

Poetry Series

Rusty Daily
- poems -

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Rusty Daily()

I'm married. My wife's name is Kathleen. I have three grown children and one beautiful (and intelligent!) granddaughter.

I'm a US Navy veteran - nuclear powered missile submarines - and I've been associated with golf all my life, either as a player and/or a golf course superintendent. One of my daughters has even taken it up and has become quite a fanatic about it - wants to play all the time. Both my mom and dad have been club champions at our home course and so have my two brothers and ... so have I. Must be a "family affliction" ...

I started writing poetry as gifts to friends who were having birthdays, weddings, etc., then just started writing other funny stuff, concentrating on writing children's poetry. I like to end most of my poems with an unexpected twist.

I had the good fortune to meet on line, a wonderful person who also wrote poetry. That started my friendship with CJ Heck. Fortunately she let me write a few poems with her. I have some of my stuff on other websites, but Barking Spiders is the best place to be if you're ... a big kid like me. ~Rusty"

Note: Rusty's poetry is published, and can be read, monthly in the Hillview Country Club Newsletter, Franklin, Indiana. His work can also be seen at , thestarlitecafe, , , Kevin McCarthy's Dallas Digest, and at his personal website, The Land of Russken.

Gas Cans

Gas Cans

Eco wackos are out there spewing
about what the oil drillers are doing.
Wrecking our earth and bleeding it dry.
Pissing and moaning, telling the lie.

Don't drill here, protect our beaches.
Arrogantly haughty like Star Belly Sneeches.
Don't spoil the tundra and kill Caribou.
Rantin' and ravin' with their hullabaloo.

Don't get me wrong, we should conserve
but, they're starting to get on my last nerve.
If they have their way, I'll tell you man.
Their new Motto; Save Gas, Fart In A Can.

Rusty Daily

I Sit Here And Read The Signatures

I sit here and read the signatures
on an elevated plaster cast
that supports a splintered tibia,
remembering the ill advised
reason for its creation.

As a young, inconsiderate boy
the ant hills were the most fun.
A stick or a kick delivered
a few minutes of amusement,
watching those little critters
rebuild the farm.
The little blue fallen eggs
became yellow window art.
You could get a new free bunny
after chasing off mama.
Ground squirrels
and water hoses,
what fun.

The late morning air
was so thick
it was like trying to
breathe pudding.
The storm left little
of Mother Nature's
or man's building materials,
except for the Elm
and the lone blue egg and nest
lying in its now partial shade.

My epiphany drove me
up the tree with egg and nest,
my atonement more solid
than the trusted branch.

I sit here and read
the signatures
and watch the ants

rebuild the farm.

Rusty Daily

Pollyanna

Pollyanna wanted a cracker
to edit the chaotic bold print
declaring the world gone insane.
Black on white pools of
day old cracker
carpet bomb and redact
a fresh layer of yesterday's hopelessness.
The patient Cheshire sits and grins
as fat Pollyanna sits and shits,
a day late and a cracker short,
eyes closed to tomorrow.

Rusty Daily

Precursor

Precursor

Sandwiched in between
a shower and shave
and the seven come eleven
drive to work, I walk the dog.

A certain swallow of pride
is necessary to tow a ball
of ribboned fluff on
a purple leash
bouncing about like
steroidal Chia Pet.

Abandoning propriety
the little bitch squats
for one and two
then 'expectantly' waits
as I bag her exertions.

It's a Precursor to the day.

My cat at the shop
smells dog during
the welcoming leg rub,
goes to the litter box,
tidies up then
dares me to pet her.

It's a Precursor to the day.

Fortunately,
I'm not at the bottom
of the proverbial hill.

Rusty Daily

Recycle The Grounds

I sit in my post modern
space conscience kitchenette,
one of five tidy squares in the
two high, ten wide people
storage unit waiting for one over easy,
two crisp strips and artery narrowing
I can't believe it's....on white.
The stimulator drips chocolate
brown get up and go into
a freshly salted and iced
eight cupper.

The Fed eased prime
and the Poke-It-To-You
Marathon's go-juice challenged
Aquafina to a price per contest.

I reminded myself to recycle
the grounds.

Rusty Daily

Snobbery

isn't for weak-willed
neophytes who, for one minute,
question the superiority of their
self-appointed position.

the armor is
bullet-proof to humility,
opposite opinion,
and silly common sense,
hiding in the abstract wasteland of,
only I see.

humans have a right to snobbery?

mountains tower over
mole-hill minds.
oceans swamp
pools of bigotry.
canyons engulf our
shallow-ness.
rivers humor our
pissiness.

snobbery looks only down
to see inferiority,
never up to see.

Rusty Daily

So Much For Change

Back in the day
the smoke blacked tube
was what made the tv fuzzy
and the wind pushed
the antennae fifteen degrees off
clear reception of
the Purina sponsored nightly weather.
Last week I walked around the pond
with a pentagrammed five button box
that would have shamed Kreskin...
(44,239 sq. ft.) .
The busy bodied sanctimonious bitch
on our party line
gave herself away
with gasps grated by forty years
of closet smoking.
My Picasso son-in-law
draws masterpieces on a metal slab
and sends them to my
all in one fax, copier, scanner,
high definition photo printing
technological alchemist paper spitter.
Glad handing with the
in town for staples farmers
on Saturday night
is replaced with cross country
bytes as shallow as
a politician's capped enamels.
A Govenor's hatred
barred school doors
and now,
we build a fence.
So much for change.

Rusty Daily

Sro

Anthony and Jodie
grasp statues of
famed character,
a his/her sweep of
symbols and signs
among all that glitter gold.

A swifter magnetizes
shelf dust marked by
the thirty seven year old pictured
debut of a tuxed and gowned
newcomer's appearance to the stage.

SRO

No inquisitor, she.
No eat and run, he.

Rusty Daily

The Signs

The neighbors house seems opaque.
L1-L5 found thirty degrees.
Silence awaits a word on the tip.
I agree with her more often.
The kids are old enough to listen.
The brain-mouth filter is obsolete
and the lawn gets brown in winter.

Rusty Daily

They Shoot Horses. Don'T They?

Talcum and ointment
suspend the rash
and the safety pinned cloth
refreshes the happy drool.

The crackle of starched white
accompanied by an antiseptic cloth
and another 'accident'
fills the biologics bin.

From that to this,
chronicled in Kodak
Instamatic and digital segues
in a book to be revealed
by the post mortem dig.

I once heard,
"They Shoot Horses. Don't They"?

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