

RHYMING POETRY

LEFT HAND MAN

When I say, "I do" and place the ring on your hand,
I will finally become your **LEFT HAND MAN**.

When we've finally decided to make your belly expand,
I'll be the proudest father and **LEFT HAND MAN**.

When our kids in college throw our finances in the can,
I might hide on our taxes that I'm your **LEFT HAND MAN**.

When our families and friends leave sooner than planned,
I'll become a much stronger **LEFT HAND MAN**.

When life makes us grandparents, who walk slower than sand,
I'll try to remember that I'm your **LEFT HAND MAN**.

And when God requests of me his most sacred demand,
I will eternally remain your **LEFT HAND MAN**.

If (off the cuff)

If my heart were a record player, baby
I'd play with you all night long.
I would spin you around and listen to that romantic sound,
Your voice, my favorite song.

If my heart worked for Billboard, baby
I'd put you on top of the charts.
I would praise your name and give you all the fame
Your presence, I could never depart.

If my heart were on tour, baby.
you'd be my opening act.
I would travel the world and show them that you are my girl
Your beauty, always leading the pact.

If my heart was your bodyguard, baby
I'd protect you when times got rough
From day to night, I would make it feel right,
This poem, just off the cuff.

My little sister

Growing up as children you always proved to be tougher,
A thumb-sucking-rugrat battling a Pee-Wee Herman brother.
A relationship that seemed more like a twister,
Yet I never forgot that you were still my little sister.

Every new boyfriend seemed to become my former friend,
But luckily that streak has come to its end.

And when you someday marry that mister,
I'll try hard to like him, only because you're my little
sister.

And though my heart grows fonder with every mile away,
I'd like to take this time to celebrate your day.

A birthday so happy, I could just kiss ya!

But I won't because... well... you ARE my little sister.

FLOW AND TELL

You can call me a liar
and tell me I eat "fib" newtons
if you don't see that I aspire
to be you heartache solution.
Now I may be no doctor
but I got the remedy like Mraz, Miss.
Just take a prescription of me
and I will surely cure your sadness.
Now I see that you wear your emotions on your sleeves,
like they're fashion,
but please, who you kidding?
Isn't it time
to give your life some passion
and a reason to be living?
Look, I promise I won't deceive you
you have my word(s), my Bill of Rights
to relieve you and abolish all those wrongs
and former sad songs once sung to you
during those lonely nights.
But now it's time to change the station
and listen to a whole way of living.
Where someone is actually giving
you butterflies, instead of sad goodbyes.

Something much better

like a love you can dig and forever treasure.

NONRHYMING POETRY

MASTERPIECE

Paint those pictures
with your words.
Lay those strokes of genius down
and decorate life.

The screen is your blank canvass
and each finger eagerly dips into the keys
caressing colorful arrangements
with the slightest effort.

Exclaim your exhibitions with pride
and abandon all prudence.
Hesitance is an anchor
that will impede on your artistic discoveries.

Preach onto others
a literal resurrection.
as you emancipate your emotion
by unlocking the keys before you.

Reveal truth
but be weary of concealing it.
For blemishes are always beautiful
when struggle is your makeup artist.

Let your words embody
a brighter reflection
and continue to bring color back
into this black and white world.

RETURN ON INVESTMENT

Whenever I see you, it's always about the money.

Your palms always up, your time always so limited.

I wish I could see you more often, but all I can afford is every two weeks.

I come by eager, anxious, looking forward to deposit my time with you.

Hoping that one day, I will acquire your interest

But for some reason you always leave my heart in the red.

How can I grow if you're not willing to loan me some sort of return on my investment?

And even though you know me better than myself, you still continue to make me feel like a stranger.

"Will that be all for today?, you ask.

"For now", I reply.

Maybe in two weeks I'll have something more to offer you.

But for now, I'm just another customer waiting in line for his bank teller.

PILLOW

My pillow, you are.

Who inspires me to dream.

Who comforts me when I am vulnerable at night.

Who readjusts me when I am out of place.

Who supports my every move regardless of my position.

And no matter what shape you may be in that day,

I never stop drooling over you.

LYRICAL LOVE NOTE

To think
that two instruments,
such as ourselves
have gone beyond all measures
to compose such a harmonious percussion.

To think
that I have finally become
in tune with someone
who brings my life
indescribable harmony.

To think
that I no longer have to travel
my days alone
as that lonely half note
who feels incomplete.

For I have found YOU,
my rhythmic counterpart,
the one and only person
who makes me feel
completely whole.

MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

...And even that WINTER wonderland couldn't stop you from melting my heart...

...And even those SPRING showers couldn't stop me from blossoming my admiration of you...

...And even though we were once SUMMER lovers, I am now beginning to FALL completely head over heels for you.

...And with your permission, I'd like to be your man for ALL SEASONS. No matter the forecast