

Poetry Series

K J Force
- poems -

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K J Force()

Retired Medical...researching for all natural alternatives/treatments for Healthier lifestyle.

Publishing books, articles, short stories and poems of various genre..

Being A Trend Setter....

Roses are red..

Violets are blue....

This is YOUR day...so I say to you...

Eat the cake and the ice cream too..

Blow out the candles and make wishes for you..

A party, all nighter is not very wise...

It will show up, in the bags.. under your eyes..

But most important, now that you're older..

And the weather my dear, is getting much colder.....

Put away the thongs, as cotton briefs are better...

Good Grief girl! you' re not a jet setter..

But I on the other hand..

Can't help but understand...

As we get older....our bodies will change...

When looking in mirrors..we note something strange..

So be happy my friend...cause in the end....

You and I are starting our own special fashion trend....

K J Force

'Catnap Blogger '....Previously Chilly Morning In Paradise

It was a chilly morning in paradise...
Autumn was already here...
A time for strange things to happen, as it is that time of year...
She was up most of the night, doing a write....
Regarding some hubs and a series titled, " Fred "...
The question she had rolling around in her head..
Was "where were her readers, her followers " her Hubbers...?
They had all seemed to like what she wrote in the past..
But lately her hubs were falling so fast....
She lay still in her bed, not moving at all...
but breathing quite deeply, as I saw the covers fall...
So I stretched my muscles and walked ever so slow..
So as not to wake her, then I spied her big toe..
Sticking out from the blanket..it was such a temptation..
And with me having such a fixation..however...
She needed the rest, so she can finish her quest..
And I would be happy to help her..but..
I don't think the world is ready for me..as I am a BLOGGING CAT..
So DREAM ON..as this is for you and, Charlotte my friend..
I will close for now, but this is not THE END....

K J Force

Elimination Of Stress And Strife In My Life

Broke the Rules...

Left some clues...

I'm a fool...

Living in a cesspool...

I hear the economy is bad...

And getting worse each day...

Although it hasn't affected me in any way..

I can even keep kosher if I choose..

So what do I have to lose? ...

I get three meals a day..

And sometimes a snack...

Clean clothes everyday I put on my back..

Excercise is a daily routine..

that I choose to do..and it keeps me lean..

My quarters are small..but after all..

We have a room with a big color TV...

And a place for family and friends who visit me...

Healthcare? not a problem you see..

As I don't pay for insurance like thee...

Problem with teeth...rectified

Education, Degree, I can even be Certified..

Because unlike you, who lives outside..

You need to work to survive...

Now I'm a part of the system you see..

And have it much easier than any of thee..

I broke the law and now pay the price...

But I'm still better off than your lousy life...

And when I'm released, I will qualify for...

Medicaid, Medicare and even more...

So you may have done it different than me...

But in 'old age ', we're equal you see?

K J Force

Gator Bait Series #3 Scheme Dream

Hello Poetry

Request to join

?

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Scheme Dream...# 3 Gator Bait Series

Sometimes we have a life long dream...
but not sure where to start....
and sometimes we must go to the extreme..
with a thought that's not so smart....
It started with an issue..
she knew she had to resolve..
Unaware of her options, but knew it had to be solved..
He destroyed the girl that she had been...
destroyed the world she had lived in...
She weighed the pro's and the con's..
and concluded it had to do with ponds...
So she set out on a mission..
and decided to save for her own condition.
A well deserved vacation in the ' Florida Keys'..
for her and her honey, and with his money....
The months how they passed...
So slowly, then at last...
The day they left was 20 below..Brrr..cold
Soon they were driving down Old Cheney Road..
A backwoods road where the St. Johns' River flowed..
I hear the fishing there is great...
You'll get a bite with very little bait..
They reached the lake in the early morn..
and that is where her plot was born..
She poured the coffee she had made..
and laced it with some ' gator aide '....
Here my love she said so sweetly..
I made this special for you my sweetie..
The cast was made, the bait was set..
No reason for her to sweat or fret...
Eyes did close and body went limp..
She started to shake and then thought..
Come on girl be strong don't be a wimp..
No one knows we're here or where we're at..
She rolled the body to the edge of the water...

heard a splash! ..it was only an otter...
Within a flash, the body was trash...
there must have been 20 gators below..
ripping and flipping the body about..
She packed up and decided to go back the scenic route....

post note: I've always wanted to be my own boss, and now due to my recent
loss..

The Insurance is an assurance and I don't have to wait...
I'll open a store and call it ' GATOR BAIT

K J Force

Gator Bait Series #1 ' Cold Snapped '

The feeling of cold can make you do strange things..
The wind was blowing when she left the city...
I believe it was twenty below...
Where she was going she already knew...
But... first she had things she had to do...
Get rid of the body that was clear....
There were no options, it had to disappear....
The heater was broken and blowing cold air...
She could feel the ice, building up in her hair..
She had cleaned up the blood as best she could...
As she had hit him hard with that log of wood...
All she had asked him, was to light a fire...
To take off the chill in the house....
Do it yourself if you are cold...he snapped
And while you're at it get me a cold beer...from the fridge..
It was early morning when she finally arrived at the bridge..
This was his favorite fishing spot...
She pushed his body off the pier...along with his ice cold beer..
And suddenly began to shiver and sneeze.....
Oh well, she said...this too shall pass..
When I get to the Florida Keys..

PS. This is the first in a series titled " Gator Bait "..watch for part # 2..' Chilly Nilly "

K J Force

Gator Bait Series #4 Discretion With Intention

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Gator Bait Series 4th At Your Discretion with Intention

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Below is the poem entitled Gator Bait Series 4th At Your Discretion with Intention which was written by poet kj force. Please feel free to comment on this poem. However, please remember, PoetrySoup is a place of encouragement and growth.

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Gator Bait Series 4th At Your Discretion with Intention

It's that time of year again, when eliminating unwanted baggage or trash (your choice) ...we have ALL the options available to you..start your ' New Year ' with a clean slate....Join us for our first year anniversary date...

Thanks to all for a dream come true...

I couldn't have done it without all of you...

So jump in your car...and bring a friend...

Make all your troubles come to an END...

Wahoo..Wahoo... we opened store three....
So hope you'll join us, so you can be FREE! ! ! !
Looking to get rid of unwanted, useless baggage...?
Due to abuse, you have an advantage...
mental or physical it doesn't matter...
or just not meeting your criteria..what's sadder?
Having to live everyday when not happy...
doesn't help your attitude, makes it rather crappy...
Look no further... we have the solution....
and can bring the ' issue ' to a conclusion....
Call today for the information....
as we now do business throughout the nation....
No mess, no fuss, just leave it to us...
No questions asked, as this is a simple task....
So don't wait, and do not hesitate...
All this compliments of ' Gator Bait '.....

* limited time offer...recommend a friend...and get 60% off each one you
send...! ! ! !

PS: do yourself a favor and read the previous writes regarding ' Gator Bait ' and
hopefully all will make sense...

K J Force

Gator Bait Series #5 Gator Done

Gator Bait Series 5th Gator Done

I've been there for you since the first...

With sustenance you offer that quenches my thirst...

Although we are different in so many ways...

I look forward to your visits, on hot or cold days..

I never know when you are coming my dear...

But certainly relish when you are here...

We've been doing our thing for a few years now...

There are no suspicions and yet some how...

With all the technology and environmental issues...

It would be our luck that TV reality yahoos...

Would discover our secret of which we share...

Of ridding the world of abuse and despair...

So victims can move forward and not have to fear...

Consequences and options...are made very clear...

So with this in mind, I think we should wait...

On the opening of our 'second ' store known as ' The Gator Bait "

** this is part of the Gator Bait series and also the END..

K J Force

Gator Bait Series Crossing The Line

Form: Prose Poetry | + Fav Poem | Make a CommentComment | Email
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Gator Bait Series 2nd Crossing the Line

It's that time of year when I think of you....
And all the strange things we used to do...
We were young and cast our fate to the wind...

Regardless of the message that we might send..
Out to the world, cause we didn't care...

And that's what brings me here to share....
You treated me just like a queen honey bee..

And I believed and worshiped thee...
We shared our ups and downs together...

In thick and thin and stormy weather...
What was mine was mine and yours was mine.....

And we never ever crossed that line!
I assumed it would always be just you and me...

As no one else appealed you see....
My friends said you will break my heart...

But I told them that, I was just too smart....
As I remembered, what I was taught....

That no one could control my thought...
And then it happened I lost my heart....

My bracelet, my watch and my college ring...
And then you did that awful thing...

You lied, you cheated, you had stolen my bling...
And that's why now you aren't around....

Plus no way... will you EVER.... be found....
Cause I live where the GATOR is king.....

And...like no one steals my BLING!

K J Force

Have You Met Mr. Right?

I met the man of my dreams..
And he feels the same it seems...
He always presents the week-end with a surprise....
And many times I can hardly believe my eyes....
It's dining at it's finest, or tickets to a play...
Or possibly... even a quick jet getaway.....
How we met was purely by chance...
It was on a business trip to France...
He offered to get me to my destination....
As I was at a loss for transportation...
And that is how I met him you see....
My friends said it was just meant to be...
They say he must really be smitten...
Because it has been written...□
They haven't seen him wine or dine...
Anyone in a very long time...
Now we don't live in the same city...
So when we date we usually meet...
At a fancy hotel, and stay in a suite....
We've had several dates..and each one a pleasure
He's been nothing less than a real live treasure...
We've spoken of the act...
And it seems it's a fact..
That we both want the same...
in this dating game...
We text daily and he always calls when he said...
And we always speak just before bed....
He has two children, from what I've heard...
But never discusses, not even one word...
He appears to be very devoted father...
And a wonderful " ex " to their mother...
As he helps her by sharing the parental load...
Chauffeuring them here and there all week...
And I do understand...and I think that is sweet..
So now after months of wining and dining...
And spending our week-ends together....
We came to the conclusion that for both parties, it would be better..
To bring the children into the fold....
As we are not youngsters and the just dating gets old...

So we made our plans and set the date..
That we would now communicate...
He said why not go on a cruise to celebrate...
Everyone was excited as we boarded the ship...
It was like a dream....I was floating on air...
I had finally found my Mr. Right...
When all of a sudden I rounded the corner and saw with my own two eyes..
A man and a woman passionately kissing...IT was he but who was this woman..?
As I approached them both, he held out his hand..
Oh, this is my wife....he said with a grin..
And introduced me as just a friend...
You can draw your own conclusion...and if you can see what I missed in this
poem..
As I never saw it coming...by the way the " ex " was dressed quite stunning...

K J Force

Knowing You Are There

I know I can do anything, as long as you are there....
Standing my ground on things that I care...
You give me the strength to speak my mind...
We are two souls, which have intertwined...
Our journey began when I was born...
On that bitter cold September morn...
You gave me a Bunny, that played a tune...
It was about the Sun, and not the Moon...
Then you gave me a hug and a sweet little kiss...
And told everybody you just got your wish...
You make me smile when I have a bad day.. supportive
And always have positive things to say...
Your love for me has helped me grow...
To become the best Sister you'll ever know....

K J Force

Making The Time...

Depression crept in and took over her soul...
You could tell by her eyes it had taken its toll...
Everyone around her knew she had a need...
She needed medication and on that they all agreed...
But no one had the time, to help her they said...
So she pretty much spent her days in bed...
Months went by and of course she was no better...
Her friends never called or sent her a letter...
The family members dropped in once in a while...
Which at one time did help to make her smile...
But that too was getting few and far between...
And it wasn't done to be mean...
It's just that they too felt the stress and strife...
Dealing with their everyday life...
So the message of this poem should be very clear...
Make time for ALL those who, you hold dear...

K J Force

My Message To You...

Please dry your eyes, now don't you cry...
Let me share with you a lullaby....
I used to tuck you into bed....
Back when you were young....and such a sleepy head....
Disappointments are many in this life we lead....
But I know you're strong and will succeed....
Please trust in me for I have a message to send....
You will never back down or crack and bend....
It is your nature to love and be kind....
Negatives don't linger in your mind....
You're still that little girl who once sat on my knee....
With those big blue eyes looking up at me....
So I would like to take this opportunity....
When there's not enough sun....and too much rain....
Lots of happiness, and very little pain....
Just like the moment, when my heart did sing....
With all the joy that you did bring....
To each, and every one of us....
Without any fret and not much fuss....
I am very proud of what you have become....
And all your accomplishments of what you've done....
Unconditional love will never go out of style....
When your tears can be replaced.....
With this Grandmothers' smile....

K J Force

Perhaps I Should Listen To Myself...

I give to you...
And you gave to me...
A rash, a fever, headache and the Flu...
I told you not to go without a coat...
And now you've got a very bad sore throat...
With fever and pain in all your muscles...
Coughing and sniffles, with draining from nostrils...
Tissues scattered all over the floor...
Bottles and pills from the drugstore...
Chicken soup is what I recommend...
But a sandwich also you did command...
And how about some chips and a nice cold brew...
For days I made you a priority...
Your every whim took seniority...
And then it happened, I started to sweat...
Became lethargic, and better yet...
You were over your bout with the Flu...
As I plopped my body onto the bed...
You stated you were going out to get something to eat...
So I could get some well deserved sleep...
As you closed the door, I heard you say...
Call me when you get better, OK?
And that's what brings me here today...
Perhaps I should listen closer to what I say...
' You should take better care of yourself! "

K J Force

Should This Be A Question To Die For?

He must have deserved it the neighbor said....

To end up like that, with a bullet in his head...

I never saw or heard that side of him said another...

And his wife appeared to be such a great mother..

Then why is she sitting in the back of that police car?

Surely they don't think that she shot him dead....

Oh, my what could he have said?

Perhaps we'll never know said the cop..but mark my words..

If you are a man always think twice, before answering the dreaded question...

.' Do these pants make me look fat? '

Stop, think and savor..

And do yourself a favor..

Tell her how much you love her..

And be sure to tell her those pants are a great color! !

K J Force

Up In Smoke

He worshipped her from afar...
He had since he was three..
He hid it well, no one knew...
She was his heart's desire...
With her big bright eyes and her winning smile..
He never thought she would beguile...
Then he turned ten and it was clear..
It had been she who did inspire...
this young man, with his heart on fire...
He arrived at seven in the morn...
To help prepare the feast de jour...
He stuffed the bird and chose to make..
Her favourite dessert...fresh Raspberry cake..
He feverishly cut and whipped and stirred..
Grandpa `s little helper was becoming quite the gourmet chef...
Then came the time to shower, and get dressed...
He chose his wardrobe carefully...
Making sure that he looked and smelled hmmm good....
She arrived and you could see him beaming proudly...
Everyone feasted on the bird and ate their fill...
He waited on her as I watched..
No one even blinked an eye..
They spoke for what seemed an eternity..
His face could be read for all to see...
Then out of the blue, she excused herself..
And went out on the patio to puff some stuff...
His face went white, I could see his plight..
She chose to be with others you see..
Who foolishly did an atrocity...
The one he worshiped from afar..
Went up in smoke...as she lit her cigar...

K J Force