

Poetry Series

dave lessard
- poems -

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dave lessard()

Born: Mass.

retired hospital worker.

Hiker, reader, writer.

9/30/1955.

Out of Indiana,
he headed for the west;
to the land of Hollywood,
to act and be the best.
He was Cal, from East Of Eden,
all the critics gave him praise;
he was a rapid, rising star,
in those torrid, early days.
In a movie made for youth,
he played a troubled teen;
and everybody witnessed
as he garnered every scene.
In the flick called 'Giant',
he gave his very best;
and the acting world gave kudos,
as he rose above the rest.
Sixty-one long years ago,
his speed, took him away;
yet I recall James Dean,
and honor him this day.

dave lessard

A New Year?

I knew that you would come,
we've been waiting for so long;
to see your face, to hear your voice,
break out its new found song.

We passed the time by watching,
the seasons come and go;
but you were right on time,
you always are...you know.

What have you for us this year?
something new I hope;
with the killings and the violence,
it's very hard to cope.

Corruption knows no boundaries,
it's prevalent everywhere;
I get this sense inside me,
many people do not care.

Man's inhumanity is gross,
we ruin almost everything;
will this year be any different?
what will tomorrow bring?

dave lessard

A Prayer Poem

Father bless this brand new day,
of summer sun and shade;
let my heart but praise Your name,
before the evening shadows fade.
Keep me strong in times of trouble,
may my steps be filled with light;
keep the darkness ever from me,
watch me safely in the night.
Let my soul rejoice in gladness,
against discouragement, my foe;
free me from all earthly bondage,
to the warmth of joy I know.
Grace these aging days with wonder,
to the mighty strength of You;
guard me from the wicked one,
to the things I know are true.
Be the rock of my salvation,
give to me the bread of life;
so that I might dwell in peace,
far away from worldly strife.
Guide me on this awesome journey,
keep my heart from doing wrong;
I will stay in Your green pastures,
to sing to You in praise, my song.

dave lessard

After We Fall In Love...

=What do we do, after we fall in love?
after we are married, will we fit,
just like a glove?
Or will our path be strewn,
with grave misunderstandings?
like a plane tossed in the air,
with hope for a safe landing.
Once we've fallen in love,
will the union be forever?
will we be rich or poor,
after each endeavor?
Will it be a piece of cake,
or will it melt, like ice?
will it be a game of chance,
with each throw of the dice?
After we fall in love,
will we be happy tomorrow?
will we make lots of money,
or beg and steal or borrow?
With love, there must be reason,
you must involve the mind;
the heart alone is deceitful,
let us pray it is not your kind.

dave lessard

Aztec Peak.

There are places, remote and far away,
beauty spots of nature, that are grand;
that few find, because of where they are,
but that glorify God's mighty hand.

Such a spot, we found three days ago,
a mountain's peak that kissed the sky;
that gave us views in panorama,
where bears dance and eagles fly.

A hundred miles away, we saw a lake,
framed by cliffs and boulders - blue;
and in the distance, great, lofty peaks,
a vision of the earth we never knew.

Down below us, dark clouds were raining,
but where we were - the ground was dry,
just vivid scenes of nature's glory;

I can't put it into words,
but in this poem, I'll try.

It is the view of God's creation,
unspoiled, unmarred, by touch of man;
I look in awe and stare in wonder,
at His artistry, at His great plan.

dave lessard

Boat Crazy.

Give me a ship that has no rudder,
that has no compass for a guide;
just give me the sea to float upon,
and white-capped waves to ride.

Give me a morn that looks slate-gray,
with a somber, haunted look;
with some wind to push me forward,
and one good readable book.

Then when the sun bursts through,
and gulls cry out for living;
give me the empty, endless miles,
and weather that's forgiving.

I'll sleep amongst the stars,
and gaze at night-time jewels;
where man is but a speck of dirt,
and mother nature rules.

Give me a boat that crawls along,
that doesn't involve any rowing;
there's no vessel I wouldn't take,
no matter where it's going.

dave lessard

Can I Count On You?

If I gave you all my love,
would you handle it with care?
would you give it due respect,
can I count it being there?
If I gave you my tomorrows,
would I see them everyday?
would you honor all my dreams,
in those times when you're away?
Would our love include those moments,
when your hand's enclosed in mine?
when our hearts and souls are one,
not just now, but all the time?
Can you trust love with the truth,
and not deny it with a lie?
can you be a true companion,
and succeed, not only try?
Then I'll give you all my love,
knowing happiness will reign;
knowing in the days ahead,
our minds will be the same.

dave lessard

Crimson.

Crimson was the color of the dress you wore,
the night we danced, out on the square;
the moon was glowing in the sky,
the breeze caressed your auburn hair.

We circled round the monument,
to the music that was playing;
to the music of our own we heard,
magic that our hearts were weighing.

To enchantment in your eyes,
to the tender touch of cheek;
to the bond of our embrace,
to what all lovers seek.

We were dancing in a crowd,
but we felt, we were alone;
the moon, the night, the stars,
so high above us...shone.

Crimson was the color of the dress you wore,
the night we had but love to share;
the moon-glow settled on your face,
and the wind was ruffling up your hair.

dave lessard

Faded Dreams.

When I looked into your soul,
blinded by those lovely eyes;
I knew what love was like,
I think I smiled and sighed.

My poor heart beat faster,
with anticipated glee;
that you'd reciprocate,
and share your love with me.

You smiled, and I was lost,
by the emotion I could feel;
by a silly, startling notion,
that this wasn't really real.

But then, you took my hand,
said you're name was Nancy;
could you read my thoughts?
that you had grabbed my fancy?

I took you in my waiting arms,
like I'd ached to for so long;
but then you faded in my clutch,
and like that, my dream was gone.

dave lessard

Falling For You.

I am falling for you.
If you disappeared...
don't know what I'd stick around, and let me fall,
I won't touch the ground,
at all.

Love again, will lift me up-
Soon, I'll be flying high
Like a kite, I'll keep
on climbing -
until I kiss the sky.

Love me long and gently -
Share your life with me -
I'm lost without your arms -
don't you know,
can't you see?

A poem to set my mind straight,
rhymes to claim your heart;
lyrics for a lover,
when does
our love
start?

dave lessard

Follower Of God.

To be a follower of God
you must leave it all behind;
the ego and the vanity
of the heart and of the mind.
To be equipped with love
you first must love yourself;
then your neighbor, then a friend
put anger on a shelf.
You must shed your baggage
get rid of guilt and pain;
repent and say your prayers
then do it all again.
Be a light to others
forgive them for they're hurt;
let the old wounds heal
buried in the dirt.
To be a follower of God
in your life He must be first;
then 'drink' in His word
and you will never thirst.

dave lessard

Halloween Here's.

This autumn day is changing,
there's rain in pregnant clouds;
the valleys in the early morn,
are enclosed in somber shrouds.

Soon, the ghost and goblins,
will creep up to your door;
asking for a handout,
begging then, for more.

The pumpkin's face is scary,
a tooth carved like a fang;
and on a branch close by,
several witches hang.

The moon is huge and heavy,
an eerie light cast down;
the wind moans with emotion,
a haunting, frightful sound.

Late October, in the hills,
in the Arizona night;
alive with zombies, walking,
making them a fearful, sight.

Another holiday rolls round,
we give candy to the ghouls;
to vampires and were-wolfs,
and to other motley fools.

dave lessard

Here And Now.

Looking back, there are
no obstacles,
to block and mar my way;
I've made it to the summit,
and here, for now, I'll stay.
The valley lies below,
it's green and seems at peace,
all I know, my worldly troubles,
up here, for now, have ceased.
Like trails, my life's been turning,
rough patches in the road;
but here, for now, they're gone,
and I have no more load.
Here, the wind is gentle,
blowing in my face;
here, the rest is welcomed,
from the city's pace.
Now, my mind is clear and sharp,
the senses more alive;
now, the soul is satisfied,
now, that I've arrived.

dave lessard

Hidden Love.

Did you ever love me?
or was it some charade?
you left me way too soon,
to a single man parade.

A drummer marching to a beat,
heard by a single being;
what did I miss in love,
that led to my non-seeing?

One sided love, it isn't good,
and who can keep the pact?
I thought you more considerate,
I thought you had more tact.

But I found out the secret,
that when love is locked away;
it's buried deep forever,
and will no more see the day.

When all was doomed and dreary,
you shut up and led me on;
then threw aside the key,
to unlock that door,
that told me you were gone.

dave lessard

I Will.

I will gather flowers for your hair,
bring you sweets, to show I care;
chocolates and honey for your lips,
admiration for your face, so fair.

I will give you love without regret,
to show how happy I am that we met;
I'll give you kisses for dessert,
an umbrella so you won't be wet.

Words to soothe your troubled heart,
some mementos for when we are apart;
to say I love you from my soul,
to say I've loved you from the start.

I will bring you ribbons for your hair,
to keep the flowers I gave you, there;
I'll bring some music that you like,
and only the two of us will share.

We will be linked to lovers everywhere,
proving love is treasured by one pair;
we'll be the envy of each searching eye,
as they stroll by and simply stare.

dave lessard

If Ever.

If ever you were in my arms,
I'd never let you go -
I was daunted by your charms,
I think I've told you so.
If ever you were in my heart,
my happiness would shout -
you've given me a brand new start,
of what life's all about.
If ever you stayed in my mind,
my thoughts would be just you -
so wonderful, a love to find,
my hopes and dreams come true.
If ever you should kiss my lips,
I'd hold you close forever -
then I'd kiss your fingertips,
and let you go, but never.
If ever you were in my arms,
I'd be your great defender -
protecting you from all life's harms,
with love both strong and tender.

dave lessard

If I Loved You...

If I loved you, would all my dreams come true?
would I see through different colored glasses;
the things, you alone, would want me to see?
would you try to change, some things about me?

Changing people, because of silly flaws,
works against the grain, rubs the wrong way;
did I mistake your soft and tender hands,
for what later, turns out to be a set of claws?

Take me, for what I really am,
or forever, let me be;
I don't want to be a captive,
you must let go, to go be free.

Love is not a perfect thing, if only you set rules,
if one holds all the cards, and dominates your will;
there has to be equality, some treasured space,
otherwise, we're only stubborn fools.

If I ever loved you, then two would be as one,
we'd share the things we both have loved;
we wouldn't tear each other down,
and never would we run.

dave lessard

Lingering.

Give me a day, with a light breeze blowing,
with sun and shadow, playing hide and seek;
with spring time blossoming, I'll be going,
away for the morning, instead of a week.

Away for a morning, sometimes it's too short,
in the midst of a hike, you must turn around;
at the high point of pleasure, you must abort,
back to the starting point, now homeward-bound.

Give me a day, when the clouds fill the skies,
when the air is brisk and the sun is in hiding;
where the hawk and the eagle, on currents do rise,
returning to earth, on the clouds they are riding.

There, let me stay, for more than a morning,
let me walk for ten miles, and not turn about;
to see all of nature, with its heavens adorning,
proving to me, God exists, without doubt.

dave lessard

Love Lost

Never was there a day so blue,
as when you closed the door;
a sudden ending, darling,
on what had come before.

Never was there a night so long,
when dawn seemed not come;
but love was dying, darling,
to us, and not to some.

Never did my soul just fade,
to leave an empty spot;
but our demise was done,
and it soon began to rot.

Never did I close my eyes,
when you were never there;
but then you vanished from my sight,
when did you stop to care?

Never did my limbs grow cold,
when you were by my side;
now they ache from loneliness,
and something sweet has died.

dave lessard

Love Slap.

I never asked for love,
but it slapped me in the face;
I would have gone on by,
content with my own pace.

But a slap, it wakes you up,
like a bolt out of the blue;
yesterday was loneliness,
but today...there's you.

I don't even know your name,
but you turned and smiled at me;
yesterday I had no one,
that offered love to see.

I can't ignore a subtle slap,
my demeanor turned to fluff;
I stuttered my hello,
would my shyness be enough?

You stopped and smiled again,
then asked me for the time;
I'd glanced down at my watch,
how bright her eyes did shine!

I said that it was time,
to let me buy her lunch;
to break ourselves away,
from the maddening crunch.

Then it was over coffee,
that I got slapped once more;
I said something that I shouldn't,
and she showed me the front door.

dave lessard

Love?

I've managed to forget you,
now that you have gone;
the vicious cycle never stopped,
it just went on and on.

So we've closed the door on love,
but how can we call it that?
lovers seldom quarrel,
we just went tit for tat.

Quibbling, sniveling, bickering,
we never compromised;
we carried too much baggage,
that were filled with endless lies.

We could not beg forgiveness,
too foolish with our pride;
we let it slip away,
and you went off to hide.

How soon we lost the tenderness,
so soon we lost compassion;
the love we had... it wasn't love,
just a useless, wasted, passion.

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Love's Puzzle.

Where was love when I needed it?
was it lurking, 'round the bend?
my heart was wild and anxious,
wanting another- to blend.
Wanting the dream of tomorrow,
held back, by shyness and fear;
I searched around for the right one,
wondering if she was near.
I wanted love to find me,
so I could be happy and gay;
not afraid of my past and future,
hoping that she would stay.
Where was love when I slumbered?
my nights filled with distant dreams;
just when I captured my mind,
it all fell apart at the seams.
Love is an unsolved puzzle,
the pieces must fit secure;
for health of a satisfied soul,
for what it must endure.

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Love's Risks.

How many times,
must love fail,
before the roots take hold?
how often must
we search in vain,
before we find the gold?
I feel I'm on a
roller coaster,
the dips, the climbs,
the sudden fall;
ending up at
the very spot,
I started after all.
Impulsive love's not
lasting,
it flees from
comfort's touch;
what do we learn
from that?
I can tell you,
it's not much.
My the soul is
always yearning,
for a woman at your side;
for a staunch companion,
for a trusting friend,
for life's unknowing ride.
Give all you have
to love,
though it may
never stay;
it's worth the
daring risk,
the game of chance,
to find the only one,
someday.

dave lessard

Midnight Ride.

Are you troubled, my poor heart?
then let us take a sip of wine;
and listen to the awesome blues,
and let the soul unwind.

Some B.B. King, some B.B. Bland,
and some Billie Holiday;
let the music soak in you,
it's your comfort, in a way.

Until you've finally had enough,
and you can take no more;
until the blues just chokes you,
until the pain's a G.D. chore.

Then toss the blues aside,
pour your cares right down the drain;
and punch your ticket for the ride,
on life's fast midnight train.

The train will take you up, not down,
for it's full of happy crowds;
headed straight for heaven,
once you have passed the clouds.

dave lessard

Music

There is music in the way you smile,
a blinding light that soon appears;
that stays with my heart a little while,
and sets aside, my daily fears.

There is music in the way you speak,
a melody of sweet refrain;
you are the peace my soul does seek,
that balms the ever-present pain.

There is music in your laughing eyes,
that puts the restless mind at ease;
a magic that is one big surprise,
that's always there to love and please.

There is music in your loving heart,
that fills the world with quiet strings;
that tells me we will never part,
no matter what tomorrow brings.

There is music in the way you smile,
that soothes my thoughts with poetry;
that soothes my troubled mind a while,
that returns my mended soul to me.

dave lessard

New World

There is a solution to the madness,
the hate, the rage, the pain;
there's a cure for the insanity,
and for those that are too vain.

Where thoughts are made and chosen,
for the good or for the bad;
free will to make the choices,
or regret the ones we had.

But the flesh, it fights the spirit,
and so, the eyes are blind;
the ears, they do not hear,
these souls are left behind.

But they'll get a chance again,
to accept or to deny;
the Creator of all Life,
who reigns above, on high.

The earth will be re-made,
by the One that knows just how;
to Him we all will give our hearts,
and to Him, each knee will bow.

dave lessard

New Year Transformation.

Goodbye to X-mas, Hello New Year,
the past is gone, tomorrow's near;
the lights are up, but not for long,
tomorrow will be, your new song.

So make those stupid resolutions,
held for three weeks at the most;
there's no answers or solutions,
so today, just make a toast!

Here's to love and health and laughter,
to old friends and memory;
forget the pain that comes right after,
what the tortured mind does see.

Bury remnants of the hurt,
that you've carried for too long;
shovel them beneath the dirt,
forget the times that you've been wrong.

The years fly past like rain still falling,
you've been soaked and never dry;
get with the new year and your calling,
you'll only make it, if you try.

dave lessard

Out Of This World.

I've come out of this world,
with its prejudice and hate;
and walked along God's path,
I admit, a little late.
Cause I was ignorant of truth,
didn't know the right from wrong;
had it all and lost it all,
like in some old country song.
Didn't know the Word itself,
didn't hear God's special call;
and from this sad position,
I was ripe, to fall.
I fell right to the bottom,
before I heard His voice;
He forgave me from my sins,
the sins of my own choice.
Oh yes, I'm far from perfect,
but I'm improving, everyday;
in mood, in thought, in prayer,
I'm finally on my way.

dave lessard

Passing Seasons.

There is sunshine in the rain,
that falls from heaven,
golden drops, that you cannot see;
in the wetness of an autumn storm,
the golden light of day,
awaits for you and me.
There is a freshness in the air,
once the rain has stopped,
and earth's canvas stands anew;
a colored bridge is in the distance,
against a canopy of solid blue.
Just as life, each storm is quick in passing,
though some seem lengthy, and rather long;
and like the summer, a season's passing,
as we welcome in, September's song.
There is sunshine in the rain,
that falls from heaven,
through the silent mist that covers all;
now comes the lovely tints of autumn,
that announce the reign of fall.

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Perfect Day

Sunshine calls to lovers close,
they lead us to the meadow;
you, the winsome, comely lass,
me, the handsome fellow.

We climb the hilltop quickly,
the view spread out, so grand;
the wind blows kisses on our cheeks,
as we walk hand-in-hand.

Here we can escape the world,
by our being up above;
two beings looking out at space,
two hearts that walk in love.

The evening gather stars,
as we return to earth;
laughter ringing in our ears,
basking in our mirth.

Upon the porch we linger,
upon the porch, we sing;
thoughts encased in dreaming,
of what the night might bring.

dave lessard

Praise Poem

Now come the days of stark November,
when most of day is pierced by night;
but in the gloominess of shadows,
gloom's eclipsed by Your great light.
In the patterns of Your weather,
comes the rain, the hail, and snow;
but for a day or for a season,
with it comes that special glow.
Leaves will wither in the winter,
but green will come with every Spring;
and even in the clutch of coldness,
I still hear the heavens sing.
Autumn's here but for a moment,
far behind is Summer's heat;
we catch our breath on frigid mornings,
and dodge the ice with hurried feet.
Each season comes with mirth and pleasure,
the gracious gift of Your creation;
the earth spins safely in Your arms,
and hearts cry out with jubilation!

dave lessard

Praise Poem To My Lord

This is Your day Lord,
as all days really are;
You changed my life completely,
and brought me, oh, so far.

I am a new creation,
by the splendor of Your Word;
by the beauty of Your being,
by new songs I've not heard.

Transformation is now finished,
as I walk in grace with You;
my soul is in Your hands,
all things are made anew.

You called to me in silence,
but I always knew Your voice;
You gave me opportunity,
to make my moral choice.

I praise You in this day Lord,
and give all my days to You;
knowing the right path to take,
that You, will see me through.

dave lessard

Psalm For A Troubled Heart.

There isn't a day,
that I don't think of you;
where you have been hiding,
the troubles we've been through!

But here we are; together,
in the end that's all that matters;
far from my previous life,
we all I touched, just shattered.

When the prince of darkness ruled,
when I was caught up in his web;
it almost took a lifetime,
for those morbid things to ebb.

To wash away the dirt and grime,
of a hundred sordid things;
to cleanse myself of evil,
and what that evil brings.

Stand fast with me forever,
tomorrow never dies;
but now, I know the path,
and where salvation lies.

dave lessard

Remember When...

Don't tell me that you hate the way I'm dressed,
or that my tie, it doesn't match my shirt;
it's hard enough in life without being pressed,
tell me when you're happy, not when you're hurt.

What side of the bed did you get up from?
you're contrary, even when you're not;
don't play the fool and act like you are dumb,
when you are angry, let it be and let it rot.

Anger is painful for the heart and soul,
anger just brings hurt and misery;
why can't you let my self be whole?
why is it so hard for you to see?

I love you the way you are today,
I don't want to change the makeup of your being;
for once, let me have my own damn way,
it's my makeup that you'll be freeing.

Remember when our love was warm and good?
remember when I held your hands in mine?
remember when all we had and shared was good?
when we were once in love... and kind.

dave lessard

Searching For You.

I looked for you along the boulevard,
but you were nowhere to be found;
I searched the old familiar haunts,
asked, if you'd been round.

But I wound up with nothing,
the trace of you is gone;
and I am left with memory,
of the old familiar song.

The one in which you leave,
every time we have a fight;
leaving me to face alone,
the coldness of the night.

The emptiness of my own soul,
the solitude of living;
why can't you bury the old hurts,
and be a bit forgiving?

I looked for you in old cafes,
that once, we loved to dine;
but the old cafes are few now,
and they've all lost their shine.

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Secret Love.

For your eyes only,
a secret known by you;
hidden from all others,
that's only for your view.

Love is but a secret,
known to very few.

Love is but a treasure,
kept inside the heart;
known to certain lovers,
though many miles apart.

Kept safely in the mind,
by Cupid's little dart.

dave lessard

Selfie.

What it is about a selfie that we love?
to be remembered from a photograph?
to look at it, years from now,
and then, perhaps to laugh.

We should be remembered for the love,
we sought to give at every turn;
the spread of happiness to all,
to share with others, then to learn.

To learn that sorrow does not last,
that sadness of the heart, retreats;
that everyone needs respect,
that a stranger is a friend you meet.

The greatest of all gifts is love,
to give away in careful measure;
so our memories will be,
that of someone else's treasure.

For what you give, comes back to you,
in greater ways that you can think;
the joy of life is in your hands,
and on the step of heaven's brink.

dave lessard

Snow In Arizona

Snow in Arizona,
like a gem,
rare and beautiful,
whichever county you're in.
It doesn't last too long here,
in the place we call our home;
but that's okay with us,
we don't much like to roam.
I did that in my youth,
the gypsy wandering thing;
the life of a traveling man,
didn't get what it all did bring.
Just the beauty of the landscape,
the view of the lonely road;
the waits on rides that never came,
too much of a weary load.
Too much of the endless miles,
that never seemed to end;
too much of the loneliness,
around the curving bend.
Oh yeah, snow in Arizona,
it's like postcard coming down;
funny, how white and soft it is,
and how it never makes a sound.

dave lessard

Solitary Hiker.

I walk the hills that climb up though the canyon,
winding, bending, the trail uncurls;
in the distance, I see dust devils,
whirling, swirling, blowing, as they unfurl.
The river is a ribbon, coated now with silver,
as the setting sun shines down;
I am far removed from traffic,
far from the blinking lights of town.
The quiet of the dusk is peaceful,
nothing mocks the silence of my reverie;
a hawk rides on the gentle breezes,
there's only mountains as far as I can see.
The call of nature is my companion,
I'm enveloped in my slow-paced walk;
no need of something to remind me,
of useless chatter and mundane talk.
A solitary hiker, against a purple sky,
a silhouette from my shadow's cast;
a part of earth, in this, my journey,
knowing well, that it can never last.

dave lessard

Some Things Remain.

We weren't meant to live forever,
we're here today and gone tomorrow;
Father Time has pulled his lever,
enter now, the grief and sorrow.
Life's sweet blossom fades away,
gone too soon with struggling breath;
be thankful for this gifted day,
that does not end with our own death.
Sing a song of praise for living,
celebrate each day of life;
grace the day with much forgiving,
gain the peace that shuts off strife.
What we had is gone forever,
yet a piece of us remains;
for those we love, forget us never,
in the days of gloom and rains.
Memories will last a lifetime,
the good we spread, that will not die;
and too the poetry we rhyme,
will not die with our last sigh.

dave lessard

Spring Magic.

Cotton, floating on the breeze,
falling, gently in the air;
'neath a canopy of trees,
in skies so blue and bare.
No clouds to hide the view,
just some contrails passing by;
a morning, fresh and new,
with scenes that make one sigh.
Like snowflakes sown in May,
they flutter to the ground;
the leaves in splendor sway,
there is no other sound.
The spores are soft and white,
they're dancing in the wind;
it's a magic spring-time sight,
around each pathway's bend.
Walks like these, are treasure,
to the mind and to the soul;
they're ones we cannot measure,
but they're ones that make us whole.

dave lessard

Stars

Stars are hot, or stars are cold,
like people that I know;
some are dark and gloomy,
some of them just glow!

Stars fall out heaven,
their light just seems to die;
gone from the sparkling night,
we stare and wonder why.

Stars are shining jewels,
cast on the velvet night;
we gaze, two-star crossed lovers,
at their appealing sight.

Stars surround the bleached-out moon,
to keep it company;
the planets hover close,
in sweet serenity.

Stars are lost, or they are found,
like people that I know;
some fighting against life,
some going with the flow.

dave lessard

Tell Her...

Tell her that you love her,
If, in fact, you do;
that you are happy with her,
a wondrous thing you never knew.
Tell her that her eyes speak love,
her laugh is music to your ear;
that your contentment overflows,
when, by chance, she's near.
Tell her she's the one you cherish,
in your heart, when you're away;
the prize you hold above all others,
that completes your every day.
That life with her is all you wish for,
that her kisses are a treasure;
that her embrace is heaven's gate,
beyond the realm of human measure.
Tell her that you love her,
if, in fact, it's true;
that you can't live without her,
because, with her, each day is new.

dave lessard

The Day I Shrank.

I was always five foot nine,
from my days of youthful past;
I figured I'd remain the same,
that everything would last.
I was fine and in good health,
a shining, radiant being;
was there somethin up ahead,
my aging eyes weren't seeing?
I lost my teeth at first,
later on, my hearing;
I've got glasses (just to read) ,
my looks got less endearing.
I noticed aches and pains,
my body not so limber;
hair in funny places,
just where I don't remember.
Then came my annual wellness check,
my mood both foul and rank;
she said, 'Remove your shoes, '
and that's the day I shrank.

dave lessard

The Edge.

You're on the edge my darling,
come back this way a bit;
standing too close to nothing,
makes me have a fit.

You can see the view from where I am,
without getting too damn near;
I only thinking of you safe,
you seem too close my dear.

You laugh and call me foolish,
to be a worry-wart;
but I would feel much better,
if you would but abort.

Death isn't very funny,
don't make me scold you more;
must I come and drag you back?
the one that I adore.

You lean and peer into the space,
my heart begins to thump;
the vertigo just sucks you in,
or did you truly jump?

dave lessard

The Glassford Hill Hike.

Once an ancient volcano, jutting in the air,
now just cacti and pronghorns wander there;
the morning cool and sunny, no need of talk,
we exit from the car and then, begin our walk.

Two point one miles, will take us to the top,
we figure just an hour, not counting any stop;
the trail is very wide and slightly inclines,
there's no wind to speak of, only God's sunshine.

The first mile runs a straight line... and long,
the hiking boots feel good, the legs, feel strong;
then the curving switchbacks-in all, there's eight,
the trail grows rockier and steeper... less straight.

The elevation change is around a thousand feet,
a breeze originates, and dispels the heat;
now I see the ridge, where the sky connects to land,
as we crest the hilltop, the views become more grand.

An hour and thirty-five minutes, to secure the peak,
and we have reached our goal, feeling rather...meek;
going down- and in just an hour, we reach the car,
feeling fatigued, exhilarated, to have walked so far.

dave lessard

The Greater Love.

There's a greater love awaiting,
than the one you know right now;
there's a special gift for you,
...let me tell you how.

It's the sunrise of the morning,
and the last light in the west;
the days and nights of living,
when you done your very best.

When you lend a helping hand,
to those that are in need;
when you embrace the wonder,
on which our souls do feed.

When you hear the voice of heaven,
that gives strength to mortal man;
and you give your burdens all to Him,
and let Him fuel your plan.

It's God's grace that stills your fears,
it's His praise that we must sing;
for our drink and for our daily bread,
that our daily prayers will bring.

dave lessard

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dave lessard

The Movers.

Sharon's in Nevada,
Lou is in St. Paul;
I alone remain,
I never moved at all.

Pete moved to Missouri,
Frank went to New Orleans;
everybody's moved away,
only I'm here it seems.

Jake went to Nebraska,
May left for Tennessee;
I look for friends and family,
but here's none that I can see.

Sam drove off to Oregon,
Steve flew to Idaho;
there's no one left to chat with,
least, no one that I know.

Friends and family split apart,
by vacant empty spaces;
X-mas cards; they now come in,
from varied, distant places.

dave lessard

They Say

They say the past is dead,
don't bring it up again;
but memory's a bitch,
sometimes it doesn't end.

They say that it's old news,
let's get on with today;
but how can you destroy,
things that do not go away?

They say that you'll get over it,
in time it fades from mind;
but my memory won't let it go,
they're just trying to be kind.

They say the past will haunt you,
and that remark is true for me;
I have images that give me pain,
from the yesterdays that be.

They say the past is buried deep,
a dead child's the worst of all;
and my sorrow never ceases,
as I'm locked behind its wall.

dave lessard

Thieves In The Night.

Behind the darkness, light awaits,
dispelling night or gloom;
and thieves escape one's notice,
of the damaged, tampered room.

Now, no cover of the blackness,
to hide their ply from view;
when brightness shows the way,
their deviltry shines through.

But just until the twilight gone,
and when the world is dark;
then their hands do hatefulness,
and call such crimes, a 'lark.'

Cowards cringing, out of sight,
their tasks they have concealed;
until the day of sunshine shows,
the mysteries revealed.

Satan's minions steal the night,
from hearts that lie in slumber;
with evil minds they wander,
in slinking, silent number.

dave lessard

Tomorrow's World.

Tomorrow's world is coming soon,
are you ready for its grace?
when the Son of man appears,
and transforms this sad place?

This world of tears and heartaches,
this earth of deep-filled sorrows;
never knowing what will happen,
to the notions of tomorrows.

There's a brand new day approaching,
can you see it in your mind?
can you imagine happiness,
which now, you cannot find?

There's a song that all will know,
when the prince of peace comes round;
gathering the long lost souls,
once lost, they now are found.

Tomorrow's world is coming soon,
soon gone, the lust and greed;
forgotten soon, the endless lies,
soon planted...a new seed.

dave lessard

Until.

Until our youths learn war no more,
and nations stop their rage,
we can't go forward through that door,
to that peaceful center stage.

We can't embrace the truth,
that love is for us all;
that hate knows only sorrow,
since Eve and Adam's fall,
we've blighted our tomorrow.

Until the lust for greed,
exceeds our love of God;
we'll never find the road,
as embarrassing we plod,
and shoulder heavy loads.

The end is not the goal,
the journey comes from Spirit;
the flesh just drags us down,
if it's evil, don't go near it,
'cause hell is where you're bound.

Until the lie is turned to truth,
then you fight a losing battle;
you are doomed before you start,
all you see is death's dark rattle,
all you break is your own heart.

dave lessard

Us.

We have met the enemy and he is us,
polluters of the land, the air and sea;
what the hell is wrong with us?
tell me, it can't be only me.

I can't be the only one to witness,
the rape of the beauty of the land;
for profit and for greed they lust
turned to perversion by our hand.

The city's a jungle full of rot,
crime is rampant in the streets;
people walk on by without a smile,
fearful of the thugs that they might meet.

The water now, is not fit to drink,
the scars of mining mar the views;
where is the cultivation taking place?
the Eden that our first parents knew?

We've gone our way and scoffed at God,
while the morals of our people shrink;
while the downfall continues on and on,
no matter what some people say or think.

dave lessard

Walks.

I never tire of my walks,
fresh air, blue skies and sun;
refreshment of the mind,
elation when I'm done.
The hills, the wind, the views,
rejuvenate my soul;
invigorate my body,
it's part of all the whole.
Pleasure in the morning breeze,
that you'll not find at home;
it's only in the open space,
where Jax and I do roam.
My twenty pound companion,
of merry, furry glee;
his little form just bounces,
as he walks ahead of me.
I'm at peace with life and limb,
happy with the things that are;
trekking under cloudless skies,
following the morning star.

dave lessard

What Is Love?

What is love?

It's the closeness of two people,
the sound of your sweet voice;
wanting to get married,
to the person of your choice.

It's two hearts that beat as one,
your arms entwined in mine;
the touch of tender hands,
the way your eyes do shine.

It's two minds that work as one,
doing little things for you;
like your early morning coffee,
giving joy when you are blue.

It's two souls that meet as one,
sharing peace at varied times;
being silly... being playful,
writing funny, love-filled rhymes.

It's the connection of two people,
it's the closeness of your being;
even when we're far apart,
that my empty eyes keep seeing.

That's love.

dave lessard

Whenever I Am Far From You...

Whenever I am far from you,
my day is not the same;
and though the sun might shine,
it somehow feels like rain.

Without you here beside me,
my day is not complete;
I stumble in my morning walk,
on the path and on the street.

Whenever I am far from you,
then I am not at peace;
I'm agitated...nervous,
my anxiousness won't cease.

I need you here, to calm me,
in the comfort of your arms;
you could always quiet me,
with your enchanting charms.

Whenever I am far from you,
there's a part of me I'm missing;
the caresses, the embraces,
and most of all, the kissing.

dave lessard

Wife.

I can't survive without the sunshine,
can't go on living without rain;
without your love - there is neither,
I'd be a withered, dying stain.

Your sunshine smile lights up the day,
the rain are tears of happiness;
your love is shining eyes of blue,
when I'm melting from your kiss.

I can't live without your touches,
can't exist without your sighs;
when your not with me for awhile,
my soul shrivels, my heart dies.

Your touch is solace to my body,
your sighs remind me of our being;
after we make love and cuddle,
contentment is the thing I'm seeing.

You are the sole, important one,
with whom I want to share my life;
the reason I go on with living,
the one I proudly call my wife.

dave lessard

Will You?

Will you love me when I'm old and gray?
when my hairline is receding?
will you flee or will you stay,
when Viagra I'll be needing?

When you love me when my teeth fall out?
when my skin starts sagging?
when comes the day, I cannot shout,
when my motivation's lagging?

When my hearing long is gone,
when my vision needs repair;
when the weight keeps piling on,
will you be around to care?

Will you love me when my joints all ache?
when the bloom of youth has past?
do you have the will of what it takes,
to make such moments last?

Will you be there when the roof caves in?
when things don't seem so bright?
with no regrets for where we've been?
then we will make it, through the night.

dave lessard

Wishing.

Wishing you were here again,
to put my heart at rest;
to still my troubled mind,
at that, you were the best.

Wishing you were here again,
to fill the lonely hours;
to capture all the joy,
the happiness we called ours.

Wishing you were here once more,
so I could touch your face;
so I could smother it with kisses,
while locked in your embrace.

Wishing you were mine once more,
so we could share the wine;
so we could dance forever,
in that moment we call time.

Wishing you were mine once more,
so that laughter would not end;
so nothing could be broken,
and my saddened heart you'd mend.

dave lessard

You Are Too Beautiful For Words...

You are too beautiful for words,
which I try to capture in a song;
words just simply fail me,
I make them up as I go along.
You are the most important being in my life,
without Your truth, I cannot live;
I don't require much... to get by,
I only want to love and also, give.
Give my heart and soul to only You,
you know what to do, better than I;
I used to work so hard to get ahead,
I used to wonder at it all and then ask why.
But You called to me and I was saved,
I gave my burdens to Your caring hands;
content to let You rule my days,
I'm better off, from where I stand.
You are too wonderful for empty words,
that fall so short of heaven's gate;
I put you first, above all else,
and feel secure about my future fate.

dave lessard

You Need Not Fear The Night.

You need not fear the night,
the night holds nothing new;
we've met each storm and lived,
and found each day anew.

You need not fear the blackness,
behind the dark is light;
we'll survive the thunder,
that rumbles in the night.

Hold fast to all tomorrows,
today now, is a dream;
yesterday is buried,
in life's quick passing scene.

Live in the moment of this day,
and trust in God's great plan;
the ground beneath is solid,
upon the place you stand.

You need not fear the night,
in the morning, there is joy;
soft and pink and shining,
subtle, blushing, coy.

dave lessard

You Reign Lord.

You reign in Power Lord,
Your hand is everywhere;
in the morning's sunshine,
in weather foul or fair.

You reign Supreme Lord,
above all kings on earth;
above the high and mighty,
to all, You've given birth.

You reign in Love Lord,
in sin, all hide in shame;
they cannot bear the truth,
or the Glory of Your name.

You reign in Strength Lord,
with Justice and Compassion;
Your laws command respect,
they don't go out of fashion.

You reign Majestic Lord,
the angels shout with glee;
and Your followers respond,
blessing those that hear and see!

dave lessard