

(1)

A Beautiful Dream

While I slept through the night, I had a beautiful dream.

I woke up smiling widely due to its delightful theme.

It started in a restaurant with an old married couple.

We ate a meal together, which was followed by a truffle.

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The town itself was magical, its beauty unsurpassed.

The streets were of cobblestone, the lamps encased in glass.

I walked the couple to their home because it was a lovely day.

I helped them out with some odd chores before I went away.

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Further down the avenue was an exciting show.

The actors were brilliant, and the stage was aglow.

Here is when the story became more like a dream.

Things didn't make much sense, and yet I felt serene.

I held a vase of flowers I had bought somewhere.
They needed to be changed somehow, right then and there.

I blundered at the task, which was a bit unnerving.
Someone volunteered to help who had been observing.

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There was a touch of comedy to break the awkward mood.
Then, the person assisting me expressed artistic aptitude.

The vase of flowers transformed into a flowing veil,
Which he draped around me like in a Cinderella tale.

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Alas! The clever artist was no stranger anymore.
When I looked up, he had become the husband I adore.
It's strange how a dream can make things seem ideal.
You can wake up smiling as though it had been for real.¹

¹ This was an actual dream I had. Everything was in the dream, as written, except for the truffle.

(4)

Ashes to Ashes

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Come to my funeral if you must.
I will not know if you are there,
And, if I did, I wouldn't care.

I lost interest years ago,
Becoming numb from head to toe.
I have nothing, and there is no one.
It's not the same as when I was young.

I have no family worth talking about,
And the light in me has long burned out.
Friends were easy to leave behind.
No longer are they called to mind.

My struggles and strife are in the past.
My aches and pains are gone at last.
I'll "rest in peace" that's what I'll do.
That's more than I can say for you.

Now, the end is finally here.
My eyes are dry. I shed no tears.
I lived my life, and that was that.
Just bury me next to my cat.

(11)

A Real Cowboy

A real cowboy is never without his hat.
His cattle graze unrestrained as they get fat.
He works sun-up to sun-down in the barn or stable.
When the viddles are ready, he heads for the table.

A real cowboy has standards that are simple and fair.
His temperament is visible in his smile or stare.
His ranch buildings are solid, maintained, and clean.
The mistreatment of a woman brings out his 'mean.'

A real cowboy doesn't care about your name or your past.
His acceptance of you depends on your being steadfast.
When signed on for a job, he is loyal to the brand.
He takes pride in his work and will fight for his land.

A real cowboy never hunts trouble but is prepared and ready.
His eyes are ever watchful, and his hands are always steady.
He never nears a bull from the front or a horse from the rear.
When trouble is on the horizon, he prefers to steer clear.

A real cowboy likes to sleep under the stars at night.
His notion of a good time is a no-bars-held fight.
A real cowboy strums his guitar while singing a tune.
He likes hearing the wolves as they howl at the moon.

A real cowboy takes offense when accused of a lie.
His word is his bond for which he will live or die.
He likes to play poker at the end of the day.
And if the town folks don't like him, he'll ride away.⁵



⁵ Inspired by Louis L'Amour's books.

(23)

An Old and Dear Friend

What, you might ask, is an old and dear friend?

It is someone on whom you can always depend.

Their support is firm, and their arm is strong.

They understand even when you are wrong.

On those occasions when you stumble and fall,

They come to your aide and help you stand tall.

They stick with you through thick and thin,

Not caring if you lose or win.

They never fail you; you can count on them.

They're unique and special, rare as a gem.¹⁰

¹⁰ Written for my closest, oldest, and dearest friend, Roz.

(39)

It's the Little Things

It's the little things that hold so much meaning.
You can learn from them what someone is feeling.

From a kiss, you can tell if his love for you is true
Because the way he kisses will reveal it all to you.

From a touch, there is much that you can learn.
That touch can leave you cold or make your fires burn.

It's the little things that tell you what you need to know.
They tell you whether he is sincere or just a Romeo.

The little words he uses are another telling key.
For instance, when it comes to words like "us" or "you and me."

To find out how he views you, observe what he conveys.
If he truly values you, it shows in loving ways.