

AUTOPOEMOGRAPHY III

Poems by Andrew Ivanov

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Andrew's Soliloquy

Summer is maybe fading,
Alas, with it, so are we.
Turn back, turn back the time mending
My flight and make me a child again to see
The life then just for a day and nightly glee
As well as the Manchurian chaos I come from and flee
Towards ancient winds with the Norsemen and stormy sea
That sailing in my youth with years I fought
Lord knows how I lived and perished not
What farther lands I hoped to see and meet
The army stint in Europe in the Cold War's heat
The NATO's efforts for our peace abroad
ZI-ing back to safer harbors was beyond my thought
The GI Bill, my degrees and schools I taught
Marriage, children and family bliss
All came at once that no one should miss
My mother I was not meant to see, meet nor hear
Time has ravished the memories of her so dear
Years later in Shanghai on Massanet and Route Vallon
I stood before the place of my mother's last bond
In this former Franco-Chinoise corner of Cathay
I felt caught up in reveries of years past cheery and gray
Those were the years of war, hunger, suffering and loss
Bereaved of the father, sister and grandmother in a monthly toss
The orphanage, Ecole Remi, Concessional sequestering and liberation
Blured my early teens with one desire to abandon this hopeless land
To the farthest parts of the earth we moved apart
As vagabonds-emigrees in search of a new start
In this soliloquy I have arrived to my conclusion
The life is nothing more than a transitory illusion
It is the flash of a firefly in the night
You live in time, a short period of a lively flight
Your moments you can carpe diem but not save
Nor start a matinal exhortation at the grave.

~~~~~

# **An Obsequy For Brookside**

September 30, 2006

Adieu, Goodbye, Sayonora and Farewell!  
To our Brookside Golf Course. It was swell!  
To grassy fairways and enormous greens;  
Carry me! Oh, carry me! To the sequestered scenes:  
To challenging 3 pars over the reeds, water and creek;  
And meandering ducks with snorty squeeks;  
The wobbly geese, the poop and their anserine raucous honks;  
Thundering jets with their sonic booms,  
Scatter ground squirrels into their underground tombs.  
They all come into the 9 hole play:  
Oh why, oh why, couldn't Brookside stay?  
People, ferin, avian life et al. in nature's lay,  
At Brookside's last bastion enclave.  
Do we fear of change? But change doesn't care,  
Always had been and always is in the air.  
Being cheated and defeated may entail to define  
A strong need of resurrection of our state of mind,  
Enjoying the present life to the utmost is in line.  
The body breaks, we all must feel,  
After the' 9 or 18 holes we're about to keel.  
We pray to the Golfing Gods and tempt the fate,  
Just one more round! Just one more hole! at any rate.

~~~~~

Memories of Brookside

Radiantly we golfed on Brookside with 9 holes to and fro.
It was our golfer's world, we were unwilling to forgo.
Whoever was good, sporty and lucky won at the end
Avoiding the mud bunkers supposed to be sand.
Were you close to the hole and made it in on many greens,
Or were you a constant bride's maid and seldom in?
Tis a problematic query at Brookside lucent past,
Where many of us learned to golf as kids as well as adults,
Where we didn't know, which way to strike or putt.
If only we could summon the Golfing Gods and their force,
And help us drive the driver straight without any fuss.
Some of our shots were good and some were bad,
But on Brookside, it was fun and never sad.
Many of us, like the dawn's patrols, couldn't wait for the sun to come up,
They were there in the dark parking lot waiting for the gate to open up.
We may have bitched, moaned and whined,
Whenever we didn't supinate nor entwine.
We were blessed with some guru's help on the course,
Who encapsulated enchantingly pontificating their cures,
For the newbies or oldies the grip, stance and swing.
The crux of the coping challenge comes to the only thing
Just keep the ball on fairways or at least in play,
Don't worry about your grip, stance or sway,
It'll come in time: days, months, or years your way;
Candor about problems works with a pro-lessons, practice and play.
Long live Brookside! It made us feel privileged and happy.
The Brookside camaraderie, banter, josh, razz were kiddingly slappy
It will live in our recollections for years and a day
Brookside memories shared by so many forever may they stay.

~~~~~

## **A Pious Market of the Dead**

Breathe of the celebrated dead,  
Past powers and their fame,  
Are still with us today and quite well met  
As well as imitated their acclaim.  
Their great voices and glories derived,  
As they once were and now have died.  
But the money for their resurrected fame  
Flows in millions without any shame,  
To the haves and not a sou to the have-nots.

~~~~~

Happy Anniversary!

A celebration commemorating your date of marriage to George,
Is probably the last thought you've had lately on your mind,
With your daily tasks and chores to do and forge
On time to be there for him and for his needs.
George, on the other hand, has no idea of your daily deeds,
His name, or his existence nor appreciation of the feeds
Let alone the annual recurring date - the anniversary.
We know he would, if he could.
May your anniversary be permeated by an abundance
Of jocularity, frivolity, fraternization and a simulated dance.
So, why not sing your favorite tune,
Sit down with an ample glass of Scotch,
Feel that Scotch go down and become immune.

~~~~~

*George is in the last stage of the biological end  
"Retrogenesis" (back to birth) is an eerie term.  
It is the organism's suicide and a final turn.*

# Breathe

Breathe, be, write and read,  
Be alive, live, move and make your deed.  
With bated breath you bathe your breath,  
Inhale and exhale it in the same breath,  
Without a momentary pause or rest.  
In a natural unlabored mannerly test.  
Blow your trumpet or blow your horn,  
Come up for air and don't be torn.  
Be not ashamed of your worth, put up some airs,  
Take a breather and ignore all other stares.  
Set your teeth on edge and in the same breath run off at the mouth,  
Your life, your spirit, your vitality is important as you have found out.  
Get your second wind, don't waste your breath,  
On uninspired, sickly thoughts, that out of set.  
At times you may huff, puff, sniff, snore and hyperventilate,  
Short-winded, asthmatically winded, choking, gasping trying to inflate,  
But always breathtaking, shockingly stunning and exciting,  
Heart stopping, astounding and awe inspiring breath of life,  
And, it may take your breath away with a strife.  
From the very first day you saw the light,  
You took your breath of life with a slap and screaming sigh,  
Which infused the life through continuous inhaling and exhaling.  
This breath of air will remain for the rest of your life and then  
To the last breathe, and gasp to the very end.

~~~~~

*"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take,
But by the moments that take our breath away." Anonymous*

A Brookside Lamentation

You are what you eat,
Lo! It's not what you eat,
It's what's eating you?
That becomes a mental fête,
And develops into a nagging stew.
Men, women had employed the vices they inherited
And what they played had variously merited.
Tis not a local greens-keeper you can blame,
His grassy merchandise on the course in use displaying
Tis an irate slicing golfer and his game
Before the ball - hooking, chili dipping and spraying.
O golfer! though tis naught the starter, pro nor me,
Who may as hackers be rated,
Your golf-balls tis plain to see
Are all cut, lost and incinerated.
Two hours of life, crowded to the full with glorious action,
Is worth whole years of daily mundane inaction.
Now golfer your woods, irons and putter shall not
Protect you from the whacking
Tis the golf-gods to whom you have to pray - that's what,
And who may give you some golfing merited backing.

~~~~~

# Democratic Golf Courses

Etiquette - a code of social rites,  
Observance among the golf players,  
When in play on the fairways tight.  
Once restricted to kings and other nobles in layers,  
Today, it's open to all - straight as well as gayers  
And all others, who may take interest in sticks and balls  
Untutored in basics and ethics of golf  
Bereft of social graces and haute couture  
Drinking beer, rum and whiskey, hitting balls and act immature.  
The municipal golf courses available to all.



## **Diane's Lament at Brookside**

Diane was golfing at Brookside golf course apace,  
But wishing she was in some other place.  
She wasn't too happy with her errant slice,  
Blaming the golf-gods for not being nice.  
She was ready to quit and put her clubs on ice.  
To slice, stab, chili-dip and dig long divots;  
She wasn't too pliable in her pivots.  
All through her golfing life, she cherished  
An ambition to play St. Andrews,  
But after today she felt that her dream has perished.  
Her drives and putts weren't within her reach,  
"Always a bridesmaid!" she audibly bitched.  
She couldn't buy a putt, even if the holes were as big as a niche.  
The eagles and birds were not showing their tails,  
Even the boggies were not for sale.  
"It takes balls to play golf!" she uttered and sighed.  
On the 19th hole with a beer, she let go and cry,  
"As soon as I retire, I'll have all the time:  
To practice; to play; to practice some more and exhibit,  
A better golf-score and not fib it."

## **Author's Addendum**

To bid adieu to you Diane is my pleasure.  
You bade your time to the fullest measure.  
Started with Nimitz, Foashay and then Bell,  
We have played at Brookside then - it was swell;  
Kennedy, Garfield and finally King-Drew - pray tell!  
An "R"ll day, new way with time which conquers all,  
Memories, memories fade with time for all.  
Adieu Diane - see you at the links.

~~~~~

After an interview by the District Administration 5 member panel, the prospective teacher candidate questionably reiterated his/her dilemma.

“Do I have all of this right -
You want me to go into the room full of kids.
Well dressed, cheery and bright
And fill their every waking moment and needs
With a love of learning, patriotism and citizenship,
Instill a sense of pride in their ethnicity,
Modify their disruptive behavior and teach sportsmanship?
Observe them for signs of abuse:
Censor their dress code and T-shirt messages with a ruse?
You want me to wage war on drugs:
Check their heads for lice and bugs;
And their backpacks for weapons of mass destruction;
Inform about sexually transmitted diseases with instructions
How to register to vote, raise their self-esteem;
How to apply for a job and balance a checkbook;
Maintain a safe environment, recognize with a whim
Signs of anti-social behavior vs.comportable fling?
To make sure all students pass the mandatory state exams,
Even those who don't come to school with their assignments shammed?
Those with handicaps must get an equal education,
Despite of their mental or physical situation?
I am to communicate with the parents frequently,
By letter, telephone, newsletter or e-mail explicatively?
All of this I 'm to do with a few books, computer and chalk
With a big smile and lots of talk,
For an unbelievably low pay –
All of this and yet you expect me not to pray?”

~~~~~

## In Golf

In golf you need to play your own game  
Stay within yourself and play the course,  
And not the better player's game  
Swing easy don't hard grip, push or force.  
Don't be a mucho take less lofted club  
And reach the green with your flowing swing don't stop  
Avoid blaming your clubs or what a shot should have been  
Take no more than two practice swings them hit it clean.  
Minimize your misses avoid avarices  
Golf is a game of constant recoveries.  
Chasing an elusive perfect play is like chasing perfect swing  
Golf is a game of finesse, rhythm and a flowing fling  
Hone your swing and accept your shot  
You're not on a tour, but don't be a clod.  
Try to be in a good mood, don't be terse,  
Even if your game today couldn't be worse.  
Concentrate, relax your mind and emotion  
Approach each shot with a brand new notion  
Listen to yourself with tempo and ease  
Allow your mental worries to cease  
Resist an ego-inflated temptation to hit an all out drive  
You can do it with a smooth swing without force or strive.  
You gave your best shot and did your thing  
Above all enjoy the company, outdoors and golf outing

~~~~~

Year of the pig February 18, 2007

Happy New Year - Kung Tsi Fat Sai (Mandarin)
Kung Chi Fat Choi (Cantonese)

(The following is to be read and sounded phonetically)

End drew Eye half enough

HEY PEA CHAIN KNEES KNEW EAR TO YEW

Hour whether is so climb attic
From day two day eat may reign oar snow
At times eye can be esthetic
Wild wind blue the fencing dawn
Then eat reigned awl knight
And flooded oar town
Know eye half two rip pear my fence
So the wind can take eat dawn this weak end
Oar mount tans are fool with snow an pea poll
Awl oar trotting two ski, slide and fall
One weak oar so a go the rods were flooded
And slip parry and pea poll wear worn two bee a weigh
Bee ukase two many occident-wrecks an traffic deal lays
Eye hope yew will half some Chop pea So ear
On this Chain knees Ear of the Dog
Eye have run this poem threw two spelling checkers
I am shore eye half yew no
Its letter perfect awl the weigh
My checkers toiled me sew

Buy
End drew Eye van of

~~~~~

## **Dreamer**

If you are a person of dreams,

And who isn't a dreamer?

We're all made of dreams,

Everyday of our life... it seems.

Our hidden wants, desires and wishes,

Everyday is a new day never misses.

Reality often sweeps these daydreams away,

And when the dream arrives your way,

You're ready to grab it for a longer stay.

Find a way to make it happen even with strife

In any even if it's just once in your life.

~~~~~

Too close

Fly too close to the flame,
It's risky but there's no shame.
You might get burned,
But then your luck may turn.
Take chances on vices you abhor,
Being smart and being a fool no more.
Burned through some tries.
But learn to walk before you fly.
Control your greed and long desire,
Temper all that you admire.
Success may lie within your grasp,
And win your way with a stronger clasp.
Can one be coached what goals to pursue,
When one not knows what to do.
Well, what of it...you must be able,
In any case what is yours to defend,
Or else they will snare your home and stables,
These thieves without your consent.
Enlist support of those you love,
In your dream and you'll be amazed,
That your dream will come on the wings of doves.
So, fly closer to the flame,
Take chances play the game,
You can't afford to be too tamed.
Don't grow old with regrets in your eyes,
But with a smile on your face you'll realize,
That dreams do come through,
If you determine to pursue.

~~~~~

## Befuddled

Today I am somewhat at odds,  
Whereas the sun is shining brightly.  
The wind is blowing shearing early buds  
Whirling them in its dirt-devils tightly  
The warming trend this May below the par  
And planting plants and veggies are not too far.  
The border line where the earth meets the sky,  
Still outlined with the white winter's snow.  
Then why do I feel so low?  
I try to fend this moody trend,  
By composing a few rhymed strands.  
In which I try to atone but not elude,  
My feelings at the onset of my etude.  
It's my inner unsettling dread,  
In my poem of what to be said.  
With an inspiration from the muse,  
But somehow I feel obtuse.  
At times It is hard to convey  
My feelings in a poetic way.  
In prose my articulation can be easy  
Not as grandiloquent but adequately tizzy.  
Whatever is important in choice of words  
I try to find those in clear retorts.  
To pray without words as if in dreaming,  
Without a motive for any selfish scheming.  
I must overcome the fear that's impending,  
And go along with the poetic mending,  
Conveying happiness or sadness and love.

~~~~~

A Lost Dog Tale

It is a lost dog tale

With a broken tail.

All my efforts to find the dog turned amuck,

Looking and posting flyers we're out of luck.

I thought that this canine with three legs,

Would be easy to spot on a fly:

The dog is also blind in the left eye;

Light brown hair, missing right ear;

Recently castrated but can hear.

If called loudly, answers to the name "Lucky."

I don't mean to be insensitive or tacky,

But what would you call this canine?

After all for this dog to be alive is a good sign.

Should I change the name "Lucky" once found?

Since what else can happen to this hound?

~~~~~

## Politically Correct Metaphors or Proverbs

At times it must be confusing  
To avoid words or phrases we are using,  
To designate one thing to mean another  
An implicit comparison in language lubrication  
May have a piquant political connotation:  
Like bishopric, peccary pecker or pussyfoot,  
Nor dicker with a titular mufti uncouth;  
Niggardly picayune peccadillo twit;  
Or kumquat with quincunx tete à tete;  
To flaccid fallacy of flagellation is bad;  
To hit nail on the head and knock 'em dead.  
A Scottish rumor of Spanish fly,  
To get your Irish up, young Turks with Eskimo Pie.  
Get in Dutch over shoe Polish, break a leg.  
Fruit punch with body English snag:  
Indian summer with Nip in the air  
Other PC pitfalls many verite contré  
Offensive phrases to inscrutable Chen,  
"It's on the Fritz" with peculiar Lee.  
Chink in the armor with Polly wog Flip chart key.  
Affrontal names like Pansy and Fruitdale,  
In Gay Mills, Wis. Middlesex, Mass,  
Leggtown in Alabama, Sissiton, S.Dakota,  
Black Lick, PA. with CockeTen. and Climax, Mich.  
If you are confused by all above  
Since your body is ruled by Mars,  
While your heart is ruled by Venus,  
It's just your head is really in Uranus.

~~~~~

The Floral Anarchy of 60's

The 60's as they appear to be
A time of the Floral Anarchy
Drop in, Drop out and surmise
The pot, free sex and other narco flights
Those over 30's and their lies
Don't trust or listen to them, don't compromise
The 60's move of doubt and dread
As the flower people began to spread
Their challenge "stop me" and being one began to impinge
Upon the Universities' Administrations fringe
Sit Ins, Drag Outs in buildings occupations
The general student-body walkouts with indication
When local powers lost their grip
They ran to the feds for a helping tip
some student leaders led them to the fight
And show the Feds and Higher Ups the light
These trouble makers earned their 15 m fame
By protesting on anything on TV and get
Their name In daily papers and TV's with utmost relish
Though much later with no surprise or garish
They joined the suit and tie group and compromised
Their floral standards were appraised and downsized

~~~~~

## Living Twice or Thrice

Everyone and everything is in transit,  
No way to change nor compromise it.  
In this fleeting world of ours,  
All have years, months, days and hours,  
Some have more others have less,  
Many will temper their time trying to guess.  
A few may end by their own hand,  
Some will route their illusions in the end,  
Vanities and greed are harder to amend  
And fame to some with big egos...  
Alludes to useless thousands-ends.  
Many will learn to be well and will  
Play, love, eat and drink their fill.  
Since all are here today gone tomorrow,  
No sourness or regrets of old age nor sorrow  
Glad to look back on all the happier days  
Of summers, springs, winters and count all birthdays  
Those who write their past to entice,  
Will enjoy to live their life twice or thrice.

~~~~~

The Weatherman In May

The weatherman's pontificating morn
Begins with the futilitarian tone.
"We might cool off today,
As we play tap dance with a weak upper level lay.
It might kick off some showers and then it might clear.
Some lenticular clouds, they form with high winds that stir
The air mass enough to form a standing wave
With the right amount of moisture will evaporate
And descent onto to the valley giving the classic saucer shape
With a sprinkle or two coming down our way.
Around the nation the calendar says spring
But the East coast is back in winter,
Whereas the Northwest is in a sudden swing
From winter into summer completely bypassing spring.
The South, which is always hot or warm
Is scheduled many months of super storms,
With loss of lives, property and crops.
It comes with the territory this loss of hopes.
The Midwest seemed to be in middling modes,
Will suffer from tornados, humidity and floods.
Whatever nature has this year in store,
As rivers roll enlarging as they flow,
And take with them whatever is in their way:
No consciousness, pity nor tempering dismay,
"An Act of God," "the futilitarian weatherman explicate.

~~~~~

## Brookside Gastronomic Potlucks

Come to our Potluck last Friday of the month.  
Bring your favorite dish or whatever you want,  
Since dinner is usually the main meal of the day,  
We'll have foods from all the food groups for your ample plate.  
Variety is the foundation of good eating,  
Aprés Golf is the esoteric scarfing of the meeting.  
Betty is the chef and this soirée coordinator  
And each of us is a propitious contributor--matriculator.  
The chef with undetermined age is working in the diner  
Of the Brookside Golf Snack Bar is no finer.  
Hail, to the Gastronome, Apostle of Excess!  
Betty is well skilled to make you overeat without distress.  
She finds after a long working day,  
Fridays in each month's end,  
There's nothing more soothing or cheering than friends.  
To cooks all nature is pregnant with recipes grand,  
Herbs, spices and some secret concoction  
Pinch of this and that without measuring notion  
Gods may pity the eaters, who don't understand:  
The chopping, stirring, seasoning and tasting that lends,  
A frisson of added pleasure in a hunger craving glance,  
As the rising steam with its uplifting stance,  
With a distinctive odor of cabbage, onion and garlic  
And an anticipating hungry group ready for a scarfing frolic.

~~~~~

Potluck's Sing Along

The following lyrics are dedicated to the fine frolicking in our sing along on our last Pot Luck Dinner before the Brookside Gates will be closed forever.
(Sung to "Jingle Bells" tune.)

Golfing on and on in our last few days
O'er the Brookside course we go, crying all the way.
We lost our course, we lost our course Golfing at our lovely Brookside is no more
The airport is taking over and we are more than sore.

Many of our older friends will golf no more
Many won't be able to afford the pricy golfing gore
And will opt to play once a month and no more
We lost our course, We lost our course And we lose our golfing friends galore.

So golf our friends, play daily without any nays
On Brookside Golf Course our last few days
Our plea to save the course fell flat without recourse
The politicians are deaf and dumb without any force.

We lost our course, we lost our course!
Golfing at our lovely Brookside is no more,
The airport is taking over and we are more than sore.

The airport's flimsy tower excuse and expansion,
A temporary band-aid for now is sad.
The growth of Reno's population,
In five years will make the airport move to Stead.

I wish I were agile more pliable and stronger
Then I could golf morning, noon and longer.
Mustn't move my head or keep my arms in tight,
Oh, what fun it is! If everything goes right.

(Chorus for the first 9 holes)

"Hook the ball, slice the ball, dribble off the tee!
Thought that was a super shot, whoops it hit a tree-e
Hook the ball, slice the ball, dub it in the lake!
Was sure I had an easy par, but damn I had an eighth."

I wish my Brookside live forever and a day!
But o'er the course I go, crying all the way.
Must finish nine holes, try not to lose my cool,
Why do I torment myself these last few days of doom?

(Chorus for the second 9 holes)

“I hit the ball, I hit the ball! Gosh it’s long and straight!
It’s the last Days of Brookside after all I’m glad I was here today and had a ball I
hit the ball, I hit the ball! It really had some zing,
I know that if I tried real hard, I’d finally find my swing.!”

“Hook the ball, slice the ball, dribble off the tee!
This time I had a super shot, long ‘n straight off the tee
Hook the ball, slice the ball, dub in the lake!
And I had an easy par, with the putter’s full awake.”

A poetic concomitant praetor - Andrew I.

Life Demand

Life demands to be lived
And when you're older and retired,
Life insistingly commands to be re-lived.
How else you can accede preserving the tone,
But by writing down your memories that roam
In your mind day onto night episodically bright.
Those delightful touching periods to bring back to light
And share them with your progeny and with others.
Days, months and years on end may pass with melancholic druthers,
Recollecting your past semantically embellished but true.
It's your life stories from your point through and through
As you're relating your longing for persons and things emigrate
Your loved ones, your heroes and maladroits not to denigrate.
So, bring them back to be among the living in their full colors
You have the power to give them immortality without dullards.
If your past remains the palimpsest
Behind the narrative of your life that sets
Inevitable elisions in this manuscript somewhat countermanded
By some episode omitted, scenes forgotten or commended.
Don't give up nor despair, but carry on through.
Allow time to be an idea to manicure and manage
To the final chapter of your adage.

~~~~~

## **A Moth's Doom Trek**

Ambiguity abets the illusion

For the moth that beats frenetically against the window pane

An utter flight of energy with some confusion

For the moth's brain doesn't comprehend

That the shining glass pane the moth's final end

The moth sees the light

But the glass mass doesn't allow the penetrating flight

The sunlight is in a full view

Alas the moth doesn't seek another avenue

Exhausted the moth dies of stress

And leaves its sinew body in a mess

What is a moth's life?

It's the flash of a struggle to reach the sunlight

~~~~~

Lori

Lori, I tell you briefly

That at your age of 38,

The time does not fly so swiftly.

It lingers on the chores from morn till late

And keeps you organized to be on timely state

Young woman, lover, wife and mother,

Let today, your Birthday, glow and glitter like no other.

~~~~~

## A Golfer's Tee Lament

I was golfing at Brookside Golf Course apace,  
But wishing I were in some other place.  
I wasn't too happy with my constant slice,  
Blaming the golf-gods for not being nice.  
I was ready to quit and put my golf clubs on ice.  
To slice, stab, and dig long divots,  
I wasn't too pliable in my pivots.  
All through my golfing life I have cherished  
An ambition to play St. Andrew's away.  
But after today  
I felt that my  
Dream had  
Perished.  
My drives  
And putts  
Weren't  
within my  
Reach,  
I couldn't  
Buy  
a putt.  
The  
holes  
Were  
not  
For  
sale.



## An Obsequy for Danny Conforti

Danny Conforti, he's gone into the world of light,  
But the memory of him is here and radiantly bright.  
I still see him leaning on the rail by the barn  
On Bell's east quad during those nutritious noons in the sun.  
The locale has changed, but the memory lingers on:  
The old like new generations of students still toddle in the quad;  
Their nutrition's lunch, half eaten on the tables;  
Pigeons and seagulls are still there in a picking mode,  
Beak to beak in frenzy tearing some packaged labels.  
It was his duty to supervise and see that litter from the noon-meal  
Be picked by the clean up crew to the designated garbage fill.  
Danny efforts in this were pretty anxious and sound  
To earn a Friday's early dismissal for the "Clean Grounds."  
Danny was a man of many deeds and inspirations  
From Teaching, Coaching to Floristry - decorations.  
Never an ego trip -- rising early to flower market and his flower-shop,  
Danny had never a nasty word, malign in any accidental flop.  
Careful at holding his feeling at bay  
Never mind what other nasties may say.  
Careless chitchat may be good, but fails  
To Convince others with Danny's travails  
An ardent card player, a distinguished member of the Circle Bouré  
Always at ease with a joke or two with a smile à Votre Santé.  
Yes, Danny, my friend, you touched the life of every friend  
With an understanding, a kind look or glance that never ends  
And even at this obsequy and vigil of those who knew you and now apart  
Your wife, son, daughter, grandkids, relatives, former students and friends,  
Their love for you is alive within their hearts.

~~~~~

My Birthday 39 + 40

I have reached my 39 years plus 40.
Now I can be quite blunt and naughty.
Go directly to the directors of my dreams
These plotting playwrights can be dirty,
Despite an erudition of editors with their whim,
With a conjunction of grammarians, who may clean
Piles of proctologists with smears of gynecologists
With me the autopoemogrpher verbivor ahead of the team.
Remember growing up with a someday dream?
Living in idyllic area by the beautiful sea,
Where life is easy with everything to the tee.
Later life events serendipitously insert themselves,
Into concoctions that eventually knocked off the shelves.
Years and years of birthdays have passed,
But not in the time frame of illusions' cast;
Some prevailed more with their motives uncleared and fast;
Others had intuited sorrows with an auspicious start;
The latest brought happiness in my present day heart.

~~~~~

## A La Aussie

Lubricate the larynx with an ockerina\*  
With any rub-a-dub-dub's amber^ in a long tinny\*  
Or with a squattocracy^ sheila\* of any Rssole^ .  
Your um and ah\* stay can be off like a bucket of prawns in the sun^  
Or fair dinkum\* on the rantan^ hit the jackpot with lots of fun  
With some icy libation with a pie on the run.\*  
If you are on the boil^ and cunning as a shithouse rat,  
Not on the turps\* and off the beaten track^.  
You may do a pub crawl or perv a nude beach full on  
With a fair crack of the whip\* chcking out fannies that moan.  
Then down the track kick on with a leg -over you'll do your lolly,^  
After a Dingo brekkie\*, it's Beer O'clock and a good lie down  
On the sandy beach with a boom-bah Sally^

~~~~~

*ockerina: a female

^ a pub's beer

* a long tinny: a tall can of beer

^ squattocracy: the early landed gentry

^Rissole: a Returned Soldiers League

*um and ah: indecisive

^a bucket of prawns in the sun: quickly

*dinkum: true

^rantan:having a big night out

*a pie on the run: a meat pie to eat on the way to work

^on the boil: becoming interesting

*turps: cheap alcohol

^off the beaten track: not the usual way

*fair crack of the whip: reasonable not overboard

^party time *Dingo

*Brekke:Dingos brakfast - a piss, a drink of water and a good look around

^boom-bah: fatty .

Marlene at 70

(This ditty was jotted in Sans Souci, October 26, 2006)

This birthday ditty came to me in my dream.

The nocturnal muse gave me rhyming for you my dear Marlene:

70 yours young; a vibrant giving personae that you are;

A wonderful wife, and now a caretaker without mar;

Fiscally sapient, invitingly warm as fresh baked cookie,

Despite 14 years dry spell with a Hawaiian condition of "lacka nookie."

Time flying so quickly, you wonder and you feel,

Longing for your past, but not for real.

It's easier to joke and cry knowing it's a closed seal.

Your present world is hard to bear, but you are ready

To expect the unexpected with open eyes and steady.

On this special occasion as it comes close to the sunset of your day,

We are all here to congratulate you reaching that level of 70.

Let us raise our chalices with a nectar of our choice and say,

"Happy Birthday Marlene - it was and enjoyable journey

All the way to your 70th Birthday.

~~~~~

## Ferndale Gardens Aged Care Facility

Ferndale of Mortdale is a warm and friendly place,  
The staff, sisters of mercy and the nursing aides  
All working in unison and as a team they are great.  
The nursing aides do not jostle nor shove the residents with haste,  
But carefully handle, toilet and groom them with taste.  
The residents are both male and female of various age:  
Some lucidly converse, some babble, some stare with a glassy glaze;  
Some are inclined to an aggressive behavior of screaming and fits;  
Some into puerile fighting, scratching, pulling things to bits,  
And wrecking their rooms, chairs, and beds;  
And there were some that tear their mattresses to shreds.;  
A few may break into shouting or arias and cry for their mother,  
Many meander along the corridors and gardens in a perpetual stupor and stutter.  
Others are asleep in long chaises or nodding in their dining room chairs  
Or participating in a sing along choir ensemble performed with flair.  
But at all times they are watched, fed and toileted with care.  
The sisters and aides are supportively great,  
It is a mentally exhaustive profession from day to day.  
Some interneees are visited with a loving care,  
Others are abandoned conveying no response nor bear  
As for residents the sense passed through them no longer sane,  
Their daily life like food digested takes another name.

~~~~~

The Home Grown Terrorists

The home grown Muslim terrorists in black fatigues
Their faces masked with balaclavas are well hid,
As they thrash the storefronts and cars on the street
These updated 19 century anarchists fast on their feet
They may know al-Qaeda, bin Laden and his call
But never read his flowery manifestos
On Kropotkin or Bakunin of late et al.
The Unabomber, Ted Kaczynski, and Tim McVeigh.
As Bakunin in his grave and bin Laden in his cave,
Must be rubbing their hands in glee
Of the panic that ensued in the aftermath of the WTC.
"Terror for terror's sake - death as spectacle" is shown
Whether it's the Kool-Aid swilling minions of Jim Jones
Or the Baghdad bombings, coffins and people moans.

~~~~~

# October

October my month has come with its seasonal change

And turned the leaves into bright yellow bands

The morning's cold breath freezes the fish pond

The early birds scavenging still with a chirpy song

Early winter days with snow can be a bore

It's transitory melancholy time one doesn't store

The mystic white mists at four in a morn

Puts me into a magical creatively moody turn

As keyboard beckons fingers, paper to print

Thoughts racing through my brain like illusory glint

Rhyming verses pour like showers in Spring

As muse departs then suddenly appears again

It's self contemplating brain storm depleting energy but not in vain

As autumnal glow overwhelms the sky

There's that magical spirit which carries me high

Swiftly and deeper into my poetic world.

~~~~~

Mariner

He was a loner by nature,
Young man without power, money or stature
Completely free to roam the world,
He had nothing, yet He had everything.
He traveled high and drifted low
Soak up many varieties of life in tow
Made new friends and lost more
Seduced many and was seduced galore
Many years as a seaman and saw most of the world

~~~~~

## **A Memorable Reminiscence**

While living in Covina, California, I was doing a second graduate stint in Political Science at Claremont Graduate School. It need hardly be stated, that one lives in the University's library and borrows books galore to take home for intensive research.

Well, one day I received a letter from an army colonel, which said,

“Andrew, I am glad to inform you, that my wife and I clarified an enigma and my suspicion finding your county's golf-card pass on my wife's night table. After a short check, I found out that you are a graduate student in Poli.Sci. and using the Claremont University Library quite extensively. It just happens, that my wife is a graduate student at Harvey Mudd, who uses the library as well and plays golf.

No mere coincidence about which one cannot avoid a suspicion or shake off conviction, when clearly everything will inconvertibly support a thesis of a lost golf card in a book. Overriding all this, your Russian name made me think that there was an international intrigue in process.

I would be in remiss in my duty if I failed to mention that I checked further in my office. I found out, that you are a former US Army - G2 section 7th Army and NATO multi-lingual attachment were stationed in Germany a few years back. Moreover, that you are an alumnae of USC, where you completed the undergraduate degree of BA in IR and an MS in Education; your current status in Bell Hi and ELA, Jr. College; now you are here in Claremont Men's College Graduate School on your second MS in Poli.Sci.

Since I exhumed your U.S.Army record, also updated to the current matriculation of MA in Poli.Sci. and enhanced a promotion to a US Army 1st Lieut.ut.dict.; when you were recalled in Kansas City to a brief active duty and a higher clearance level in the Intelligence Unit.

There will as a result be not the slightest doubt in my mind about one inescapable conclusion that here is a case of a lost golf card pass and not an international conspiracy nor amorous enticement.

Now, my wife, kiddingly is asking me, ‘What else did you find out about my boyfriend?’ I told her that I was very impressed with your achievements and I wouldn't mind having you as a friend, but not as my wife's paramour.

I have, happily, induction by research and intuition, the inference that goes beyond mere fact and also thanks be, attestation by clarification, the proof that is superior to mere evidence. Plainly, I am in the presence of higher truth.

Sincerely,

Bruce Oglivie  
U.S.Army, Col. DA

P.S. I'm enclosing your golf pass -- it has a few rounds left on it. Hit 'em straight."

*I thought that the colonel was quite ebullient in his profiling of me. Needless to say, I feel compelled to state the obvious: I am an innocent victim, who hasn't been victimized, but suspected in an illicit enticement. My skill obtained in a learning process of Master Alfa, and Master Beta were duly noted.*



## Herbs

An Herb is a plant with a soft stem,  
The stem does not become woody but then  
It dies after the plant flowering stage.  
Herbs have been used since ancient age,  
Rosemary, an erect perennial evergreen,  
The leaves are cellulosic linear and ash green.  
A member of the mint family  
Its name comes from the Latin, "Dew of the Sea"  
It has a sweet pungent and piney scent,  
Leaves cooks in their meat cookery quite content.  
The medics use the flowering tops as a gentle stimulant  
The oil is used as a perfume in ointments and liniments.  
Laurel Bay, Indian Bay or just Bay,  
An aromatic leaf with a bitter taste.  
A stomachic astringent and carminative  
A weevil deterrent and potpourri additive.  
Thyme a small under shrub of the family mint,  
It used in soups and sauces during lent.  
And is a medicant in the Whooping Cough, Colic and Flatulence stint.  
Basil, is an aromatic herb with a sharp acrid sensation,  
A cross between licorice and cloves in taste elation.  
Licorice is good for your liver and skin tones'  
Parsley is good for preventing or treating bronchitis.  
Whereas Mistletoe is a good demulcent in treating arthritis.  
Marsh-mallow is good for your mucus membrane.  
Cayenne is good for your heart and relives strain,  
Even if it tastes spicy hot, but free from pain.  
Ginger is good for your blood circulation increase  
Whereas Garlic is good for your high blood pressure decrease.  
Lavender is good for your nerves and strain.  
What the Ancient mariner thirsted is water,  
Hydrogen os good for your appetite  
And cinnamon is good for your digestive flight.  
Asea I am of many scarce idee fix,  
Ergo, it's far better thing that I eat and mix.

~~~~~

Golfing Sport

Golf is a game with stick and balls
Played on the cow pastures in days of old
And were restricted to kings and other nobles highborn in layers
As GOLF decoded goes: Gentlemen Only Ladies Forbidden.
Today, it's open to all men, women straight as well as gayers.
Today's golf courses are plush, fairways superbly manicured,
And not the rough pastures with the moo-poo manured.
These golfers who are ready for many frustrations to endure
In chasing a little white ball to a special hole in play
With some restricted amount of strokes hundreds yard away.
A code of social rites and language one must learn and observe
For safety by hollering "fore" for an errant hit which curve
Into the other players on the course is a must at all times.
Will be liable for an enforced departure and fines
As well as those who're bereft of social graces and haute couture
For wild drinking of beer, rum and whiskey and act immature.



Brookside's Closing Woeful Jingle

Golfing on and on in our last few days
O'er the Brookside course we go crying all the way.
We lost our course, we lost our course
Golfing at our lovely Brookside is no more
The airport is taking over and we are more than sore

Many of our older friends will golf no more
Many won't be able to afford the pricy golfing gore
And will opt to play once a month and no more
We lost our course, We lost our course
And we lose our golfing friends galore

So golf our friends, play daily without any nays
On Brookside Golf Course our last few days
Our plea to save the course fell flat without recourse
The politicians are deaf and dumb without any force

We lost our course, we lost our course!
Golfing at our lovely Brookside is no more,
The airport is taking over and we are more than sore.

The airport's flimsy tower excuse and expansion,
A temporary band-aid for now is sad.
The growth of Reno's population,
In five years will make the airport move to Stead.

I wish I were agile more pliable and stronger
Then I could golf morning, noon and longer.
Mustn't move my head or keep my arms in tight,
Oh, what fun it is! if everything goes right.

(Chorus for the first 9 holes)

Hook the ball, slice the ball, dribble off the tee!
Thought that was a super shot, whoops it hit a tree-e
Hook the ball, slice the ball, dub it in the lake!
Was sure I had an easy par, but damn I had an eight.
I wish my Brookside live forever and a day!
But o'er the course I go, crying all the way.
Must finish nine holes, try not to lose my cool,
Why do I torment myself these last few days of doom?

(Chorus for the second 9 holes)

I hit the ball, I hit the ball! Gosh it's long and straight!
It's the last Days of Brookside after all
I'm glad I was here today and had a ball
I hit the ball, I hit the ball! It really had some zing,
I know that if I tried real hard,
I'd finally find my swing.!

Hook the ball, slice the ball, dribble off the tee!
This time I had a super shot, long 'n straight off the tee
Hook the ball, slice the ball, dub in the lake!
And I had an easy par, with the putter's full awake.

A poetic concomitant praetor - Andrew I.

~~~~~

## Gus Did

At home Gus Damnaway is a spirit mover and shaker,  
The king of all inanimate objects and caretaker  
Of homes in which he manifests his force,  
When he undermines the fragile order of your daily course.  
The kitchen is his main domain where he has built  
His nasty behavior and trained his inanimate subjects.  
Gus did it! Gus did it! We interject.  
Toasters let slices of bread fly off in gentle eject;  
Glasses, vases or plates that slide to be tilt;  
Drinks that walk off by themselves or have been spilt;  
The cupboards that left open to bang your head with teary gush;  
The silverware draw is stuck then flies open with a strong push;  
The food disposal begins to clang then hiss in fashion,  
Gus must have dropped a tea-spoon to get mashed in.  
The jar tops that won't open no matter how hard you try,  
You bang it against some hard surface the glass crack and fly.  
The light-bulb suddenly burn out when you don't have a spare.  
You try to unscrew it when it pops and leaves a nasty tear.  
The microwave that sabotages your food the first bite is lukewarm  
And the next few bites will scald and peel your tongue.  
Toilets that normally function for months and readily flush,  
Suddenly clog up on Sunday morning when you are in rush  
To take care of guests who are coming for the Super Bowl bash.  
The chairs that bump you as you go by with the serving tray,  
The coffee table that catches your big toe in a gushy fray.  
The door catches your coat-pocket and tear as you go by,  
Then your golf bag is caught between the door and door jam;  
The hallway rugs that slide under you and land you on your bum.  
The Plexiglas sliding door, that you walked in is so sheer  
That leaves your face with a painful blotchy smear.  
All these compliments of Gus so dear.  
Those heavy duty garbage bags to be dumped, Gus senses quite teary,  
Such ignoble doom, so he makes them commit hara-kiri.  
Spilling themselves open and spilling their guts all over the floor.  
Then you are down on all your fours cleaning up the messy chore.  
Then Gus goes into electro technical of modem communication  
And puts a cordless phone backwards into the cradle Gus did it!  
So, no one can talk or meddle.  
Computers that work for years begin flick with tiny pebbles  
Then the bomb icon appears to tell you know - up yours!  
Then crash and erase your latest work which you didn't save -of course.  
Gus did it! Gus did it! And he knows.

~~~~~

Gus and His Auxiliary

Gus in his external domain has an auxiliary platoon,
Who profess their mal a propos feats for your outside doom:
Cars that served for years without complains refuse to start;
When you are late rushing trying to depart;
Your car alarm that start jangling waking up the neighborhood,
In the middle of the night, you crawl out to stop the toot;
The back door screen that snaps and smashes your nose;
But you still not aware of your outside inanimate foes.
The tree branches that reach out and rap you on your face,
By showing their presence with their leafy mace.
Inattentively you quickly rise and whack your head,
Damn branch you cursedly soothing your bump instead
Shovels and rakes that are negligently left,
Entice you to step on them, so they can leap and smack
You and leave some painful impression with an insolent fleck.
In mowing your lawn suddenly you hear and uproarious clang,
Those were the little toys that ended their existence with a bang.
This inanimate mal a propos force will follow you onto the golf course,
You swing and hit the golf ball straight and it smacks into a sprinkle head,
The only one raised sprinkle head, that was shinning coppery-lead;
The trees on the fairway are, they say, 96% composed of air,
But your golf ball is so intuitive that always finds that 4% on dare.
The next is super shot long 'n straight with a swishy wake,
It rises up quite high meets the windy air and plops into the lake.
The ground squirrels, seagulls and geese are in his employ,
Collecting balls, crapping on the green or some other mal a ploy.
You just have to accept his presence, since you can't win for losing,
Gus and his demonic cohorts are there and never snoozing.

~~~~~

## Fiefdom

It has been so long so long,  
I'm not sure if it was right or wrong,  
Too late to worry, cry and carry on.  
How old would you be, if you did not know,  
How old you were and who's to know?  
You may be a lot younger than you are,  
Just allow time of age to be an idea way too far.  
What is time, if not our measurement of earthly life,  
It's a transitory illusion and vanity to the max.  
Time doesn't stop or wait for us in our strife,  
Our mental life is full of dreams and always in a flux.  
The thought that lingers on learning and wisdom,  
Rising to challenges to our talents is our fiefdom.

~~~~~

Do Nothing Generation

This generation is short on patience, a fickle tribe,
With selfishness, impatience and lack of drive,
Self obsessed and oblivious to the world around them.
These adolescents are on the priorities of drugs, concerts and instant. com
Are less inclined to vote but with liberal race and immigration views
And run back home to parents when they're in a fiscal stew.
Many stay at home with their parents in their forties;
Casual sex, binge drinking and violent sorties;
Getting rich is their utmost goal;
Their icons are the ET personalities milieu world;
Full of tattoos, dyed in weird color hair;
With a body piercing everywhere.
These do nothings are glad to meet others as idle as they are;
These "Peter Panners" are in their 20's, 30's and 40's;
Who seem don't fit the baby-boomers ideal;
Uncommitted in Never, Never Land and feel,
Not taking responsibility nor thinking far ahead.
Do not aspire in settling down nor investing instead,
Their rationalization is a fast moving world of instant communications
With their I-pods and cell phones attached to their ears,
Play with the toys younger than their years;
Designer clothes, get rich, travel other fads that fade,
Shallow ethics, commitment to self and getting laid.
Past is dust and future is mist.
But history's underbelly has a peculiar twist.
Some of the same generation is world apart,
Serving in the armed forces and do their part.
To fight and die in war if need be for democracy,
Despite the irony of the modern nations that accept.
Soldiers, ordered to fight, derived any experience of the concept.

~~~~~

# **Lifescapes**