dawn is rising
Dolphins ring our pirate ship
Whales basking in the wonder
Of a baby on our trip

All my mates are gathered 'round us
Speaking words like coochy-coo
Never having seen a princess
Yet, they're so in love with you

Sarah, darling, precious angel
Brighter than the stars above
May thy fortune keep you ever
With the people who you love

Though the land may often tempt you
And the port may call your name
Don't forget the ones who love you
As you navigate your fame

Sarah, Princess, pirate's fortune
Is the purpose of our strife
You don't need to seek your portion
Just to seek a better life

You are mine to love completely
Calling me with upturned eyes
You're the flow of life within me
You're the show of my surprise

Sarah, Princess, Neptune's daughter
Darling of the salty sea
May you learn to love the water
As you rule in majesty

When my sight is growing dimmer
And my sword is cast aside
Sarah, darling, my sweet Princess
May thy love for me abide!

Bryan Norton

Seraphine

My mother's name was Seraphine
A sadder child was never seen
Her duty was to serve the table
Of newly widowed Mrs. Grable

Her husband Mr. Grable died
To keep the British gratified
Which left the widow newly fed
By wealthy brother Master Ted

Their lineage was the House of Bean
A family favored by the Queen
When epic wars left many dead
The House of Bean was spared instead

For serving well Her Majesty
The Beans were blessed with property
And one small subject good and clean
The lowly servant Seraphine

When Seraphine was just a child
Her Master Ted met Mr. Wilde
A gentleman from Derbyshire
In need of servant class for hire

In Derbyshire he kept a farm
A new estate with country charm
That came with dairy cows and sheep
And one large lake two fathoms deep

He lived in lonely solitude
Without a wife to share his food
The class that served so faithfully
By evening left his company

When Seraphine was strong and able
She dug the grave of Mrs. Grable
And thought about a different house
To serve within a different blouse

For Seraphine had seen the day
When Master Bean refused to pay
The twenty pounds he paid before
Although she labored even more

She knew the way to break his sway
Was leave his house without delay
In search of better work and food
And just a bit of gratitude

But Bean would never let her go
Because he feared that she would go
And tell the queen most truthfully
About the years she worked for free

She thought about a running mate
Another maid to share her fate
But all the other maids were proud
To be among the servant crowd...

A dreamer on the kitchen crew
Was dreaming with a window view
When suddenly the breaking dawn
Betrayed the maiden on the lawn

The kitchen boy released a shout
That startled everyone about
And made the Manor Lady scream
And wake the Master from his dream

A bobby who was passing by
Was startled by their anguished cry
And hurried with a worried frown
To find the Master in his gown

The Master told a mournful story
That even sold the Morning Glory
And made the bobby blow his whistle
Enough to wilt a bed of thistle

A 'Peeler' by the name of Cook

Approached his calling by the book
And made a vow to Master Bean
To capture lowly Seraphine...

This intermission that we take
Is meant to help you stay awake
Through what I say and for the sake
Of everyone who needs a break...

□ INTERMISSION...

Welcome back my weary friends
I promise you this story ends
But not before your time flies through
A tale with a horse or two...

On streets of cobblestone and gray
Where beggars sleep and orphans play
The aged, sick and nearly dead
Are buried with the underfed

As costermongers ply their ware
To passersby who linger there
The orphan children learn to pick
The pockets of the ones they trick

Aristocrats in tops and tails
Avoid the class that tips in jails
But lovely ladies in repose
Do not discriminate by those

Though Seraphine had made her start
By thinking quick and acting smart
She should have known that few survive
Or live to leave when they arrive

The parlor maids knew she was right
But Master Bean begrudged her flight

And sent the bobbies on a chase
To rescue him from his disgrace

They found her dripping in the rain
And bound her ankles with a chain
To bring her back to Master Bean
For bruising by the bully Green

When Seraphine was black and blue
And seething from a whack or two
They locked her door and walked away
To hold her down and make her pay

The vengeful Bean could only see
Potential loss of property
And laid a very nasty plan
To sell the lass before she ran...

On Sunday Seraphine was freed
To join the fun that servants need
For English tea and idle talk
For Battledore and Shuttlecock

As Seraphine began to play
Somebody smacked the bird away
It flew a course by Master Bean
And landed on the head of Green

She turned as if to run away
But something bigger blocked the way
Which made her faint and hit the ground
Before an object large and round

A gentle breeze came blowing by
To brush her face and sing the sky
A misty blush of twilight rose
In melody of sweet repose

The rounder man who bent and smiled
Was recognized as Mr. Wilde
Who raised the maiden vertically
And spoke apologetically

He chastened Bean for being mean
And even growled at Mr. Green
He bid adieu to all the staff
And told some jokes to make her laugh

He kissed her hand and called her sweet
And made her dance with happy feet
To make her glad so she might see
A better life was meant to be

She knew that he behaved that way
To fluff her bed with tender hay
But she would not be stalked by Bean
Or let herself be frocked by Green

Although in fact she had no choice
She did not run or raise her voice
Because she knew that no one sane
Could stay with Bean and not complain

She walked again through every room
Which otherwise would be her doom
But now she didn't seem to care
About a shriek or angry glare

She packed a set of duffel bags
Which held some clothing more like rags
Because she wasn't paid a thing
For doing time and laboring

She also packed some jam she made
And one small jar of marmalade
Which might have made the Master mad
If marmalade was all he had

A carriage proposal made Seraphine wary
To have and to hold on the way to get merry
When Wilde requested her hand in his carriage
She did not foresee it would lead to her... baggage

With Seraphine packed and then ready to go

The driver appeared with the Master in tow
The staff was all gathered to wish her goodbye
She blew them a kiss and she started to cry...

Bryan Norton

Sing A Song Of Christmas Day

Sing a song of Christmas Day
Celebrate with me
Bring the star of Bethlehem
To crown the Christmas tree

Many friends are with us now
Many heard the call
Glory to the newborn King
Who came to save us all

Christ was born on Christmas Day
Blessed be His birth
Songs of His redeeming love
Are spreading peace on earth

Christmas choirs at my door
Make the season bright
Readily we don our coats
To join the festive sight

On this night of peace and love
May your faith be strong
Lift your voice and help us sing
A Merry Christmas song!

Bryan Norton

So Long, Marlene (We Mean To Say)

So long, Marlene, we mean to say, we'll miss you when you go
The thought of you will cheer us through this tide of chill and snow
Through winter storm stay snug and warm beside the fire's glow
May you abide the growing pride of those who love you so

We hope that you enjoy the freedom leaving us has brought
Until you find the joy inside is more than what you sought
And all the friends you party with are more than who you bought
You'll know on Monday morning that you're living as you ought

When you win friends who treat you nice
By choosing love as your device
Your heart is filled with sugar and spice
You paid the price...sacrifice...head lice...OH CUT THE CRAP MATILDA!

To be true, yet concise, this is not a paradise
When you conspire to retire you aspire very nice
If you dare a plucky price on a pair of lucky dice
Then the fire you acquire is a buyer with a vice

You're a doer we admire with a zest for cresting higher
So your quest for the best must invest you with desire
You're a winner not a crier and you always were a trier
If you soar out the door then you'll always be a flyer

Thank you Mar, our good friend, for the time we had was great
Like a star, to the end, you did more than we can state
With each bar, that we bend, is the path to share your fate
From afar, we pretend, that you care enough to wait.

Bryan Norton

Softly Now The Light Of Day

Softly now the light of day
Fades into a purple sky
In the twilight's closing curtain
Shadows wane before they die

Gypsy moths are gently feeding
Shades of green are turning grey
Whispered voices now receding
Daylight cares are put away

Distant rays of light are gleaming
Diamonds in a star-filled sea
Shining brightly, heaven's beauty
Plays a moonlight melody

Seeking gifts of hidden treasures
Creatures pass and poke the night
In the scheme of new adventures
Children dream in rays of light

Now the summer lawn is feeding
Sunshine draws the morning dew
In the warmth of dawn's new rising
Daylight brings a perfect view.

Bryan Norton

Son In The Morning

Sometimes in the evening I gaze at the sky
I ponder the moon and the stars way up high
They sparkle and shine like a diamond-filled sea
But which little star shines for me?

All rivers give freely wherever they go
But rivers are only as free as they flow
If freedom and purpose are my destiny
Then what is the purpose of me?

The mountains recede in the darkness of night
But mornings reveal their glorious sight
If mornings bring glory and sunshine is free
Then why won't the sun shine on me?

I stood on a rock at the top of a hill
Where everyone stands with a way and a will
The answer I needed was mine suddenly
Jesus my Savior loves me!

Bryan Norton

Song For Lori (Lori, My Lady, My One True Love)

DEAR Lori, my lady, my darling divine
My vision of beauty, my radiant shine
More pretty to see than the tulips you bring
That bloom just for me in the sips of your Spring

YOUR lips are the dells of the wells that I drink
The pink in the blues of the bells in my sink
The sweet summer smells in the fragrance of rose
That rise in the swells of the scents in my nose

THE sparkle in view is the dew on my lawn
Remarkable too in the blue of my dawn
The magic of you is the fun in your eyes
A trick that you play on the one you surprise

YOUR love is the season I savor in Fall
The very same reason I favor them all
The way that you trust me is part of your way
To say that you must be the heart of my day

THE bubble you burst is my pride of command
The trouble you cursed by the chide of my band
The fool that is me is no true folly dodger
Perhaps what you see is a blue Jolly Roger

THE stain of my sin is the shame that I wear
The pain I am in for the blame that I bear
The feign of a grin is the game that we play
To gain with a win for the claim that we pay

DEAR Lori, my lady, my pleasure in life
Your love is the treasure I seek in a wife
Your trust is the measure of whether we last
A must in the tether of future and past

TO 'bide in your glow is to bask in your light
The side that you show for the task that is right
The row that we hoe in our quest to succeed
Will slow in the flow of the rest that we need

THE sorrow of loss is the second you try
To borrow the cross for the minute you cry
The sting that we lack in our struggle ahead
Will bring us right back to our snuggle in bed

THE lonely all week have no time for remiss
But only your cheek is sublime to a kiss
The rapture I seek is no climb of regret
To capture the peak of a crime to forget

THE blame that you sow is my seed of mistrust
A flame that you throw at my deed of disgust
The kindness you show by the smile I see
Is something you grow by the mile for me

DEAR Lori, my lady, the one I adore
I beg thee, to take me, and love me once more
My love and devotion are all I can give
But time is the truth in the way that I live.

Bryan Norton

Starlong

This is the story of a real star
The name of the star is Starlong
In a far, far corner of the galaxy
Starlong lives, even today

Once upon a time
Starlong was the Mother
Of an entire solar system
Consisting of many planets

At first, there was nothing
Because all the planets were cold and dark
And barren
Meaning, essentially, that Starlong was alone

As such, Starlong was very sad
And she began to crave
The companionship of the planets
Devoid of life, though they were

And Starlong sent forth her powerful flames
Bringing light and warmth to the planets
For which they were grateful
And responded, each in their own way

On one of these planets, Protina
Conditions were just right
For living things to sprout
And to spread

Over time, these forms of life
Developed into distinct types
Of plant and animal life
All of which pleased Starlong

And so it was, that throughout the eras of time
Living things grew and prospered
And filled the planet, Protina
With new and interesting forms of life

Many of them lived in the great waters
And many, also, in the lush, tropical regions
While many things that creep, crawl, and fly
Lived in the mountains, valleys, and deserts

And all of these living things, plants and animals
Brought pleasure and company to Starlong
And Starlong was grateful for them
And for their companionship

Eventually, Starlong was thrilled by the development
Of human beings on the planet Protina
Although Starlong desired, not their worship
But merely their lasting friendship

And so these circumstances continued
Even for many millennia of time
And Starlong loved all life on Protina
And all the dear planets as well

One day, however, something awful happened
Due to the great pollutions on the planet Protina
Which were caused by the hand of man
All forms of plant and animal life began to die

And as they began to die, man, too, began to die
And he began to look for solutions on other planets
Planets that could sustain life
In other solar systems

Eventually, only a few humans remained
However, they had developed the technology
To build spaceships of an immense size
To carry them beyond their own solar system

And as these people began to leave
Starlong began to weep
Because she knew that once again
She would be alone

However, as Starlong wept

Her weeping was heard by one person, Cassandra
Who possessed a special ability
To feel Starlong's moods

Cassandra, you see, was a deeply empathetic soul
With a very tender heart
And a very powerful love
For all living things

And she was moved by the weeping of Starlong
And she began to weep herself
For she could not bear, even to the slightest degree
The thought of Starlong, and her loneliness

And of those inhabitants of Protina who survived
But would soon be leaving
Cassandra, alone, decided to remain
Rather than leave Starlong alone

Now Cassandra did what she could to survive
To grow a garden
To make a home
And to save the few remaining plants and animals

Because of Cassandra's devotion, and her humanity
She was granted, by Starlong, with the ability
To live as one immortal
And to be free from all manner of pain and hurt

And this would be true until Cassandra
Looked upon the next human face
When she would finish the remainder of her life
And die as well

Eventually, the plants and animals were all rejuvenated
And they looked to Cassandra, as their daughter
And to Protina, as their mother
And to Starlong, as their friend.

Bryan Norton

Surrender To The Fury Of The Sunsets

Surrender,
surrender to the fury
The fury of the sunsets
The sunsets of your life

You hurry,
Because you tend to worry
But you don't need to worry
Or lose yourself to strife

The twilight,
The twilight of the daylight
Is lovely in the heart light
The light of loving you

Surrender,
My darling please surrender
Surrender to my heart light
And say you love me too

The fury,
Is not a source of worry
But merely just a longing
A longing for your love

So face me,
And darling please embrace me
The fury of my sunset
Will light you from above

Surrender,
And when you do remember
The beauty of my sunset
Is great enough for two

Surrender,
My darling please surrender
The pleasure of my twilight
Will be the nights with you.

Bryan Norton

Teacher, Teacher, I Declare

With great enthusiasm and a zest for what you do
You make us want to pass the test of being just like you
The kindly words that we beseech are more than just a perk
For they provide the truth you teach in how to be a jerk

You see the good in everyone and so we understand
That leadership is how you lead and not how you command
Your thoughtful ways are happy days for those who want to slouch
The doubtful ones who come to play or come to warm the couch

You teach us well and worthy too in how you wing each task
By which we mean to say "I do" in everything you ask
You greet the day with firm resolve in teaching us the rules
And never cheat the ones who pay for acting like the fools

With diligence of common sense the duties you fulfill
Are evidence of recompense for booties that you fill
The knowledge of the job you do is why you may profess
To teach our democratic ways of voting with success

The work you do is vital to the people of this state
But when you serve a noble cause you keep our country great
So thank you teacher, teacher for the choice to be a star
And may you serve with lots of nerve in proving who you are!

Bryan Norton

Thank You, Lannie Chapman!

With great enthusiasm and a zest for what you do
You make us want to pass the test of working more like you
The kindly deeds that we enjoy are more than just a perk
For they provide the joy we need in how we do our work

You see the good in everyone and so you understand
That leadership is how you lead and not how you command
Your thoughtful ways are happy days for those who keep their jobs
The busy ones who come to work and not to be the slobs

You teach us well and worthy too in how you wing each task
By which we mean to say "I do" in everything you ask
You greet the day with firm resolve in keeping all the rules
And never cheat the ones you pay for acting like the fools

With diligence of common sense the duties you fulfill
Are evidence of recompense for booties that you fill
The knowledge of the job you do is why you may profess
To teach our democratic ways of voting with success

The work you do is vital to the people of this state
But when you serve a noble cause you keep our country great
So thank you Lannie Chapman for the choice to be a star
And may you serve with lots of nerve in proving who you are!

Bryan Norton

Thank You, Sherrie Swensen

With patient understanding and a light and friendly touch
You came to be the County Clerk because you care so much
So many folks have come to know the kindness of your ways
And how you show the very best that leadership displays

No prejudice nor party pride has brought your office shame
And partisans on every side are known to praise your name
Your great concern is for the ones who never catch the bus
Because you care about the dreams that live in each of us

So many happy couples have been thrilled to say "I do";
Because they know the words you speak are beautiful and true
And travelers with passport needs are helped by friendly staff
Who represent your values as they serve on your behalf

The dedicated voter is the reason we are free
For voting is the call to serve in our democracy
The courage of the work you do preserves this sacred choice
For you believe that everyone deserves to have a voice

The promise of a happy life is why we do our part
But you have fostered our success by leading from the heart
The joyfulness in what you do is seen by one and all
So thank you, Sherrie Swensen, for the way you stand so tall!

Bryan Norton

The Baby Shower

Congratulations, Dear One, as you celebrate this hour
When you are called to be a mom and have a baby shower
The little lad that grows within will be your very first
And on the day that he is born your heart will nearly burst

You have a growing sense of pride that you will have a son
And now you know the boy inside is loved by everyone
A baby is a miracle who makes your life complete
Because of how he grins at you in spite of what you eat

So many broken couples are left standing on the brink
The gap in their relationship may need a missing link
The married life can rank a nine for ladies and their men
A baby is the kind of one who makes your life a ten

Your mother is the anxious soul who found it hard to wait
But now you know the reason why she wanted you to date
Her gratitude for your success is more than she can say
I guess you know the rest of us are glad to be that way

Your husband is the happy one to have a baby boy
For what is there about a son that fathers don't enjoy
They get to proudly sit and watch that special thing you do
But maybe changing diapers will be good for both of you

The freedom that you used to know is now a lonely word
And what you get is just a glow for all that you endured
The gracefulness in how you work is merely just a ploy
To prove that you can be a mom and do what you enjoy!

Bryan Norton

The Ballad Of Billy And Bobbi

Billy rode the cowboy beat
In fairs and rodeos
Bobbi barbecued the meat
They served at all the shows

She dreamed of matrimony
And a wedding dress with bows
In a sacred ceremony
With a man in cowboy clothes

He met her by a dairy near
A chapel on a hill
Where lonely people go to hear
The saddest Whip-poor-will

She spoke of her uncertainty
And yet the moon rose still
To help her see eternity
Behind the words, I will

They gathered on a sunny day
Behind the chapel where
Some roses and some fresh cut hay
Redeemed the dairy air

Some hungry goats were kept at bay
And Bobbi's favorite mare
When suddenly to their dismay
The preacher wasn't there

A little lamb had gone astray
Without a me or ewe
A lot of people go that way
And wind up in a stew

The minister of Shepherd's Way
Had followed every clue
But when he lost the light of day
He lost the trail too

He fervently began to pray
The Lord his lamb to keep
For many souls who drift away
Have fallen in the deep

Beside a welcome bed of hay
The lamb came home to sleep
For all the ones who go astray
Are still the shepherd's sheep

The morning sun came calling soon
When Billy called ahead
The minister said come at noon
When we are out of bed

The ceremony was delayed
Until the cows were fed
The minister was duly paid
And this is what he said

The jealousy which festers more
Is something bad for certain
And trust requires an open door
And not an iron curtain

Your flowers will not ease the pain
Of one whose heart is hurtin'
So please don't drive your spouse insane
Because you won't stop flirtin'

The two of them exchanged their vows
And Billy kissed the bride
He danced with her among the cows
To cowboy songs outside

They said goodbye to all their friends
And both their parents cried
The only thing that never ends
Is what you feel inside

He promised her a honeymoon

She said be more specific
He said the Great Salt Lake in June
Is like the South Pacific

The honeymoon this couple shared
Was totally terrific
For no amount of love was spared
To help them be prolific

Their marriage is a thing of pride
Like cowboy boots worn well
The ups and downs are like a ride
Upon a carousel

True love is like a fireside
Where cowboys like to dwell
To feel close and warm inside
A cowgirl's magic spell.

Bryan Norton

The Best That You Can Be

The past reveals who I am
But not what others see
I paid for every promise made
The consequence came free

I walk the same familiar streets
The pattern of my days
So many roads are beckoning
So many different ways

Salvation offers peace of mind
And shared identity
But what if I'm the only one
Who looks and thinks like me?

Do I belong to someone else?
Can human souls be sold?
Does practicing my self control
Mean doing what I'm told?

Sometimes we make hard choices
That shape our destiny
But you succeed when you become
The best that you can be.

Bryan Norton

The Goodly Poet

You have just had the fill of your say
In a poem with a will and a way
With a long, peaceful rest
You may wake up with zest
To enjoy what you wrote yesterday

As you read the new poem on your plate
And you know that your meaning is great
You are struck by the fact
Of the words that you lacked
When your brain was still foggy that late

You may cringe by the post that you made
When your poem was too quickly displayed
You may write more at length
For the sake of your strength
And the fact that your pride is delayed

For the poet is never quite read
Who is less than a word in his head
He will do more than rust
For the sake of a trust
In the future of reading ahead.

Bryan Norton

The Greatest Of Leaders

They fought for a man with a heart made of gold
Who freed all the slaves by the truth that he told
A leader who conquered the world in his way
And brought lasting peace that we honor today

He led with a vision that all should be free
To plan their own future and choose what to be
Where wisdom is virtue and virtue is choice
To cast your own ballot and lift your own voice

For what kind of living is life without joy
Where slave owners keep but they never employ
Or free the poor slave who is sure he can't win
Or run from the pigment that colors his skin

This man and his army who stood with the brave
Were bound and determined to free every slave
Because they still honored the truth they were taught
That all men are born to be free and not bought

They fought with a fierceness that nobody knew
And fighting they fostered a vision that grew
And beckoned the nation by spreading the view
That joining this army was noble to do

For freedom and virtue mean doing things right
When family are gathered to join in the fight
They rise with a righteousness hard to defeat
And plant a proud flag with the enemy beat

The greatest of leaders is one you'll agree
Is someone of stature you know you can be
For like the brave soldiers who lived in the past
The future belongs to the ones who stand last.

Bryan Norton

The King And I

Bucky was a buckaroo
In fairs and rodeos
Barbie made the Bar-B-Q
They served at all the shows

She dreamed of matrimony
And a happy wedding tune
In a sacred ceremony
On a sunny afternoon

He met her where the cattle lay
Beyond the chapel green
They heard The Sound of Music play
Within a country scene

She was the one he dreamed of
In his dreams of love and glory
Where couples sing of true love
In a cowboy's West Side Story

She told her friends The King and I
Are getting married soon
When Bucky came she said goodbye
And left that afternoon

They took a shortcut through the wood
But time was running late
The minister was well and good
But not the kind to wait

A sign upon the church door said
"I won't be gone that long";
A sprinkler fed a flower bed
And played a Flower Drum Song

The minister returned that night
When all his guests were gone
He truly was a sorry sight
And passed out on the lawn

They spent the night with Bucky's dad
And called the church at noon
The minister was feeling bad
And said I'll see you soon

They had a happy wedding day
With cake and smoke-aroma
They said goodbye and drove away
For work in Oklahoma

They planned a real honeymoon
The South Pacific kind
But State Fair work was coming soon
And they were in a bind

Bucky cleaned the stables there
And did the nitty gritty
Barbie rode her favorite mare
The one that she called Pretty

The honeymoon this couple shared
Continues to this day
For no amount of love was spared
To help them on their way

Their marriage is a sweet love song
Or campfire melody
To keep them where they both belong
In love eternally.

Bryan Norton

The King's Wish

Throughout the land at his command
The people heard a cry
On your knees before me please
And do not question why

The people assembled bowed and trembled
When they saw their king
But when they heard their majesties word
Their hearts began to sing

Oh people of this land I've come
To bring you news of the kingdom
The war we fought at last is won
There shall be peace for everyone

There is no cause for fear or dread
The enemy we fought is dead
And I shall take your sons no more
To fight in such a bloody war

The people knelt upon the ground
And offered up a prayerful sound
They thanked their maker all day long
With mighty praise in words and song

And just as quickly as he had come
The king returned thru his kingdom
And from his mighty throne above
God blessed the land with peace and love.

Bryan Norton

The Loneliness Of Planets

Dear planets of the galaxy
You which have supported life
And you which have not
But shortly will
According to the spirit within you
Or within your own planetary creation
The power to enable life
In all its many forms
We honor you
And celebrate your future

And for the planets
Which have aged
And no longer sustain life
A guardian angel remains
To watch over your spirit
And keep you company
To sustain you through
This period of your greatest loneliness
That you may abide the day
Until your great purpose is fulfilled

To all the dear planets
We love you.

Bryan Norton

The Night

Family supper
Shadows climb
Children play
Twilight time

Fireflies
Orange sky
Children scream
Babies cry

Barking dog
Boy at bat
Mother calls
Fetch the cat

Crescent moon
Stars are bright
Time to sleep
'Tis the night.

Bryan Norton

The Poet Is A Lonely Heart

The poet is a lonely heart
A beggar with a clue
A pauper with a portly point of view
He joins the feast without a beast
To pick a bone or two
And yet his plate is full when he is through.

Bryan Norton

The Promise Of What You Can Be

If the promptings in you are the works that you do
And you trust in the Word that is free
Then you live by the light, and you do what is right
For the sake of a world family

You may question your worth and the good of your birth
Or the views of such people as me
But the vision is true, and the good is in you
If you trust in the one you can be

For the love in your heart is a good place to start
When you strive to be honest and true
You will pass up the worst in a race to be first
In the faith of the humble and few

In the heat of the night you will put up a fight
In defense of the cause that you serve
But you never stay down with a permanent frown
If they throw you a strike or a curve

You will run with the best and be up for the test
Of the hardships that plague you the most
But you never will hide, as you take them in stride
With a smile instead of a boast

You are patient and kind, like the others you find
In the faces who want you to win
For they love you and more, they will help you to soar
When you suffer the anguish of sin

There is love all around, but the future is found
In the blessings of God and His Son
For the person you'll see, is the one you can be
When the sheep and the shepherd are one

You may fall by the way in the heat of the day
For the dearth of a lake or a tree
But the way is assured by the truth of His Word
And the promise of what you can be.

Bryan Norton

The Purpose Of Life (For All)

The PURPOSE OF LIFE is to CARE-FOR-LIFE.

To CARE-FOR-LIFE is to love life.

Loving life means to love:

If.

s.

Our ULTIMATE LIFE GOAL is a FULLNESS OF LIFE.

A FULLNESS OF LIFE is a complete and perfect state of living, by which the individual is exalted in His or Her own knowledge and capacity for loving, for affecting changes in others, and for being loved by them in return.

A FULLNESS OF LIFE is realized through a fullness of CARING-FOR-LIFE.

CARING-FOR-LIFE is two-fold:

REALIZATION OF LIFE.

PERPETUATION OF LIFE.

The REALIZATION OF LIFE

The REALIZATION OF LIFE is concerned with Self-fulfillment and Self-gratification.

-fulfillment: The process of becoming what we want or were created to be.

-gratification: The process of stimulating our senses and intellect to capacity.

The REALIZATION OF LIFE is concern for the self.

The forms of the REALIZATION OF LIFE are just as varied as the number of people in the world, according to the uniqueness of each person.

THE PERPETUATION OF LIFE

The PERPETUATION OF LIFE is a relationship between a man and a woman which (1) begins with the first indications of mutual tenderness and affection, (2) is spiritually rooted, (3) is formalized through marriage, (4) is viewed as an everlasting union, (5) is welcoming of children.

Perpetuation of Life values are eternal values.

These values recognize the immortality of the soul and the need for frequent spiritual nourishment.

REALIZATION OF LIFE vs. PERPETUATION OF LIFE

When interests pertaining to the Realization of Life and the Perpetuation of Life appear to be in conflict, we should consider the benefits of both:

REALIZATION OF LIFE VALUES:

its accrue to the self.

it duration is uncertain.

its may be real or illusory.

its are insatiable. (The more we receive, the more we want.)

ndulgence threatens personal and societal decadence and extinction.

PERPETUATION OF LIFE VALUES:

its are mutual within the context of a Caring-for-Life relationship. (Unselfish by nature.)

its are without duration. (timeless)

its accrue by giving our love away. (Our love is returned to us.)

its are satiable. (Total love brings total fulfillment.)

ty is rewarded and replenished.

As both the REALIZATION OF LIFE and the PERPETUATION OF LIFE represent CARING-FOR-LIFE values, we do not say that one type is superior to the other.

Rather, we say that PERPETUATION OF LIFE values must be upheld by necessity, and the fundamental unit of society, the family, must be honored, revered, and protected.

CARING-FOR-LIFE CONCEPTIONS

Each CARING-FOR-LIFE action is preceded by a CARING-FOR-LIFE CONCEPTION.

CARING-FOR-LIFE CONCEPTIONS are the thoughts and ideas that we have about caring for ourselves, for others, and for all living things.

Even when acting impulsively, our actions are based on a CARING-FOR-LIFE CONCEPTION about someone or something in need.

A well-developed sense of CARING-FOR-LIFE reflects our own beliefs about the value of life and of caring for others.

Daily, we plan to accomplish the things that will make our lives both sustainable and fulfilling.

However, we cannot make plans to be happy, as if happiness was an item on a check list.

To the contrary, happiness occurs through limitless acts of random kindness throughout a typical day.

When we show acts of love, kindness, and concern for other people, we feel good about ourselves.

A good day is a cumulation of these small but valuable expressions of love.

While we can control our behavior towards others, we cannot control their reactions.

Furthermore, we cannot always be successful in our efforts to help others.

When we act to rescue someone in need, we fail or succeed, accordingly.

When we succeed, happiness, as a side effect, occurs.

Thus we see that the quality of happiness is actually the by-product of a successful CARING-FOR-LIFE activity, while unhappiness is the by-product of a lack of that success.

We cannot control our happy moments, but we can employ a CARING-FOR-LIFE approach to life.

LIFE-DENYING CONCEPTIONS

Just as there are CARING-FOR-LIFE CONCEPTIONS that precede our CARING-FOR-LIFE behaviors, so also there are LIFE-DENYING CONCEPTIONS that precede our LIFE-DENYING behaviors.

LIFE-DENYING CONCEPTIONS are the thoughts and ideas that we have about harming ourselves and others.

These thoughts can never bring us happiness because our motivation is not to care, but to harm.

Thus we see that one who enjoys harming others can never truly be happy.

HAPPINESS AND THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

Happiness is the end to which all people should know and embrace.

Fundamental to a fullness of life is a fullness of joy.

Nevertheless, caring for others may leave an individual equally prone to joy and grief.

Because life is meant to be joyful, some people with prolonged periods of unhappiness may feel that their lives are inconsistent with life's purpose.

This attitude is incorrect.

Because people are both agents and subjects, with limited knowledge and abilities, free to act and to be acted upon, we cannot always choose our desired outcomes.

The important thing is that we never stop caring, because by doing so we deny ourselves the chance to ever be happy.

Furthermore, we deny others the benefits of our compassionate love and service.

LOVE AND SERVICE

LOVE: The quality of caring for another life in thought or deed to the point of selfless behavior and even self-sacrifice.

SERVICE: A type of CARING-FOR-LIFE which is performed for the sake of:

ng somebody with an unmet need, often someone who cannot meet that need without help.

ting with the basic functions of society.

ng that we care for others.

Service is the vehicle by which our CARING-FOR-LIFE CONCEPTIONS are put into practice.

It has been said that we love the ones we serve.

While true, this observation misses the point.

Yes, we love the ones we serve, but we serve them more to love.

Thus we see, that acts of service are loving by nature, that we love the ones that we serve, and that we learn to love by serving.

And that by these CARING-FOR-LIFE actions, we reach our ultimate goal of achieving a FULLNESS-OF-LIFE.

VIRTUE AND THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

There are two kinds of people:

PLEASURE SEEKER.

This individual does what he feels, regardless of consequences.

The concepts of right and wrong do not apply.

Consequently, all ethical decision making is subordinated to the impulse for self-gratification.

MORALLY CONSCIOUS PERSON.

These are those who ignore temptation for the sake of doing what is right, or what is morally and ethically, the right thing to do.

Sometimes, something of worldly value is sacrificed in the process.

These persons know, however, that in the long run, doing what is right always results in the greatest amount of good for the greatest number of people.

MORALLY CONSCIOUS PERSONS cannot decide matters of right and wrong without considering the moral dimensions of their choices, and the impact of those choices on others.

THE POWER WITHIN YOU

Within each person is the power to learn and grow from making right decisions.

This is the power to heal the heart; to nourish the spirit; to quicken the mind.

This is the power to correctly assess people and situations, and to make wise decisions, for the safety and well-being of yourself and your loved ones.

This is the power to choose wisely, in all respects, your critical life decisions.

Furthermore, this power has a predictive quality about it, by which you can, in a general way, predict future events, especially as they pertain to your own family, and take steps in the present to prevent any future calamities.

When you do your very best to do what is right, you grow this power within you.

This knowledge may be the world's greatest secret.

Indeed, the teaching and practice of this power would surely transform the world.

Over the course of a lifetime, THE MORALLY CONSCIOUS PERSON is the leader of his or her own family, loved and revered by all, widely admired, an example to live by.

In contrast, THE PLEASURE SEEKER never demonstrates any personal growth, not even throughout a whole lifetime.

The difference between THE MORALLY CONSCIOUS PERSON, who chooses the right, and THE PLEASURE SEEKER, who does what he feels, is called THE MEASURE OF GREATNESS.

The wonderful thing about it, is that anybody can be great, truly great, if they really want to be.

GREATNESS AND THE KEYS OF SUCCESS

To reach for the greatness that is your destiny, you should consider these steps:

First, recognize that these two types of people do exist, THE PLEASURE SEEKER and THE MORALLY CONSCIOUS PERSON.

Secondly, honestly consider what type of person you are.

If you are THE PLEASURE SEEKER type, you may need spiritual guidance over time to help you meet your goals.

This is because THE PLEASURE SEEKER is oriented by nature and disposition to think in the moment.

Your starting gate is:

Recognizing that you match THE PLEASURE SEEKER orientation,

Viewing yourself as a person of unique and irreplaceable worth,

Having a desire to do what is good and right, and

Surrounding your life with beauty and positive people and things, and with the gifts of the spirit, that you may have a change of heart and a purposeful life.

BEAUTY AND THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

According to Merriam-Webster, beauty is "the quality or aggregate of qualities in a person or thing that gives pleasure to the senses or pleasurably exalts the mind or spirit."

Indeed, without the quality of beauty, life would be meaningless.

The word sensual refers to the ways of sexual attraction while the word sensuous refers to everything else that appeals to the senses.

The word "beauty" refers to both.

Consequently, mentally healthy, happy people look for beauty in all aspects of life.

When you strip away the contributions that people have made to the earth, you are left with the original concept of beauty, which is the earth itself, and all things that lie therein.

Beauty is naturally associated with the goodness of things, and by seeking after the goodness in things, we seek after a better way to live and to treat each other.

More than just a concept, beauty is a way of living and showing our love for others.

Like courtesy and politeness, beauty is an attribute of the good.

Conclusion:

Every human life is lived differently.

Love is the constant throughout.

Through our differences, we learn to love in ways that make us stronger and more compassionate.

Perhaps most beneficial is the knowledge that love is greater than happiness, and charity is greater than both.

Eventually, our happiness will match our charity in wonderful ways of thinking and feeling about ourselves and others.

Finally, we must not be offended by other's gifts, for everybody is the most passionate about something.

Bryan Norton

The Quiet Hours

Beneath a midnight moonlight view
Where creatures gather two by two
A chirping cricket chorus plays
Until my nervous system frays

The boom boom sound of racing cars
That zoom zoom zoom beneath the stars
Is driving me to yell and scream
From crashing every pleasant dream

The fireworks are shooting still
To keep me up against my will
Nobody cares that I can't rest
From all the noise that I detest

Intrusively a siren sound
Invigorates a hapless hound
To hold in hopeless harmony
His howling histrionically

The dark of night is nearly gone
A spark of light is turning on
I sought some quiet sleep at last
When someone gave their horn a blast

The morning sun outside won't wait
And I am tired of sleeping late
A good night's rest restored my powers
Thank goodness for the quiet hours.

Bryan Norton

The Rain, The Park, The One I Love Again

The pattern of a rainy day is forming once again
The pitter-patter on the way is welcome in the glen
A '57 Chevrolet is something like a home
A refuge in the wilderness of metal, rust, and chrome

My love and I are happy when the sky is dark and grey
We bid our truck a brief goodbye to fly along the way
The rain is gently falling as we hear the thunder crack
Our favorite tree is calling with a cheerful welcome back

So joyfully we cuddle in the sight of those who flee
We pounce on every puddle in the pride of victory
The panic of the parking lot is not the life for me
A manic way of living in the land of liberty

The heavy rain is crashing down like waves upon a boat
My fervent wish in splashing now is learning how to float
Some lightning bolts are flashing still but softer than before
I think the storm is passing by the will to linger more

So fawning is a fickle breeze to please a fevered mind
The dawning of a day of ease may seize you from behind
The wonder of a thunder clap to cap a day of fun
Is how you trap a purple sky to magnify the sun.

Bryan Norton

The Rain, The Park, The One I Love Forever

Here am I, so typically, without a place to be
The sky is dark, and rain is falling down
The one I love, so fervently, is holding hands with me
And never is my need so less to frown

This happy tree, we sit beneath, is dripping like a cloud
The pleasure of our stay is getting wet
The park we love is empty now, and something makes us proud
To share the day that some would soon forget

The rhythm of the rain is for a day of welcome rest
To bring your mind a respite from the sun
But stormy clouds and missing crowds are what I like the best
To laugh all day with someone who is fun

So lovely is a summer storm, the lightning of the day
The majesty of thunder's rolling might
The melody of nature's song, the sweet, enduring way
Of rainfall on my window pane at night

My love and I are resting now, the canopy above
Is heavy still with drops on every leaf
A rainbow arcs the mystery of colors that we love
The canvass of a day beyond belief.

Bryan Norton

The Smaller Child

When I was but a tiny boy
No sweeter life could I enjoy
Beyond my room, my welcome bed
My refuge in the gloom ahead

Where nothing but the night is black
And black is never dark for lack
Of something bright or greater light
But merely brings a lesser sight

And should a sullen something scratch
Or enter unbeknownst to hatch
A nightmare by my crib or bed
No lack of love appeared instead

But still there grew impending fear
That drew from shadows newly near
To tempt the tender tears of youth
And soon betray a child's truth

“Oh father, please forgive me not
I know what disappointment brought
Is really not a son to be
Someone to make you proud of me

I'm sorry mama made me small
I'm sorry I was born at all
I can't conceive what you deride
But father, how I hurt inside”

Compelling pity suffers more
The senseless shame of years before
When innocence of sense beguiled
Betrayed a pure defenseless child

But though compassion must compare
The passion with the just and fair
The finer folk who bless the young
Cannot redress a mocking tongue

What happens to a child when
Survival means to start again
Without a clue or clear belief
Except in seeking true relief

To do your best is not enough
Especially when love is tough
So tough we often run away
To die again another day.

Bryan Norton

There Is A Land Where Jesus Walked

There is a land where Jesus walked
Beside a hill of green
And to this holy ground they flocked
To touch Him and be clean

The fish and bread they came to eat
Of which He freely gave
Were miracles of how to treat
The ones He came to save

Now blessed are the humble poor
Who worship in His name
For though they sin and stumble more
They still receive no blame

The meek in Christ will claim the Earth
And Christ on Earth will reign
His sacrifice will prove your worth
And save you from His pain

If you are true to what He taught
Then you will stand the test
Of those who join the souls He bought
To join Him in His rest

O truly, truly do we love
Our Lord and Savior dear
And may you seek His light above
To keep His spirit near.

Bryan Norton

There Was A Little Garden

There was a little garden
By a little picket fence
A little piggy poked about
The edge of its defense

The picket gate was tightly shut
The clasp was locked in place
No hungry little piggy push
Could pass a picket space

The little pig grew tired fast
Of pushing with his snout
But when he pushed more forcefully
His piggy strength gave out

A little bird flew overhead
And landed in the yard
The little piggy perked right up
To say that's not so hard

Instead of pushing at the gate
My push will be the sky
Who said a pig cannot succeed
By learning how to fly

The little pig took three steps back
And shut his piggy eyes
He charged the gate with all his might
But much to his surprise

He crashed into Miss Polly Figg
Just passing through the gate
They both fell down and tumbled too
Like meatballs on a plate

Said Polly Figg, you pretty pig
You're looking proudly pink
If pigs can fly then why can't I
And that is what I think

Now Jimmy Dean, the piggy's name
Was quick to greet the lass
He didn't know how much he flew
Across that gated pass

He briefly paused to catch his breath
With wonder by and by
For no such pig as Jimmy Dean
Had seen a girl fly

Farewell, Miss Figg, is what he said
And won't you beg my pardon
I only came to dig awhile
Inside your flower garden

Why certainly, said Polly Figg
Your feast is my request
A pig that flies is much too thin
To be our dinner guest.

Bryan Norton

Through Maritime Miles (Nate, The Captain)

Aye, aye! Said the Captain, who spoke on his date,
Who spoke on his date to his pretty first mate,
His pretty first mate, the lady Miss Tate,
The very first lady to say he was great!

Yes, yes, my dear Captain, my dear Captain Nate,
Yes, yes, to the fact that I like my first date!
Aye, aye, my dear lady, my dear lady Kate,
Aye, aye, to the fact that I like my first mate!

Yes, yes, my dear Captain, Yes, yes, to your fame,
But what is your fame with a missing last name?
Aye, aye, my dear lady, aye, aye, to my fame,
But few pirates know that I have a last name!

Yes, yes, my dear Captain, yes, yes, my dear Nate,
Yes, yes, to the name that is key to your fate,
Your last name is mighty, your last name is great,
But what is the name we should put on your plate?

The Captain then muttered, he stuttered to state
He stuttered to state that his last name was great
He muttered and stuttered and buttered his bait
For something he uttered that fluttered Miss Kate

My dear pirate Captain, I hear what you state,
I hear what you state when you speak on our date,
I'm glad that you chose me to be your first mate,
But now you must trust me to finish your plate!

Aye, aye, said the Captain, Yes, yes, said Miss Tate,
Wee, wee, said the monkey, that sat on his plate.
The name that you seek, the name that I leak,
The name that I blame when you call me a freak, is "Mooney";

My dear Captain Mooney, my dear Captain Nate
Your fame is the name that should be on your plate
Your name is your fortune, your name is your fate
Your name is the same that is already great!

But what will I say to the rest of the crew,
When the boys laugh at me, will I know what to do,
Will I wear a new wig, will I dance a new jig,
When the boys laugh at me, will I seem just as big?

Will I learn how to dance in a state of romance,
Will I newly discover what lover's call chance,
Will I reach for the sky, with a patch on my eye,
And a peg for a leg, that is ready to die?

My dear Captain Mooney, you seem to be loony,
I feared you were crazy, but not so balloony
You bled with the best, you bled with the crew
Perhaps with a rest you will know what to do

Later... gentlemen pirates, please rise in a Mooney,
A Mooney is key to his fate,
So think of today when you think of your Captain,
Tomorrow will be a Miss Tate!

Bryan Norton

Through Maritime Miles (The Seduction)

For merely a hunch or a hint of a kiss
I nearly was lunch for a hit on a miss
She shimmied for me in a short pirate skirt
No army of men was a match for this flirt

I started to flee in the face of a rout
She called out my name and she swung me about
In only a bit I was back to her side
My courage was hit by the lack of my pride

She puckered at once like a heady young lass
My body was tuckered but ready for class
She stood there like cream that was ready to pour
I knew that my dream was too good to ignore

I almost was tempted to go back to work
The job of a pirate is nothing to shirk
The thrill of the moment was pressed in my mind
No luck of the lady would leave me behind

My greatest concern was the captain's own good
Who surely would shrink by the lass if he could
Or hate me and weight me in deep-water drink
The fate of a date with his daughter, I think

And finally, one danger, a bona fide thriller
Consider the lady is somebody's killer
Somebody like Brady, my roommate and friend
Who dated the lady but died in the end

For these inhibitions my mind was undone
I wanted a kiss but I knew I should run
Perhaps she would thank me or think I was shy
For losing my nerve on the very first try

Her lips were still puckered in place of a pout
In only a moment my luck would run out
To tease her for naught would be tempting my fate
But that's what you get when you balk at the bait

She opened her eyes and I froze where I stood
My future was bleak and my feet were no good
I knew she would catch me and cut me in two
Or batch me like monkeys in barrels of glue

She shuffled my way with no hint of a grin
Her silence rebuked me in matters of sin
She stood on my feet and we giggled like fools
Then matter-of-factly she shattered my jewels

I fell in a heap as she ripped her own dress
Her daddy would chain me and make me confess
Her purpose, no less, was to catch me in pleasure
And plunder my chest for the sake of my treasure

To take a long story and make it more short
I have some good news I would like to report
My booty is found, and my job is restored
But what if my future is nothing to board? ...

Bryan Norton

Through Maritime Miles 6, A Love Story

O Lori, my lady, my darling divine
My vision of beauty, my radiant shine
More precious to me than the tulips you bring
That bloom in the sips of the drips in your Spring

Your lips are the dells of the wells that I drink
The pink in the blues of the bells in my sink
The sweet summer smells in the fragrance of rose
That rise in the swells of the scents in my nose

The freckles of night that are new on my lawn
Are speckles of light that are dew in the dawn
The glory above is the beam on your face
The story of love in the seam you replace

Your love is the season I savor in Fall
The very same reason I favor them all
The glow of the moon and the gleam of the sun
Is how you will know of the dream you have won

The bubble you burst is the best that I brought
The trouble you cursed is the quest that I sought
The man that you see is no true folly dodger
Perhaps you should call me a blue Jolly Roger

Your blame is the spark on the fuel of remiss
A flame in the dark of the duel of a kiss
The embers that glow in the schemes of your mind
Are ashes that blow on the dreams we designed

O Lori, my lady, my pleasure in life
Your love is the treasure I seek in a wife
Your trust is the measure of whether we last
A must in the tether of future and past

The taste of your cheek is no crime in a kiss
The waste of a week is the time that you miss
The bounty of beauty in what you reflect
Is worthy of duty in every respect

To 'bide in your glow is the day that you share
The kindness you show in the way that you care
The strength of my love is the wife I will give
The length of my love in the life I still live

The crime in our strife is the second you choose
To live in the past for the minute you lose
The lesson you learn is the loss of your pain
When love is the boss of the time that you gain

The sparks in your eyes are the flames you disguise
They flare in my face at the first of my lies
Your soft, gentle good is the grace I desire
A mantle of wood on the place of your fire

My beautiful woman and one I adore
I beg thee to take me and love me once more
My love and devotion are all I can give
But time is the truth in the way that I live.

Bryan Norton

Thru Maritime Miles 5-Aftermath

In only a moment of maritime mirth
My ship's maiden voyage was missing at birth
The King's Royal Navy reduced me in rank
By flushing my ship in the place where it sank

I fell in the sea with no source of a boat
The swell I could see was no course I could float
The sharks were completely the first to arrive
I knew they would eat me or let me survive

We cried out for help in the dead of the night
With talk of surrender we gave up the fight
My crusty old sailors were not in the mood
To sink in the soup of a shark brand of food

That evil young lady who tried to be bad
Was never the person who died with her dad
She may have defeated a shark in a crunch
Or maybe the shark was completed at lunch

It seems that her filling was dealing in pleasure
By methods of killing and stealing my treasure
Her aim was the same as the sunder of duty
To blame me and shame me and plunder my booty

My brave band of pirates were shaken and hobbled
I'm glad they were taken before they were gobbled
By someone who served them with honey and tea
And warm bunny blankets on beds made for three

When they were well-rested and ready for home
I sent them to places where old pirates roam
To seaports and pubs and the docks where they came
For bottles of rum and for seafaring game

But many are mateys who serve in good matches
With young pirate ladies in curves and eye patches
Where children are raised to be seen and not talking
Like peg-legged babies who lean before walking

Whose fathers are baddies in true pirate fashion
Who fetch them like daddies of new pirate passion
For prancing with rhinos that race in arenas
With dancing albinos who chase ballerinas

But all these excursions are merely diversions
For hook-fisted pirates who plan to be surgeons
The call of the sea and the promise of booty
Is why they come back for the new round of duty

I pondered the reason I got for my living
If Lori my lady is not so forgiving
My trip is to blame in the force of her speeches
A shipwreck of shame in the course that she teaches

My schemes have all perished like fish that are battered
In dreams that I cherished but now hardly mattered
My fortune is gone and my future is missing
And so is my bond with the one I was kissing.

Bryan Norton

Thru Maritime Miles 7-A Love Song 2

Dear Davey, my darling, my bright pirate boy
Your lips are the prize in the night of my joy
Your eyes can erase me or teach me the cure
Of how you can face me by all you endure

Your sigh is the sign of a man who is lost
A why on the line of a ban that you crossed
The cry of goodbye is the fear that you face
A try to get by with a beer you displace

Your math is confused by the lies in your good
The path you abused by the why's in your should
The man in your head is the boy in your heart
Who skips on ahead for the joy on his part

The stop what you do is the pause that you need
The matter of two is the cause you should heed
Your joy is undone by the impulse to cheat
By raising your pulse for the sake of your beat

The glad if you could is the act you withstood
The had you been good for the fact that you should
The ship that you bossed with our dime in the bank
Is something you lost in the time that it sank

The romance we shared is the one that you sought
The dance that we dared for the fun that is not
The flip in our fortune was done by your hand
The dip in our portion you won for the band

Dear Davey, my dear one, my pride and my joy
The thrill of your lip is the side you employ
The hill we must climb is no tall mountain peak
But merely a time to be all that you seek

The strength you must find is the will to be true
The length of your life on a hill made for you
The tally you score is the streak you begin
By which you may soar to the peak of a win

To do what you can is fulfilling and right
To prove you're a man who is willing to fight
The courage to care is the best way to find
The urge that is there to be honest and kind

The values we choose are the news of success
The virtues we use in the views we confess
Your love is my cruise on a path that is blind
That helps me to lose all the wrath in my mind

How long I have waited for someone like you
And yet I was dated by men who withdrew
The lady you mated is now in control
By how she has gated the heart that is full

Dear Davey, my pirate, my sweet honeycake
Your love in my life is no feat of mistake
Your lip is my trip on an ocean of blue
The reason I flip with emotion for you.

Bryan Norton

Valerie

There was a woman named Valerie
Who stayed at home with family
She never made a brand new start
Or had to heal a broken heart
Her life was just a daily routine
A never ending dreary scene
She never had to think too much
Her friends were never out of touch
One magic night she had a dream
She saw herself upon a stream
A stream that swept her gentle and free
In a bright red raft to the deep blue sea
The current carried her along
And sang a sad sweet siren song
Which made her close her eyes and sleep
Protected by whales from the deep
Refreshed by the wind she awoke with a smile
On a beautiful white sand desert isle
And very soon she was aware
That no one else was with her there
The island fruit about her feet
Exceeded any worldly treat
And breathing fresh clean ocean air
She soon forgot to worry and care
Within this clime sublime and sweet
She knew her life was incomplete
Then suddenly she left her dream
But in her eyes there was a gleam
A new expanding point of view
Which told this woman what to do
She packed a bag not used before
And left to travel ever more

Bryan Norton

What I Can Be

What I can be has always been a part of me
A part of the heart that I never set free
Concealed in time like a distant memory
The person that I am still waiting to be

Like a beautiful dream that is lost to a scream
Or a sad little cloud on a low-pressure stream
Like the gentle morning dew that retreats with a sigh
When the sun sits supreme at the top of the sky

What I can be is someone who I never was before
Somebody who will love me and will like me even more
Somebody strong to lift me up when I begin to tire
A friend to fill my empty cup and set my heart on fire

Upon the tallest mountain peak the day is bright and clear
A place of peace and harmony and courage more than fear
Where every view is like a vision of the one I need to be
Who looks for good in everyone instead of back at me

What I can be is everything I look for every day
For kindness from the ones I meet in deeds and what they say
How strange it is that we admire a person's shadow shown
And overlook the one inside, the real one unknown

In every man and woman is someone who we can't see
And yet we know that everyone is much like you and me
So be a friend to someone who no one is thinking of
What I can be is someone who will take the time to love.

Bryan Norton

When You Are Most Alone

You muddle through an average week
Your duties to attend
But even at your highest peak
You need a special friend

The people at your job this year
May choose a different tone
But you can trust the voice you hear
When you are most alone

The values that you share with friends
Are leaving you exposed
The views you have on current trends
Are windows they have closed

A kinder friend will hear you out
To speak as you are prone
But you can face a world of doubt
When you are most alone

The written word may be your guide
When you have work to do
But what you teach the man inside
May need some wisdom too

You may prefer to read a book
Or reach a friend by phone
But you will get a better look
When you are most alone

The purpose of the life you lead
Is what you need to know
The beauty of a kindly deed
Is more than just a show

The courage of the one you are
May never win a throne
But you can be a superstar
When you are most alone!

Bryan Norton

Wonderful

Wonderful it's wonderful
To be in love these days
Your love is so refreshing
In so many lovely ways

Wonderful it's wonderful
To do what's not allowed
To lose the last of my control
And dance upon a cloud

How wonderful so wonderful
To prove what I can be
By dancing deeply in my soul
The groove that's right for me

My sweetest dreams are coming true
In living day to day
The happy life I sought with you
I've got with you today

The happy life I sought with you
You brought in every way.

Bryan Norton

You Know, My Sweet Lady

You know, my sweet lady, I truly do say
That your love completes me in every way
You lead with a touch that is gentle and free
By which you inspire the best I can be

You shine like a diamond in all that you do
For this I am grateful my treasure is you
Your passion for living is something you show
By which you are keeping me loving you so

Your song is the reason my happy heart sings
The joyful new season that loving you brings
You cover my life like the fresh morning dew
That fills up my days in the wonder of you

Your tenderness springs from a ready resolve
To think of us both in the problems we solve
You challenge my lead with a new kind of thought
By which I am freed by the vision you brought

You make me aware of the need to improve
By which I am daring to get in the groove
Your soaring suggestions are lifting me higher
For you are my strength and my flaming desire.

Bryan Norton