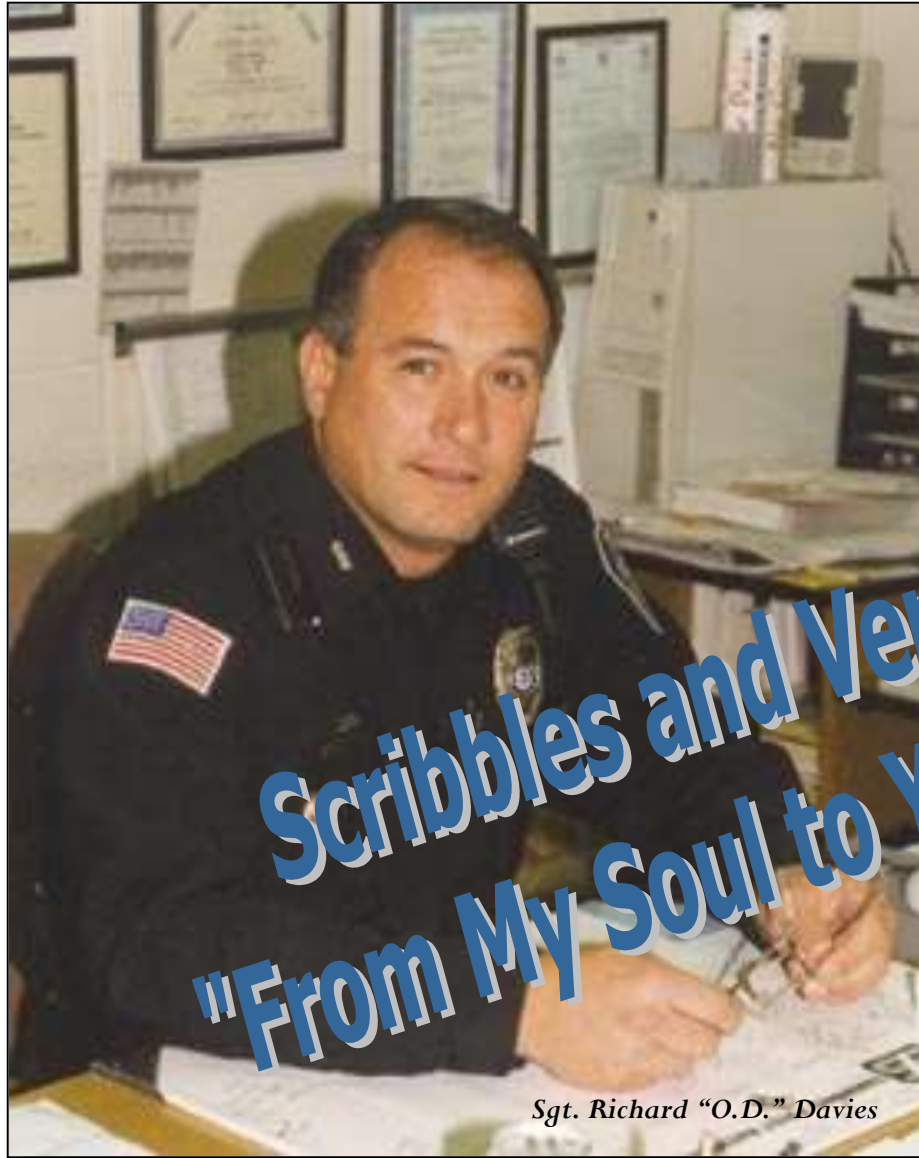


# The Poem Book



An Eclectic Collection of  
Poems and Verse Written About Life and Other  
Things That Go Bump in the Night

*Written For, By and About  
Parents, Teachers, Friends, Animals, Aliens and*

*"Kids" of All Ages*

Copyright 2003

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left blank*



# To my friends at Jack Robey Jr. High

January 18th 2002

Richard Davies / Pine Bluff Police Department  
School Resource Officer / Jack Robey Jr. High 1994 / 2002  
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*Life is the journey...  
Not the destination*



**I wrote “Eight Years Worth of Memories” after having to leave my position...due to a promotion...as School Resource Officer at Jack Robey Jr. High School...(Pine Bluff, Arkansas)**

From 1994 through 2001 I rode herd on approximately 1,200 eighth and ninth graders. I taught in the class room, I broke-up fights, I made drug arrests but generally I just tried to keep the peace. More importantly I got to know the kids and they got to know me.

I had no idea at the time the profound affect they would have on my life...then and now. As I struggled to understand some of their issues and challenges...I guess in a nut shell...what made them tick...I came to realize that all kids are at risk...just on different days. As I worked with the kids I dug deep into my past searching for answers to their questions or tidbits of experience driven advice I might have. The more I dug around, the more I shared my life and feelings the more I begin to better understand the kids and myself. For this, I will be forever grateful.

**“Eight Years Worth of Memories” is dedicated to my friends (students, staff and administration) at Jack Robey Jr. High. “You have surely changed my life...I will never forget you.” “O.D.”**





## Eight Years Worth of Memories,

A lifetime it seems... I've walked down these halls.  
And...at times I'd say... I've seen it all.  
Who could have known, at the very start?  
How many young lives...would have touched my heart?  
The hustle and bustle...the halls are alive...  
With sound of young voices, as they strive to survive

I've watched as they passed, with eyes full of hope  
I've watched as they cried...unable to cope  
Eight years worth of friendships...have lightened my life.  
They've shown me the way...they've shown me the light.  
I can not imagine...a day without hugs  
From my children that loved me...the children I love.

The good times and the bad times...they all played a part,  
From the early morning...until well after dark.  
Eight years worth of memories, I'll cherish through time  
The joy and the laughter...still alive in my mind  
A warm sort of feeling...as I write down these lines.  
From my soul...to your soul... the tears, yours and mine.

Richard Davies 01-27-02



I sat alone in my patrol car...my part of an extra security shift. I watched an endless stream of headlights appear, then fade slowly into the distance as carloads of smiling children and awe-struck adults drove through the gigantic Christmas light display located along our regional parks lakefront drive.

It was a cold, still December night. The sky was crystal clear and filled with stars. It was so peaceful there. Every sound for miles around seemed to be amplified as it echoed across the water.

**The poem, "Darkness" was my attempt to capture what I saw,** what I heard and what felt of the world around me at that very moment in time.



## Darkness

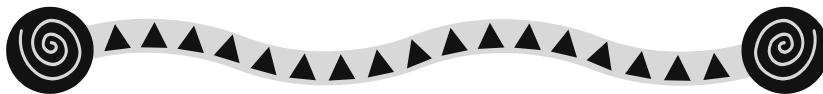
*A china white moon creeps above the treetops  
It's soft light peeking between the branches  
The lonesome song of a locomotive wails in the distance  
The sound of steel on steel rumbling out a steady beat  
An ink black sky is a backdrop to a million pinpoints of light  
Their faint twinkling signaling the end of a long journey  
A cool the breeze brushes my face, then hurries off in the night  
I sit silently, embracing the darkness...and it embraces me.*

*Richard Davies 12-20-02*





**“Different Paths”** was written after talking with someone about their problem with depression...most of which is manifested from memories of their past. The poem focuses on the individuals total surrender to their depression and the anger that rises from it. It also points out their inability to admit there is a problem...even though others, who have discovered how to deal with their depression, anger, are trying to help them.





## Different Paths (Begin Within)

I know your pain, for I have been  
I know the struggle...we fight within  
Past lives can torment and twist the light  
Our minds reach out...to know what's right.

Eyes blinded to those who try  
Tears fall inward...to shamed to cry.  
R age to despair...but never the twain  
There must be something to ease our pain

The truth you seek lies deep within  
Only you, hold the key...as where to begin.

Richard Davies 11-18-02



I wrote “Damn it” as an assignment in the tenth grade. I was a very angry, frustrated and confused teenager during this time of my life...and when I was asked to write about my feelings...I did just that.

Even though “Damn It”...did a great job (I thought) of summing up how I felt at the time, I received a failing grade for this assignment.. *There were not points given for artist interpretation which only added to my frustration.*



Feelings

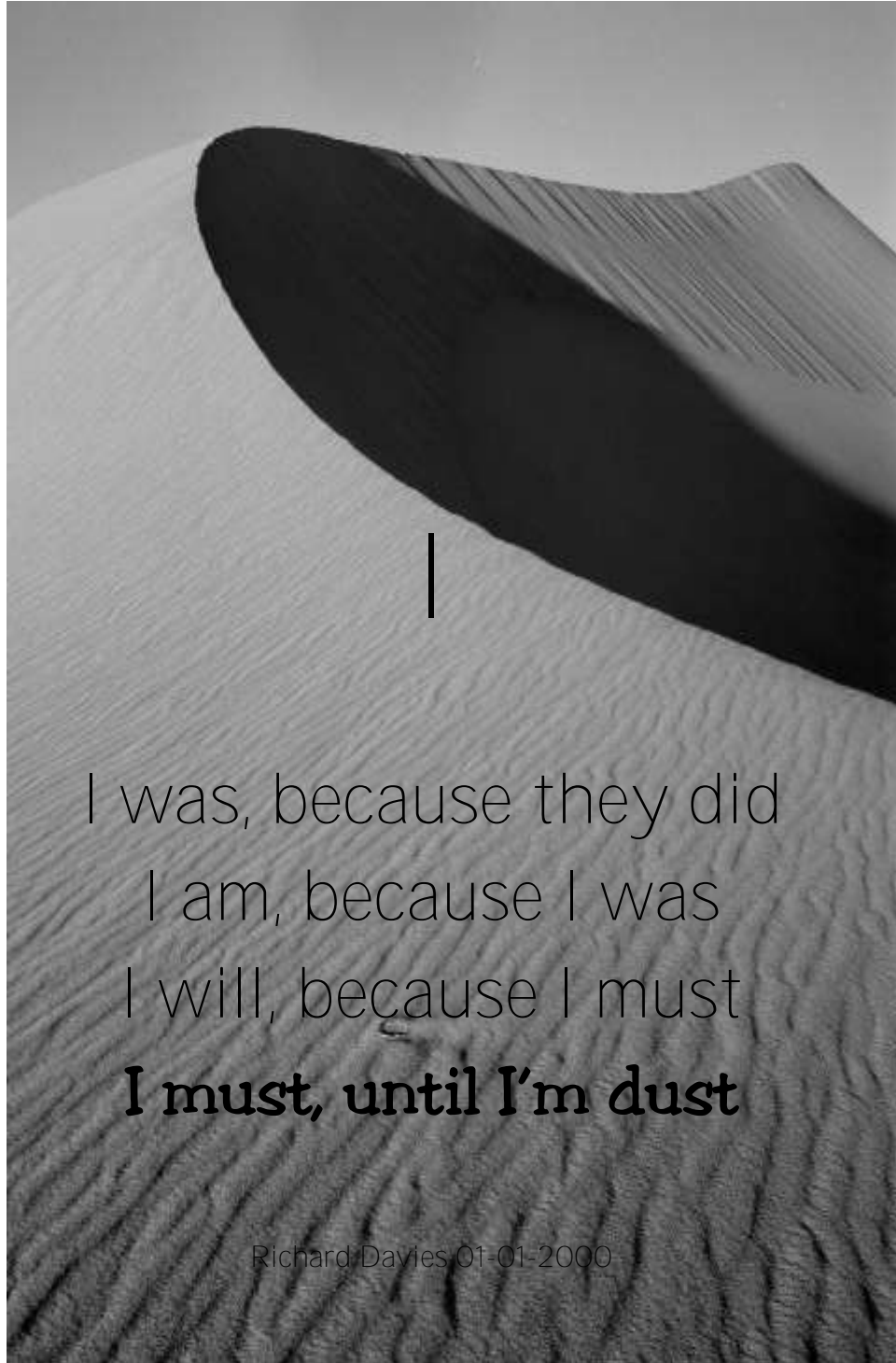
**“Damn it !”**

R. Davies 10<sup>th</sup> Grade 1968



From birth to death and a reason for being in four  
**lines...nothing more...nothing less. I guess artist inter-**  
pretation does count for something.





I

I was, because they did  
I am, because I was  
I will, because I must  
**I must, until I'm dust**

Richard Davies 01-01-2000



For years during the early summer I would drive alone to the Mississippi Gulf Coast to visit some of my family members. I couldn't wait to smell the salty air that was and is still special to me. However, this time...as I traveled down highways toward my destination I became painfully aware of all the small crosses laden with wilted flowers and faded bows standing silently beside the roadway.

As a police officer I have personally witnessed so many tragedies. I have seen and felt so much pain...and yet, due I guess...to my pre-occupation with "going home" I had never noticed how many crosses stood as silent reminders of the fact that so many had lost their lives on those very spots.

**We don't stop to think about the fact that the lives those crosses represent probably started as we had...filled with excitement and anticipation of the journey ahead.**

Life is precious...it can be taken away in a heartbeat. When traveling please wear your seatbelt, buckle in the children and follow the simple, common sense safety rules and the rules of the road. There are enough crosses out there already.



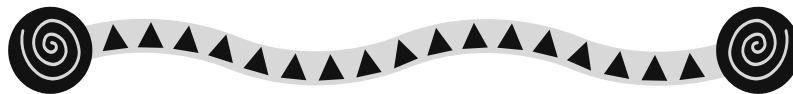
## Flowers Beside the Road

For miles and miles they go,  
These flowers beside the road.  
Some small, some large, some old, some new.  
Seen by thousands, yet seen by few.  
For these are not for those we knew.  
These flowers, red, green, yellow and blue  
What has it to do with me and you?  
These flowers beside the road.  
Smiles and laughter, a journey begins.  
Two seconds of fear, the journey ends.  
Twisted metal, moans from within.  
Broken glass, the breath breathed last.  
Unknown to those, what fate has cast.  
For all those there, with all they tried.  
A small child cries, as his mother dies.  
A prayer is said, they hang their heads,  
**It's hard to believe, they can't dead.**  
Some flowers laid, to mark this space,  
This patch of ground, this awful place.  
These flowers beside the road,  
You know, you see them, as you come and go.  
Standing silently, standing alone,  
Faded and drooping but, letting it be known.  
Some ones loved one, is not coming home.





*Being away from home as often as I am tends to bring out the romantic in me. I was looking at the stars from my hotel window when I started pondering the thought of who could see the same stars. I grabbed a pencil and paper and came up with what I thought was a romantic goodnight wish...especially from someone like me.*



## *Good Night from a Far*

*I gaze upon these stars tonight,  
and seek the one that shines so bright.*

***I pray it send it's glimmering light,***  
*to seek the place you sleep this night.*

*To softly place upon your lips,  
a warm and loving, kiss good night*

*Richard Davies*





Watching kids try and “make it” in the world today is frustrating. It seems like there is more and more competition and barriers to be crossed . It’s no wonder so many kids feel hopeless.

How different the worlds of the “haves” and the “have-nots” How much better if each would help each other and give a “hand up” to the next level.





## Struggles

I curse the sky, and stomp the earth.  
I reach for life, with all I'm worth  
I'll push aside my humble pride  
For just a chance to see inside  
The world for those... that "have arrived"

Stop a moment and hear the sighs  
Of all those past...that too have tried  
To climb beyond the limits set  
By those who never troubles met  
...and still I struggle even yet

I have to ask the question why  
Is it so important...that I should try?  
To have it all...while others strive  
To grasp all things my eyes can see  
...and revel in the thought of me

Or take the time...to lend a hand  
To show the way...to a fellow man  
To change their will to do the same  
No matter ...from where we came

I think with time the truth shall come  
And every man will live as one

Richard Davies 03-04-02



*As a police officer there are many encounters with drug and alcohol abusers. "Chemically Twisted" addresses the fact that in the world of a serious drug abuser...denial and deception are the order of the day and the line between fantasy and reality become blurred. In their minds drugs make them smarter, stronger, better looking and invincible*

*It is the non-user ...not them...that are "out of order."*



## Chemically Twisted

Thoughts...twisted, bent and broken  
Unwanted...though ever present...they remain unspoken

Gnarled and knotted... they rip into my brain  
I saw, they did...who really...is to blame?

Fantasy is reality... and reality takes its toll.  
Spreading as if a fungus, devouring my listless soul

Thoughts racing...heart pounding...  
Voices tearing at my ears

Fading slowly to a whisper...before they start again  
Jeering, pointed, yet hollow... they dare to belittle my fears

My madness?...your mad... by what do you perceive  
My darkness is my light...though difficult to believe

Existing only to exist...I watch the world go by  
For within my world...there is no reason why

A little more...just one more line...then I'll start again  
Lost in time...there is no line...where life and death begin

Richard Davies 07-20-03



I wrote this poem for the kids involved in a book reading contest at an elementary school. The mention on candies in the poem were to be the prizes given at the time. I can't stress the importance of teaching our children to read. So many of them can't.



# Look at a Book...

**You took a book...then took a look...**

At what lives within the pages

**Pirates and Cowboys... Kings and Queens...**

And heroes throughout the ages

**New worlds to explore... you can't ignore...**

In a wondrous world we live.

**Each page reveals... the secrets held...**

Some time... is all you give

**On the dreariest of days...with nothing to do...**

A book is a lifesaver

**With a twinkle of light...from a star bright...**

A story... you do favor

**A tear...a smile... a frown...a moan...**

It may even make you snicker

**With each page you turn...with each book you read ...**

Your world begins to grow

**For knowledge waits... at your fingertips...**

**And curious minds... want to know**

© Richard Davies 04-25-03

*Lifesavers, Starbrights and Snicker Candies are rewards for this book reading poem*





I have been blessed with the sweetest of nieces. The only problem is that I only see them once a year. They grow so fast while I'm gone and I fear there will come a day...when they become so involved in their lives... that they won't there won't need there Uncle Richie they way they used too.



## Each and Every Day

Thinking now, remembering then  
Your quick smile, your childish grin  
Our time so short, we just begin,  
Then it's head for home again.

Even though you're far away,  
You cross my mind, most every day.  
I see us walk and talk and play,  
The years fly by, I hate to say.

It won't be long, before you're grown,  
And have a family of your own.  
I'll miss the times we had.  
I'll stop and think, it seems so sad.  
I wish we'd had more time to share,  
With me down here and you up there.

I guess the thing I want to say,  
Is when you're down, the day is gray  
Remember me, for I would say.  
My love for you will clear the way.  
You're in my heart each, and every day .

Richard Davies aka  
Uncle Richie 04-08-2000



It's funny how some things go un-noticed for so long...then suddenly appear before your very eyes. "I Am You"...was written after working with the kids competing in the Special Olympics during the summer of 2003. I have worked with the Special Olympics for years. I was watching the children as they competed or sat close enough to the track to watch as others competed. I suppose I watched more closely than I ever have before....because I saw things a little differently this time.

I urge you to do the same.



## I Am You

*Not clay or stone...but flesh and bone*

*A life ...does course my veins*

*A heart that beats... within me deep*

*Feeling joy... as well as pain*

A brain that seeks, two lips that speak

A soul that longs for more

*A chance to be...no more than me*

For within my mind I soar

*I see the trees...I feel the breeze*

*As you... I hear the sounds*

My mind is clear and deep with thought

Though my body bent and bound

*Look upon me not... as a life less real*

*For I am you within my heart...*

My life, like yours, is real.

Richard Davies 09/03



I wrote this tribute to a long lost friend of mine who never really knew the impact she had on me, during a very turbulent time in my life. The strength and commitment to her beliefs and values were evident even to the misguided teenager that I was. After having experienced more in her life, before the ninth grade, than most people could imagine, she still had the time to reach out the hand of friendship and understanding to others. Her honest, caring nature; will never be forgotten.



## In Your Special Way...

In a silent moment, when calm is in your mind  
Close your eyes and listen to memories of another time  
Images emerge from nowhere, and then silently slip away  
**They seem so long forgotten, yet... were just the other day**

Dusty driveways, paper birds, money falling from the heavens  
Such simple things too many, much more to a child yet seven  
**Children's laughter is in the leaves, as they scatter across the ground**  
A pile of quilts to snuggle with, while the stove makes crackling sounds

**The innocence of a child's mind only sees the good to see**  
No worries of the outside world or the way life ought to be  
Yet death can play so cruel a part, no reason for it seems  
Its crushing blow can destroy so many hopes and dreams

Memories of those you loved so much, and cradled in your arms  
Now an angel gracing the heavens, far, far away from harm  
To those of whom rode out the night, and cried so many tears  
From those who you never forgot, staying true through out the years

Your strength comes from who you are, and the path that led you here  
Helped step by step by those who love, and those you hold so dear  
Your memories will strengthen you, and guide you every day  
**Just never forget the lives you have touched... in your own special way.**

Richard Davies

12-01-05



After the suicide death of a 12 year old girl I couldn't help but wonder what she must have been thinking as she tied a bed sheet around her throat. Were things in her life going to be better? Did she comprehend the finality of death or was death just a way to change things.

Everyone has their own fears when it comes to death...more for some, than others. Is there life after death...if so, what is it like. We all want to know...but unlike this little girl...most of us don't want to go there to find out.





## The Door...

In a door way leading nowhere  
Its threshold worn smooth from wear  
Silence beckons beyond the darkness  
Soft voices fill the air  
Stillness overcomes the chaos  
Peace falls upon the stair  
Ten fold that seek an answer  
**Many more... that do not care**  
**Yet the door... left slightly open**  
Making away for those who dare

R. Davies 11/03





As I sat taking notes in a very dull police training class about domestic violence and child abuse I found myself daydreaming about some of the young students that had come to my office over the past months to discuss some of the problems they were having at home. Finally lunch came and I went out...grabbed a sandwich and returned to the classroom. I like to eat, relax and listen to my favorite **Simon and Garfunkel cd's. I sat in the darkened room and tried to** concentrate on the music, but my mind was flooded with words and images of children being abused and crying for help. I began to write **"It Shouldn't Hurt to be a Child" I didn't hear another word spoken** in the class for the rest of the day...just the words the children were telling me. After the class I drove home and completed the story poem. I had never written anything like that before...as a **matter of fact I felt I didn't write it ...I just wrote down what I was being** told in my mind. However it was written...I felt relieved. I shared the poem with some of my students and for the first time I realized that putting all these words I had been hearing and the emotions I had been absorbing from the youth I worked with...on paper... was something I needed to do ...and share.





## **It Shouldn't Hurt to Be a Child**

The nights are long, and filled with fright.  
I know the pain that haunts the night.

It comes to me as I try to sleep.  
The pain is fleeting, but the scars are deep.  
I try and try with all my might,  
**I want to be loved but; this can't be right.**

**I hope my friends won't see this bruise.**  
**I'll have to decide, which excuse I'll use.**  
I love my parents, which I could lose.  
**I guess I'm stuck, I just can't choose.**

My only prayer is I do right.  
Just maybe, no whipping tonight.  
**My mother screamed "Do as I said"**  
I know she really wishes me dead.

The extension cord stings as it cuts my skin.  
Tears, are streaming down my chin.  
Please stop, I cry, as I pull away  
**I hate the fact, I'm alive today**

Each lash of the cord, burned deep with intent  
To straighten me out, to make me repent  
I hate the thought, of what she thinks  
**It's not my fault, that daddy drinks.**

Continued

(continued)

Deep, I hide beneath my covers,  
**In a place too soon he'll discover.**  
Stumbling, fumbling as he tries to stand.  
The covers gone, the pain began.  
No gentle touch, just callous hands.

Nowhere to run, no where to hide.  
Nowhere to put this pain inside.  
I want to be loved, to be held and hugged.  
Not pushed aside, replaced by drugs.

**Tonight will come, I'll try to sleep**  
**I pray once more "my soul to keep."**  
In the darkness the pain will creep.  
I know the hurt, and the hurt is deep.  
Staggering, stumbling rubbing his hands  
**His wife he says. "doesn't understand"**

What did I do to deserve this pain?  
**I'm just a child, with nothing to gain.**  
Did no one see, can no one hear.  
All these things, as a child I fear.

(continued)

No more excuses, no more whys  
No more beatings, or anguished cries  
No more hurting, the pain so deep.

**Tonight I'll cry, tonight I'll sleep.**

**I'll dream the dream, of the life I seek.**

With love and hope, and free from lies.

Listen closely to these words I speak

For tonight I sleep, tomorrow I die.

Richard Davies 04-06-2000





The first time I ever heard of the “5-H Club” I was in a gang awareness class being hosted by my friend Steve Nawvoyzsk . I learned a lot from Steve but nothing so important as the “5-H Club” when it came to understanding the thought processes of young people. Helpless, Hopeless, Homeless, Hungry and Hugless are the five H’s.

Taken at face value they are important ...but A person needs to look beyond the words face value to truly understand it’s potential meaning . Kids today are so confused...not only as to who they are but who they are supposed to be. “In Search of Me” asks that question .



## In Search of Me

Further, further, inward I go.  
 Searching for something, I may never  
 know.  
 Reaching ever deeper, into my soul,  
 Crying out, to know my role,  
 From deep within this endless hole.

Behind these walls my soul resides  
 Behind these walls, who hears my cries  
 Built stone by stone throughout the years  
 These walls so high, these walls I fear  
 Beneath their shadow, is where I dwell  
 Their secrets hidden, shall no one tell

What purpose this life of mine  
 To take up space, to use up time  
 I look and see a shining light  
 The answer I seek, this wonderful sight?  
 It calls to me, inviting and bright,  
 I rush forward to reach the light  
 Stop, and wait, the times not right  
 It dims, then dulls and drops from sight

What does it take to reach this light  
 To know myself, to know my life  
 Wide open eyes, that cannot not see  
 With ears that hold the truth from me  
 The constant pain, from deep within  
 That pulls, and tugs, and drags me in

Further and further into my soul  
 Searching for something I may never  
 know  
 Crying out to know my role  
 Open my eyes and let me see  
 Deep inside, which me, is me.

Richard Davies 04/99





Being a COP is a great job. It has its moments but, those aside it's one of the most personally rewarding careers that I can think of. Most of the time the officers are first on the scene of everything from house fires to car accidents. Lights flashing, sirens wailing and adrenalin pumping, it just doesn't get more exciting than that. The down side is all the personal tragedies that become intertwined in their lives. An officer sees so much pain, suffering and death that it becomes almost impossible for a day to go by that he or she is reminded of one incident or another. "Faces" is about some of those haunting memories.



## Faces

They come in the darkness, the still of the night  
 They come in the day...when the sun shines bright  
 They come from the depths... of my inner sight  
 They come in the shadows, to ponder their plight

In a casual moment, when my mind is set free  
 They peer out from *no-where*, for a few to see  
 These faces... from places...that few ever go  
 These faces with stories...that few ever know  
 Long faces, short faces, light faces, dark faces  
 Round faces, square faces, young faces, old faces

Silence... their voices, is all that I hear  
 Cold to the touch... only blood for a tear  
 A moment in time... frozen... in the wink of an eye  
 Looking at me... yet through me...too late to ask why

I'll harbor these faces...recessed in my mind  
 They'll be there...watching...these faces of mine  
 Unwelcome reminders...of pain, death and strife  
 The dead stare from eyes...where once... there shown life.

Richard Davies 06-21-01





We are here on earth for such a short time and by the time we have reached an age that we begin to appreciate how blessed we are just **to be here...it's time to go.** "Moments" acknowledges our creator and the fact that he has only given us so much time. Slow down and "Smell the Roses" and be sure to share the love .



## Moments...

Cool the breeze, it caresses my face

**I feel... No, I felt, it was a touch of his grace**

A message perhaps, of a time drawing near

**Comforting to know there's nothing to fear**

Leaves long whispered among the trees

Now slowly drift to earth, a blanket for me

Colorful, warm and soft to the touch

How something so simple can mean so much

Each day that passes, each star that shines

Knows well the fact, there soon comes a time

When the grasses fade, and the flowers will close

The time has come, for those of us who know

I have gazed upon the sky and lands,

**I've touched the grasses and felt the sands**

Each blessed I know, by his very hands

Yet shaped and formed by mortal man

With feelings so deep, only I could know

**I've tried to be and to others show**

**Feel the breeze, see the stars, praise the sun's morning light**

**For they're only here for a moment...and that moment is life**

Richard Davies 8-15-2001



After my first college writing assignment was returned to me looking more like a crime scene than a narrative writing assignment ...I realized there was more to writing than putting words on paper. **Red ink was splattered on every page and I really didn't have a clue why.** "I guess I write like I talk" I explained to the instructor, hoping for some relief to come in the form of the acknowledgement of understanding. She understood...but I still had to do all of the corrections and explain why I did them. I thought my biggest problem would be spelling but in reality...I had a bigger problem with commas.

**I wrote "Nothing but a "C" Thing after my final writing assignment.** I found that surrender was the smart way out of this battle.







*“The Night”* came easily as I sat in my easy chair as daylight slipped into darkness after a very trying day one hot Arkansas evening.





## *The Night....*

*Shadows glide silently, across the walls  
Sweeping clean the last rays of light  
Darkness now, were light once called  
As the day, slips slowly into the night*

*The chaos of life over-powers the day  
Each soul on a mission to discover their way  
Now silence becomes the voice of night  
And a peace over-comes... **the struggle of life***

*The cool of the evening replaces the heat  
As the slightest of breezes, embraces our sleep  
A time to reflect, to rest, and to dream  
**The night as it is ... is more than it seems.***



**I am always probing the minds of others...it's the best way to** learn. I was speaking with someone that felt as though they were hopelessly lost in their own depression. They felt there was no way to climb above their feelings and were smothered when they tried. I painted a picture of depression in my mind then tried to put it and something positive about it into words.



## Within Depression

It drifts in silently like the fog that blankets the earth.

**Shrouding the hills and valleys, it clings for all it's worth.**

Deflecting the brightest of lights, that shown down from above.

**Blocking out our hopes and dreams...the cries of those we love.**

**There is no future...nor life to live, so deep within this fog.**

**Blind eyes that search, deaf ears that strain...**

a mind lost to the bog.

**A ray of hope, a moments breath...though too soon, it slips away.**

**The darkness comes, as it always does...again to steal the day.**

To fight the mist that clouds your mind, to rise above to gloom.

**Will only build the strength of self...and save you from the doom.**





Memories are a wonderful thing...and an even better tool to use when working with others...especially young people. The only problem is we tend to get so involved in our current lives that we forget **about some of the “mistakes” or un-pleasant memories. We weren’t perfect then and I’m quite sure we’re not perfect now...share your mistakes and achievements with a young person in need of support.** The memories you create will be some of the most rewarding ever.



## Have you ever stopped to think?

Have you ever stopped to think, about where you've been?

What you see with your mind, the memories within.

From cradle to grave these images appear,

Memories of you, of things you loved and things you feared.

Do you remember when you were very young?

A storybook read, a nursery rhyme sung.

A warm bed to sleep, with covers, tucked in tight

The glow of a nightlight and mom's kiss goodnight.

Do you know what memories made their mark?

That showed the way, when times were dark.

That made you laugh, that made you smile,

That made you go that extra mile.

Memories can be warm and comforting,

or chill to the bone like a driving wind.

Memories signal our beginning, or drive us to the end.

Memories are who we are. They lead us where we want to be.

So when does it happen, that time in our lives, we forget how to see?

That there is more to living, than just living for me.

Each path a little longer, each child a different name.

Each life a little different, but with memories just the same.

Neither shape of their eyes, nor color of skin,

Changes the way, a heart beats within.

(cOntinued)

Should I ask myself, am I up to par?  
What's my reason for being? What, have I done so far?  
I've made it through the early years,  
I've laughed, and cried my share of tears.

Memories in place, a life well on it's way.  
There must be something, I can do or say?  
Could it be to show the way, out of the darkness, into the day?  
To share their hopes and dreams, their wants and needs  
To help someone, who can't, learn to plant the seeds.

The seeds for a life that can't be replaced  
For now whom has memories, to be traced  
Back to a time your helping hand,  
Lead from the darkness, to a Promised Land.

R.Davies 05-01-2000







**“Two’s company and three’s a crowd”** No truer words were ever spoken when it comes to teenage relationships. Everyday is a new day complete with a brand new batch of hormones. Too shy today to **speak up about the feelings stirring inside ...and then it’s too late...**the time has passed. Another soul has taken your place and only a memory resides where this one sided passion once lived.



## **It's Hard to be a Friend**

Sometimes it's hard, just to be a friend,  
On the outside, always looking in.  
So many feelings, held close within,  
So many words but, where to begin.

How I've longed, to have just one day.  
A chance to share these words, I'd say  
Sometimes it's hard, just to be a friend,  
On the outside, always looking in.

To touch, to hold, to make you mine,  
To laugh, to cry, to make up time.  
Could we have been so blind,  
Or did fate itself control our minds?

Two lives, two hearts, two worlds apart.  
Two paths crossing in the dark.  
Feelings of love that will never end.  
**Sometimes it's hard, just to be a friend.**



Trying to explain to a parent or loved one why you did some of the things the way you did. As a child... can sometimes be difficult at best. Children see things differently than adults...simply because they are children. Their decisions, many times, are based on the now instead of the later. Children and young people do not have the resources to handle problems the same way adults do nor do they understand some of the long term results of their decisions. I feel that most young people repress their feelings of inadequacy. **Many replace those feelings with an I don't care attitude. I don't care if it hurts me. I don't care if it hurts you...I'm doing it my way.**



## Looking Back

Looking back at times gone by,  
I have to stop and wonder why.  
Would I be here if I had tried,  
To understand, just why you cried?  
If I had known how hard you tried?  
**I can't say yes and I won't say no,  
Because, I guess, I just don't know.**

A child sees things through different eyes,  
When pain comes in their fragile lives.  
The life I knew those few short years.  
So safe, secure, and free of fears,  
Torn away and drowned in tears.

Many words were said, many tears were dried,  
It seems as though my soul had died.  
Here today and gone tomorrow,  
Hidden within, is so much sorrow.

What do you do, when what you knew is gone?  
When your not very big, and your not very strong.  
When an anger within starts to grow and to grow,  
Who can you tell, who cares to know?



(continued)

Lost among the crowd it seemed,  
With some, that seemed to me, so mean.  
A child I felt, the place for me,  
A place that no one else could see.  
Far back upon the lowest shelf,  
Hidden from them; lost within myself.

I left to seek this life of mine,  
The past, I blocked it, from my mind.  
The life I chose was hard to live,  
So much in need, so little to give.  
I paid a price for the path I walked,  
I see your pain each time we talk.

Remember this, next time you try,  
To figure out, or wonder why.  
I remember how hard you tried,  
I remember how much you cried, but;

A child sees things with different eyes,  
And needs someone, to ask "why?"

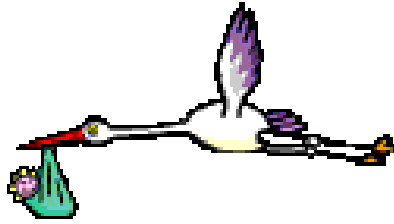
Richard Davies 5-13-2000

**“You are,**  
but what  
your mind  
allows you  
**to be.”**



**Very little explanation is needed here. “Grand-pa’s Note”** was written in celebration of learning I was to be a grandfather for the first time. Over the years, I have had thousands of surrogate grandchildren as a school resource officer...but this is a whole new ballgame. **I only pray that I don’t strike out.**





## "Grand-pa's" Note

Friday, March 1, 2002

I write this little something... to help recall the day.  
 I learned, that my son's wife... was in a family way.  
 The words she spoke were soft and clear...as she explained her state,  
 And calculated on her hands...the possible arrival date.  
 My son...of course...was proud as well...no words he had to speak.  
 The joy was written across his face...he smiled from cheek to cheek.  
 A boy or girl will join our ranks...which, it matters not.  
 A healthy child is in our prayers...we'll love no matter what.  
 The months will crawl by slowly now...as we wait the blessed day.  
 Much to do...much more to learn...with a baby on the way.  
 I'll resign myself... to the fact... that a "grandpa" I soon will be  
 The word itself may scare some folks...but it sounds just great to me.

Richard "grand-pa" Davies 03-09-02



Columbine High School, Jonesboro Middle School...the list goes on and on. Names of schools where horrible, life altering events took place. A recurring nightmare for school resource officers across the country. **Whose attitudes ranged from it can't happen here, to I pray it doesn't happen here.**

I was lucky, very lucky...eight years service as a school resource officer in the largest middle school in Arkansas without an incident like those that shocked our nation time after time.



## My Prayer For Today

With the morning comes the sunrise,  
A new day dawning, and it comes with a prize.  
**My house shoes on backward, that's no surprise.**  
**I shouldn't be complaining, at least I'm alive.**  
I drag from beneath the covers so snug,  
I mumble and stagger toward my coffee mug.

Another day is already here,  
Could this be the day that I fear?  
The sign I missed, the child that was pissed,  
**They'll show to the world, how to make the list.**

So many people, watching me to see,  
Which way to go, just how to be.  
So great the pressure to succeed,  
And yet somehow, still just be me.

Sometimes it hard to reason or cope,  
With so many out there, without any hope.  
The guns, the disease, and all kinds of dope.  
With lives so hard, and so little hope.

Continued

(continued)

The prize I seek, is in their eyes,  
**With heads held high, they'll reach the sky.**  
Their lives begin, with this new dawn,  
**A child was here, but now they're gone**  
Moving on with a life of their own,  
To start a family, to make a home.

So my Prayer today, is from the heart,  
Please help me know, just where to start.  
Give me the patience, and love, and respect for their trust,  
Give me strength to do right, and to do what is just,  
**These things that I ask, and I know there're not much,**  
Simple things really, kind of silly, so why all the fuss?

For those who are lost, and live day by day,  
**By my hand through yours, we'll show the way.**  
For those in need, of someone to say,  
With the morning, comes another day.  
With the sunrise will come, the warmth of the prize,  
**That glimmer of hope in a lost child's eyes.**

*Dedicated to all High School Graduates* Richard Davies 05-30-2000







So many times I have talked with drug addicts that want to blame everyone else for their addictions. They use ...what they feel as injustices from their past as an excuse. They are angry at the world and especially at those that truly love them... regardless of the pain they have caused everyone around them. All this anger because the truth hurts and denial rules what is left of their lives.



## The Truth...

The truth that you seek... lies within your own heart  
Cloaked yet with the anger... from times once so dark  
A brother, a sister... that loved you so then  
No less than a mother, trying again to begin  
Look deep within... your mind for the cure  
Its there... just waiting... I know this for sure  
Free yourself from the things... that you have no control  
The cloak will dissolve... and flow free from your soul  
The truth you were seeking, was there all along  
Disused and twisted and treated so wrong  
Now there is no need... for words that are sharp  
That only tears at one's feelings and angers the heart  
Good words you have written... though, it's only a start  
With time... a whole family's love... will light up the dark.



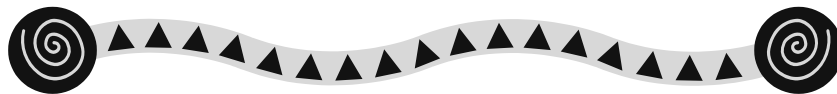
It's a story that... if I've heard it once... I've heard it a thousand times.

**"Are your parents here tonight?"** I asked, the young man as he fidgeted with his choir robe while pacing back and forth behind the stage curtain. **"No"** he answered bluntly. **He offered no excuses or explanation. They just weren't going to be there to see his performance.**

Even worse is the child left standing outside the auditorium waiting for someone to pick them up. All the other students and their parents are long gone and on many occasions I've heard frustrated school personnel reprimand the child and tell them if this happens again they can't attend or be a part of the school programs.

Young people today are becoming more and more accustomed to being on their own. Many have to take care of siblings or an overworked and or possibly addictive single parent. Forced to make adult decisions then criticized for "acting grown" when they question something they feel is not right...or do not understand.

Children need to be children and they need our support. We will need their support someday.



## TELL ME A STORY...

Tell me a story daddy  
**Maybe later baby...I'm really beat**

Did you look at my picture daddy?  
**Quiet child...please go to sleep**

Are you coming to my school play?  
**Maybe...Honey...I just can't say**

I made an "A" on my science project  
**That's good...I've had a terrible day**

Come to the game with me, I've got great seats  
**Not today...I've got someone important to meet.**

I met someone... we're going out on a date  
**That's nice ...be sure you're not late**

Dad...the wedding was great  
**We're sorry... you had to be out state**

**We'll be home for the holidays Dad**  
 Will you try to come home early at least one day?

Mom called, to say you were sick  
**The kids would like to see you...**  
 We promise to make the visit quick.

**I heard at the funeral... it really rained**  
**It's a shame... so few actually came.**

Richard Davies... March 2002



**Parents...especially mothers...and in this case mine....have a tendency to see all the bad things that lurk in the past. Mistakes they think they may have made during the early years of raising their children. Last I checked ...nobody is perfect. However, when I wrote this poem about my mother it was to remind her that she did her part...and did it well in my opinion...for as long as I allowed her to do it.**

The rest of the story? Well, that is on me.





## *My Mother...*

*When I was little... and I'm sure that I was  
 My mother did all of the things that a good mother does  
 She made me feel needed... with just a look or a hug  
 She made me feel snugly... like a bug in a rug  
 She chased off the monsters... and turned on the light  
 She bravely would face... what went bump in the night  
 She fed me and clothed me and watched as I grew  
 Words of love and encouragement are all that I knew  
 There was never a need for a bottle of pills...  
 For her kiss could cure the most horrible of ills  
 She believed in Easter Bunnies, Santa Claus and the like  
 And always allowed me to ride on my bike  
 I never went hungry... I never was cold  
 I always felt special... because I was told  
 One thing I remember when there's trouble or strife  
 From the very beginning there's been love in my life.  
 I guess I should say... had I been given my druthers  
 I'm glad that I chose you... for my Mother.*

*Happy Mother's Day... I Love You... From your oldest baby... May 12, 2002*



**"I need to write 27 poems"** my cousin's 12 year old daughter said, over the phone, her voice trailing off as if already exhausted.

**"That is just impossible"** she added, listening closely for any sign of agreement.

I asked her why she had to write so many poems and when she had to write them.

**"It's for class...One poem for every letter of the alphabet and it has to be done in three days"** she said, exhaling loudly into the phone.

I reminded her that there was only twenty-six letters in the alphabet...so that takes care of one...the others would be simple. I offered my services to complete the impossible and reminded her that she had to write some too.

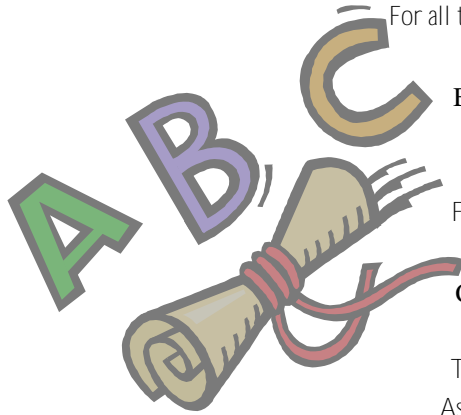
I have always told young people that when they are writing poems, verse or stories ...they have complete artistic control. Write whatever comes into your head...whatever best expresses what you want to say.

I had a blast doing these little tid-bits. **I'd almost forgotten how much fun writing can be...**and I have to thank her for asking for my help.



## ABC's in Poems & Verse

**All** the time I think about  
Which way is up...which way is out?  
I should look inside of me  
For all the answers are there to see.



**Before** there was then  
But just before now  
I saw myself looking  
For just what was how

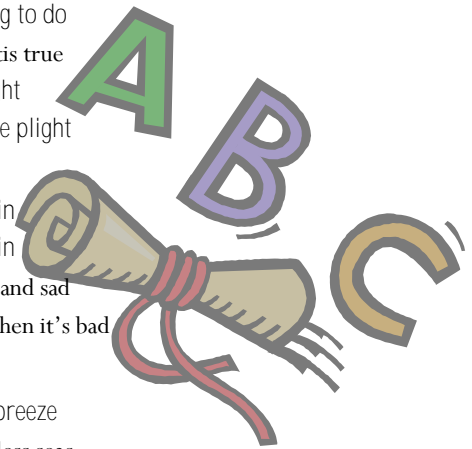
**Clouds** are like magic  
All fluffy and fun  
They make funny faces  
As they run from the sun

**Down** the path to the end of the lane  
Sometimes it's pretty...other times it plain  
I carefully walk, looking first left then right  
For who knows what lies... just out of my sight

**Everywhere**, everywhere something to do  
Not a moment to spare...too much tis true  
I try and I try with all of my might  
To conquer my world and this terrible plight

**Friends** are like the cooling rain  
They gently wash away your pain  
Friends are there when you're happy and sad  
But friends that are friends... are there when it's bad

**Gone** is the butterfly a drift in the breeze  
So delicate... yet able... to cross endless seas  
Were I, as the butterfly a drift in the breeze  
There would be no moment... I wouldn't seize.





**Home** again...well maybe...it's to soon to know  
 Some pictures, some books a chair with a throw  
 A quiet place to be... cozy and loaded with charm  
 My home is our home... where I'm all safe and warm

I find myself thinking ...even more so these days  
 About some things...I really shouldn't say  
 I guess I could figure them out if I'd try  
 What the heck...I'll just ask someone why

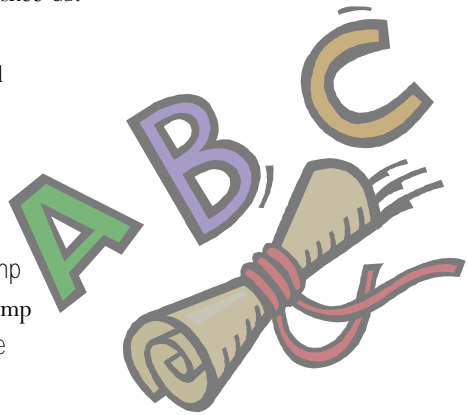
**Jumping** great jenny did you see that ol' thing  
 I'll bet it flew ninety...I know it could sting  
 It had wings like an eagle, and a tail like a cat  
 A mouth like a lion...and it wore a red hat  
 I don't know 'bout you...but it's time to skee-dat

**Kreepy**, krawly...on the ground  
 Rolly, polly... fat and round  
 Squiggly, wiggly slimy worm  
 Living life without concerns

**Love** can make your heart go thump  
 Love, in your throat... becomes a lump  
 Love will make your eyes see blue  
 Love is when I'm close to you

**More** or less, it doesn't matter  
 Up to me... I'll take the latter  
 Less is more...it seems to me  
 The less you have ...the more you'll be

**No** way... not for me  
 That's not the way it's gonna be  
 Do what you will...but I think you shouldn't  
 I'd never do that ...and I wish that you wouldn't



**Outrageous**... was the word they used  
 Too much, Oh my... the crowd amused  
 Red socks blue shorts and rubber shoes  
 On a cow no less...this must be news

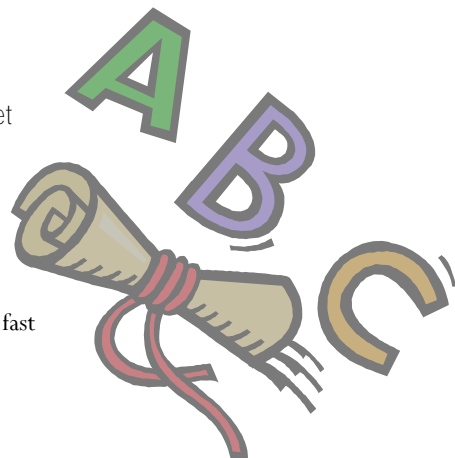
**Please** be there when I call your name  
 Stand up...proclaim and claim the same  
 Without your help...I'll go insane  
 My life is surly down the drain

**Quite**, listen to the wind  
 It calls to me...as if a friend  
 To soon the morning bathes the glen  
 And once again the friendship ends

**Rise** above the morning fog  
 Reach the endless sky  
 Search beneath the lowest log  
 Always question...Why?

**Seems** like yesterday before we met  
 Tomorrow has since past by  
 Tonight the sun will shine again  
 A teardrop kissed my eye

**Torn** from my chest...my heart beats fast  
 How cruel my fate of last  
 On my deathbed...I now can see  
 My future was my past



**Unicorns** and antelopes...

in a dream came to me

They were dancing with monkeys... In long overcoats...

An unbelievable sight to see

In the mist of night they whirled and twirled

Their heads were held up high

Quick as a wink the dancing stopped

And they each let out a sigh

**Vices** have prices...

Some high and some low

How much are your vices?

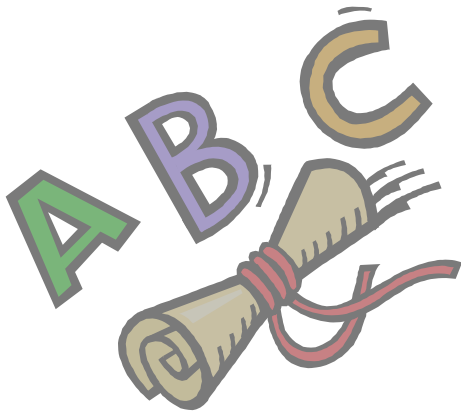
I guess ...only you would know

**Why** is why, that only I

Know the reason why I cry

Gazing deep within their eyes

Alone no matter how I try



**X** is where the treasures found

Buried deep beneath the ground

A pirate's stash of plundered gold

Go dig it up...if you're so bold

**Young** but once, the story goes

Don't wait... until you're way to old

Take advantage of your precious time

Speak your peace and know your mind

**Zebras**, zealots, zeal and zoom

For words with "Z" there's always room

The final poem for you to see

Each one was written from A to Z.

"We all get heavier as we get older because, there's a lot more information in our heads."

That's my story and I'm sticking to it.



I developed a program (presentation) to be taught in the elementary and middle school grades called S.H.O.T. The program was about the

responsibility of being responsible. In that program was this poem which is used as a handout to the children. The poem re-enforces **the importance of being proud of the things you don't (or didn't) do....such as using drugs...playing with guns...fighting,..going along with the "crowd" even though you know better, etc.**





## **Couldn't, Shouldn't, Wouldn't**

**Even though I could... I wouldn't**

**I know what I should... and I shouldn't**

**They say that I can... but, I won't**

**Just because they do... I don't**

**I can't understand... why they would...**

Do all of the things that they could

**I couldn't... begin to imagine**

**How much better their life... if they hadn't**

**I'm proud of what I did .... and what I didn't**

Richard Davies 04-05-02



I use "Pen and Ink" as a lead in to talking to the kids about writing. The little verse also adorns the cover of my big poem binder complete with a picture of Alfred E. Newman® **It's good** to be able to have a sense of humor...especially about yourself.





## *Pen and Ink*

***Pen and Ink...will help you think,***

*About the world around you.*

*Draw a picture or write a poem*

***What's inside you...will astound you!***

*R. Davies*





*The casual tossing of a stone into still waters causes the same disturbing effect on the waters as the casual tossing of a hurtful word into a peaceful soul.*





A stone, tossed casually, startles the water,  
sinking silently into the ink black depths.

Tiny ripples, race in unison toward the security of the shore,  
reflecting their innocence in the moonlight, just before their death.

A word, tossed casually, stings the soul,  
*before burrowing... forever into the mind.*  
*waves of doubt, course the veins, seeking refuge from the shame...*  
*only memories of their innocence...soon forgotten over time.*

How callused the heart that toss the words... as if a stone into a pond,  
then coldly watch the peace within, as it struggles to remain.  
How sad the day...has finally come ...our words become our stones,  
tossed about without regard to innocence, or to pain.

R.Davies 2/16/03



An eighth grade student sat in my office staring at the floor. Her frustration had turned to anger and she needed a place to cool off. We talked about the incident that had just occurred and better ways of handling it if it happened again. Basically it would be a very minor stumbling block for an adult ...but seemed to an unclimbable mountain to this young lady. The more we talked the more I learned about the real problem. *No one would ever see her cry. No one would ever say she was weak.* We talked about crying and I made a deal with her. If she could maintain her composure....**meaning her mouth...she could come to my office , close the door and cry in private.** It was a deal. Before the end of the week she had to practice what she had agreed to. I find it hard to **believe that a child or anyone else for that matter won't allow** themselves to cry or most yet find other ways to relieve pent up emotions.





Imagine if you will, if you stood very, very still.  
You could see inside a teardrop, as it began to fill.  
A tiny little teardrop, insignificant as it seems...  
Contains the world around us, reveals our hopes and dreams.  
All the feelings we've ever felt, when we're lonely, or we're sad,  
Are in the same little teardrop, that shows up when we're glad.  
Next time you feel a teardrop fill, and fall upon your cheek,  
Don't be ashamed, or hold it back, let it take the path it seeks.  
By letting that little teardrop fall, you free your soul to speak.



She said...he said...she said

The number one cause of headaches for a school resource officer. In this name poem I just had fun with the name Elaine.



### *Who Said...*

E-gad he said, as he rubbed his head  
Last he knew, she said... he said  
At least this time... they said, they read  
*It wasn't him they saw... so they said*  
*Never thought it was... unless, they said*  
*Every time she said... he said.*

R: Davies 11-02-02



Each of my students had to write about clouds in the form of a story or poem . The idea behind the assignments...and there were several...was to allow the student to see that even though they all saw clouds as clouds...they all saw them in different ways.

The student also had to read their poem in front of the rest of the group thereby building their self-confidence and presentation skills.





**CAN'T YOU JUST SMELL THE, LUSH GREEN CLOVER..  
 AS YOU LAID AS A CHILD... WATCHING THE CLOUDS PASS OVER  
 THIN WISPS OF WHITE... STREAKING HIGH IN THE SKY..  
 THE SUNLIGHT'S REFLECTION... BRINGING COLORS TO EYE  
 Large, billowing, cotton-BALLS... THAT TUMBLE AND BOIL  
 THAT SHIELD US FROM THE SUN... AS WE TOIL**

**SO CLOSE YOU COULD TOUCH THEM...PUSHED ALONG BY THE WIND  
 THEIR SHAPES TELL A STORY...ABOUT NOW... AND ABOUT THEN**

A face you once knew, a pet you have loved  
 Even elephants or camels, smile down from above

So stop for a minute and give this some thought  
 Who painted this canvas, of images we sought

**WITH SUNLIGHT FOR HIGHLIGHTS...THE CLOUDS ARE HIS BRUSH**

Next time you gaze at the clouds up above  
**KNOW EACH AND EVERY ONE... WAS PAINTED WITH LOVE.**

Richard Davies 02-22-02





**“Crimson Tears”... was written after meeting and corresponding** with a 17 year old young lady that helped out with a school resource officer training class I was teaching in another state. She had seen **the poem “Teardrops” and made the comment that “she would never let anyone see her cry”** **The statement was a red flag to me and I** begin to ask her questions. We shared stories and I promised to send her...and her friend...a copy of some poems they liked.

Shortly after our meeting she began to correspond by e-mail and confide in me that she was trying to understand and fight the urge to cut herself during long periods of depression and anger. She said that she was unwilling to outwardly show emotion she would seek relief in the form of self mutilation.

After I was assured that she had already told someone else (including her parents) about her problem I felt comfortable with **her willingness to answer any questions I had about “cutting.”** **I have added “cutting” to the counseling section of the Basic S.R.O.** Course. I want to pass on what I learned from her to new school resource officers as I train them.

I tried...and she agreed...to put her thoughts and actions into words.

**It’s scary when a child has to turn to something this drastic to express themselves.**



## Crimson Tears ©

Alone again, though the is room packed with souls  
 Lips move...words, low and mumbled, as a story is being told  
 Un-blinking eyes follow me and study my every move  
 Searching for any sign of weakness or fault that they may prove  
 Malicious thoughts... and hurtful words...of me, they do not know  
 No feelings, no remorse...nor weakness...outwardly I will show

Retreat...first inward... ever deeper into my soul  
 Turning my back to those who hurt me...for reasons, only I know  
 I close the door of my tiny room and stare into the darkness  
 Safe, for the moment, from the stinging words...  
 tossed casually from the heartless  
 Silence now envelops me... protecting...as a cloak against the wind  
 A sliver of moonlight pierces the darkness...and shows me where to begin

Peace waits within my reach...relief from this pain I feel  
 Tears of crimson I will shed, beckoned forth by the coldest of steel.  
 Cool against warm as steel touches flesh...the blood begins to flow  
 Tiny crimson teardrops... best express...for no words I know  
 Relief for now as I watch the flow...and wonder if others care  
 To expose my self...my inner self...would be to painful, for me to share

For reasons I cannot explain...my feelings flow inside  
 No words or tears shall curse my face... as you begin your lies  
 Emotions captive within my mind...until no more I'll hold  
 Crimson tear drops from deep within...will best express my soul



I wrote this poem after talking with a young man that was lost. A true member of the 5-H club. I wanted to give him something tangible that truly expressed how I felt about helping him...when he needed a little boost.



# I Offer you...

I offer you my strength...  
when you're feeling weak  
I offer you my knowledge...  
when advice, is what you seek  
I offer you my courage...  
to protect you from your fears  
I offer you my shoulder and...  
I'll wipe away your tears  
I offer understanding...  
of your innermost concerns  
I offer you support and...  
I'll respect your choice in life  
I offer you my friendship...  
that comes, without a price

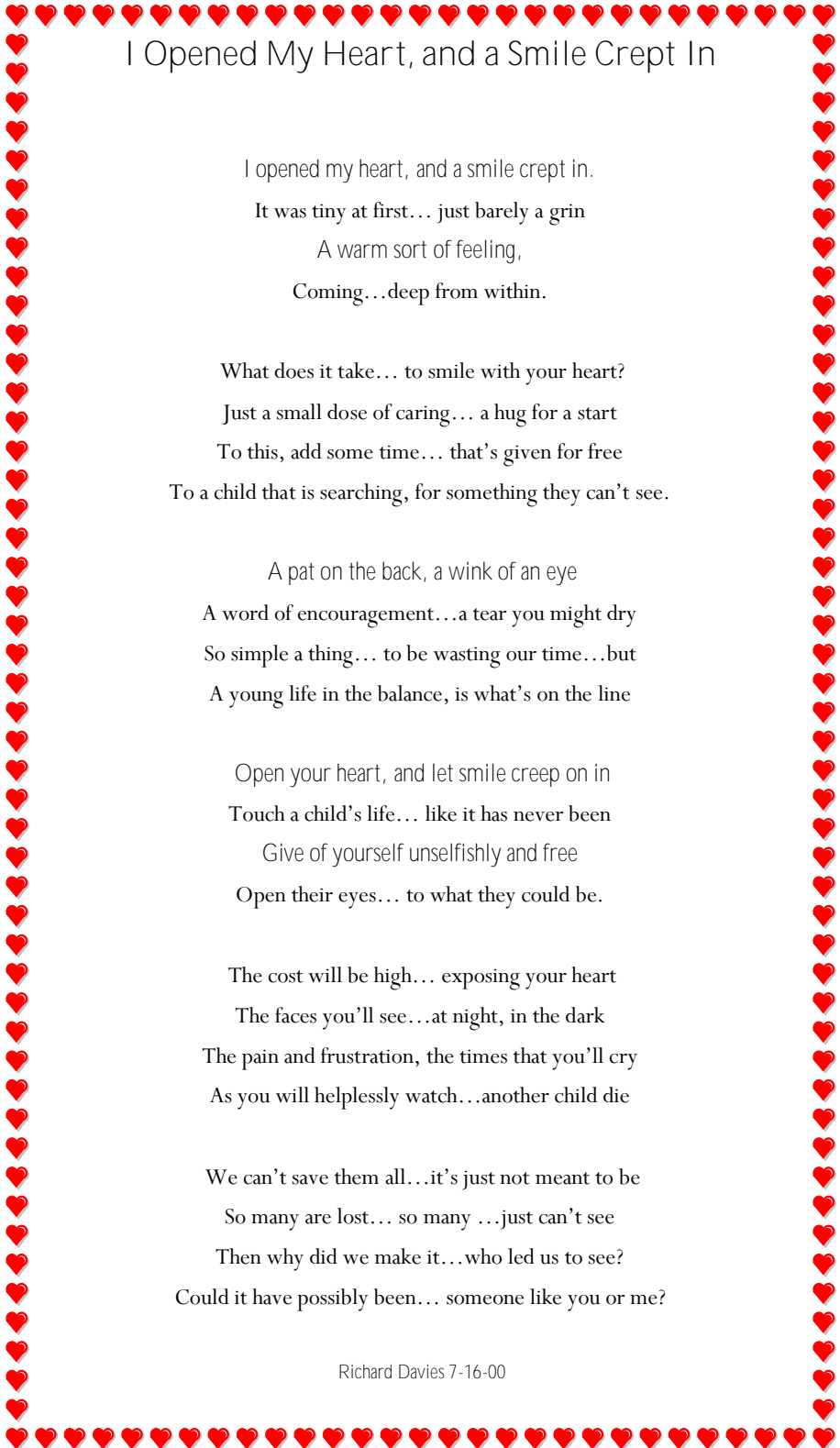


Richard Davies 12-03-01



"I opened My Heart and a Smile Crept In" ...the title says it all. I wrote this poem to read during a meeting of mentors and prospective mentors. So many young people need someone to notice them, to pat them on the back...to just talk to them. I encourage everyone that can to "Take a Minute" and make a difference in someone's life





## I Opened My Heart, and a Smile Crept In

I opened my heart, and a smile crept in.

It was tiny at first... just barely a grin

A warm sort of feeling,

Coming... deep from within.

What does it take... to smile with your heart?

Just a small dose of caring... a hug for a start

To this, add some time... that's given for free

To a child that is searching, for something they can't see.

A pat on the back, a wink of an eye

A word of encouragement... a tear you might dry

So simple a thing... to be wasting our time... but

A young life in the balance, is what's on the line

Open your heart, and let smile creep on in

Touch a child's life... like it has never been

Give of yourself unselfishly and free

Open their eyes... to what they could be.

The cost will be high... exposing your heart

The faces you'll see... at night, in the dark

The pain and frustration, the times that you'll cry

As you will helplessly watch... another child die

We can't save them all... it's just not meant to be

So many are lost... so many... just can't see

Then why did we make it... who led us to see?

Could it have possibly been... someone like you or me?

Richard Davies 7-16-00



It is just a comforting feeling to have someone that cares for you...especially when your sick or feeling down. We all have a tendency at one time or another to take this for granted..

Think about it.



## *The Touch...*

*With the softest touch... she comforts me  
Her skin... is smooth as silk  
Secure and warm... I rest my head  
For the moment... nothing's said*

*This feeling... can cure the worst of ills  
Far better, than all the pills  
To know that someone cares... you see  
Is all that really matters... to me.*

*Richard Davies 04-06-02*

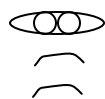




Each of my students had to write about pigs in the form of a story or poem . The idea behind the assignments...and there were several...was to allow the student to see that even though they all saw pigs as pigs...they all saw them in different ways.

The student also had to read their poem in front of the rest of the group thereby building their self-confidence and presentation skills.





## Piggies

To say the least...  
 He's a strange kind of beast.  
 From his short little legs...  
 to his four hooven feet.

A cute curly tail...  
 and a curious nose.  
 A fat little body...  
 So, he can't see his toes

Pointy ears on his head,  
 and some hair on his chin.  
 I don't know about you...  
 I've never seen one... that's thin

They come in all kinds of colors...  
 Some are even longer than others.  
 And more often than not...  
 have a whole bunch of brothers.

They like to root and to waller.  
 They'll come when you holler.  
 With a grunt and a snort...  
 even squeal now and then.

If you don't like to eat bacon...  
 He'll always be your friend.

Richard Davies 03/30/02





Most of my poems were inspired by others...especially the young **people I have had the privilege to work with.** "Hurry, Hurry" was written about me. I busted myself . During the earlier stages of my career all I did was work. I missed a lot of my twins young life. **I wanted them to have everything I didn't ...or felt I didn't have** growing up. In reality all I gave them was material things. I kept from them what I was actually searching for myself. A Father.

I guess this is why God created grandfathers...the lessons learned from life have had time to sink in.





## Hurry, Hurry

**HURRY, HURRY, FASTER, FASTER, I CAN'T, I MUST NOT BE LATE,  
QUICKLY NOW, PICK UP THE PACE, IT'S DUE BEFORE THIS DATE  
RUNNING HERE, RUNNING THERE, I'VE GOT TO GET IT DONE  
CHECK THE CLOCK, LOOK AGAIN, THAT'S NOT THE MORNING SUN?**

Velocity is what I need, to help and see me through  
Push and shove, claw and climb, I do it all for you?

Rush it now, do it better, I think I know a way  
**A DAY, A WEEK, A MONTH, A YEAR, IT'S JUST ANOTHER DAY?**

**NOT NOW, PLEASE WAIT, I THINK, I'M ALMOST THROUGH**  
One more minute, is all I need, to do the things I do  
**I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS LIFE I LEAD, NO TIME FOR ANYTHING  
I WISH I'D SAID, "I LOVE YOU", AND HEARD THE BIRDS THAT SING**

To late now, my time is up, I never made the top  
Sometimes I think I missed my life,

**BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP!**

Richard Davies



Young people...for the most part... are helpless romantics at least once in their lives. Ask them to write a poem, and you can just about put your money on the topic of love. Forbidden love, tragic love, never ending love, passionate love, love from afar and the ever so common...who am I in love with today...love poem. I remember all to well the few "serious" relationships I had as a young person. I considered my "doomed" when it came to finding the once in a lifetime, true love relationship that every eighth and ninth grader is searching for. I thought I found it a couple of times, but then this guy comes to my school...fresh from California...complete with "the hair" "the tan" "the verbage" and "the look" . The rest of us "Southern Boys" never had a chance.

I offer "It Might Be Me" because it wasn't, but it sure is cool to be romantic.

I wonder how that 'ol surfer boy is doing these days?



## I Will Be There...

I wasn't there to hold your hand  
To walk with you, to share your plans

I wasn't there to see you cry,  
To hold you close, to dry your eyes.

I wasn't there to watch you grow  
So, one thing I want you to know.

I will be there to see you through  
This life we have, both me and you  
How, you say, you can be with me,  
When I know it may never be?  
Remember this and you will see,  
Many things that might be me.

The cool breeze across your face,  
A feeling of closeness in a far away place,  
This might just be me.

The tingle, deep within you as you dream the night  
**Sweet fragrance of honey dew, delicate at morning's first light**

This might just be me.

First rays of morning the sun, that takes away the chill,  
Sounds of laughter from over the hill

This just might be me.

**The innocent sparkle in a small child's eye,**  
Fleeting memories of times gone by.

So many things that might be me  
To share with you what, may never be?

From a kiss good night,

To the mornings light

I will be there to share your life.

R.Davies



One hot sunny day, I was driving my police unit through a residential area that bordered an urban business district. I saw an old man shuffling down the sidewalk. He appeared to be at least ninety years old. He was bent at the waist. His back was bent over so far that he had to strain to keep his head up to see where he was going. The skin on his painfully thin arms sagged and was outlined by large dark veins. Deep creases in his face told the story of his life without a word being spoken.

**I continued on my way, but couldn't get the picture of the old man out of my mind. It was as if he was calling me to come back. I'm sure he was passed by hundreds of cars that day. Some people saw the old man...while others never even noticed. Just another old man...with one foot in the grave.**

**"Crooked Tree" is about that old man. I visualized him as a tree...now bent and broken by the storm of life...we tend forget that he once stood tall, reaching for his dreams (sunlight) with all he is worth. We should never forget our elders and their wealth of knowledge and personal experiences. Don't be afraid to spend a few minutes with them as they did with us. Get to know them and tap into their history.**



## Old Crooked Tree

I looked and saw an old crooked tree  
It's limbs were really a sight to see  
Twisted and curled they scraped the ground  
Its leaves, were few, and those mostly brown  
It will never amount to much, I thought, with a frown  
It makes me sad, it should be cut it down?

It stood among some towering pines  
So straight, so green and looking fine  
Their branches high, they touched the sky  
No one ever questioned why  
The sun their lofty goal  
To reach the very lowest limb,  
You must be bold

The crooked tree was inviting me,  
To stop, to touch, to see  
What could a bent old tree have to interest me?  
I found a world full of things, that crawled, and marched, and flew  
It's branches housed a thousand lives, and even eggs of blue

The grass long since gone from around its base  
Small toys and footprints are now in place  
A tiny clubhouse sways above in the breeze  
The sign on the door states "NO GIRLS PLEZE!"

Next time I see an old crooked tree  
All twisted and curled and bent from the breeze  
With limbs that will never reach to the sky  
The answer, I know, without asking why  
Its goal important, there's a job to be done  
It stretches and strains as it reaches the sun

Only to stay close, within our reach,  
For all of us to touch and see  
For even the most crooked tree  
Holds a world for all to see.

Richard Davies





Each of my students had to write about pigs in the form of a story or poem . The idea behind the assignments...and there were several...was to allow the student to see that even though they all saw Jello®... as Jello®...they all saw it in different ways.

The student also had to read their poem in front of the rest of the group thereby building their self-confidence and presentation skills.





## *My Friend "Jello"®*

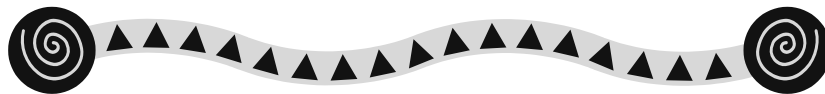
*Shinny, smooth and cool to the touch  
More colors than a rainbow...and  
There's never too much*

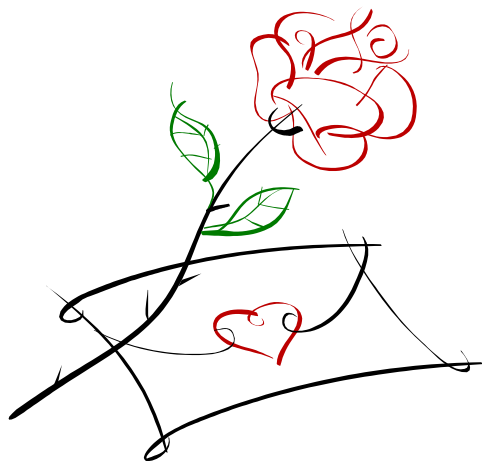
*It can be fruity or nutty  
With marshmallows and cream  
All squiggly and wiggly  
It's much more... than it seems*

*Squares and circles...and even a swirl  
It comes in every shape in the world  
When put on your plate...in a great big pile  
You can't help yourself...you just gotta' smile.*



This was my “brownie points” poem. Gosh knows I need them as much as I work. Married now for thirty-four years (to the same woman) it only seemed right I should write my own Valentine card. The more I wrote the more I realized “I love you” was all that needed to be said.





## *Valentines Day Thoughts...*

*I thought...I'd think of a rhyme...maybe two  
 A Valentine verse, something special for you  
 But the more that I thought, and the more that I wrote  
 The more that I realized, that the words we once spoke  
 Are more true today, than they were...way back then  
 On the day we were wed...the day we began  
 Our lifetime together, we've stood side by side  
 Through good times and bad, we've laughed, and we've cried  
 A love that grows stronger, each year that goes by  
 Together we have conquered...most all we have tried  
 To the one that I love on this Valentines Day  
 "I love you" is all...that I guess I need say.*



I watched a young man as he interacted with some other kids at the local mall. His mannerisms seemed familiar to me...so I watched a little closer. Mumbling to himself, he hung his head, looking at the ground, as he walked toward the rear of the group. He stood just outside the circle of friends whenever they stopped to talk. Angry, unsure of what to do with himself. Just another member of the 5-H club...alone in a crowd.



## I Know...I Knew

I had a chance to see today  
What before... I could not see  
I saw a child... who looked away  
And for a moment...  
Reminded me...of me

The thoughts he thinks  
I've thought before  
The words he hears  
Have burned my ears  
The world he sees  
To few un-seen

Left alone to find his way  
There is no reason to live this day  
The pain he feels...is surely real  
Though he alone knows how he feels

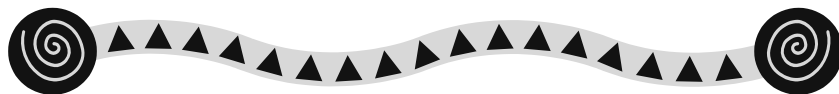
His soul cries out for love un-felt  
As he plays the cards... his life's been dealt

Richard Davies... April 14, 2002



What a beautiful sight to behold...a falling star...as it streaks across the sky. So what do we do...we close our eyes and wish for something else. This love poem says ...open your eyes before for you miss it .

**We are so busy wishing for “true love” to enter our lives, we don’t see it staring us in the face. Don’t become so focused on what you believe is the only one for you that you miss finding someone better.**



## *Love is Like a Falling Star*

*So close it came, then sped away, across the midnight sky  
This wondrous sight, so seldom seen, we wish and close our eyes  
A streak of light, that lit the night, for an instant it was there  
We open them to late it seems, the light for us to share*

*So brightly for the few it shown, if only we had known  
One chance is all we had to see, the light, while bright it shown  
How quick would pass this chance to see, and know this wondrous sight  
That we should never have closed our eyes, and wished away the night*

*For those who knew, just why it shown, they gazed upon the sight  
Still in their hearts there beats the love, they found that starlit night  
With eyes closed tight, we missed the sight, afraid what we might find  
How close it came, then sped away, was it an image in my mind*

*The rest of us, its hard to say, just when we'll turn our eyes  
To gaze upon the light so bright, when it streaks across our sky.  
Or once again will we miss our chance to see this wondrous sight  
And turn away, within our selves, as it disappears from sight*

*Richard Davies*





Remembering moments during vacations at the beach. Walking by the water, wondering what lies beneath the waves. Age creeps up slowly at first...then races toward an end. A time for reflection, to answer questions in your mind. It would be nice to stop the process for a little while and just catch up. Soon memories will be all you have...so make the most of your time together.



## Love From Me to Thee

White sand glistens, clinging lightly to your skin.  
Brushed away without a thought, then brushed away again.  
The ocean dancing in your eyes, that search the clear blue skies.  
We walk along the two of us, holding hands, just thankful for our lives

I wonder what magic lies, beneath the deep blue sea.  
I wonder about the tie that binds, the likes of you and me.  
**I watch the breeze caress your hair; I can't help but stare.**  
I see you now, I see you then, standing on the stair.

The world goes on regardless, ever shifting like the sand.  
I wish we could STOP! Please, come take my hand.  
**Let's share our thoughts, our hopes, our dreams, and memories if we dare.**  
For time goes by so quickly now, I'm afraid we must take care  
Our love so strong, endured these years like the tallest of the trees.  
At long last, our time here will pass, and a memory thee, of me.

**Remember this each time you stand, just by the water's edge.**  
Gaze upon the endless sea, and know this truth I said:  
From the white sand that glistens. To the roar of the sea.  
From the soft summer breezes, to the skies that you see.  
**It's all my love around you. My love from me for thee.**

Richard Davies 04-07-2000



Morihei Ueshiba,  
founder of *Aikido* said:

**True victory is not in defeating an enemy.**

**True victory gives love and changes the enemy's heart.**







“Do as I say, not as I do” seems to be taking over as the most popular parenting behavior. Almost every time I have become involved in a young person’s life due to some type of behavior problem or other “At Risk” behaviors...and meet with the parent or guardian I see why it’s said that “the fruit doesn’t fall far from the tree.” When I hear “Not my child” ...I want to fire back “Yes your child...they are just like you” but, that wouldn’t be a very good example...would it? Think about your actions before you take action. Children today don’t do anything that we haven’t taught them to do.





## I Am My Parent's Child

If you want me to take the right path... then show me the way

If you want me to take the wrong path...just look the other way

If you want me to reach the stars...then give me a little boost

If you want to keep me from my best...turn your back and cut me loose

If you want me to believe in myself...you must first believe in me

If you want me to fail in life...don't show me what you see

If you want me to be a leader in life...teach me to lead and be fair

If you want me to follow each whim and fad...don't have time to share

If you want me to listen to you...then you need listen to me

If you want me to be strong inside...then stand beside me

If you want me to build good character...then give me the tools I need

If you want me to be bitter and sad...just plant an angry seed

If you want me to be compassionate...show me compassion from the heart

If you want me to be indifferent...be shallow from the start

Most important above all things...I hope this you can see

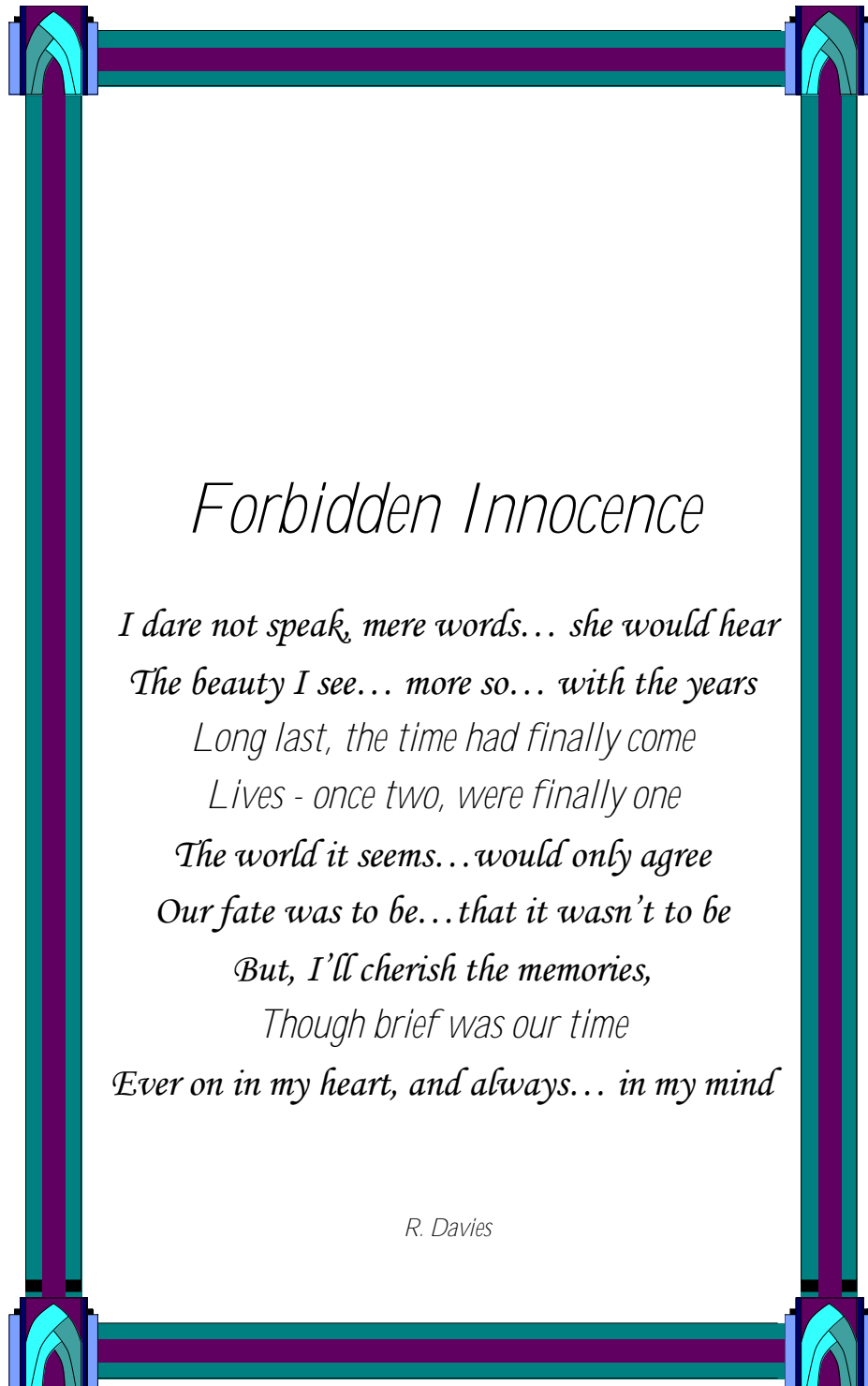
If you want me to love my life...Please show...that you love me.

Richard Davies 12-05-01Ó



To some, there is no innocence of thought. No understanding of **the fact that others might understand... some things weren't meant to be.**





## *Forbidden Innocence*

*I dare not speak, mere words... she would hear  
The beauty I see... more so... with the years  
Long last, the time had finally come  
Lives - once two, were finally one  
The world it seems... would only agree  
Our fate was to be... that it wasn't to be  
But, I'll cherish the memories,  
Though brief was our time  
Ever on in my heart, and always... in my mind*

*R. Davies*





It was in the pre-dawn hours of a moon lit Sunday morning. I was patrolling the east side of town. It had been a very quiet graveyard shift and I was looking forward to going home. **Of course...that's when things usually happen...and this morning** would be no different. There had been an armed robbery of an individual. The suspect ran in the direction I was coming from...but he just seemed to vanish. The area is littered with abandoned houses and is the perfect place to loose yourself until the heat dies down a little. As I drove past one of these houses I noticed that the plywood covering the door had been pulled out a little, so I checked out on my radio and went inside **to see if this might be where the suspect was hiding. I don't need** to mention that it can be a little spooky creeping around old house in the dark by yourself...especially looking for a ghost with a gun. I checked the house and was carefully making my way back down a narrow hallway that led into the living room and the front door. Moonlight pierced every little opening in the walls and highlighted different areas like small flashlights. It was in **this hallway that I first felt it. A subtle "whoosh" of a breeze** that tickled the hairs on my arm. I froze in my tracks...was someone in here with me...my every sense was in a heightened state. **Nothing...I stepped forward...and "whoosh" it happened again.** My attention was drawn to the areas highlighted in the moonlight. Goosebumps now ruled the night. I was physically alone...but my minds eye saw things a little differently. I returned to my car and sat staring at the house while I checked in by radio. Ghosts are for the movies I thought to myself...but **It was if the house didn't want me to leave. I couldn't help but to start writing "When Walls Speak"**



## When Walls Speak

The floor creaks, wanting to speak, as room to room I seek  
 Broken glass, among the trash, into the lives I peek  
 What stories told, about the souls, if only walls could talk  
 By myself, but not alone, a presence with me walks  
**Quiet now, I hear a sound, a whisper, now it's gone**

Faded patterns line the walls, where pictures hung with pride  
**A broken chair, a baby's bed, a book shelf on its side**  
 Standing still, I feel a chill, as darkness slowly creeps  
 A shadow crawls across the floor, as if the light it sweeps

From deep within this lifeless frame, there comes a gentle breeze  
 It cools my skin, then brings me in, a world that no one sees  
 I listen closely, with my mind, to brief moments trapped in time  
 Children laughing, as they dream, of things so rich and fine  
 A father lost within himself, a mother calls her child  
**A newborn cries, a grandpa dies, won't you stay with us a while?"**

Total darkness now, the voices fade, retreating down the hall  
 The floor creaks, wanting to speak, more stories within these walls?  
 I see a beam of moonlight, and step out beneath the stars  
 None to soon, for the light of the moon, reveals a broken heart

I watch a silken mist roll in, and bathe the broken frame  
 My heart is sad, as I turn away, it has to be a shame  
**If only walls could tell their side, I'd know then who to blame**  
 Who stole the soul from within these walls and cursed the life within?  
**Who doused the fire of a family's love?, the walls now caving in**

Quiet now, and listen, when the walls call out in pain,  
 From happy home to empty house, and now a broken frame.

Richard Davies



It was virtually impossible for me not to write something after **that horrible morning on September 11th...but, I couldn't find** the words. Maybe the problem was... I am a police officer. I truly understand why these brave souls did what they did that morning. What I had the problem with was using words that helped others understand the fact that they died doing what **they wanted to do...not what they were "supposed to do."** I would be willing to bet my badge...they would all do it again.



## A Spirit Walks Among Us

There are spirits that walk among us...their heads are held up high  
Physically gone, but not forgotten...they live on... in our mind's eye  
They touched each and every one of us...in their own special way  
They did what they where driven to do...on that fateful day of days

Lead by fearless hearts...caring souls...and never the question why  
They laid down their lives for us... and would again...should the need arise  
Next time you hear that "bump in the night"...or a distant siren wail  
Remember those that watch the night...protecting innocence... and the frail

On the darkest nights...the coldest days...and in the blazing sun  
You can be assured my friend... that the job will be honorably done  
Our mortal life is short enough...and not many will have to choose  
The most selfless thing they had to give... they were willing to loose

Richard Davies 12-24-01



Even a quiet moment outside by the pond tends to talk to me. Something as simple as a breeze in the treetops and the reflection of moonlight on the water is a magical transporter through time and space via your memories.





## *Moonlight and Memories*

*Moonlight sparkled...dancing softly on the water  
Ever growing...reaching out, as if to touch my soul  
Treetops sway at the edge of darkness  
Dancing to the silent music...of the breeze*

*Embraced by the silence, comforted by the stillness  
Beckoning lost memories, once adrift in the night...  
They settle gently like the morning dew  
Images...faded and fleeting, only inward to view*

*A splash... and they're gone...another moment in time  
Set adrift in the deepest recesses of my mind*

*Richard Davies 11-22-01*

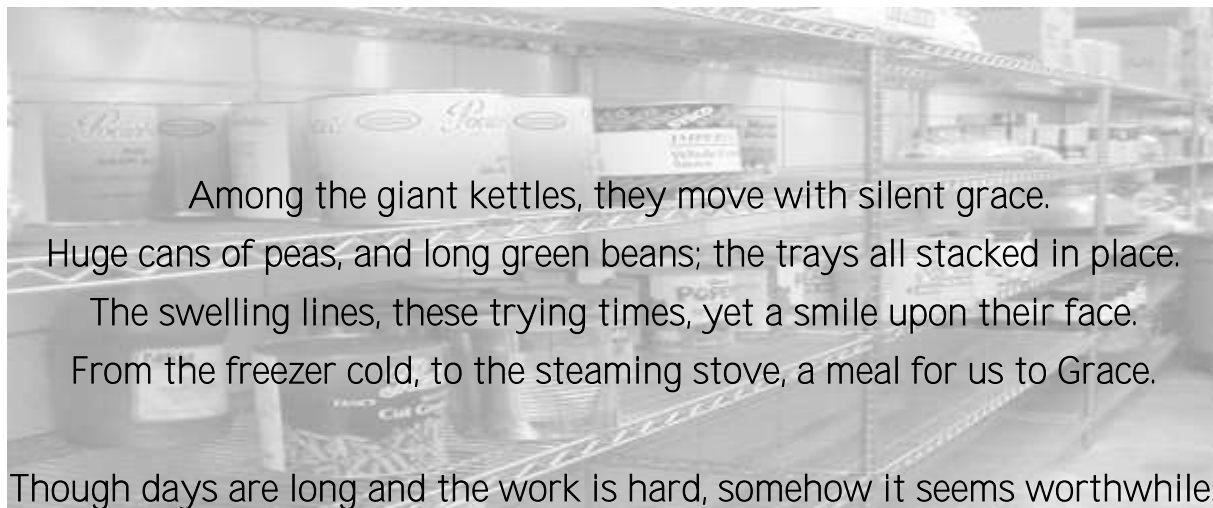


Written in honor of the men & women in their school  
cafeteria uniforms who serve breakfast and lunch to  
millions of kids everyday





## Among the Giant Kettles



Among the giant kettles, they move with silent grace.

Huge cans of peas, and long green beans; the trays all stacked in place.

The swelling lines, these trying times, yet a smile upon their face.

From the freezer cold, to the steaming stove, a meal for us to Grace.

Though days are long and the work is hard, somehow it seems worthwhile.

They fill the trays, and make the day of many a hungry child.

**We couldn't make it through the day, with an emptiness inside.**

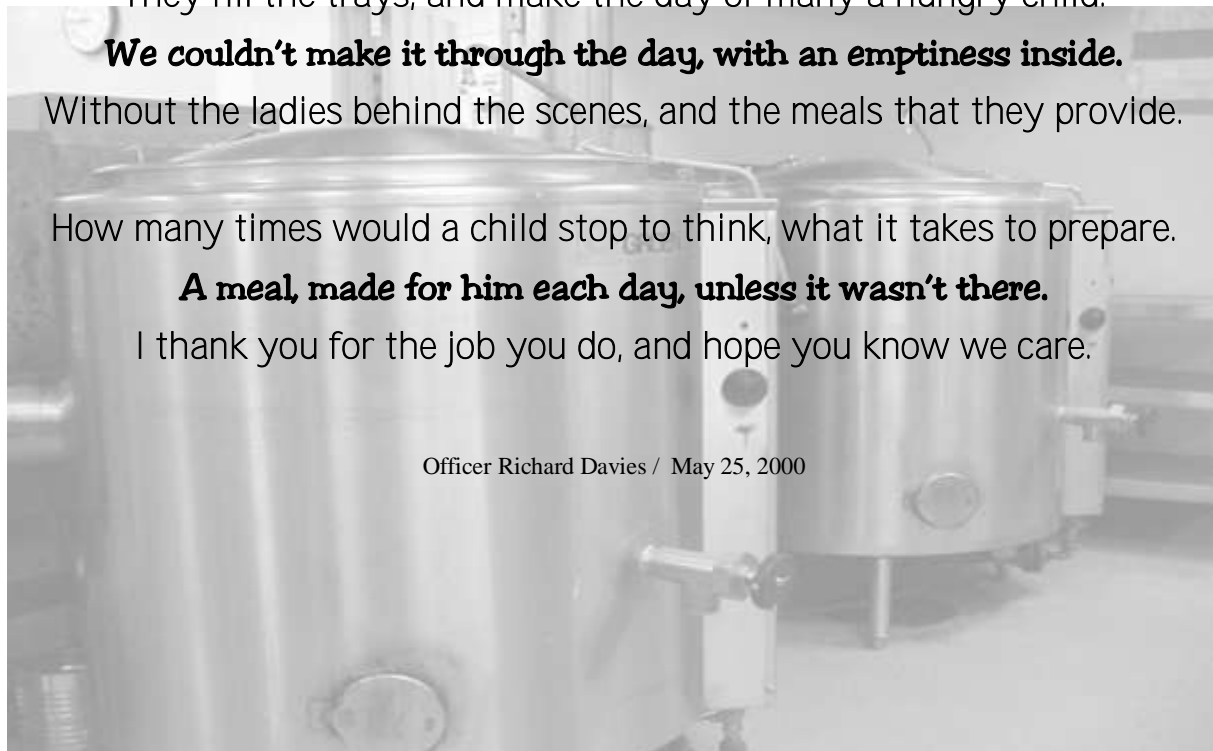
Without the ladies behind the scenes, and the meals that they provide.

How many times would a child stop to think, what it takes to prepare.

**A meal, made for him each day, unless it wasn't there.**

I thank you for the job you do, and hope you know we care.

Officer Richard Davies / May 25, 2000





## Turning Fifty

Turning fifty as I was told,  
and if I may be so bold,

*Is not to say, "you're getting old" but;*  
just some time has passed, we cannot hold.

With fondness we remember silly hair,  
the phrases, the clothes we chose to wear,  
and talk of times we shared.

The good times and bad times,  
in our youth we dared.

Turning fifty if I may be so bold,  
is only the beginning of this story to be told.

From seed to a stem, from a stem to bud,  
to a beautiful blossom is how a flower grows.  
You have blossomed and the world I must show,  
such a beautiful flower from within you has grown.

Turning fifty, who would have known,  
just how much our love would have grown.

Turning fifty if I may be so bold,  
is only the beginning of our story being told.

I Love You,

Richard

10-18-99







# Heroes

You may call them daddy, uncle. or mother  
You may call them husband, wife or just simply... your lover  
They might be known as grand-ma, grand-pa, big sister or auntie  
It might just be someone that never had a chance to be  
You may call them your son, your daughter a friend or some other  
We all call them Heroes.... but I call them brothers.

Officer Richard Davies 12-24-01



Through Your Eyes was written after several visits with an old friend. We re-lived the past over coffee and answered some long standing questions about ourselves and the others we knew.



## Through Your Eyes

Through your eyes I see my past  
Their depth absorbs my soul  
Memories long forgotten  
Other stories, never told

Emotions buried deep,  
Pushed aside for another day.  
Feelings never nurtured  
Still await their say

In an instant I journey to the depths  
The same moment I return.  
Questions that have no answers  
Some answers that seem to burn

My body remains in one place  
My mind seeks within  
One moment at the beginning  
Another at the end

Each shimmer reflects a meaning  
Each sparkle a point in time  
Each life a different direction  
Each one of a different mind

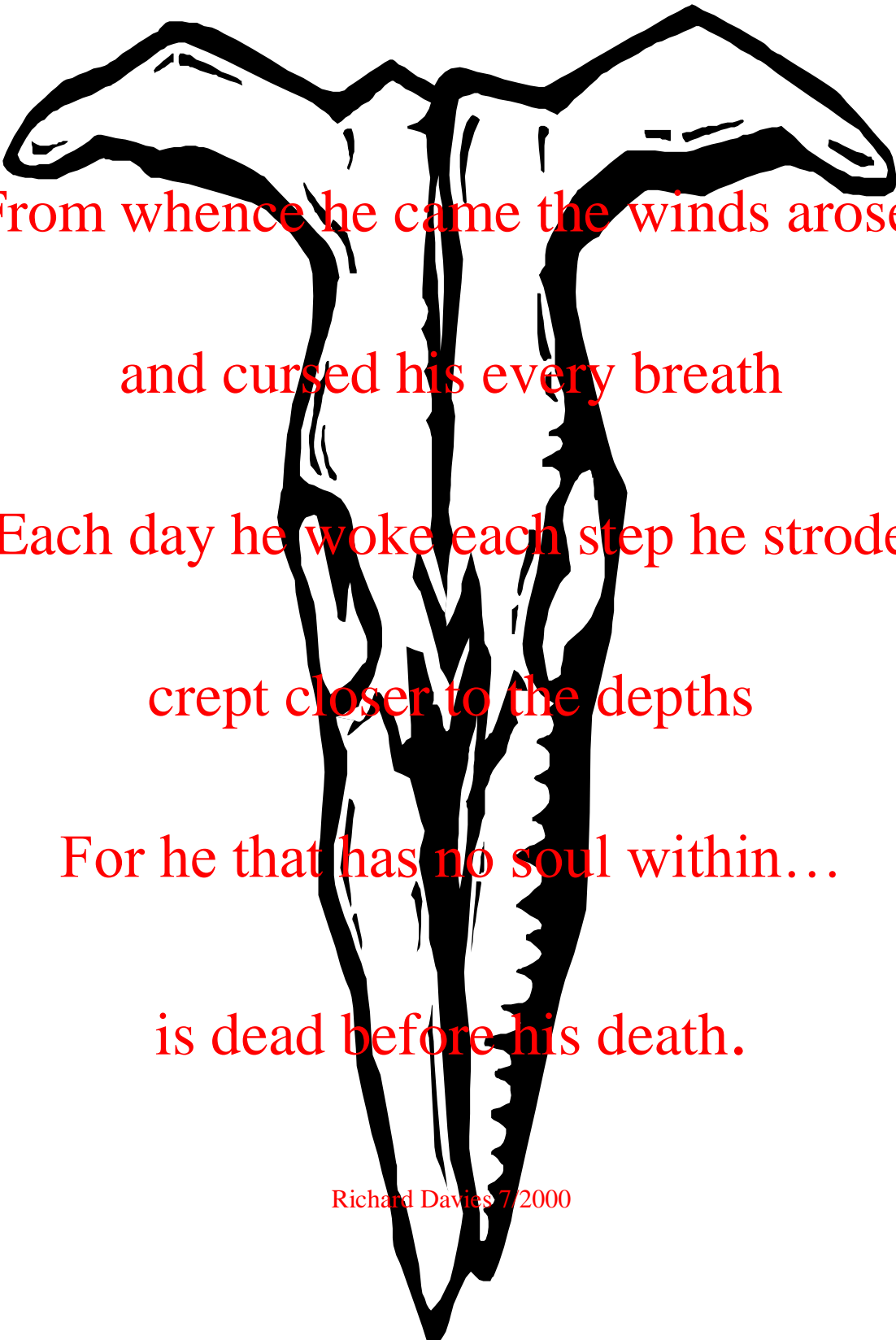
Another time another world  
Resides within my reach  
Deep within your eyes I see it  
**No words you'll need to speak**

I cherish the memories  
**You've shared with me**  
These moments passed in time  
Important not to someone else  
But these memories are all mine



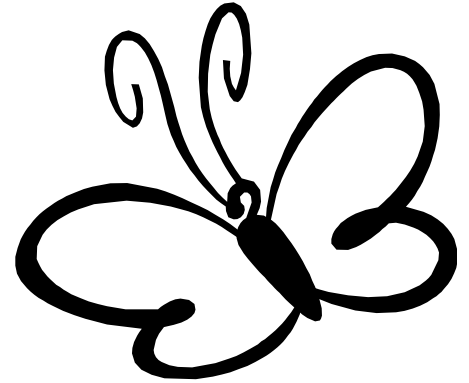
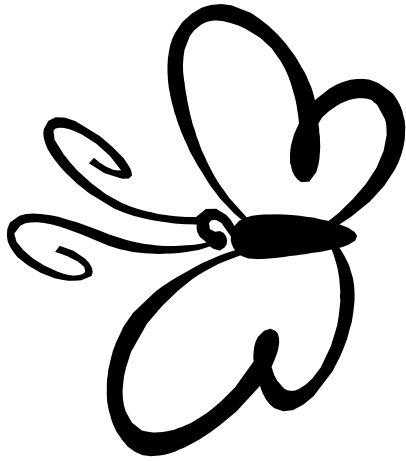
How dark and evil some people have become.





From whence he came the winds arose,  
and cursed his every breath  
Each day he woke each step he strode  
crept closer to the depths  
For he that has no soul within...  
is dead before his death.





## Nature

*Nature is pure as a person's heart.*

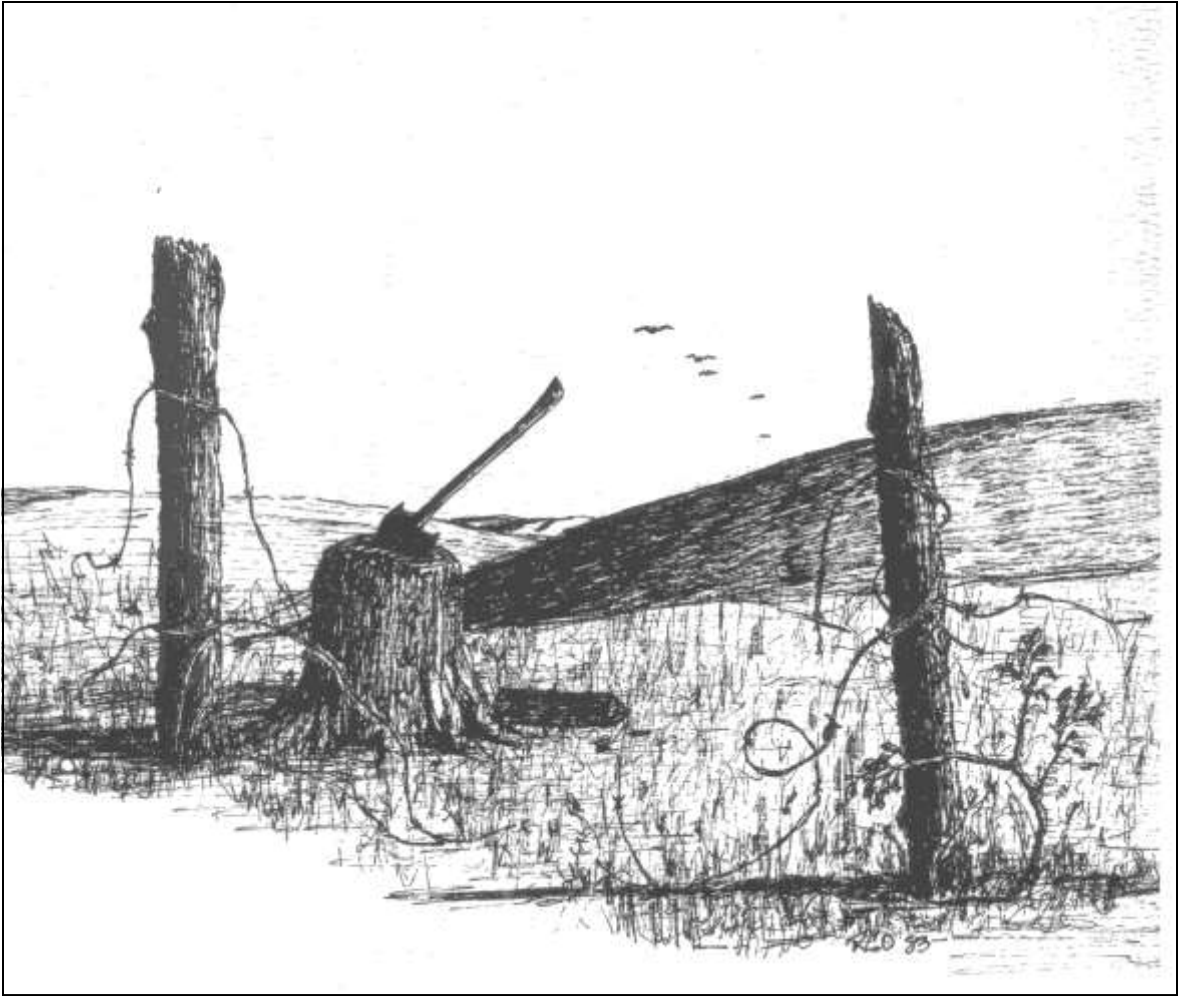
The flowers bloom, to play their part.

A sun that shines and a river that flows,  
While the birds all sing a song they know.

Grass so soft, so thick and green.  
Water runs clear in a bubbling stream.

The world holds something for you and me.  
Yes, Mother Nature is a wonder to see.





## **It's Nice to be Missed**

little arms embrace,  
just look at that face.  
the tear drop that falls,  
softly telling it all.  
one last little kiss,  
from the sweetest of lips.  
**good-byes are so sad...but,  
it's sure nice to be missed.**

richard davies 8-13-2000



For my brother on his 40th birthday...which just happens to fall on Christmas Day.



## The Night Before the "BIG ONE"

T'was the night before Christmas  
 And your birthday loomed near  
 "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" ...  
 The words, too soon you will hear  
 Another year passed ... much, much too quick  
 A few pounds here and there ...  
 So easily stick.  
 All your pills lined up neatly ...  
 On the sill ... by the sink  
 Two of these ... one of those  
 Or is it these ... let me think  
 Your hair you will comb ...  
 With the greatest of care  
 In hopes that come morning ...  
 Some still will be there.  
 One stroke ... maybe two ...  
 The brush on your teeth  
 How found the memory  
 Using them to eat meat.  
 Now laying your finger ...  
 Along side of your nose  
 A thought appears ...  
 Heh! then suddenly goes  
 You rise from your chair ...  
 Then moan and complain  
 A scratch and a tug ...  
 No longer ashamed



You mumble and grumble ...  
 As you stagger the floor  
 Exclaiming these words ...  
 As you reach for the door  
 "To the kitchen ... I go  
 For a Miles or some Joe"  
 Only yesterday it seems ...  
 You played in the street  
 Now your big behind ... stays snug in your seat  
 At ten you did this ... at twelve you did that  
 Then twenty now thirty ...  
 Can you imagine that?  
 The story is ... and it needs to be told  
 I'm Forty Years Old ...  
 And the whole world should know.



From One Brother ... To Another  
 With Love On His Birthday  
 Happy 40<sup>th</sup>.  
 Richard aka Richie 12-19-02

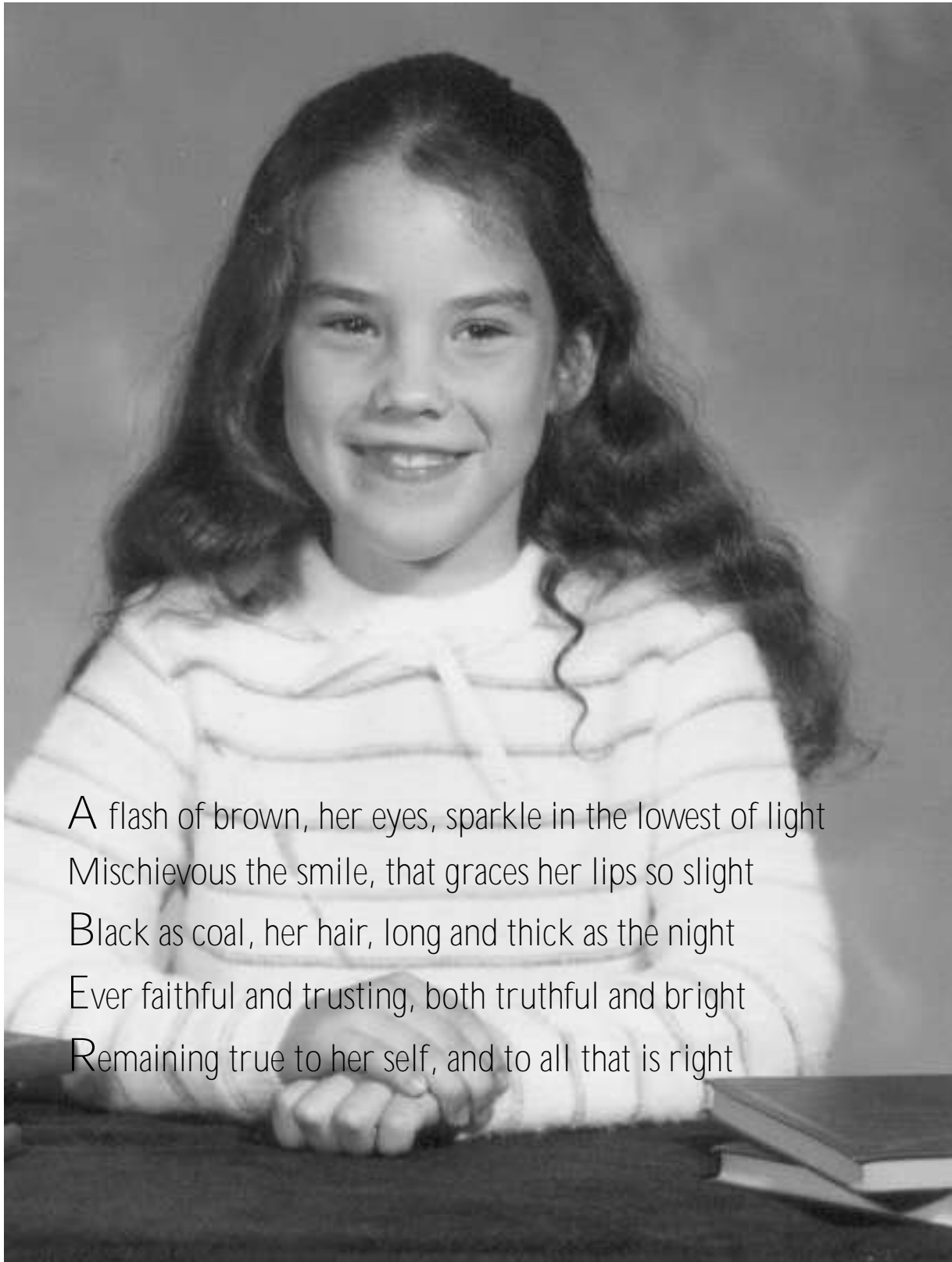


# Name Poems

## Fun with names and words

These poems were written to give as gifts to the kids I wrote them about. Just to let them know they were special.



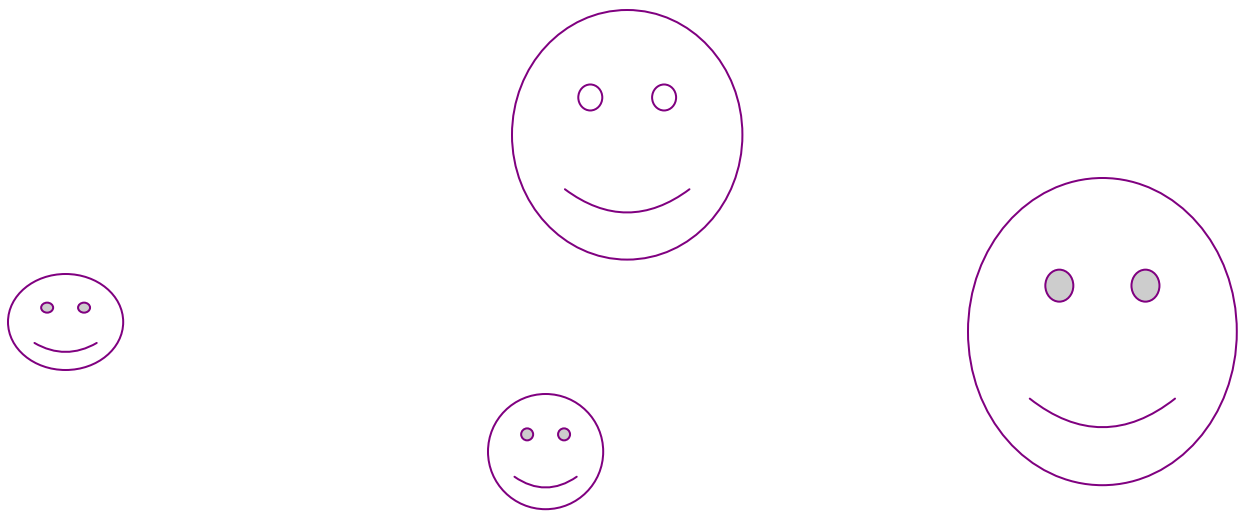


A flash of brown, her eyes, sparkle in the lowest of light  
Mischievous the smile, that graces her lips so slight  
Black as coal, her hair, long and thick as the night  
Ever faithful and trusting, both truthful and bright  
Remaining true to her self, and to all that is right



Like a shining light, on the darkest of nights  
Instantly a smile, and with eyes so bright  
Now as before, a "Star" in the night  
Dreams of a future, that dance in her mind  
Sure of herself, she manages her time  
Ever thoughtful of others, with words that are kind  
You know she'll go far, there's no doubt in my mind





**Katie:**

**K**ind and gentle, always quick with a smile

**A** helper, a doer, she goes the extra mile

**T**he look on her face, will tell you it's time

**I**nside beats a heart, that's truly her mind

**E**ver present and loving, with a kiss that is mine.

I Love You, **Lil' Bit**

Uncle Richie

August 2001



## Sisters

Standing together, reaching for the sky.

In tune with each other, never having to ask why.

Strong enough to handle whatever comes your way.

Taking time to share, on the busiest of days.

Ever mindful of those, who slip, and maybe even fall.

Reaching out to others, before you get the call.

Simply means you're Sisters, Sisters one and all.



XI Delta Beta Sorority

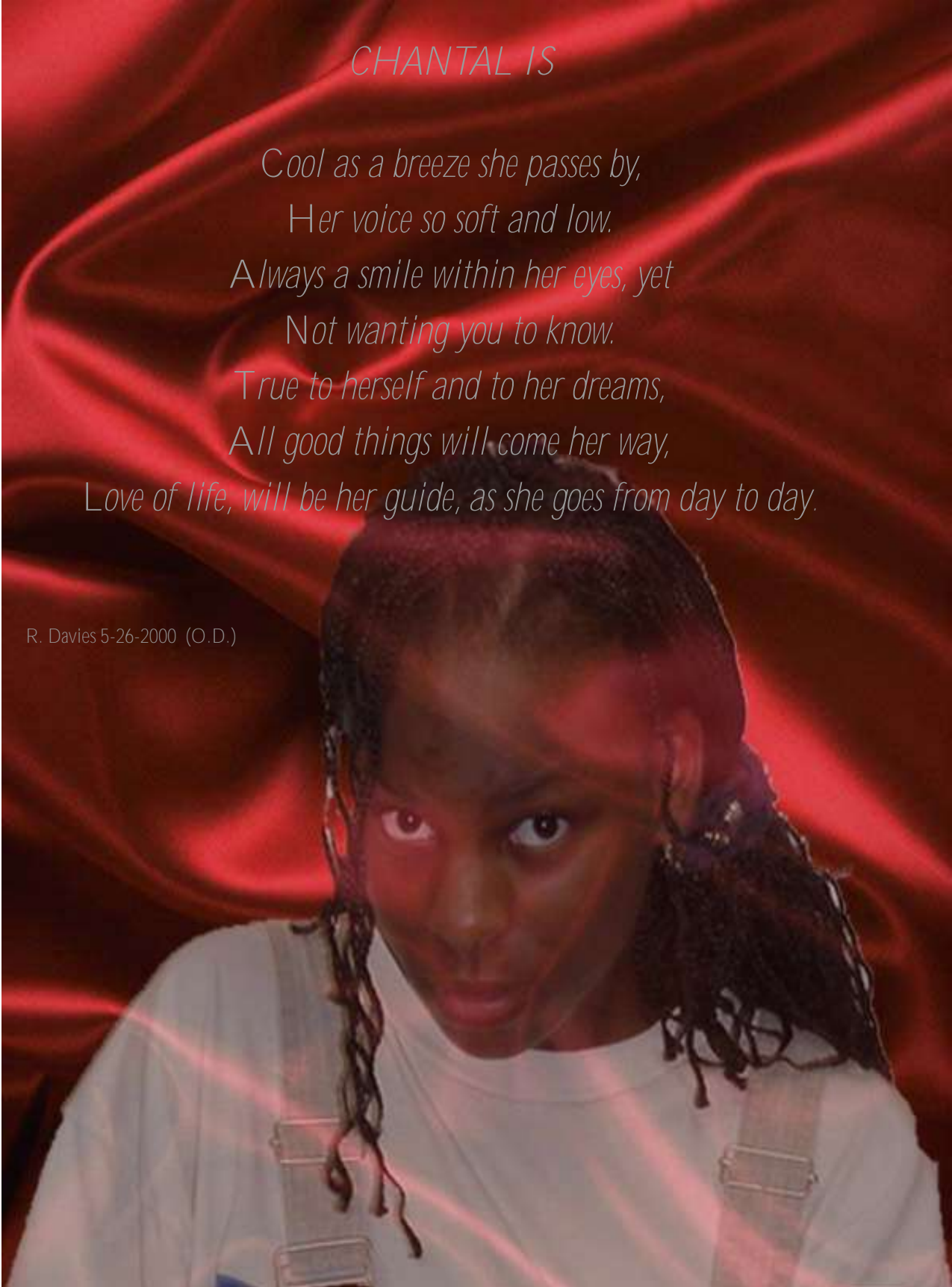


*Sweet, as she sleeps, her mind dances with dreams  
Her heart beating softly, in rhythm it seems  
Innocence and peace is the look on her face  
Rarely a moment she lessens the pace  
Loving and kind, the first one to share  
Each time she is called, each time she'll be there  
You've been touched by an angel, and blessed with their grace*

*CHANTAL IS*

*Cool as a breeze she passes by,  
Her voice so soft and low.  
Always a smile within her eyes, yet  
Not wanting you to know.  
True to herself and to her dreams,  
All good things will come her way,  
Love of life, will be her guide, as she goes from day to day.*

R. Davies 5-26-2000 (O.D.)





*Elizabeth...*

*Ever searching for the truth...*

*Living a life... beyond her youth*

*In touch with herself... in her eyes this is shown*

*Zealously seeking a life of her own*

*A soul that is pure...and a heart that is true*

*Brown eyes that can see...the you...that is you*

*Entrusting, and loving, she cares from the start*

*The one thing that matters, is that you speak from the...*

*Heart...*



“Nobody knows what you  
don’t know ...  
Unless you tell them.”

R. Davies



## Jocelyn's Poem...

Just days ago...not months or years,  
we shared your hopes and dreams.

Only time would tell, if you'd have a chance,  
to live your life... it seemed.

Choices, are what life is about,  
and (I'm proud to say) you've chosen well.

Each day that passed...a battle won...  
a smile... for each tear that fell.

Love follows in your every step,  
as you navigate through life with grace.

You'll be there someday... for someone...  
who faces what you've faced.

Now...eyes alight... head held up high...  
you step up, to claim your place.

Wishing you nothing but the best...your friend,  
Officer Richard Davies...05-17-02







## O.D. is for “Officer Richard Davies”

By: Tori Ashworth / November, 2001

**O** IS FOR OUTSTANDING WHEN THE TIMES WERE ROUGH  
**F** IS FOR FUN TO BE AROUND

**F** IS FOR FRIEND...I AM YOURS, TOO.

**I** IS FOR INTELLIGENT WITH ALL HIS ADVICE

**C** IS FOR COURAGE TO FIGHT FOR WHAT’S RIGHT

**E** IS FOR ENOUGH DRUGS AND VIOLENCE

**R** IS FOR RICH IN WISDOM AND IN TRUST

**R** IS FOR READY TO BE THERE WHEN CALLED

**I** IS FOR INTERESTING TO BE AROUND AND TO KNOW

**C** IS FOR CARING ENOUGH TO LISTEN AND ADVISE

**H** IS FOR HONEST NO MATTER IF YOU THINK HE’S WRONG

**A** IS FOR ADVICE BECAUSE IT’S AWESOME

**R** IS FOR REEK OF COOLNESS THAT IS

**D** IS FOR DARING TO PROTECT KIDS FROM WRONG

**D** IS FOR DRUGS I HATE THEM...SO DOES HE

**A** IS FOR ADVOCATE, WHICH MEANS HE SUPPORTS ME

**V** IS FOR VALIANT WHICH MEANS HE IS STRONG

**I** IS FOR INDEPENDENCE AND HE DOESN’T CARE IF YOU LIKE IT

**E** IS FOR ENERGY TO FIGHT FROM DUSK TILL DAWN

**S** IS FOR SUCCESSFUL WHICH HE MOST CERTAINLY IS

## Malorie:

**M**agic, like fire, dances deep in her eyes  
**A**llowing a hint, of the truth therein lies  
**L**oving and thoughtful, creative and fun  
**O**rdinary she's not...and her life's just begun  
**R**emember these words, I speak from the heart  
**I**n time all will see, how important her part  
**E**ver challenging herself, through her mind and her heart

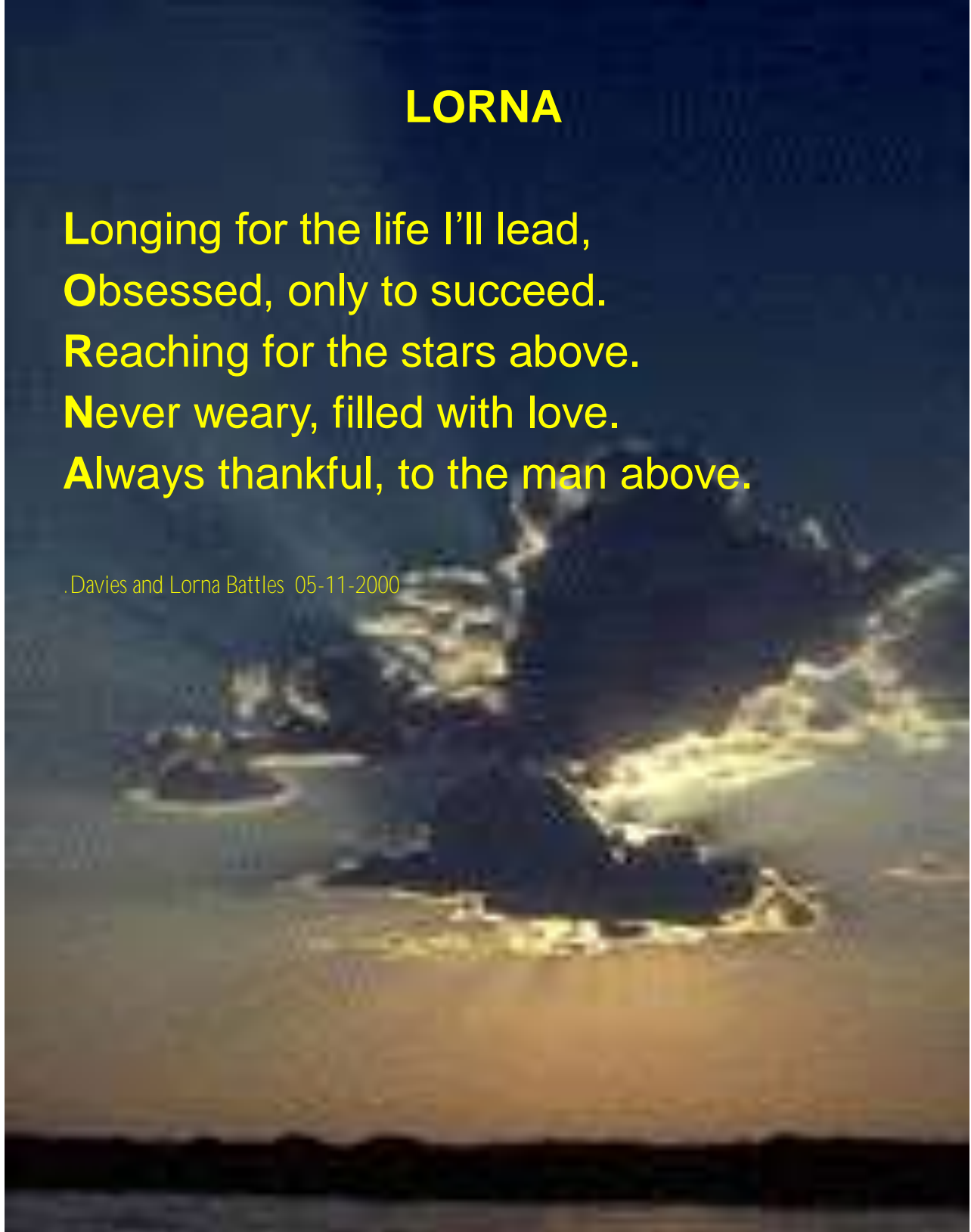
Uncle Richie

August 2001

## LORNA

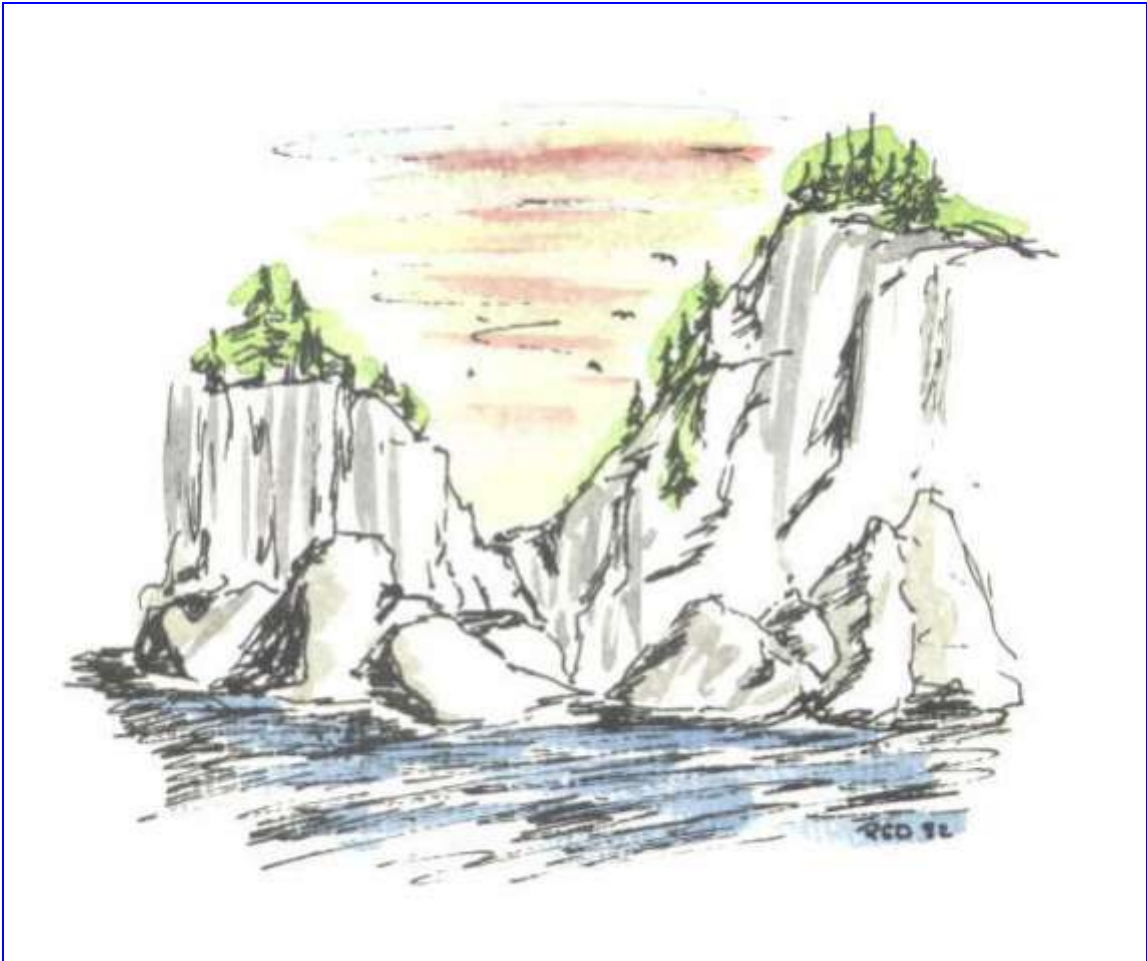
Longing for the life I'll lead,  
Obsessed, only to succeed.  
Reaching for the stars above.  
Never weary, filled with love.  
Always thankful, to the man above.

.Davies and Lorna Battles 05-11-2000



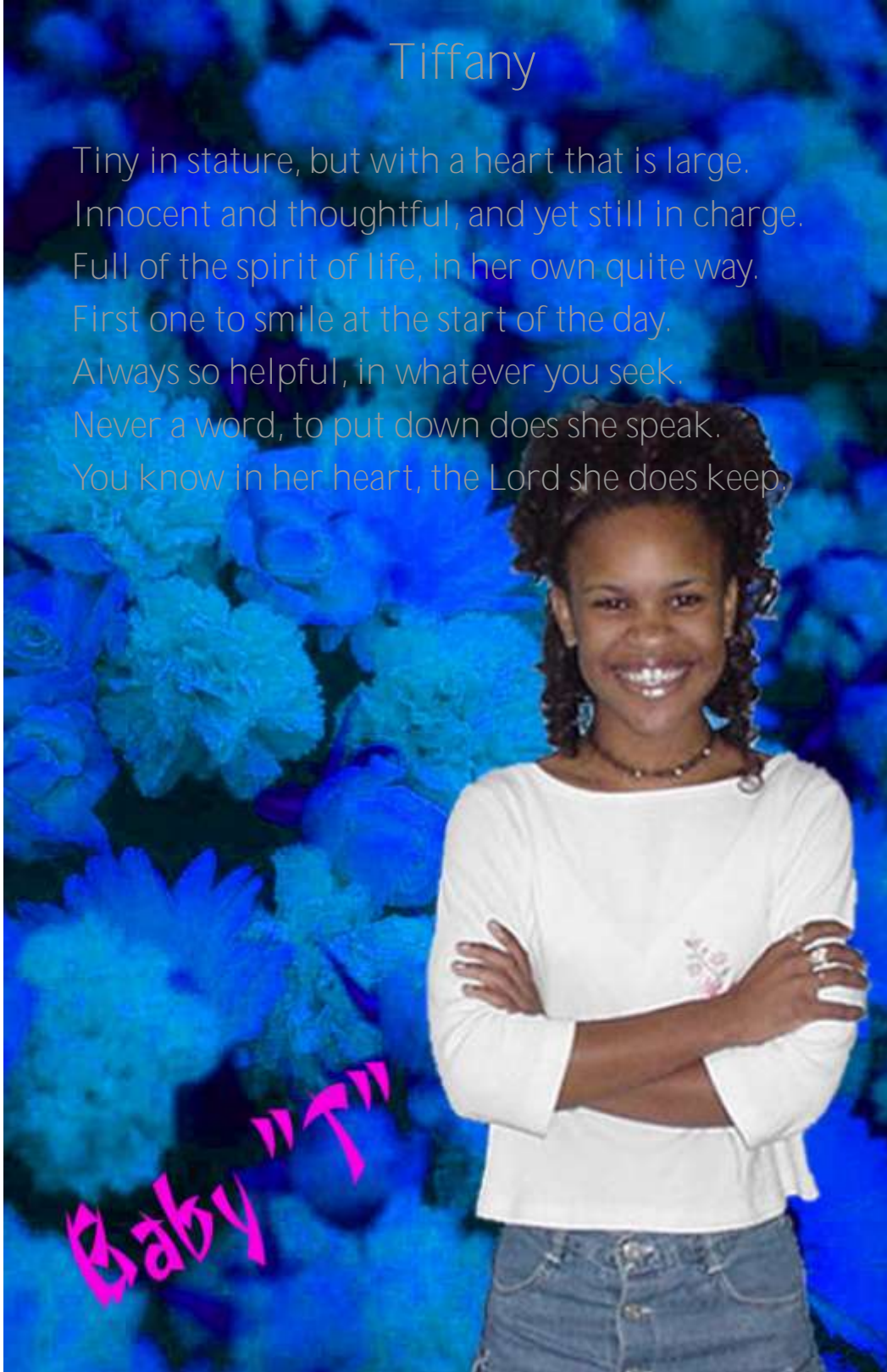
Written for and about Lorna Battles, 8<sup>th</sup> grade student at Jack Robey Jr. High. Poem written using letters in the first name. Homework assignment for extra points.





## Tiffany

Tiny in stature, but with a heart that is large.  
Innocent and thoughtful, and yet still in charge.  
Full of the spirit of life, in her own quite way.  
First one to smile at the start of the day.  
Always so helpful, in whatever you seek.  
Never a word, to put down does she speak.  
You know in her heart, the Lord she does keep.





## Amanda's Poem

Angelical she appears, her soul is the strings  
Magical her music and the feelings it brings  
A drift in a dream of innocence and clam  
Now and forever, she's blessed by a song  
Delicate as crystal, fingers dancing on strings  
A spirit that lives through music... must sing

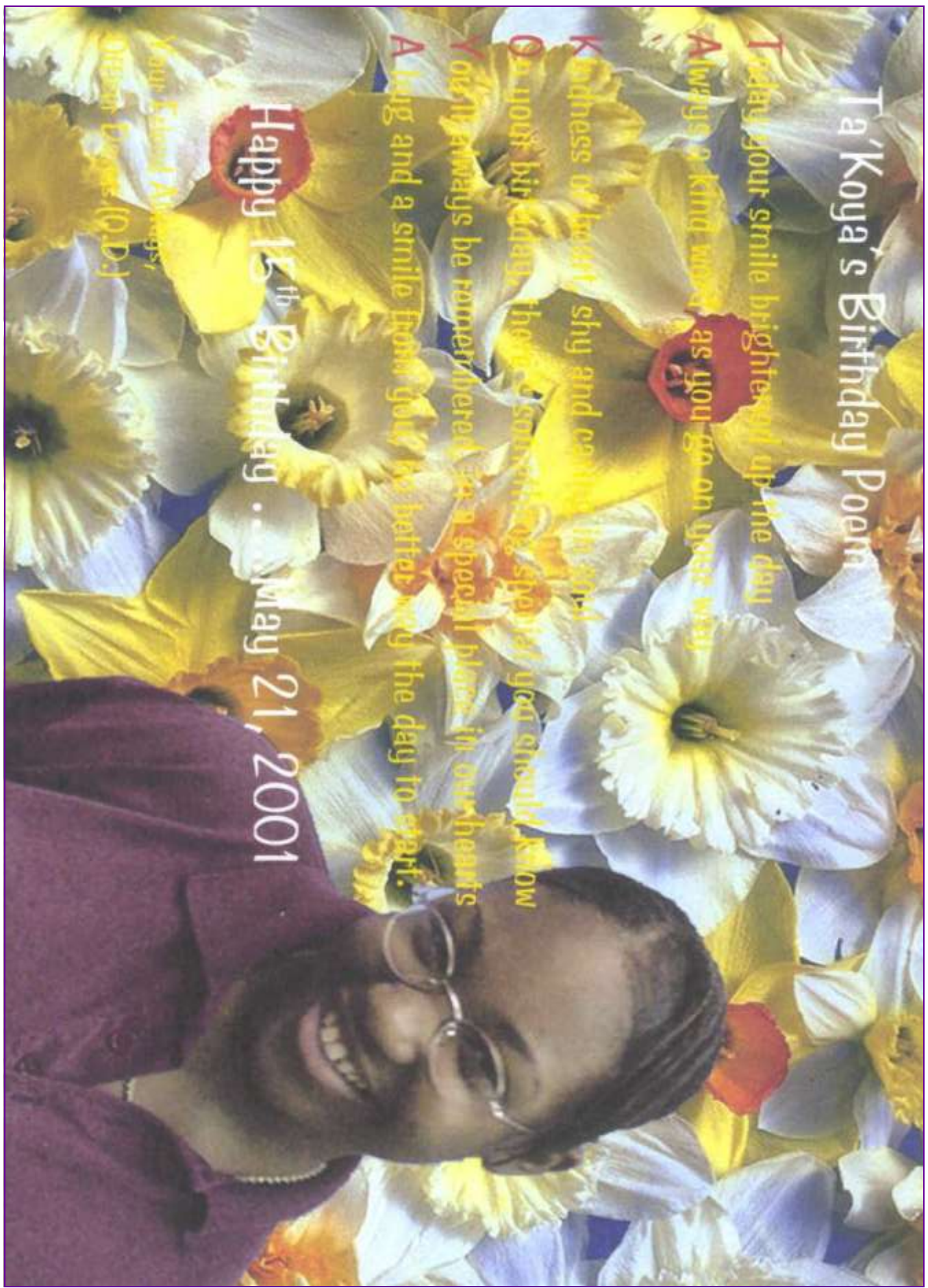


# Ta'Koya's Birthday Poem

Today your smile brightens up the day  
Always a kind word as you go on your way  
Kindness of heart shy and gentle in soul  
On your birthday, those I count on, special you should know  
You'll always be remembered in a special place in our hearts  
A hug and a smile from you is better any day to start.

Happy 15<sup>th</sup> Birthday . . . May 21, 2001

Your Friend Always,  
Queen Becca (O.D.)



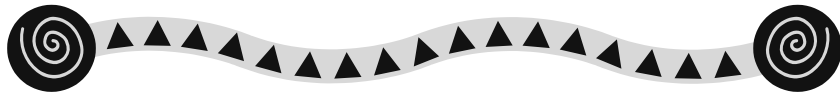




Poems written by  
students and others...

**I've had the pleasure**  
of knowing and  
collaborating with.

All poems are as I received them



## An Unknown Destination (*Lost Inside*)

Have you ever been somewhere...you didn't want to be?  
 Have you thought you'd runaway...in an effort to be free  
 You wish and pray along the way, but nothing seems to help  
 You stay depressed these lonely days and blame it on yourself  
 You try to keep your thoughts inside... your feelings deeply hidden  
 Telling people how you feel...somehow...it seems forbidden

You try to be strong... not a shedder of tears  
 This fact I know... you wish the pain would disappear  
 You felt mis-used and un-loved... left out, alone in the crowd  
 You want to say just what you feel...to cry and shout out loud  
 It's hard to put your feelings... into words that truly tell  
 But, without the words, I go unheard, no story have I to sell

So many times you feel you want to stop and give it up  
 You feel you're trapped, you need help, because you are stuck  
 Other times there is no hope, you just kneel down and cry  
 You constantly bombard your self with the simple question...Why?  
 The feeling is so deep within...you can barely stand the pain  
 Like you're in a courtroom and you don't know what to claim

It's like you're lost...within yourself... your destination is unknown  
 You wish you could find a place... and finally call it home

Latrice Christopher  
*Assisted by Richard Davies*

11-14-01



R. DAVIS  
02

## *Sometimes I Wonder*

*Sometimes I wonder, where my life will lead?  
Sometimes, I wonder if I have what I need?*

*I gaze upon the stars so bright.  
That shine in on my bed at night.*

*I say a prayer that others will see.  
The person that lives inside of me.*

*I try and try with all my might.  
To keep my goals within my sight.*

*Some people say don't waste your time.  
I won't let them change my mind.*

*I know just where my life will lead.  
I know I have everything I need.*

## Heartbroken

*My love for you...I cannot hide.*

*I feel so empty...when you're not by my side.*

*You say you love me... but, you don't act that way.*

*I try to talk to you...but, your thoughts go astray.*

*When we're alone...you pour your heart out to me.*

*But with others around...oh! What an act for them...I see.*

Danyell Mickens 12/12/01

## *What's Going On???*

- You said that you would always be there for me
- Like a fool that i am, i thought you would be.
- You proved me wrong in so many ways
- But you were nice on your good days.
- I've been through alot, i've been throught enough
- But how did i do it, and remain so tough?
- You always tell me what to do, or what i should
- You try and make me better, when i am already good.
- You expect alot out of me, i am only 13,
- If things don't go your way, you make a scene.
- Is this the path that you set for me?
- Sorry, Tim, i just don't see.
- I've already set my path, can't ya tell?
- Why would i want to be a nobody, when i am writing so well?
- If you haven't noticed, I'm going to be a writer
- The reason is, i want to inspire.
- I want other kids to know that there is a way out
- When they (like me) are in such doubt.
- It's easy to write, everyone should do it
- When your goin through hard times, it gets your mind through it
- I'm telling you this from personal expierence
- It helps your mind "I'm Serious"

\*Beth

## Tomorrow

Don't know how you saw your love,  
But my love for you was true.  
Who was the special person in your life?  
Don't know. But in my life it was you.  
You were the love of my life,  
But did you feel the same?  
Don't know. Because at this very moment,  
You can't even say my name.  
Does it hurt now, cause you aren't here?  
Damn right it does,  
But I'm not going to show my tears.  
Am I ever going to get over my sorrow,  
Don't know. Ask me again and I'll tell you tomorrow.

Danyell Mickens 12-05-01

"BOOK OF LIFE"  
"BOOK OF LIFE"



*In life I wonder,*

*Within my soul from above,  
The lord has blessed my body,  
With feelings and love,*

*It hurt so bad to see people die,  
But the angels come down,  
And take their spirit and they fly,*

*As they fly away to another place,  
Where there is peace, and much love,  
The Angels would have so much fun,  
Racing and playing in each other faces,*

*As their voices sing a soft and wonderful song,  
My body begins to heal and suddenly feels,  
The soft and wonderful touch of Sugar Hill,*

*All the little feelings I had,  
Were lonely, or they were sad,  
If you only put it in a healing that felt bad,  
But as the Angels Sang, I was glad,*

*As that little Angel,  
Came as it seems,  
It wiped away my tears,  
And cleared my fears,  
Revealed my hopes and dreams,*

***I just couldn't go on living a lie,  
I just wanna fly so high,  
In the sky until all the Angels ask me why?***

*Why are you here my dear?  
You were next in line,  
But right now is not the right time,*

*Go home and live right,  
**Keep Tight and don't let the bedbugs bite,**  
Sleep warm all through the night,  
When time is ready for you,  
To come home we will call you on,  
The phone, -nothing is wrong,  
**It's time for you to come home,***

*The Lord of Heaven on floor eleven,  
I s waiting for you by the gate,  
With no hate with his lovely wife,  
**Blessing you Into the "Book Of Life."***

*By: Shanderlyn Johnson*

November 21, 2001



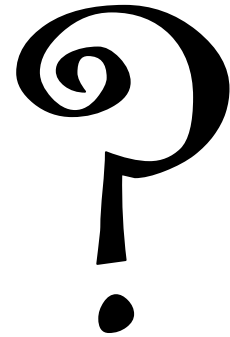
## "Tears of a Cop"

A little boy died last night in the arms of a cop,  
Two lives forever change tonight,  
Drunk driving has to stop.  
Too drunk to buckle up his own son,  
Yet not too drunk to drive.  
Two lives forever changed tonight,  
When will this madness stop?

That little boy is with Jesus now,  
His daddy is in jail,  
Two lives forever changed tonight,  
When will it stop?  
Shed this night were the tears of cop,  
Two lives forever changed tonight,  
The father's and the cop's

By  
~ Cassie W. ~

Police Explorer



## Is it Love ?

When you meet someone you really like...you wonder,  
Is it love?

When you've been together a couple of months, maybe even a year...you wonder,  
Is it love?

When he tells you his inner most secrets...you wonder,  
Is it love?

When you don't hear from him in days, but the days feel like months...you wonder,  
Is it love?

When he tells you he loves you and then breaks your heart...you wonder,  
Is it love?

When he leaves you...for another...there's emptiness inside...you wonder  
Was it love?

When he asks for forgiveness and wants to come back...you wonder  
Is it really love?

Will your mind or your heart tell what's inside...is it love?  
You decide.



P. Simmons

Officer Richard Davies 10-30-01

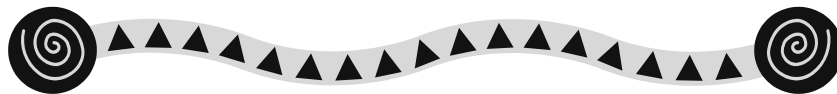


I am often asked to help students rearrange their thoughts into what they consider a poem. **If this is what it takes to get them to write I'll do it, but so many of them are much more gifted than I am. They just need a boost.**

Below is a sample of a student's thoughts for a poem. To the right is my rearrangement. It worked. The next correspondence I received was a poem written on her own.

#### Heather's Original Idea for her poem

This poem is to my "Father"  
 Whom over the years has "adopted" me into his life  
 Whose emotional strength, and compassion  
 have been constantly tested  
 experienced eyes that have seen so much, show  
 worry and disappointment, ears filled  
 by stories and crys  
 because when I needed to talk  
 you were there to listen and care  
 throughout my life I've been pushed aside  
 but I hope you know  
 you have changed that  
 for now I know that we all need a "family"  
 for love, for support, for care  
 but because my real family doesn't seem to care  
 I thank you Father for being there.



## Other Father

Pushed aside from my rightful place, you accepted me for me

By my side through thick and thin, as should have my family

Your eyes once filled with worry; your ears absorbed my cries

Your strength and compassion tested, each day the sun did rise

Your words have carried me through the days, and touched my very soul

**I'm not perfect in any way, but your disappointment goes untold**

My life has changed because of you; still at times it seems unfair

A family is supposed to be, at least I thought they were, the ones that truly care

**I guess the words I'm looking for; the words I want to share**

Are thank you for accepting me, and always being there.

Richard Davies / Heather Andrelczyk

01-30-04

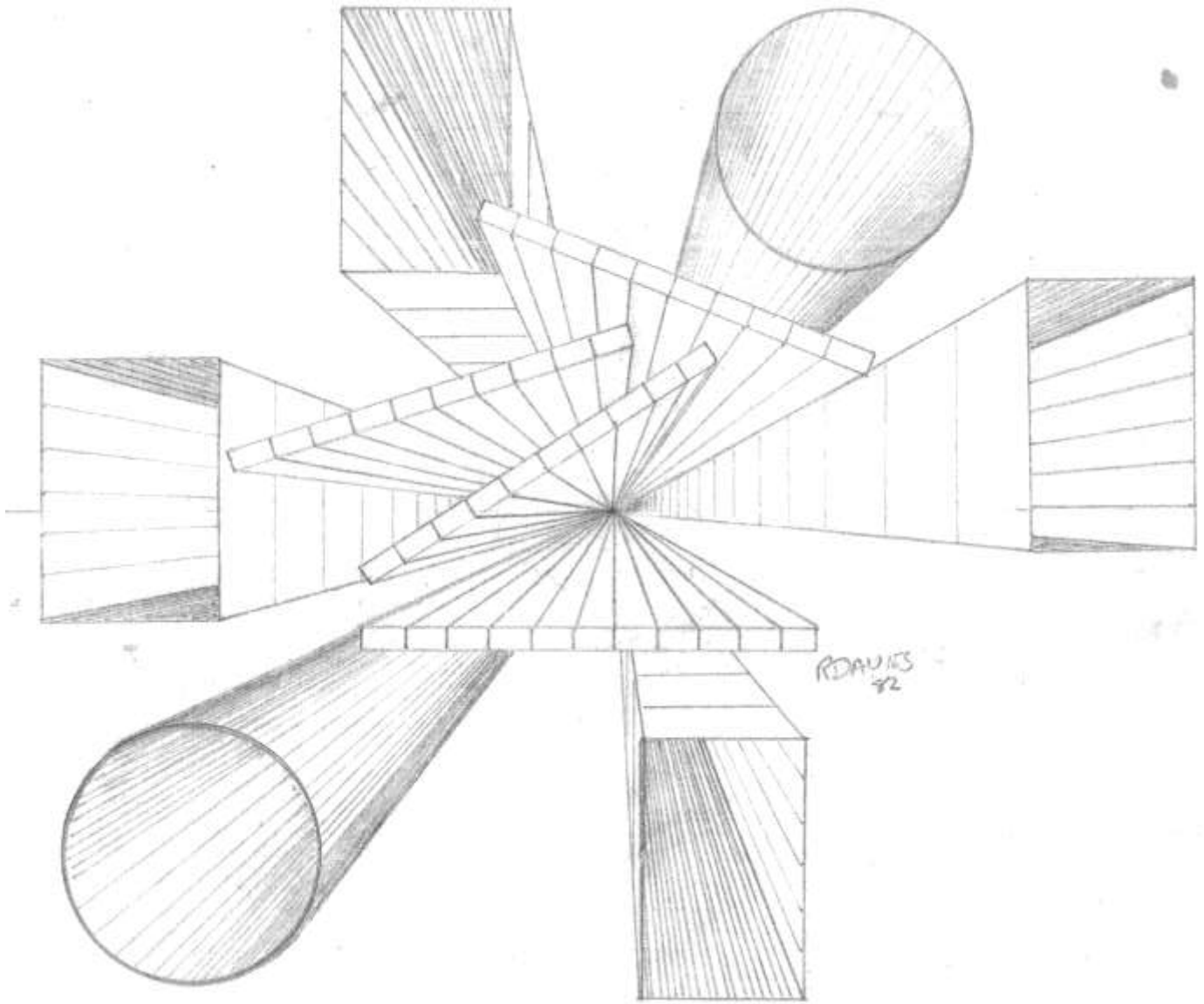
## **“Within My Walls”**

*Within my walls I lie many things.  
 Though strange, to some, they may seem.  
 Within these walls, within my soul,  
 Many blessings and testimonies reside.  
**Don't judge me quick or think I'm a slick**  
 I know, God is on my side.*

*Within my walls, are some trying times.  
 I think, I might not handle.  
 I keep my faith, at the very first sign,  
 So Satan will have to scramble.*

*When you think, you know what I lie,  
 Within these walls of mine.  
**Just think of things, that you've been through,**  
 And know those trying times.*

*Within your walls, within in your heart,  
 You know you must be true.  
 Close your eyes and look within,  
**And say to God “Thank you”***



## What a Special Friend is

A special friend is someone you can talk to  
 Someone you could tell what you are going through  
 A special friend will make all of your problems clear  
 The only friend who is always somewhere near  
 Special friends pick you up when you are down  
 They are there when no friends are to be found  
 Special friends tell you everything will be alright  
 They have you facing your fears without a fright  
 Special friends are always there to help you out  
 They are not the ones you just forget all about  
 Special friends have you looking deep inside your soul  
 They are the ones who have you reaching for your goals  
 Special friends will never lie to you  
 They are the ones who would even die for you  
 Special friends also love you too  
 A special friend is someone like you!

Amery Williams  
1-17-02

To: Officer Davies  
A.K.A  
O.D

## S.R.O Class

I thought this class would really be a bore.  
But as I listened I learned a lot more.  
I judged the book by its color.  
Not given the information a chance to uncover.  
I learned about gangs cults and lesson plans too.  
**I've learned about behavioral and counseling, how about you.**  
**I learned some things I've done wrong and right.**  
**I've truly learned I could save a child's life**  
So thanks Officer Davies for a job well done.  
And I thank the rest for helping along.  
If I would have known earlier the information, I know now.  
**I would have been a better person that's without a doubt.**  
They say knowledge is what you leave and no one can take it away.  
**This week the knowledge I've got, I'll take with me everyday.**  
So to you O. D. never think, your training isn't apart.  
Of touching some ones life, to touch someone else's heart.

Billy Bradley

July 28, 2000



## 1000 Questions

Are things getting better?  
Are things turning around?  
These are the questions, around me, they surround  
What am I doing here?  
Where am I going?  
I'm headed straight towards nowhere without even knowing  
When I'm alone...  
Alone in the night  
I can't help but wonder what my future will be like  
I've been told that's getting better  
I hope that it's true  
Even if it wasn't, I wouldn't know what to do  
I've hit rock bottom  
There's no other way but up  
I'm going around in circles and it's jus too much!  
I won't let it get to me  
Even though it's more than I can bear  
Is my heart fully broken? or is it just a tear?  
These are my 1000 questions  
and it's such a shame  
**This is my life, but to you it's fun and games...**

Beth F.

## Fear

**I've blocked out my past, for reasons unknown.  
But, through my younger Sister; I'm now being shown.  
I'm almost 18 and my past has come clear  
I've grown up with anger, hatred, and fear.**

No matter what I did, it was never right.  
I remember crying myself to sleep, almost every night.  
Words of encouragement, and love he never did say

**So I'd hide in my room to stay out of his way.**

As I got older I had low self-esteem,  
Haunting pictures of blood; now come back in my dreams.

I started to cut, to get someone to care  
But, all I have now is the scars that I bare.

I try to remember the good times we had.  
But, they seem to be lost, drowned by the bad.  
All I wanted as a child, was to be anywhere but here  
No child should have to grow up living in fear.

Heather Andrelczyk

02-14-04

## JUST BECAUSE

Yelling when I'm angry.  
Laughing when I'm happy.  
Crying when I'm sad.  
Cutting just because.

The anger builds up inside me,  
wanting to bust out and be free.  
I couldn't stop what I was...  
So I cut just because.

Days are bright and full of cheer,  
playing around with close friends near.  
I should have been laughing, for as happy as I was...  
But I cut just because.

Sadness seems to always engulf me.  
Better things in life I never see.  
I fear for myself, and the life that was...  
Cutting just because.

I can't seem to deal.  
All these emotions I feel.  
I have so much to offer, but I live in what was...  
All the time I'm cutting JUST BECAUSE.

HEATHER ANDRELCZYK 12/04

## ALONE

The blood and scars are there to see.  
But I push away everyone that's concerned for me.  
I'm fighting this battle on my own,  
But secretly I waiting till I'm not all alone.

I found a friend that I thought I could trust.  
I'm finding out now it might be just lust.

I told him things I've never reveled,  
then took a step back and put up my shield.  
He seemed like he cared,  
So I took a chance on love, the first time I've dared.

He lives far away,  
but we talk everyday.  
Just holding onto the phone,  
I'm happy not to be alone.

Maybe it wasn't meant to be,  
nothing ever seems to work out for me.  
I pray out loud as I cry and moan,  
PLEASE GOD PLEASE don't let me be alone.

HEATHER ANDRELCZYK 12/04

## Life Is A Miracle

Life Is A Miracle. Don't let it slip away,  
Open your heart to others Give of yourself each day.  
See the beauty in everyone Regardless of where they've been,  
Some have a difficult journey And really need a friend.  
Share your gifts and talents Listen with your heart.  
Do the things you dream about But don't have time to start.  
Pick a bouquet of flowers Show someone that you care,  
Be gracious and forgiving Life is never fair.  
Hold on to your courage You may need it down the road,  
We all have a cross to bear It could be a heavy load.  
If you practice all these things No matter where you roam,  
You may find both sun and rain But you'll never feel alone!

This is a recent poem that i wrote... Have a good day haha

Beth Fulgham



## My Mothers...

My hands are my mothers  
and hers before that  
Her mothers are hers  
and hers beyond that

My eyes have seen  
my mothers fears  
all come to perish  
in either laughter or tears

My mothers mother bore her  
and my mother, me  
And now I carry another  
one-day mother in me

I haven't said her beautiful name  
or looked her in those eyes  
I havent heard her calling me  
yet still I know her cries

She will have my mother hands  
and the twinkle of great-grandmas eyes  
She will have my crooked smile  
and my temper, for awhile

She will grow to be what she wants  
and do the things she will  
And I know whatever choices she'll make  
I will love her still

She will shine among the best  
of all the women theres been  
I can see her in the race of life  
knowing she will win

My daughter will live through good and bad  
and learn her lessons well  
Just as I have, and my mother too  
who learned from her mothers hell

And one day when she is all grown-up  
and reading my silly little rhyme  
She will think back on the women  
who have felt the same through time

She will think of her mother's smile  
and her great-grandmothers shining eyes  
She will remember her grandmothers hands  
who held her for awhile

I know that she will feel her belly  
grow with great delight  
In a wistful anticipation  
and just the slightest bit of fright

And when she sees her child  
for the first time in her life  
She will see what we women have seen  
as our time as a women, a mother, a wife

She will see the wisdom  
of the women who came before  
And sigh with a gentle smile  
of a new life opening a door

So, my darling child  
who bares my grandmothers name  
I cant wait to meet you  
and know my life won't be the same

I will do my very best  
to make you know and see  
that even though you are very small  
You are always a woman to me

With my belly growing  
with your life on one side of the door  
I wait for you to open it  
**As did my mother before...**

Tori

## A Girl

A girl can feel it as she kisses the love of her life, her man  
She can feel the warmth of his returned love when he holds her hand  
When he cries around her, she knows all she has to do is be there for him to know it'll be okay  
He knows that he's her everything, her reason for going through each day.

The love they share with each other is amazingly unique,  
Each new day, new adventure takes her to the top of the highest peak  
The way he feels with his arms around her, the way she smiles at him just lets him know  
There's not a second in his life he wants to be without her, he'd do anything for her not to go.

Tori



## A Mother

A mother is someone who cares unconditionally.

A mother is someone who doesn't look at your faults and instead looks at you as if you have none.

A mother is someone who steps into the face of danger knowing that it's the only way to protect their child.

A mother is someone who smiles even when they're down.

A mother is someone who never stops encouraging you to do whatever you set your mind to.

A mother is someone who reaches out their hand to you when you are lying on the ground.

A mother is someone who steps into the darkness and shows you the light.

A mother is someone who never lets go even when they are tired and the fight has only begun.

A mother is someone who constantly asks "who", "what", "when", "where", "why", and "how".

**A mother is someone who never thinks you are bad...they know you are.**

A mother is someone who always trusts you until you break that trust and then they still trust you.

A mother is someone who never stops loving you.

A mother is someone who fights your battles for you when you are just too little or too tired to fight them yourself.

A mother is someone who can look at the secrets of your past and know without you telling them that you need to be held.

A mother is someone who doesn't mind waking up in the middle of the night to pick you up from a party where you got drunk just to make sure you're safe.

A mother doesn't mind rearranging your bedroom for 5 hours just because you don't know exactly how you want it.

A mother doesn't mind throwing in the extra money to get you through college when you goofed on and spent it on something else.

A mother doesn't mind spanking you and then sending you to your room only to tell you 10 minutes later to come out.

A mother doesn't mind not liking the guys that you like.

A mother doesn't mind sitting in the front row of all your ballet rehearsals or school plays or PTA meetings.

A mother doesn't mind sitting all things aside and taking you to the store to buy something you need.

A mother doesn't mind telling a stranger off just because they looked at you funny.

A mother doesn't mind telling a boy that he will never deserve her child.

A mother doesn't mind smiling at a person one minute because they respect them but losing all that respect when their child hates them.

A mother doesn't mind losing her temper in front of everyone in a school when they call her child a liar.

A mother doesn't mind holding her child in the middle of the night just because she feels so alone.

A mother doesn't mind closing her mouth and opening her arms when she is upset with her child.

A mother doesn't mind stopping at every potty on the East Coast just because her child has to go.

But most of all, A child doesn't mind her mommy doing it.

**~Missy~**

## Momma

Sitting in mama's lap at 2 years old, I smile when I see a plane go by,  
 Mama I said, " Can I do that?" Her response, " No, you can't through the sky."  
 I remember that special moment when she said that and I wanted to cry cause that's  
 what I wanted to be,

**But I remember thinking, "I'll surprise her and do it one day...I'll make my mama  
 real proud of me."**

Sitting at the end of the bed at 4 years old, watching mama get ready to go out  
 Mama I said, " Can I go with you?" Her response, " No, and you don't look so cute  
 when you pout."

I remember that special moment when that was the answer I didn't want but heard  
 and I couldn't see

But I still remember thinking, " Someday, I'll make my mama real proud of me."

Sitting on the couch at 7 years old coloring in my book  
 Mama I said, " Is this pretty?" Her response, " Let's take a look."

I remember that one second when she stopped just to see,  
 And I remember thinking, " Someday I'll make my mama real proud of me."

Sitting in my bed at 10 years old scared to go to sleep in my own bed  
 Mama I said, " Will you stay with me?" Her response, " Sure I will, now lay down your  
 head."

I remember that one moment when she didn't leave me  
 And I remember thinking, " Someday I'll make my mama real proud of me."

Sitting on the couch at 13 years old, looking at the beautiful girl on the TV,  
 Mama I said, " Can I be that girl?" Her response, " You can be anything you want to  
 be."

I remember that one special moment in time when I knew that that was what I would  
 be,

And I remember thinking, " Someday I'd make my mama real proud of me."

Sitting beside my mama on the couch watching TV with nothing else to do

Mama I said, " I love you" Her response, " I love you too."

I remember that one second when I knew that what I wished had happened, you see,  
 I remember thinking, " I've made my mama real proud of me."

I wrote this for the boyfriend that I just broke up with. He was 19 and I guess he wanted more than I could give him ya know?

April 14, 2003

There's something I need to say to you, something you need to know,  
It's not that my feelings are untrue for you, it's that I'm scared of letting go.  
I'm not afraid of you per say or how you feel towards me,  
I'm afraid that you'll think the person on the telephone is better than what you see.

I need for you to know that when I look in your sexy eyes, I see,  
Not the image of you, my baby, but the happy image of me.  
I need you to know that baby, I'm scared of this,  
It's a chance I only want to take with you, a chance I don't want to miss.

I want you to understand that it feels like hell for me right now at this moment,  
But that hearing your voice on the phone and knowing I will see you soon makes it golden.  
My friends, they think I'm crazy, I told them about you today,  
But inside I think they are jealous because their life isn't awesome this way.

I think they wonder if all of this is real, if it's true,  
I think they want to know if I sincerely, truly love you.  
Right now, they don't need to know, and I don't care what they think,  
Because I have already fallen for you, now all I can do is sink.

When you're around my world's perfect, when you're around I don't care,  
It doesn't bother me if people hate me, it doesn't matter if they stare.  
It is like a dream come true, when you're so scared but yet know it's okay,  
Because talking to you on the phone makes me feel this way.

I don't need a shiny new car, don't need a job, don't need to change friends,  
Because living my life with you in it is perfect, I know this will never end.  
I love you for who you really are, I don't care what anyone thinks,  
But I think you should know that I'm confused, don't know which hurts more, when you fall or when you sink.

It doesn't matter if I have a shitty day, I have you to come home to,  
It isn't a feeling that will go away, it isn't a feeling that's new.  
I want to spend every second on the phone with you, if I can't be in your arms,  
I'm no longer afraid of the little things, not the things that harm.

I'm happy right where I'm at, not in "like" but truly in love,  
You're the special thing that I asked for, that god sent from above.  
I no longer need a beginning to my fairytale, only an end,  
And I know I will have this with you, because you're my baby, you're my best friend.

**~Missy~**

I wrote this one for a friend about a year or two ago. Missy

I write this for a friend, who came to me one day,  
She asked me for guidance, asked me to show her the way.  
I started writing this to get my point across,  
But I guess it's pointless, now that she is lost.

I told her I would help her, I promised I'd be there,  
But now I'm just left wondering if she knew that I really cared.  
You see, she never got to see the end result of this,  
Because she didn't know what to do, she felt she was at risk.

She contemplated doing it, she told me once or twice,  
But I never actually thought she'd do it, never thought she'd take  
her life.  
But I sat by my window as she walked out the door,  
And never again would I see my best friend, never again and  
never more.

She came to me that day, scared and alone and afraid,  
She asked if I would help her and I did, I thought her decisions  
were made.  
But she didn't tell me that she was that scared, that afraid or that  
alone,  
She lived a life of solitude, a life that was never shown.

She came to school all happy, she came to school with friends,  
But little did we know that she had a heart that could never  
mend.  
Her friends, we found her happy, so full of love and life,  
But we didn't know about all of her strife.

She came to me one day, her head wasn't held as high,  
I asked her if she was okay, I had to ask her why.  
The answer that she gave me shocked me deep inside,  
She told me she had to live a life full of complicated lies.

She said that she was scared, her parents had hit her again,  
I couldn't help but wipe the tears and I asked her when.  
She said they did it yesterday, they said it was for my own good,  
I asked her why they would do it, she said I don't know but they  
would.

I got her to calm down and tell me what had  
went on,  
She said they had been fighting from dusk  
until dawn.  
She told me she had been hit, and slapped,  
and punched,  
I helped her as we silently walked, her stum-  
bling, to lunch.

She cried and held my hand, she wouldn't  
let me go,  
She told me she needed to go somewhere,  
and she wouldn't take the answer no.  
I looked at her, held her hand, and kissed  
her gently on the head,  
Darling, it will be okay, atleast you are not  
dead.

And that's the first time it was said, her re-  
ply was what I heard  
She said, maybe that's the answer, maybe  
that's how I'll be cured.  
I looked at her in shock, and tears came to  
my eyes,  
I said, what can I do to help, what can I say  
to ease your cries?

She told me that she'd be okay, and I gently  
smiled and said okay  
I watched her start to leave, I watched her  
walk away.  
If I had known what was to come, I would-  
n't have let her go,  
But I did, and now I have to live with the  
**fact that I didn't do anything and so...**

I cry a little every now and then, I send up a  
nice prayer,  
And hope that she can only hear me, hope  
that she can read the air.  
Hope that the many letters I wrote and the  
many things I say,  
Will be enough to ease my pain, and get me  
through another day.

## I Remember

Here I stand, surrounded by my family and friends,  
Crowded around the place as they bring my friend in.  
Everyone then stands up and walks by,  
Many of us are trying our best not to cry.

How could she die so young, so many people ask,  
I cannot find the answer to lighten this heavy task.  
Straight "A" student, happy or so we thought,  
How could we have known what she had fought?

If we could have opened our eyes to see,  
Would we have seen the truth, you and me?  
Could we have helped her somehow?  
God knows we can't help her now.

She used to laugh so often, she had a trademark smile,  
Her smile was so big, it lasted for a mile.  
Her eyes shined like diamonds, her beautiful blue eyes,  
I remember how they looked when she came to school with sighs.

I remember her telling me how he hurt her,  
But I never believed he would hit her so hard with his fist.  
I remember her telling me he did other things that hurt,  
I just told her I loved her and that he was a jerk.

I remember her telling me how she wanted to run away,  
But how much he loved her, made her stay.  
I remember her telling me she needed a friend,  
And I knew I would always be there till the end.

I remember her crying on my shoulder that day,  
I wanted so badly to know what to say.  
I remember her telling me how much she loved me,  
And that she just wished I could see.

I remember her composure when she told me her dad died,  
He was like my dad too so we both had a good cry.  
I remember her strength when it got really bad,  
We both stood tall although we were sad.

I remember her telling me how life was treating her wrong,  
I also remember her telling me that it wouldn't be long.  
I didn't know what that meant but I do now,  
I only wish I could have been there somehow.

Now instead of watching her walk across the stage,  
I am seeing her face in this casket, this cage.  
If only I could have been there, I would have took here place,  
Maybe then, everybody would still see her beautiful face.

**~Missy~**

## Untitled by Missy

When I was a little girl about the age of fifteen

My teacher told me to write a story about myself and all my dreams

so that's exactly what I did and now for you to read

The final copy of my story, and the life that I lead.

You see, my daddy was never there that much for me so when I saw other daddies play with their kids, my heart tore

I never found myself to be good enough for him, he always seemed to want more.

He never spent enough time with me and to this day it seems,

I'll never be good enough for my daddy so that is one of my dreams.

My mom, however, is a different thing...she was always there for me,

She always showed me my mistakes and helped me fix them and that's how I came to be.

She never made me feel unworthy, unloved, or even as if I wasn't good enough,

Although sometimes because I'm the only girl and the baby, the repercussions of my mistakes were rough.

My life was pretty good, what I remember of it anyway,

You see, being an " Army Brat" we were never sure what would happen from day to day.

My daddy was a policeman in the Army and sometimes things got really bad,

But we learned how to get by on the things that we had.

Moving almost every other year taught me how to say good-bye,

And so when we got set to leave, I knew better than to cry.

That was Daddy's rule, you see, to never EVER cry,

Because all it does is show weakness and that's how good men die.

Daddy never had the time when I was young to spend with me,

But that's how things we're destined to happen, how things were meant to be.

Daddy never had much time for " I love you's" and " Have a great day's" ,

But that didn't last too long, he went right through that phrase.

Mommy spent her time at home, always cleaning until she was blue in the face,

Even though she knew tomorrow she'd have to redo everything she'd done to the place.

Some thing weren't good enough for mommy like my mouth, my temper, or my flare,

But mommy always said we'll fix that one day...and to-day...we're almost there.

Now that I am fifteen years old, so many things have changed,

Like mommy and I fight a lot more and her feelings are always ranged.

Hardly is " I love you" spoke for anyone to hear,

And hardly is she there anymore to listen with a kind ear.

Mommy isn't proud anymore of her little baby girl like she used to be,

No longer do we sit and talk or does she say " I love you" to me.

I'm no better though because sometimes I make it really hard for her to care,

And how can I expect her to listen if I won't allow her to be there.

I make daddy mad sometimes about really stupid things,

I'm constantly whining about wanting clothes, a car, a ring.

But daddy doesn't seem to notice or maybe he does but doesn't care,

You see, how is he supposed to notice if he is never there.

My oldest brother has grown up although things are still the same,

Nothing ever mattered to him not even when his daughter came.

He did the same thing to that little girl that he has constantly done to us,

He uses her for all he can get and then leaves and breaks more trust.

My youngest brothers making mistakes that he constantly refuses to see,

And because I'm the little sister, he refuses to listen to me.

He has never put me second to anyone at all,

But now that " Kenji" has come along, our relationship just falls.

But there's a moral to this story that maybe you don't see,

Each and every one of these people makes up my family.

So when things start falling apart, all our feelings are pushed aside,

Because no matter what, we can make it through because we're all in on the ride.

Melissa is my best friend. She just turned 21 and she's a really amazing girl. I wrote this for her on fathers day because her dad died when she was young and she misses him alot so I wrote it for both of them really. :)

As the trees gently blow in the breeze, I see that little girl standing there,  
 Standing in front of her daddy's grave, without care  
 She doesn't notice me watching or even care,  
 But she whispers in the breeze to the spirit that's there.

**She says "Daddy, I love you...I wish you could stay."**

" I remember those times when we sat down and played"  
 " I'll always remember my daddy, although he's not here"  
 " You'll always be my daddy, my angel dear."

I smile as I watch that little girl standing in front of that grave,  
 Asking how in the hell she could be this brave  
 And I know as the breeze gently picks up and blows  
 That the courage of that little girl only grows.

That same little girl stands in that same place  
 And I watch as tears slowly stream down her face.  
 I want to reach out and see if she is okay  
 But the words won't come out, I don't know what to say.

She stands in that same place five years later  
 Now 17 years old and knowing mommy hates her.  
 She cries out for daddy and his words echo there,  
 Replacing her fear and knowing he cares.

He says, " Baby, I love you, I'll always care."  
 " Just call out my name and I'll be there."  
 " Know that daddy loves you and always will."  
 " You'll always be my baby, my angel dear."

That little girl is graduating today,  
 18 years old and well on her way.  
 She goes to that place and speaks to her dad,  
 Coming from her heart were the words she didn't know she had.

She said, " Daddy, I need you, please be here today."  
 " I don't want to be alone, just please find some way."  
 " Daddy, please don't be mad at me for being so selfish"  
 " I'll never ask for anything again, this is my wish."

That young lady walked across that stage that day,  
 And her daddy just smiled and cried all the way.  
 When she got back to her seat, she heard his voice  
 She listened to it as she had no choice.

**He said, "Baby I love you...you've gotten so far."**

" I can't believe what a big girl you are."

" I'm proud of you and you're so amazing."  
 " Your momma didn't do much but you got a hell of a raising."

Starting college in the fall, the little girl was scared.  
 She just wanted her daddy to be there.  
 So she walked to the cemetery and the words she said,  
 Ring loud and clear, still fresh in my head.

**She said, "Daddy, I miss you...I need some help right away."**

" I'm nervous and scared and don't know what to say."  
 " Nobody cares and I feel all alone,"  
 " Sometimes I wish that you'd just come home."

As she started college that fall, she walked through those doors,  
 She walked down the hallways, saw her reflection in the floor.  
 She saw the image of her daddy shining back,  
 And the words she heard came gently back.

**He said, "Baby, I miss you too...but you're doing fine."**

" Just look at yourself, that sweet baby of mine."  
 " I love how you've succeeded in all that you do."  
 " And I'm glad you still remember what your daddy wasn't there to do."

That young lady stood there and silently cried,  
 As she finally realized that daddy hadn't died.  
 He was there for her, saw everything she did,  
 It's just she couldn't see him because he hid.

That young lady stood in the pouring rain on her wedding day,  
 And she was crying and saying daddy, I wish it wasn't this way.  
 She wrapped her arms around his tombstone and hugged it tight,  
 Hoping it would give her peace and everything would be alright.

But daddy spoke up at the minute she was to say, " I do"  
 And she stopped all the talking and sat down at a pew.  
 She listened to daddy talk for just a few minutes and smiled,  
 Going back to the days when she was a child.

**He said, "My baby girl...you're getting married!"**

" Pretty soon there's gonna be some kids."  
 " And you're gonna be a perfect mommy and a perfect wife."  
 " You'll give some man one hell of a life."

She snapped back out of her fantasy dream,  
 And said I do to her husband-to-be.  
 As he raised her veil and kissed her, her eyes filled with tears,  
 For the hope that this man could help ease her fears.

**~Missy~**



## Did you know....

If you yelled for 8 years, 7 months and 6 days you would have produced enough sound energy to heat one cup of coffee. (Hardly seems worth it.)

## Just write about it...

Thanks for your time.

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