

Poetry Series

John I Nash
- poems -

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John I Nash()

Around This Table

Around this table we have gathered family and friends to give thanks for the many blessings we have received.

Dear Lord, let this meal prepared by loving hands, remind us all, of the bountiful life, that you have bestowed upon us.

In our hearts we remember all those who are absent from this celebration of gratitude.

We break this bread in memory of your divine presence at our table.

Amen.

John I Nash

Black

Black is black and all of that, and you can't take it back. Equality wanted, is earned by word and deed not by decree. You want to be equal, treat other people the same there is no shame in that, you can still be black. Pride aside, earn do not take, participate do what it takes. A clenched fist cannot do honest work. A clenched fist cannot hold the one you love. A clenched fist cannot hold a child's hand, take a stand to be a man, not white, not yellow, not black or brown, color not be found, but a man will emerge this I strongly urge. Do not sell your soul to go on the dole, those who profess to help are enemies all. They want to use you for their own goal. Dependent you will stay, independent no way, slave to all you will stay, no matter what they say. Equality like respect is earned not decreed, matter not the ethnicity.

John I Nash

Blood Moon

Abroad in the night, this night of all nights, I roam the dark corners of my mind seeking a sight that no man has a right to lay his eyes upon. The trails of imagined beings I sought have come to haunt my dreams, falling and never hitting bottom it seems. Dark shadows come to light and threatens ones person. Tortured faces appear, some may fear. True I know they are the ones I trespassed and have come to take their share of my sanity, very little is left indeed. Blood Moon shows through the dark night a foreboding sight foretelling frightful events that have yet to come. Ides of March cannot compare in dreadful awareness such as these. Flickers of fire and ash, left to be observed, no hell has so much as these, blackened death as my judgment awaits in this place, no mercy is given and none expected, but given, this night of all nights of the Blood Moon, comes to soon.

John I Nash

Brothers

My brother, my brother for one another we did fight, hand to hand was our plight, not an easy sight.

When a bullet went through my heart, I no longer could bear the fight. In death no peace did I have, as brother after brother did join me in the darkness that night.

One and all broken in body but not in soul, divinity did look upon us, and we did salute him, our duty now done to God and country.

This day, in the distant land of our homes the bells did toll, as they read our names, one and all, brother after brother.

Like no others, we lay shoulder to shoulder, but no older, silver wings now taking us to our loved ones, a cloth of three colors does give us comfort as it covers the gray metal that has become our vessel.

Despair not, for we are now - - without charge, and have died in cause of our nation, that we so honored, we gave our all.

Brother for brother soldiers all, may God now rest our souls.

Copy Write 1/2/2017

J I Nash

John I Nash

Closer

Come closer that I might lie next to thee, let me kiss you down to the knee, let me taste the love that I put there, you know where.

Kisses abound I love the sound that our loving makes ever so quite, but grows with urgent passion and deep down need, this is true love indeed.

Let me kiss the secret places that embraces the senses, never to be forgotten this mortal feeling of leaving all earth bound seeking the heavens for surely you see this is how the Gods intended it to be.

Never ending desire I feel as I press my love to your parting lips whispering that it may enter unopposed like a bee to the rose.

Deep sounds omitted as we toil blood boils in our head, senses peak as we speak no more, only release of emotion to find this devotion to our passion.

Quite now deep breathing ebbs, I hold your hand and hope you understand what you mean to me this night that I held you closer.

John I Nash

Cowboy Hat

Cowboy hat, checkered shirt, bandana to match, wrapped around his neck, two guns hung low on his hips, no smile on his lips. Deadly serious he mounts his sawn wood horse; mysterious Bad Lands lay ahead. Stagecoach robbers could be hiding behind the couch or chair, he dismounts with care.

Guns drawn he crawls toward them with stark stare who knows what might be there. Sounds come from a different direction, making a swift correction he heads for the sound, he is bound by Cowboy oath not to be scared no matter what is there.

Now at the dividing wall he crawls along the floor so as not to be seen by the fiend that might be lurking there. Hiding behind a tree that looks like a chair no one knows that he is there.

His faithful sidekick arrives on the scene and licks his face clean. Quickly pulling his friend down, they must not be found.

Holstering his guns he runs back to his steed and mounts his wooden horse and gives a shout, giddy up, giddy up, faithful side kick close behind. I hope he can keep up this time.

Dust kicking up from the rug, he quickly dismounts and gives his dog a hug. I think we got away from them this time boy and throws his friend a toy.

Mom enters the room and with a glance she sees he has no pants, he takes a stance and looks at her smile and feigns being shot this little tot. She picks him up and hugs him close, she adores him so this little Cowboy with a hat and no pants.

John I Nash

Darkness

I have escaped the darkness many times, but the darkness never dies on the vine it awaits biding it's time. Once I feared it's shadows, being hollow inside, life long lived has filled this void that I no longer try to avoid. Many tribulations I have had, many challenges have come and gone, but this will not be my final song. Some friendships that never seem to last have given way to relationships hard and fast, cherished and few who knew. Faithfull love has come my way every day, wife and children have brightened the way. Loved pets have passed in my arms that I wish to see again, I'm on my way their bright eyes I will see this day. I welcome the darkness it's cold embrace, pain I will no longer face. Do not sorrow for me for its God's face I will see. Do not forget me, for I will always be with thee.

John I Nash

Death Of A Little Friend

I can just now write this, the hurt was so deep as to keep me from thinking at all. My little friend, Maggie May, my Yorkie that once played at my feet and in my heart died this past week. She took part of my soul with her. It has made me wonder where the love of God has gone when he takes such an innocent as her. My mind could not comprehend her death and it still takes my breath. For seventeen years she gave me her all and she was not but six inches tall, she was so small. I will always remember you with love, if I could just hold you one more time, that's all on this day and all, I miss you so my Maggie May.

John I Nash

Defiant

Grim face he looks at me fire in his eyes muscles tense, this younger image of myself. I wish he weren't so much like me, he will do anything to succeed, determination is his creed, work will never stop until he is dead indeed, just like me.

Does not know how to rest, thinks he has to beat all the rest, hard work is his only answerer, it is his master.

You can not judge a man by work alone, you have to look at him through to the bone.

Family he cherishes, wife, baby, mother and brother no other. Little friends has he, few they be, but those he has are like brothers.

Not a moment to waste, hard work takes time and toll, now grey he wonders about it all.

John I Nash

Fall

Cold moist air, sparkles of color the leaves of fall share. All of God's wonder this time of year. Blue gray clouds abundant above, the crackle of leaves underfoot this is what I love. The scent of burning leaves the smoke filled air that is shared with the morning mist and dew. Green mountains turning from bright colors to gray blue, this wonder I give to you.

John I Nash

Fall From Grace

This space is no longer your place; we have judged you a disgrace. Matters not the good you have done in the past, we have judged you no longer fit, that was our task.

We do not care about the torment that we caused in your life, we wish you nothing but ill, so be still so that we may slander you at will.

We do not want to hear your defense you are guilty makes no difference, easier to cast you aside in disgrace than come to your aid as a comrade; we want no association with you.

Hang your head low, so that we may give you another blow, know that we are superior to you, having made no transgression.

We want to spoil any future chance of success you may have so we spread the word to one and all about your fall.

We whisper, but we want you to hear the half truths so that we can wound you once more.

Our turn will come but yours is here and no mercy will be shown, for fear that you will be there, when we FALL FROM GRACE and face disgrace.

John I Nash

Far Away

I woke up this day knowing that I could not stay, I could no longer wait I must go far away.

I gaze out over the green hills and pastures that meet the mountains where the sun sets and know that I must join it there, but the sun refuses to stay and runs further away but not letting go its hold on me, not letting me be.

Longing to follow I have sailed about many Islands, to no avail for me, nothing has satisfied this hunger in myself as it consumes me.

Far shores have welcomed me, many lands I have seen, but nothing discharges this lust to follow the sun.

Friends and strangers beckoned me to stay, but on this day yet again, I must go away and not stay.

No home have I, no family, loves short lived, as the sun calls come this way do not stay, come with me and we will go far away.

John I Nash

From Afar

Love evades me, as a dove that cannot be held, only admired from afar. I have reached out to touch its purity many times, only to see it fly away into the sky and hide behind the dark clouds of life.

I have traveled many long roads that go nowhere and sailed to many faraway shores looking for something I feel is no longer there, yet I have witnessed those who have found the allusive dove and made it their own.

A great many years have come and gone and time has not stood still, now my destiny lies not in my future but in my past. What once I asked of mortal man I now ask of God, at first as a humble request and then with total despair.

O HEAR me Lord, do you not see my plight? Love has abandoned me all these many nights!

The heavens do not succumb to the ravings of a mad man, Penance not needed, to be told; the pain of love lost is the curse of hell tenfold.

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John I Nash

Gangster

Gangster,

I said, you never looked so good dead, that's what I said.

Hurt you caused too many, now they are going to put you in the dirt.

No cause for sorrow.

No cause to mourn.

No cause for tears, only cheers, you never looked so good dead.

Few have come to view, that because they hated you.

Children ran in fear when you were near.

Women thought you were a thug that no one loved.

Men plotted your demise, because they despised.

Pain and suffering was your calling card, it's not hard to figure out why someone put a bullet between your eyes, but you never looked so good dead, that's what I said.

John I Nash

Georgia

Georgia

O! Come to Georgia my home, with mountains lush green and streams so clean.

Turquoise blue oceans, white sand beaches, Island paradises, beckon me.

Dark waters of the Okefenokee wetland give pause to ones hurried life and make it right, as mysterious animals find their place and beautiful birds take flight, in this natural cathedral of life.

Come to Georgia where the sky is so big and blue it reaches down and kisses you.

Come to Atlanta with tall buildings of steel and glass that reflect the vitality of their inhabitation.

O! Come to Georgia and meet the greatest people of all, proud of their heritage and southern culture, self-reliant, strong and free from Governor Deal right down to me.

O! Georgia don't ever let me leave.

John I Nash

Golden

Golden is the color of this fellow.

Golden is his smile that makes me mellow.

Golden is his heart that has captured mine for all time.

Golden is his loyalty, in all his regal royalty.

Golden is his fur, soft to the touch, like no other this brother, this friend of mine.

Golden is the color of his soul, untouched by evil thought or deed, he is just what I need, and pure bred indeed.

My Bailey Boy is all that I need, Yes, my bailey Boy is all that I really need.

John I Nash

Green Fairy

Green Fairy

This Sprite from the far north has intruded into my mind, more so than wine, in my trance myself thought it to be celestially divine.

Nonetheless its magic powers spreads my mind to far off places, things, thoughts and conducts better not spoken of let alone understood.

Dissolving into my chair I can see all that is there, water drifting over time.

Fog that no sun can penetrate like the perpetual virgin teasing ones senses but never surrendering.

No consummation of thought ever to be found again, that is my fate.

Green mist shades my eyes, time stops so that I may observe closer, that which I do not like.

This emerald elf has seduced me into a place of halves, sadly no reality can found, only green mist that surrounds my mind.

John I Nash

Guitar Man

In a smoke filled room, the lights so low that it looks like gloom the Guitar man ply's his trade. A voice that has stood the test of time and fingers scarred by the strings of a million tunes, he softly croons his melancholy song.

His eyes tell a story of sadness and despair his deep voice has tragedy written there. He sings my life with every note, and every song a window to my soul. I hear his voice in my mind as he eases my pain.

In his voice I find comfort of family, friends long lost, patriotism a reminder of service given, sometimes even God is there all forgiving who has made my life worth living.

Through gladness and sadness the Guitar Man has sung for me. When at last I lay my head on that satin pillow, from afar I'm sure I will hear him singing a Bible hymn to ease my passing and comfort those near and cherished.

Bless the Guitar man for he is all giving and not only with his singing.

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John I Nash

Heart Sick

I am not well, as people have taken a little part of me every time they came calling, drawing to much water from a spring that already was shallow.

Persons who have proven themselves to be emotional and physical vampires' sucking the blood of life from me and shredding my existence, some have even done it long distance, each one taking a little bite from my tormented soul.

Now I have very little left and I am heart sick.

I am not sorry for yielding to them for that is my nature, but I wonder when I'm gone will they even care and who will they dare to devour next.

John I Nash

If We Have To Say Goodbye

If we have to say goodbye, I want you to know that I did not want to die and leave you alone for this I will try to atone. I know not what lies ahead; I only know what I leave behind. The soft brush of your lips, I will feel no longer, your bright smile that lightened up my day for these many years that sun has gone away.

Your touch that healed my heart will no longer be there, I never took it for granted and many of my nightmares involved its loss and us being apart and now I must play that part.

Your positive spirit, has carried me through many dark nights, I wish I could have been more like you and made you happier. My worry was all about you and sorely you knew. I wanted to give you the world but could only give you my love. I never considered it enough for all you had done for me.

I never wanted to hurt you, but yet I knew on many occasions I had. When I saw you cry I felt like a wounded animal that had been stabbed.

Many trials and tribulations we have endured, but in the end they could not outweigh the happiness we shared.

The loneliness that I dread has come to claim me, but from afar I will look upon you and the darkness will go away, for this I pray.

When they finally put me in the ground walk away and do not turn around for there I will not be found.

Sadness I know you will feel but do not let this steal your spirit, for pain and distress I will no longer feel and do not want to pass it to you.

Go forward with the strength I have envied in you, make a new and better life, one you deserve. Do not be alone finding a love that will nurturer yours and have a good life.

Remind our Grandchildren about their grandfather that loved them so. Tell our children that I was proud of them and will always have them in my soul and that love will be eternal.

When all is done there will be a time for us again, for true love never dies it only

grows until it fills the universe.

All these humble words I leave to you as my legacy of love, keep them close to your heart and truly we will have never parted.

John I Nash

Lament

On a rainy night with not a star in the sky, dig my grave and lower my coffin into the earth and there I shall lie. The rain gave me comfort in life, as it does now in death. Gather not my friends to mourn, but let them revel that this mortal is set free, as a slave that has slipped his chains. For sorrow I wish not hear from anyone dear. No anguish, no pain or distain shall I endure. All human frailties have taken wing followed by my soul such as it might be, for my father to see. He judges not like you and me, but has sent angels for myself and loneliness I shall not see again. My epitaph to read in memory of one buried here, He lived life as good as he could, but this mortal man will always be misunderstood

John I Nash

Life After Life

Grace, I have sought by giving my present life to good, but it was not enough to seek Grace by just deeds alone past sins I must atone. Life after life, the wrong had been done.

Seeking wisdom was what I thought would give me the Grace I sought. So study I did, day and night. What a plight when I died that night, no grace had been given, another wrong committed.

Living again it will never end. I sought grace through poverty and false humility. Giving all possessions away walking through the hamlet in rags wearing my poverty like a ribboned badge to be displayed, no man of means I. This must be the way to Grace I screamed. Passing away, I sensed that once again I had failed to find the grace that has eluded me all these many lives. The fires of the Ganges consumed my body.

Twenty lives past I had failed to find Grace what a pace what a disgrace, but each life lived a little better than the last had brought me closer to myself and The hidden grace that I sought.

Another life being lived only seeking mercy, love and goodwill doing my best to meet the test staying pure of heart. asking Gods forgiveness for the rest.

Toiling down the hot dusty road, I came upon a crying child whom I did pick up, giving him some water and held him to the sky to see a smile. In his innocent eyes I saw a reflection of myself and I cried for all those who must walk the path as I.

I turned to find a saintly Guru who knew I was ready for his embrace surly he would allow me the Grace I longed to be worthy of. So I leave this poem behind in hopes that you to may find and be worthy of the Grace That I so found.

John I Nash

Look At Me

Look at me I'm not what you see; you look only at the outside of me.
On the inside of my being, I'm in pain caused by you and the words that
condemn to the end my love as unworthy.

To you and them it seems unnatural, to me natural in every way this day and
always, when I hold my loves hand your stares show contempt.
To disarm your look with a smile I try but to no avail you only glare.

Why is my love so different than yours, and yours, a question I have asked many
times?

Do you not love your Mother, your brother, your father sister or another? Do
you love your best friend to the end?
Did you not cry when you lost your pet that day at the vet? My love is greatly
more worthy than that.

Love is a desire for somebody, a passionate attraction that gives satisfaction
down in ones soul does not matter the gender only that you be tender.

From the start I knew that my love was true and pure as only the divine universe
could bestow upon us.

Open your eyes and see my embrace of this grace as I hold the one I love, and
know our love is strong and will survive your assaults, being timid is not one of
our faults.

No amount of torment or inequality imposed upon us will define or stop our love
for one another.

My brother, my mother, my father, or another, do you not see me?

Dedicated to Kimmy, a true fighter for the equal rights of ALL those who love.

John I Nash

Lost Memories A Eulogy.

Do not mislay the memories we shared for at this moment in time be aware nothing else is there. They will keep you warm and heal your heart with their embrace.

Love our children twofold as much as when I was near and dear for they mourn my absence as you.

Together we often walked the secluded paths of life, hand in hand talking of what we perceived trivial, that now seem so significant.

Look to my dogs welfare, treat him kindly, for I will embrace him soon, once again running my hands through his fur and look into old faithful eyes that severed me well these many years.

I will subscribe love to my Grandchildren and abide with them for eternity. If God should allow me in his presence my first appeal shall be for their protection.

My lovely life companion, wife, friend, and my sunlight on many a rainy day, if only I could say and express the love I have for you just this one day, it would forever cure the world of any dismay. In the heavens we shall meet again and for all time proclaim our love to the universe.

Family and friends do not feel sad for me, no longer must I endure affliction or pain, do not look into this shell filled box to find me for I will be long away, in God's hands my fate, soul and spirit is this day.

Please all, pray for me, that God will forgive my many transgressions and allows me worthy to sit at his side. To all of you my warmest heart felt goodbye.

CR 3/7/2017

John I Nash

Mad

I get so mad at you! but that you knew, I want you to know that I love you to, with my heart and soul, I give you my all.

When I'm down, you pick me up, when you are down, I get so mad at you! for being hurt, I feel like dirt, for causing that pain, , , , I know it's insane,

I get so mad at you, for me not being able to make you happier, for me not being the man you need. I get so mad indeed.

Morning, afternoon and night, I think of what might be if only I could give all the love you deserve, if only I had the nerve.

I'm so mad at me, for being so madly in love with you.

I'm so mad at you!

John I Nash

Mama Bunny

Mama Bunny

On warm sunny days the mysterious Mama Bunny appears on my lawn and always surprises me.

Hip pity hop, hip pity hop, she never stops appearing here and there, and everywhere.

She wiggles her nose and goes never seeming to stop, just hopping one ear flopping.

Into my mommy's garden she went oh no! Hip pity hop, hip pity hop, first to the beans and then to the greens, and disappears behind the apple tree.

Into a hole she strolls taking one of mommy's Brussels sprouts; no doubt she knows how good they taste.

Hip pity hop, hip pity hop, she never stops for long, now in the flower bed, not to sleep, but to eat, first to the Roses and then to the Posies.

Disappearing into the bushes dragging a carrot with her, mommy said they are nutritious.

Hip pity hop, hip pity hop, she never stops, in and out of her hole taking everything back with her.

I wonder what she has down there, does she have a bed and a chair maybe a Fridge-dare to store all the vegetables she stole.

From her hole she came out and started hopping about, first this way and then that, hip pity hop, hip pity hop, and then what did I see! little baby bunnies coming at me; some white, some brown, some black, some white and black, twelve baby bunnies in all, hopping all about this way then that way, hopping back to the bunny hole they all went, Mamma bunny followed, hip pity hop, hip pity hop, back in the bunny hole she went.

John I Nash

Moving Too Slowly

Too young to know I was moving too slowly.
You wanted something more than I could give.
I only lived for the thought of your love.
Moving too slowly.
I was a man-child that was feeling alone.
Moving too slowly to capture your desire.
You were lonely and needed something other.
I was moving too slowly, If only you told me.
In the pain of young love, not knowing your need, not seeing.
I was moving too slowly.
No love was stronger than mine,
You never knew how powerful my passion was.
I was moving too slowly.
You looked to another, no brother to quench your thirst.
No matter the damage he managed,
I was moving too slowly.
The hurt of seeing you with another, shattered my heart.
Never knowing I was moving too slowly.
No trust have I, taken away that day, left with a poisoned soul I never told.
I was moving too slowly.
The realization of what was wrong came when I said goodbye.
I was moving too slowly.
I only know where we were, I only know where we could have gone.
Had I not moved too slowly.

John I Nash

My Call To Arms 2015 Honorable Blood.

Revolution that is the solution to the problems in this place and space they call the USA.

We no longer have the freedoms we have traded away for security that at best is fleeting and at worst nonexistent.

Freedom! is paid for with blood, Security is a myth that is paid for with stupidity.

Together we have sacrificed all on the altar of political correctness, when in our hearts we knew, it was the wrong thing to do.
Look at this, look at that, but never at a fact.

Our leaders are corrupt one and all is my call, inept all.

Take up arms, against the ones who harm, bring them to justice, the peoples justice, in the peoples court of justice where the Constitution reigns supreme and no one is deemed above the law. Laying waste to their place of occupation will be our salvation.

No flag draped coffins for these tyrants who have wasted our youth, sons and daughters of us all, then abandoned the call for nothing at all, blood on their hands all.

Time to stand up and take our country back. Cleanse our land of these diseases that infects it's very soul, political correctness and all.

Military brothers bear no arms against the ones who honor your sacrifices but join with right causes. This is your country, paid for in honorable blood and death, do not allow it to be dishonored by those who seek to oppress your families and make you servitude to evil actions all.

John I Nash

Oblivion

Viewing from above there is something laid out in the mist motionless it is. On the cold hard ground it can be found.

I do not wish to look, for it seems familiar, glancing now and then and again at this thing. Human form it takes, familiar again, I want to know it not.

Sinking into the ground, pulled down from beneath; I can see the memorial wreath laying close by.

Descending into the dirt it hurts to witness, this can not be hallowed ground, no God to be found in this forsaken place. Tortured moans are heard, grinding teeth from beneath.

From below the ground malevolent figures emerge without a sound, red eyes aglow they surround this familiar one, like wild dogs surrounding carrion. They press the body into the earth as it opens it's eyes in horror and raises an arm in fruitless defense.

I find myself sinking from above as the cold ground envelops me, one final push and I am below the earth as I gasp for air no mercy is found.

All those from above join me as we sink into the depths of shared despair, I call to God but he does not hear as darkness surrounds me and I submerge into the river of oblivion.

John I Nash

Olivia

Whenever I am able, I labor hard to put food on the table both yours and mine.

I smile at you even when I'm awful tired, but all you show me is disdain. I must be insane to take the abuse you lay upon me each and every day.

You bark your orders to me without even a glance; you act as though you were in a trance.

I am not deaf, I am standing by your side and I hear all the snide remarks and yes they hurt to the bone until I go home, but your intent was this from the start to show just how smart you think you are.

You do not see the weeping and distraught that you have wrought, fearing more hurt to come, it is done in secret seclusion, where no one will hear, in a freezer, a dark closet, or empty room, reappearing way to soon with tears wiped away this day.

We cannot whisper a word in defense, no matter the truth makes no difference.

You throw a dollar bill down with a frown as though it were a hundred, often this is for an hour's work, and this is no joke. "Sorry honey that is all I have, be grateful, I will get you next time around" I know the "next time" will never be found.

I am appreciative for what little I get, it is the treatment that makes me so upset.

I work until my muscles ache, most often from five am until way past eight, and I have many more long hours to go this day.

But have no doubt, I'm grateful for this work as I am not alone; you see I have four mouths to feed at home.

A smile every now and then comes from someone who seems to understand and shows respect that is returned in kind makes the pain go away, most every time.

John I Nash

Perilous Seas

I must depart from you and go down to the perilous sea where my ship awaits me.

I will think of you not, for the pain of remembrance ties my being in a knot.

The dark fog hangs low over the wharf, as my soul is blackened in mistrust.

I look to the oceans to heal my poisoned heart, so once again I must go down to the perilous sea.

I stand my watch faithfully, trying not to think of thee, no stars this night a symbol of my plight.

Shadowy waters summon me, whispering my name, come hither, join all the suffering the ones who went before you, the insane and those in pain. Let my darkness embrace you, my coolness ease your torment, close your eyes and fall it calls.

Many nights the black waters have beckoned me to their depths, it is only the thought of what could have been that kept me from their cold embrace.

As your memory starts to wane, so the light of my existence.

The sting of betrayal welts no more only emptiness prevails.

I must sail this perilous sea never again, for the winds have died, this day, we make no headway and the morrow will not come on this perilous sea.

John I Nash

Prayer Of Renewal To The Father.

Beloved God, Lord father of the universe and of all men bound and free. Father of Jesus who died on the cross and risen from the dead by you. I raise my hands in prayer to the heavens and bow my head in humble submission. I, a sinner look to you for renewal of my soul for I have walked amongst sinners and through my ignorance have partaken of their mischief.

It is said that by your guidance one could learn of your law and then cast off one's old evil nature and put on the cloak of a new pure nature righteous in it's pursuit of goodness, living a Godly life following all of your laws as laid out by Moses and in so doing be reborn in your name.

Take the hand of this unworthy student and show me the path to this new nature so that I may put it on and walk beside you as a worthy servant telling all that we meet of your divine goodness.

Being filled with your grace, and with your approved guidance, and love, I would gather all my family and we would rejoice in your light and mercy. In this and with this prayer, I beseech you, Amen

John I Nash

Rivers Edge

Sparkles of sun shine glistening on the river as it laps the shores edge, moving ever swiftly to I wonder where. Pebbles sitting half buried in the silt, a broken shell or two, reflections of a single Oak leaf look back at me. Little minnows dart in out and about with out a care. A hermit crab digs under a rock to find refuge there. Water grass bent to the rivers will, show direction of flow. Foam churned by the wind blend with the reflection of the sky to form clouds. A hawk screeches above and is captured in the reflection of this masterpiece painted by natures hand. As the water runs up the shore it buries itself and cannot be found, wave after wave are lost to the insatiable ground. Frigid cold water, numbs exploring hands and fingers as to protect anything alive that may linger there. The spray carried by cold wind stings my face, a small price to see Gods grace as given in this place.

John I Nash

Rosie

Rosie, Rosie, you are never on time, you are late for school do you not hear the chime.

Rosie, Rosie your clothes are all crumpled and dirty it is eight thirty and you are late once again.

Tears you shed as we sing our song as loud as we can, taught to us by the hardhearted and unfeeling.

Hurt by our sound no peace can be found, no sanctuary for this little one, only cold stares.

Innocent pitted against the innocent by those entrusted to protect. Wearing the symbol of God doing the devils work, doing wrong with a song against an angel child.

Rosie, Rosie, head down, One sock below the other, tangled hair, red cheeks, in quite dignity she stands, head down, tears hitting the floor, a quick glance at the door, if only to escape.

Newly motherless this child, in ignorance they sing: Rosie, Rosie, you stopped to pick a posy, you are so dopey, she wept, unwilling to accept more pain she ran for the door and fell on the floor, and crawled to a corner.

Having done their best to knock this little bird from the nest they stopped their attack, patted each other on the back. Those entrusted to protect, "wait until she comes back tomorrow we will sing louder yet." Never did she return, apologies they made that God will never accept, for this little angel child will never fly again.

Rosie, Rosie, this song has disfigured my soul, to be told I witnessed it all, young child that I was I knew it was wrong what happened to them all.

John I Nash

Run

There is only death here of the near and dear. Lets run from here, this place is nowhere to be near. Put this place this space away from my face. I do not fear it but do not want it near. I do not want to watch it, blindfold me as though I was against the wall so that I do not see it at all. Nothing will stop its march against the innocent, matters not who or what, men, women, child or dog it takes them all.

Lets flee this place before it can strike with its cold embrace, save us one and all. Lets run from this place.

I see a dark cloud coming, that no storm cellar will let us prevail. Lets run from this that follows at a relentless pace. It comes to near, lets run from here.

Shouting nor prayer does dissuade the pursuer as yet it come closer. Lets run from this place with great haste. I do not want to taste its bitterness, nor let it poison my soul, before we can not at all, lets run from this place this space this time once and for all.

John I Nash

Sailing

As I reach my boat I hear the clanking of the halyard against the mast, a sound I have longed to hear music to my ears. Excitement builds as I calmer aboard and make ready my boat for the adventure she and I will share.

Knowing wind to my stern will ease my departure, boom to port tiller pushed away to my starboard she knows her way now, this Philly of the sea. Jib starboard Main to the port we sail wings in front of the wind.

No cares, no worries all gone in pursuit of the perfect point of sail to make, we jibe to the starboard all is turmoil for seconds that seem like hours, I crank her heart in close to her body and she takes off jumping half from the water as I struggle to stay on board. Her keel bites into the sea and I let out a holler, we head for the buoy and round it close and smooth.

I run my hand along her varnished tiller praising her performance. She hears my words and picks up speed my steed that runs in the sea every bit a living thing indeed.

I fall off letting her rest because I know she gave her best. Now wind in stern, I know I must turn to battle our way home, but she is looking for a fight this night, so we tack hard into the wind, and we are found homeward bound. To soon we are back. Once secured in her bed I kiss her mast good night, what a delight.

To many crazy I may seem to love her as a being but when she was built it was the closest thing to creating life, man has seen.

John I Nash

Seeking

As we get older we are no longer as bolder. We get timid and week and no longer seek the truth within us. The desires that drive ones heart are pounded out by those that do not, or do not wish to understand us.

They say this is the way to be, does not matter that you want it not, they insist it be. Stay young at heart, answer your desires no matter what. Do not listen to the Nay-Sayers they are the ones that are like a clock with no handles.

So light some candles and celebrate a brave birthday and look forward to a fulfilled life like no other.

John I Nash

Shelby's Lullaby

Sleep my darling hush baby do not cry, I am by your side. Love to you I give with all my heart.

Dream of Teddy Bears and Lollipops, have no cares I am here to wipe away your tears. Goodnight darling goodnight.

Do not cry, sleep, sleep my darling, close your eyes, I am here by your side; let the sandman sprinkle stardust in your eyes. Dream of toys and joys, do not fret or get upset. Goodnight my darling child good night.

Sleep Shelby do not cry, I am by your side. Snuggles, kisses and giggles I will give to you, I love you through and through. Goodnight my darling goodnight.

Sleep my love do not cry, eyelids heavy with a smile, I am by your side. pleasant dreams, I love you so, angels guard you this I know. Goodnight my darling Shelby goodnight.

In the dawn we will awaken to a new day so you and I can play. Sleep my darling sleep. Deep into dreamland you go a rainbow will show you the way, no tears on this day. Goodnight my darling good night.

Sleep, sleep, my darling I love you so, hush little baby do not cry mommy is by your side. Goodnight my darling goodnight. Sweet dreams Shelby sweet dreams.

John I Nash

Silver Wings

On silver wings I take flight this night, what a sight as we take to the air.
Climbing, higher ever higher, objects on the ground shrinking behind the engines
roar, nothing to ignore.

The sky grows lighter as we go higher, banking to the right and then to the left,
into the clouds, into the night then all is bright as we clear the dark clouds that
look like waves upon an angry sea.

Violent shaking, being thrown about, not a pleasant sight, the silver wings hold
tight and give me comfort this night of flight.

John I Nash

Sinister

She lays upon her bed in a deep sleep, when it creeps from the shadows on all fours, headed to the bed on which she rest, doing its best not to be seen. The walls turn translucent black in which malevolent figures dance, muffled cries are heard but do not disturb the latent figure on the bed. As it crosses the floor and reaches the bed it rises from the darkness of her mind with dread. With hooded head it looks down at his quarry, in her nightmare she runs but does not move from whence she comes. Ever so slowly removing the covers from her sleeping body he exposes her nakedness, the green fairy had long done its job and she awakens not. Hot claws run over her body affecting secret places, submitting to his touch, she arches up seeking much. Crawling upon her it subdues her arms, intent on harm, spreading her limbs he enters her with hurtful thrust, to satisfy his lust, long hard shaft tearing at her body and soul, as pain and pleasure become one. Her legs pull it closer and deeper into her darkness. Hands around her throat, he pounds her harder and ever harder growling and devouring her soul taking her to places not meant to be seen by mortal men. In semi awakened state she now sees all and horror upon her thrust deeper yet, but she can not resist its control over her as its weight sinks into her being. Like none before she submits to his grasp and moves in unison seeking pain at the price of pleasure that can not be obtained by the sane.

John I Nash

Sleep

As she sleeps so deep, her breathing steady and sure she does not know how my love for her has endured.

Her blonde hair now has streaks of gray but to me she has never changed from that day we first met.

I wonder what she dreams, I wish I could read her mind, is she as kind in her sleep as she is awake.

She turns now this one I love so, I can see her face all a glow. Wrinkles I care not she has my love all tied in a knot with a bow. I wonder if she really knows.

In her sleep she reaches out to touch my face and she sets my heart a fire with desire, a moth to the flame, I know it is insane but I have only my self to blame.

John I Nash

Sleeping Dog

His body lies at my feet, chest moving up and down quietly. Then his little legs start to move ever faster, chasing something he is after.

A little twitch here and there a muffled cry and a sigh. I wonder what he is dreaming of, is it the birds above or the squirrels that he loves. Thrown stick for him to retrieve that could be it I thought or maybe the hugs he received. Tail wags as he starts to quietly bark and growl, could be the mail man that he is stalking or the neighbor walking. I run my hand over his soft fur to quite him and his body relaxes, once again deep sleep overtakes him, His body slowly moves up and down with every breath he takes. I am thankful that he lies nearby his presence gives me comfort that is hard to deny. I run my hand over his fur and let it rest on his moving chest and tell him he is the best.

John I Nash

Squirrels In The Attic

At night when it is cold outside, I hear them coming into my attic, scratching at the wall to make entry one and all. The patter of little feet across the ceiling never seems to cease.

What are they doing up there, a party at my expense, that is what makes sense. Do they sing and dance or do they just prance.

I hear them tumbling and stumbling all over the place, games they are playing and they are staying at my place! No rent they pay but long they stay, I think they should pay rent these days. Bitter cold tonight, I think I should throw them out at sight. Then I think of watching them chase each other jumping from tree to tree and they do not charge me a fee for this show of agility a delight to see. I think I will let them stay just one more night and then I will chase them on sight, well maybe we will see.

John I Nash

Stray

I saw a stray today, he was walking in the middle of the road, he looked lost and had no where to go.

With my car I followed behind him at a snail's pace, flashing my lights as I drove what an awful sight.

What plight had driven him so, he looked mighty low. He could be hit at any moment, I thought, I could not let it be.

Stopping the car and walking toward him, he looked back at me contemptuously as though I was the enemy.

Equalizing rain poured down on us as we stared at one another, words of caring and friendship I tried to convey but he would have none of it, no way.

If I approached him, he would move closer to the oncoming traffic and look back at me as if to say ' if you come closer I will do myself away, this moment this day.' Hanging my head in sorrow, I moved away, there was nothing I could say.

Finally he moved to the side of the road, to let me pass. The others behind me hit their gas and sped away.

I could not take my eyes off this stray, he reminded me of someone this day.

He looked back at me with sad eyes and shook the rain from his fur, he walked behind my car, looked up the road and started walking down the middle the other way, then I knew I could not deter him in his decision, his mission, there was no doubt what he was about, as he walked into oncoming traffic, this moment this day, poor stray.

John I Nash

Syrians

I want to say stay out, stay out, but that is not what I am about. When I see the children in fear, with their eyes turned down to the ground, I feel ashamed but who is to blame, their parents drag them about. Looks of confusion on their face, wondering what they have done to deserve this distain, why are they to blame.

Pious bureaucrats no doubt, who for political reasons this voting season, sacrificed these Syrians for their own political gain, they could not or would not refrain from such an easy target.

Terror hits our shore worst than before, officials sworn to protect us one and all, but they fall far short of their goal, a detriment to us all.

Do we take them in and let another one of us fall?

Hungry child I will feed, but must I sacrifice my child to accomplish the deed.

Greedy political class, bureaucrats, fat cats, political correctness will be their downfall all.

For the Syrian immigrant, let them stay but vet them this day before they stay, only insanity the other way.

Another terror strike at our expense, we arm us all and put them against the wall, political class and all.

John I Nash

Tears Of Hawaii

Muffled cries of hurt pride, Hawaii's people have not died, but are treated so by many a foe. The tears no longer flow as though the native's eyes were the dried stream beds of Maui that do not allow the taro to grow.

Token wages given to the many, while alien few reap riches from the culture that they have stolen. Treated as a slave, sold to the highest bidder, their heritage is on negligent display this very day and every day.

Once proud and self-sufficient, now dependent like a child of an abusive parent, that steals the riches of it's offspring. No queen, no King, they have all been put in the ground. Should they see this day their sadness would be so profound. In the Hawaiians prayers they ask for sovereignty that can not be found.

Language embezzled, from a population of the nation for homogenization. Sacred rituals and images defiled, ancient Gods demeaned by the unqualified. Long practiced traditions, sold as distractions by the few, at the expense of the many. Forced smiles abound, friendly is their nature, sorrow is deep within, deeper than the Oceans that surround their home. Look into their eyes and past their smiles and there you will see the Tears Of Hawaii.

John I Nash

Tender Mercies

The soft cry of a newborn child, to this I subscribe.

The warmth of a mothers guiding hand, no other feeling like it in the land.

The security of a father's voice, strong and powerful all at once.

The hug of Grandma's arms, abound surround with love for all time.

The gentle wisdom of Grandpa, his leather-like hands, humble head bowed sweat on the brow.

Your first prayer said, God so close he could always be found no matter what the ground.

The love of a pet, no questions asked, no judgments made, just love in it's purest form this he performs.

Knowledge well earned, long days spent that devour the ignorance, hour by hour.

The first love lost and found. so hurtful so profound, that in ones scared soul it can only be found.

A true friend, hard to find, harder yet to keep, when we loose them we so weep.

A warm fire in cold winter, every ones desire.

Time healed pain we all sustain, the pain is eased by age but can never be truly gauged.

An old body with a young heart, we wonder what happened to our youth but we all know the truth.

Knowing of God's forgiveness, is essential to reach your full human potential, no one walks alone to the golden throne.

A quite gospel hymn on the breeze of a southern spring night cast it's spell, no need of a church, on this night for God is within sight, all is quite, all is well.

To pass from the earth to the Fathers side, while held in the arms of your loved ones.

These are God's Tender Mercies, gifts to ease our journey through the valleys and mountains of Life and Death.

John I Nash

Tenderly

Let me hold you tenderly and make your troubles fade away this day.
Look into my eyes and see the love my heart holds for you that is true.

Hold my hand and feel its warmth as we take comfort in the security of our touch
and the brush of our lips.

Let me whisper in your ear 'you were my greatest love, my one and only true
love'.

When the whole world seemed to be against you, reflection will show that I was
always there to offer my tender embrace and protection.

As we spooned and swooned under the covers, I feel surrounded by your love
and compassion, that you never rationed.

We had a love that could never be diminished or taken from us, so hold me
tenderly and feel the glow that will grow with every last fleeting moment.

Know that every life must come to an end, but love goes on for eternity.

As breath slips away from my mortal being, my love for you is spread throughout
the universe and once again consolidated when we two souls meet again in the
heavens above which is bestowed upon us by Gods love.

Hold my head tenderly, let me slip away this day and understand that I have
nothing more to give or say as it all fades away.

I am not afraid and look forward to this day.

You will know my love, for it will always be there.

This I know, I must go as the darkness is calling from far away.

John I Nash

The Creeper

While I sleep, in my sleep, up the stairs it creeps.
Step by step coming closer yet.
Down the hall in the fog of it all, , ever so quietly, not to be see or heard.
Upon the door it hears my snore, turning the knob softly.
In my room comes the creeper ever deeper.
Now on all fours it hides behind the foot board. Exposed but a minute, it crawls
along the side trying to hide.
Blue eyes ablaze it sneaks a gaze at its sleeping quarry.
Sinister grin on its chin, the creeper rises from the floor and pounces on the bed
in all its dread. Fierce face made, hands stretched out as claws, I gave awakened
pause to see, as it growled,
'Grandpa I want to play! I reply with a smile Shelby we will play this day you and
I.

John I Nash

The Meeting

As I walked down the path, I felt like whistling, but my whistle is such a feeble thing, it mattered not to me. It felt good to be out and about.

As I walked I kicked the dirt on the path in front of me and looked at the sand as it fell back to earth, such a simple thing that makes a man feel good.

The high grass on either side of the path held all kinds of wonders and mysteries to be found. I could have been on a safari in Africa, and would have not been more intrigued, such a simple thing that captures a man's interest.

The smell of the woods surrounding me was rich, damp, and pungent. I wonder what wild beast may lurk in such a place yet one hundred yards from the safety of my home, one never knows. Imagination running wild far more than any beast in this patch of wood. Such a simple thing that can let a man escape his reality.

Looking upon the sky, it being blue with white cotton ball clouds, if I squinted my eyes one cloud looked like my puppy Jackie Boy. Such a simple thing that makes a man remember love given.

Felling good, I wondered if I could still skip, I could indeed. What a simple thing that makes a man feel young again.

There I was, trying to whistle, looking side to side and up at the sky, skipping down the path, when to my surprise, I slammed into another person, I knew not who, but could tell that he was skipping to.

In astonished embarrassment, we looked at each other sitting on the ground where we had fallen. Why hello fellow I said, pleasant morning is it not? Indeed, hello he replied.

We both endeavored to pick ourselves up while brushing the dirt from our trousers, peeking at one another. Realizing we were neighbors, do you skip here often I asked with a smile. Yes he replied, do you he asked. My first time but I shall again that is for certain. Well nice meeting you he said as he walked away in a very dignified manner, looking over his shoulder as he went.

I would not give up such a wonderful thing, so skipped away looking side to side and up at the blue sky to see old Jackie Boy winking at me. What a strange

meeting it was indeed.

John I Nash

The Physician

Physicians true blue, most hard working through and through.

They try to heal and not feel no heart, no compassion, that is the fashion, they employ not to destroy hope, but that is what they do through an through.

Take this take that a little bit of this and that, it will do, no pain for you, just Pressure you will receive, they tell to deceive through and through.

Decisions are left to the test, because they are not at their best and they fear the rest.

They act like God but when things go wrong it is God they blame, we are the same, through and through.

Do no harm is the alarm, and in the end they hold your hand and pat your arm, so the grieving may see, because it is fashionable through and through, some don't but are few.

John I Nash

The Race

Nostrils flaring he dances and prances, mounted rider in all colors, the smell of leather he has no tether now!

To the gate he is brought, eyes blazing no gazing, a spring to be sprung, an arrow to be shot, a bullet to be fired this is his desire only to run.

The bell is rung and he is sprung, Pounding the earth into submission this is his mission.

Hard and fast he runs his heart hurting, no matter the weight he finds his gait.

All is right what a sight!

He is at his best, victory is all he will accept, and nothing less this is his quest.

Roses abound and he is found in the winners circle, A King in the sport of Kings.

John I Nash

The Savior

The star shown bright through the darkness.

A sign that showed that someone cared to send his only Son on this night. To save us all, he has come with heart pure white, born of a virgin innocent and bright.

Oh holy light save our souls this night.

Infant child, knowing no danger, lying in a manger, mother blessed it is said.

Angels from on high, kneeling by his side, heads bowed in reverence as to a king, not to be in this world.

He is on a mission of submission to the Father, A savior to us all.

Oh holy light, save our souls this night.

Upon completion called to heavenly home. A savior to us one and all, be it known, the Son Of God is born.

All is peaceful all is right, this very night, the sacred star still shines bright, nothing will dim it's light.

Look upon the face of your child to see the angel that guarded him that night.

Oh holy light save our souls this night.

All is peaceful all is well, this story I tell so that you remember what God's salvation has given you. All is peaceful all is well.

Oh holy light save My soul this night.

John I Nash

The Toddler

She toddles and waddles, side to side, hair flying, blue eyes gleaming never seeming to tire. Everything an adventure even the mundane does not seem to strain her imagination. Hands out stretched reaching for the unknown, a fall now and again does not bend the will to toddle and waddle. Steps unsure taken in any direction, momentum will take her there. She waddles and toddles, picking up this and that does not matter what, held in her tiny hands a prize for the keeping. Giggles and laughter, to be remembered ever after. She toddles and waddles into my heart, she is so smart!

John I Nash

This Night

Be my wife.

Be my life.

Be my love.

Be my best friend to the end.

Be the mother of our children.

Be the keeper of our home, leave me no desire to roam.

Be the dream that I have at night.

Be the light that shines bright. Hold my hand and tell me you understand.

Be there when I shut my eyes tight this night.

John I Nash

This Pen

I still use this pen; it is an old friend it never asks where, why or when. I do not blame it for my many mistakes, it has seen many successes, failures and heart aches.

This old pen, like life has no delete button; the pen makes me own my errors, ink cannot be easily erased. I must cross out each unused word and discard it from my mind; this is a painful procedure at best and at worst a thirst for a word that may not exist.

Having this pen does not make me a better author of stories, poems or lyrics. The pen knows my reality. When I hold it, the pain that it expels is agonizing, so I let it bleed out; harshness, sorrow, death, love lost, evil, and punishment earned.

Once in a great while, for a very short time, virtue and goodness spills forth. The pen makes me share all those things good and bad with you, by doing so we get to keep what we gave away.

I feel privileged to use this old pen my friend and when I put it away, I know it will wait for me and should I not arrive, this inanimate thing this pen will cry as I.

John I Nash

Treason

Treason always comes with a smile, but it is still vile.

No reason in this season to hide the truth, Let it be told this man is your enemy who has sowed the seeds of deceit among his fellow Americans and their allies.

Do not falsely glorify this man with a smile, as it will be your undoing. Hang him high on the tree of despicability.

Imprison him as though he killed your children surely he has, as someone has died this day because of him.

John I Nash

Twilight

In the twilight, I see that I have loved you all these years and now I seem to love you more and want you nearer all the time, as to make up for all the wasted moments spent on the frivolous things in life. I think of what could have been had I given every waken moment to you my beloved. In the twilight I can see how large my love for you has been. Nothing now matters except that love for you. All my troubles are hard to see in this dim light of life. You have been my everything, the sweet smell of a rose, the sugar in my tea, my light in the dark. Through the twilight I see your smile, why would I settle for less. Be by my side in the twilight we shall renew our love never gone only dimmed by life now past to leave us with only our desire and affection for one another. Walk with me in the twilight that brightens the path through the darkness so that we may enter the light together and be one.

John I Nash

Vasant's Cementary

The day is done, the sun has started to hide behind the mountains, leaving the landscape to darkness and myself. Familiar shapes have now taken on ominous existence, company that I do not desire on this journey into the black wood to Vasant's Cemetery.

My presence starts to decline as involuntary shivers run up my spine. Stiffness envelops my limbs making it difficult to walk or stay, feeling like prey.

Struggling to have courage where only innocent shame can be found, I trudge forward. Eyes half shut as to hide from unseen demons that may abound.

Distant and near sounds surround my thoughts imperiled by an Owl's silent hunt of an invisible rodent, that now has landed on the burlap sack that is my burden, it's sharp talons ripping open my charge spilling the dreadful contents to the ground.

Having been found guilty of murder and hung from a bridge the fall being to great separated body from mortal head and he was pronounced dead. Now his head lay at my feet, his empty eyes looking up at me.

I bent down to the ground to pick up the hideous dome when something touched my shoulder and I turned around. Frightful sight did I see indeed of a headless body summoning me.

To terrified to do otherwise, I moved forward carrying the head by its curls to the beckoning headless form when it grabbed my arm in a vice like grip and together we took a trip to Vasant's Cemetery.

Gates flung open, allowed our entry, now I being drug along the ground, found the soulless eyes of the head had come to life and were glaring at me.

There in the earth a deep grave had been plowed that allowed the headless being without seeing to fall into its murky depths almost dragging myself with it.

Clambering to my feet I looked down into the blackness and there lay the body with arms stretched up bidding me provide its head.

Knowing that I was going mad I looked at the head and it smiled at me as I flung it down to the body and ran from that unhallowed ground never to return to

Vasant's cemetery

John I Nash

Wanting

This path has no mercy, it cares not and has much mischiefs that keep us apart.
It's duration causes want in my soul if all was to be told.

The dust choking my throat in desire, that no water can clear, do you hear this
rasp this gasp of want, fulfillment is so near yet comes no closer.

Bends down and around are so profound that they impede ones senses to the
point of human sacrifice on the curves and test ones nerves, this I know its
purpose to separate us.

Mountains stand as sentinels to block our way another day and do not give way.

Never faltering, having passed this way before and faced these tribulations all.

To take wing like a bird, soaring above like a dove I would come to you, and I
would rest my head upon your breast and you slide under my chest, to become
one this would be our quest.

Walk the fields together in grateful understanding, intimately familiar with one
another, no strangers here just two as one.

All dreams are not meant to be, as all roads cannot be driven, some things are
best left to the imagination should their reality hurt you.

John I Nash

Wild Rose

In the evening twilight, in the wood by the sea, I have found a delight among the dark trees, brambles, pine needles aground, so profound as to take away my breath.

Nearby stood an ever so perfect wild rose, blood red its color is said, not a petal out of place, nor a leaf turned brown, thorn not to be found.

The moist air hung heavy with its perfumed essence, no yet partaken of, wanting to be consumed, a tune not yet played.

Taking a deep breath I did hungrily devour it, all human feelings devoid of any sadness did smile on such a frail thing that let my soul soar as though it were winged.

Reaching out I did want to possess it for all time, upon touching its beauty a petal did fall and now it did look like another to some not exceptional at all. How mistaken they are for they never saw the perfect wild rose in the forest by the sea.

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John I Nash

Yorkie

Skitter Scatter little patter, ball of fur, nothing cuter than my Maggie May on this day. Big brown eyes that melt my heart away, she can do no wrong, this little song of my heart. Held high to the sky. I look up at her small frame fragile body, legs dangling, tail wagging and wonder how God put so much love in a small little dog. Fur held close to my cheek makes my week. Does not matter what the problem, they all go away, when I hold my little Maggie May. O how I love my Maggie May on this day.

John I Nash