

Poetry Series

Michael Gale
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Michael Gale(?)

I enjoy reading and writing poetry, art, and 1978 went into the Marine Corps, honorably discharged in to Oklahoma in d for a short stint with TG&Y variety store for 6 month's and then worked for a major department store for 18 years and 7 month'd as a security guard for 11 month's.

I met my beautiful wife, Barbara, while employed at the dept. in love and got married on Valentine's Day,2002'.Wish to one day soon publish a book of ated from Lyon's Township High School(David Hasselhoff, the actor went there also) many, many days told i look like Kevin Costner, the actor.I am very patriotic, but believe it's time to end this war, and bring our troops h lives, have been needlessly taken from their bless this country and it's bless our troops and poets, and readers of poetry! Tis best to let go with full throttled rhyme unbottled. Who gives a damned what others think as long as you like it. Remember-only you can make well'ed dew land on leaves of planted reception, recieved well by others.

You cannot due this if you hold back because one does not know when they've stifled their own inbourne talent.

A silencer is placed on the end of the barrel of a gun only to silence it's noise. Take away the muffled noise and you could well have unequelled review. We truly need to try and please ourselves and not others. If we accomplish this tough task, we'll naturally please others without really realizing it in the end. In writing you cannot do anything imoral, because it is an artistry that cannot be imoral, because it is in the mind and never really committed to others. It is entertaining and not like a video game which might be considered too violent. It's only imagination to write. God gave us all the right to read or write imaginatively and there fore it cannot be wrong because God gave us that natural talent and brain. Sorry-I'll get down off my soap box and quit lectering. I just love and enjoy writing and reading poetry and no one will ever be able to take that away from me. One will only fall down onto their faces only as long as they think they will. Positive equels positive. Negativity breeds negativity. That's all. Imagination knows only it's unlimited ability in direction or cutoff limit. God bless-Michael Jeffrey Gale.

(fad) Fat Diets.

A pound, a pound, for too much bounce...
How may I justly, do denounce?

Regret thy ways, that hath ye over eaten...
Always round and sadly beaten.

Let the fries, do settle down...
Create a waist line's, smiley frown.

Upon the scale, that lied to me...
Let me be, just let me be.

In denial, of hated weight...
When will it recede, and hesitate?

Be the pounds that never go...
Always cursed, to always show.

Diets come, and diets go...
When ever, will we, better, know?

Sugar this, and sweeten that...
I guess, I'll always, be simply, fat.

Recipes all, assorted out...
Never do they help, they only, make me shout.

I pull my hair, from Dawn till night...
An evil imaged, in mirrored fright.

Do you know that it ain't too easy? ...
To lose this weight, makes me sick, and queezy.

Did you know, that fat...
Ain't where it's at?

Michael Gale

911, Was Meant To Stun!

Planes of flame and smoke, exploded to the
side of twin towers, one frightful fateful day...
The shock of horror on observers faces,
filled TV networks, as screens did so, tape
and play!

911, will live on in every nations man...
Because the act was so terrible, it lasts on
every persons memory, as they remember, as
only they can!

Friends and families passed, as well as
police and firemen, The Pentagon was next,
As towers did so fall and crumble, with
smoke and ashes seen, far from East to West...
This is man's final, moral and Godly test!

As man reaches out, to help each other, with
his very, very best!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Faucet Run A'Mock

Crimson blue underwear hanging from the line...
Tea kettles a'fired hot above the boilin' stove.

Sugar crumb'd on the table just-a set in spill'ed water...
This puddled liquid lies so still and languidly cold.

Cock roaches battle army-ants for the syrup'ed coated sea...
A missing person, done departed from this runny top-Forever due,
is of one wanted missing mop.

An over flowing sink filled with dirty dishes...
Reminds one of a most wanted housekeeper, Unwisely left
unattended-will come the rushing waters from one let go of faucet.

What did happen to this scene-An unkept mess that did so happen.

A mess so bad would have to be cleaned up...
A broken dish or a chipped up cup.

Michael Gale

A Bad Case Of Mental Block.

Mental Blocks...

Do these blocks resemble wooden blocks as played with by us as a child?

Are these blocks a wood fell on top o' my head? ...

T'will these blocks make a-me dead?

What is a mental block? ...

Is it a block a wood caught between the ears?

Does this block a wood instill futured fears? ...

Why not just call it mental box?

You've heard of having your ears boxed...

Ya do know that if ya have ears boxed, that you have a hard time hearing?

The pain in your heard will be so unmanagable and uninduring...

That pain will be so sharp and heatful and searing.

Now that's what i'd call a mental block...

Only now i'd call that a painful mental box.

Mental block is when you have a hard time thinking clearly...

Boy!

That would sure make my day feel like death should be coming to be near with my pain fast in towe.

This would make my mental progress come about at a real slow rate and not move or go...

Mental block should be for the birds...

I can't imagine not working with my poetic words.

This seems at best unimaginable as well as completely absurds.

Mental block just stay away from me and my lifely clock...

No more mental block.

Begone!

No more...

Begone!

A Be Gone, Devil's, Departing, Day.

The gong of the midnight choir rings true, to all that be just...
Only must we be just of this most, ransomed trust.

For we are the most lonely child...
Never meant to be ruined or defiled.

Gong the time left on the wall or door...
Ever going on as if we not be poor.

Hapless witnesses to crimes by man...
Never soiled or spoiled to a war sought plan.

The clock's hands have turned on us...
Shortening out, all the vagrant's touring bus.

Making our trip...
Slowly slip.

Slip from our hands outstretched firm at hand...
Not our brand, never planned.

Screams utter from vocal chords...
Louder than loudest, reverberations,
felt our, saddest, painless swords.

Sticking between the bed sheet's folds...
Dripping way down the wrinkled colds.

Colds that penetrate our hearts coldest timbre...
Hallow er than the shallowest thoughts grimmer.

Alas the story ends...
To Hades or Hell, do the angels of all that be evil, sends.

The end of all eternal suffering...
God's hallowed, holy re buffering.

Signals of evil do return to a home, less needed...
From all decent people, the Devil, receded.

Michael Gale

A Better Man?

Greed...Is like a growing weed.

It sprouts in the form of man...This weed should be stopped to a halting ban.

Jealousy sometimes rears it's ugly head...This manly trait should be stifled dead.

Hate is a vine that chokes us off...Leaving us gagging and with a sputtering cough.

Often times parents live through their child's sporting, or acting life...Instead of being a good role modeling, husband and wife.

Why do we as men, have to kill, scheme or hate? ...Why must we go on to mostly, curse and berate?

Cannot we learn to love and not hate? ...After all-Jesus and God are soon coming, So we should of our ways change-before it is, way too late.

Michael Gale

A Bird-As, In Thy Flute.

The bird, as in it-flute...
Free as all air-id the free reigned beaut.

Areal assault of all thy senses...
No hidden agenda, or pretenses.

It flew free and high hither thy sky...
Never to fall, not ever to die.

Free to land, artfully elegant...
Free to perch, unlike an elephant.

Both, be involved in it's tree...
Free to be, free seen, of me.

Michael Gale

A Blessed One, Forever!

To be blessed is to be loved by God...
This in turn will grant a healthy sound bod'.

For those who seek God, will be blessed forever...
This choice will be called the choice, that is the most one, clever.

We have been chosen to push open Heaven's gate...
So we may walk sinless in God's most forgiven, holy state.

02-19-2006'.

Michael Gale

A Blessed Recovery.

A blessed recovery is God's own plan...
Him up above, rewards prayer down
to a God loving man.

Illness and disease goes on a trip or retreat...
All suffering will be met by prayer for man's
illness-defeat.

World wars will be diminished after heated debate...
God's will, will count and not be too late.

Plum'ed clouds form and rise up towards hemisphere's air...
All will be happy, without even a worry or care.

Michael Gale

A Blue Suede Heart Break From Life.

I shook my hips down at Heart Break Hotel...
My ghost now supposedly wanders to where, I just
will not tell.

I had a twin brother that died at birth...
My mother i dearly loved had died and i had had her put beneath
the grave sight's earth.

I smiled my sneer into the camera, while'st singing to a Teddy Bear.
The money kept rolling in from the sale of my records.

I had kissed Anne Margaret and Marilyn Monroe on the cheek.
I shot many tv screens showcasing the talented songs of the Beatles.
Their music got under my skin like many sharp pointy, syringed needles.

My drug habit almost got me thrown into a Jail House Rock...
Not Hard Rock Cafe.

I bought Caddy's for complete strangers out on the street...
Teenagers danced to my music's own Rock-A-Billy beat.

I enjoyed the skies that were colored a nice Blue Hawaii.

My father would never misspell my middle name on my tombstone...
I am still alive in hiding in Buonas Aires, and totally living alone.

A price was put on my head...
So my coffin was filled with a waxed dummy controlled by a refridgerated
encasement.
I no longer reside at my Memphis mansion's very own basement.

I once sang to a sad looking Basset Hound...
No more new songs by me, will there ever be heard my deep voiced
sound.
No more singing to that stupid looking Basset Hound.

On that island so far away-I go by the name of Burroughs.
I'm making more money while being dead, than alive...
My children and Granchildren will be left well to do and materially survive and

thrive.

I've been spotted eating out of a bucket, pieces of chicken...
It's been reported that my fingers what was i had been seen, lickin'.

I was 'The King of Rock and Roll...
I started it all, i've been tole'.

Michael Gale

A Body Found Dead Under A Lincoln Park Bench.

A body found under a deserted Lincoln Park bench...
Leaves ruffled into a nice neat pile.

Cacooned looking becomes this scene...
No denial.

Cold and wintery gust's...
Blows about all Chicago's powdery dust.

No kid's kites fullfills the Chicago park's skies...
No new death's or even many lies.

Tap, tap, tap as is heard the hammering pounding noise...
No sight of a girl or even any boys.

The wintery day is only accompanied by roofers working hard and into the early
dissolved dawn...
A doe is spotted among the park's clumps of trees but without 'nary a rare seen
fawn.

How long has the maggots and bugs been feeding on the rotting stiffened
carcus? ...
Only time and a lone hoot owl in tree above knows how long or what because.

An obituary in next tuesday's newspaper will have to be witten by a heart broken
mother at the sudden
loss of a recent missing daughter...
I hope the slimmier critter that killt that girl runs outta time.

Is the killer a man or a woman? ...
I don't know if the police have yet as caught 'er.

Or him maybe even maybe...
I just hope he does not run off and join the Navy.

A shed out tear...
Dripped freshly by guilt fed fear.

No word of love left the lips of that suddened saddened mother...

Only sadly forlorn fed anger did she impart to her daughter, while divorced from
a long absent unhusbandly father.

Now this mother's days will be long and clouded with only room for doom and
gloom...

Her days(of this new now lonely mother) will want and have to be swept clean
with a blackened saddest broom.

Lonely futured sad days spent travelling to a lone lost grave...

A mother grieving as a saddened and guilt fed knave.

To move on in life, she'll have to buck up and become real brave...

For, until she admits to guilt, she'll be forever enshrouded under an umbrella of
guilty shame as it's helpless slave.

There is no happy ending here...

Only sadness is heard by deaf ears in grievly guilt-you hear.

Michael Gale

A Brainly Matter Of Dis Repair.

Ideas are draining all too well, out of reach from my far reaching, always searching brain...

This pain is caused by this great strain on my very own fast moving soul train (of the imagination) .

Twass not long ago that mine own brainal power was all so like being magic... Alas-! , how, well tragic.

Hmm...Do you smell that, God awful smell? ...

Is that a brain damaging tale?

It smells even worse than anything else, that is so sickenly stale...

Brain damaged brainial shrinkage of the sickest kind.

What a total waste of a marvelouse mind? ...

You and i, can still hear those gears of mine, continuelly burn and grind.

Michael Gale

A Bread Baker's Favorite Day Of Year.

What favorite day of the year do bread bakers enjoy? ...
Yeaster Sunday. Yuk! Yuk! Yuk!

Michael Gale

A Broken Heart!

Memories are fleeting all through the night...
Heart beating fastly t'wards future's near
plight.

Forgetting heart's anguish of sorrowful state...
Yearning one's love instead of their hate.

Lonely of love that still lingers on...
Like a sliver o' light, beaming straight from the sun.

Passing through life's window drenched totally in black...
Life's empty chamber, under attack.

The candle is lit, by hope of one's heart...
Burning forever, and never apart!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Broken, Pained Heart.

Aye...

This heart of stone and marble pieces.

Cracked apart in so many urban specks...

Poor, poor heart, poured away.

Etched at, until shards been laid...

This heart broken clean on through.

More of more pain, on, on, thorough due...

Due this pained heart, due anew.

Michael Gale

A Canary, And Peanut Butter, And Jelly, Sandwich.

I once ate a sandwich made of peanut-butter and jelly...
This sandwich, by someone, tasted quite rotten, and smelly.

Into my stomach, uneasily, it went down...
To my face, was sadly, put a frown.

I went to the hospital to have my stomach pumped, where I met a sailor...
Who obviously, had a bad tailor.

You might say, 'that this lad, was a seaman'...
But-for the Navy, he worked, and so-he was no, free man.

This seaman, could not swim...
You might say 'that he joined, on a whim'.

This non-swimming seaman, had a cat...
That was known by all, to eat mice, dogs, or even a bat.

One day this cat, ate a bat, that was owned by a witch...
This witch, got quite angry, at the cat that ate her bat, and
was acting like, a ticked off, bitch.

This witch, turned this cat, into a canary...
How frightening to this canary, this seemed as scary.

Now, this canary, bird...
Got eaten by another cat, and now, was nothing more,
than a rug stained, cat-splattered, turd.

Michael Gale

A Canary, Like Heart.

A Canary like heart, ever so free to fly free and flutter...
Away in the heart or brain of yet someone, other.

How yet may I retell that olden tale? ...
Is or was it stale? I tell you well, it does so swell.

Swells in the river of screams, over flowing in streams and schemes...
Bustling out of the dam of the damned.

All so pinioned slammed...
Always aware of it's listless squalor.

Makes me wish to always forever to holler....
Off my head.

'Make me dead'....
Last, that I said.

Michael Gale

A Casually Natured, As Beau'Tied, A Beauty.

A hue-edge kaleidoscope of colors painted of the rainbow...
Peacock's colors a-splashed abound feathers.

Fanned out beauty in colors of awe...
This is nature's paisley'd law.

Butter flies flutter around and enough...
Humming birds hum and aridly strut their stuff.

Plants and flowers grow forth their shoots...
Leaves, these beings, without feet and boots.

Petals cannot grasp, as like a hand....
Flowers are pretty and not visually bland.

Beauty is of but, everything of nature....
Beauty is of what, we as humans, should grow, in stature.

Michael Gale

A Change Of Habit

I hope to remain on this sofa of life...
Ever p-laying to good friends and yes
even to My Dearest sweet-loving Wife!

Hope those clouds of death do not make
harbor over and at My Dock of living...
They're even so shaded in dark colors
as in depressing misgivings.

Lest the Good Angels can toss to Me the
nice rounded, rotational device....
A Life-Saver, worth not any, even any,
baddest of the worse advice.

Yes-They'll haul My lazy couch riddled
behind up to the Good Lord's thrown....
Yes-I'll haply land at the Good Lord's
feet, but not powered of My own power's Own!

I guess I'd better change quickly
of My very bad ways....
So that in the end, I'll end up, in
Heaven's stays in My very last days!

Michael Gale

A Child Of A Lesser Corn.

For the mouth doth run over and truest forth
Always babbling to and north.
Always away uncontrollable this beast
Never caring but naught the least.

This child that Ye gave to birth
To make Thy belly roundly a widest-girth.
She give unto Thee, no respect at all
Many names of Ye She hath to call.

A wedge t'ween this family pawn
No matter what time of day or Dawn.
She slaps Thy cheek
Because She is so non sheik!

She should have been aborted
Or maybe even, reported.
For She has for others no respect
She has no druthers, or no constrict.

Constrict that cowardice tongue to be held to a tightest draw...
Never more to be unleashed, except for thy tiniest breath claw.
Thy beating heart hath broken Thy best
Thy chest the one that loved Thy best.

As if thy suckling drawing breath to chest
Still that day was suckling to breast.
To life that gift that day
Given to one so undeserving today.

Michael Gale

A City's Wintery Spells Of Coldest Icey Outer Shells.

A city's besied streets run averse and too unseen...
Neatness in alleys run way too much abreast.

Neatness lacking at messy is best...
In times of happy rest all thy test.

Long rows of unevened piles of trash...
Winter's long over due now coldest did crash.

Winds own path's unobserved repeels to all warmth not to last...
Winding sidewalks buried deep in snow.

Icey wind currents froze out and fast...
Glassy looking pavements of unhonored of visit.

Ice age looks...
Frosted mountained seemed.

Is it coldest? Is it as is it as it should seem serene and deemed? ...
Are coldest ages listed on as in books?

Are there many more pages? ...
Are there over vain looks?

Tree's leaves fallen down by winter's winds blown fresh into town...
Icey slippery side walks slick as a pane of glass.

Busted bones in legs and arms...
Brings all to all someone befalls harm and suddenly to others befittingly harms.

Snow flakes melt onto warm moistured tongue...
Fallen afresh let loose from skies not attached or hung.

No two flakes are as alike as identical twins...
Nature's own weathered looks succomb to all elder beings.

Only youthful students of unfailing learning come out on top as always wins...
No more losing and no more sins.

All of nature is worthy of seeing and freeing....
Be forewarned of all its unseemly beauty seeing.

All is worth of unselfish being.

Michael Gale

A Coc'Cooned And Stinkly Fart.

This dew droplet stretching from one singled green grass blade as it inches closer to the softened greenish ground covering well so damp...

Lays around like a well anchored mobile home, erected for a living of surrounded inhabiting a over full rented camp.

Hued colors of blue and yellow...

Emit from a bow that is colorfully mellow.

Mushroomed caps peek from behind many greenish grassy blades...

Passed only by single rows of army ants covered with desert khaki colored shades.

A lone owl sits perched upon a tree branch that is set behind one large yellowed moon...

This feathered creature awaits it's unexpected hunted prey, that will appear so real, real soon.

Praying Mantis kneels and is ever ready to jump as spring...

It's bugly prey is temporarily distracted by the Robin bird tweeting and chirping a song it happily does willingly want to sing.

Nature has butterflies flapping their wings in a slo-mo'ed time mid-flight...

Bumble bees and Humming birds give cats an awfully anticipated urgent wanted sight.

If cats could smile, they'd lick their lips and drool on down their front....

These cats would lie in wait, for the evening's last final hunt.

When all is through, we be filled with gas and hurt too much we fart and finally, embearassedly and reluctantly silently grunt.

No one may ever forgive us after we've done this stinky number one rude old stunt.

Catterpillar coccooned in the tree...

One day will so emerge to fly away so happily free.

Michael Gale

A Cock Robbiny Sunny Summery Day

A robin hides behind a fresh grown clump of Daffodills sporting a breast of red...
A worm dodges as he teases the Robin and bobs about his springly head.

A child looks up at his fast escaped kite...
Flying away into God's sunny shining Heavenly observed wonder and might.

Nature is God's way of smiling down at us all....
It's His wink at us that we will love Him and heed his loyal call.

Just when we think the cold is way at last gone...
Winter's blowing winds come about nearby as like the speed of a fleeing Gazelle
or Swan.

Icey sickles dangle teasingly from tree branches waving about in our own faces
out in this windy cold...
How obtuse to all may Mother Nature seem and deceitly bold.

Our days by us we cannot ever hope to control and command...
Only God may move winds to freeze or warm by His holy righteous royal hand.

So the next time you spie...
That Softly landed beautied Butterfly

Upon that petaled flower...
Enjoy that weathered beautied day of joy.

Look upward and forward to breezes of the next arriving Summery days...
For only God will bring it now if you pay loving tribute as you send up to Him
wishful words in loving praise and in prays.

Michael Gale

A Conversation Between Lucy & Ricky & Fred.

Dee plane, dee plane! ...
You jus' don' worry bout it Lucy.
You just let me 'splain...
It's not bad lookin' Ethel, it's just too plain.
Jumpin' Jactus, get the cactus...
Get more practice.
Does the peanutbutter spread Fred? ...
No Wilma, the spread is dead.
Too bad! -Don't tell Ted....
That feelings a one to dread.
Let's go to Spain or Madrid....
Madrad?
Don't get mad....
Let's be rid of the pain of the sprain.
Don't lose hope...
Do not even complain. (come plane) .
Who can come plane? Come plane? ...
Such sweet sorrowed disdain.
Too much sorrowed mundane...
Is this day way too much mundane?
Let me try to 'splain....
Today is not mundane.
It's most likely tooth day (Tuesday) or truthday...
Falsley?
Tooth false? ...
No false tooth, be it way too looth (loose) .
Not here, down in good ole' Daluth....
Hazel me not or Macbeth in thy booth.
How may i serve thee better to the letter? ...
What could be better?
What insteadder? ...
I'm way too beaten, not better.
Better, better? ...
Better deader.
You sent her a letter? ...
I just recently redder.
Redder? ...
Nah! I just read her.
Was she deadder in her sweatter? ...

Yes she was.
It even bledder...
Did you say bad bladder?
Don't make me madder, Hatter!
Madder Hatter? (Madder at her.)
Yes he was and boy was she bad! ...
Is that bad to be had real bad?
She was real glad and not mad...
Not mad or sad?
Not sad, egad! ...
Enough of this stuff.
Boy! Having this conversation is tough enough? ...
Tough enough stuff?
The final bend in the end...
The end?
Yes, you guessed!

Michael Gale

A Crazy Hazy Blaze!

Forrest's foliage flourishes as branches
out...The wild animals hide and peek their
heads all st trees can turn
ablaze...From this smoke, eyes can be singed
within the blinding ' the smoke
finally does abate...This evidenced damage
of this imaged bad removal of
all it's pride from this infernal's sad
up and replanting may take
awhile...Restoring it's beauty from man's
careless defile! 01-09-2006'.

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Crooked And Dumb Umpire.

Stee-rike three the ump shouts! ,
I turn to him and stare in disbelief...
Who is this blinded thief,

As i ask myself silently in thought? ...
What minuses and pluses to the game has this stranger brought?

As i leave the home plate area after my time at bat...
I spit on the umpires shoes where he squats down at.

Now it is out to the pitchers mound that i trot...
I'm soon to show these other teamed batters what hot stuff, that i've got.

This game we true did lose...
All because of the blind umpirery blues.

So next time that you as a reader have a game to play...
Make sure the ump is not on the take that day.

Michael Gale

A Crossing, Had He Gone.

Swaddling clothed in blanketed hay...
In a manger, be, to save the day.

He was born, to save the soul of man...
He was born, to be good, as can.

Lone brightest, star...
Guided the travelers three, real far.

To pay homage, to a king, of kings...
Good news of his birth, was what the three,
would send, and one of the, gifts, that, they' d bring,
T'would be good news, lovingly free.

He'd grow to heal the sick and blind...
He'd preach the laws of God, and later,
he'd be whipped-in-kind.

He was put to a cross..
Because, He was the one, true Boss.

He had risen, to the occasion...
To give man, from sin, a permanent vacation.

He is now seated, at the right hand of God's, own throne...
Through, His teachings, we are no longer, spiritually alone.

He will return to Earth, one day...
To end, the mortal man's, sinning way.

He will gather up, His children of God...
His Father, will go ahead, and give an approving nod.

There will be, no more sickness or sin...
For God, will, outnumber, and win, and win.

Michael Gale

A Cube-A Good Time Chased By A Polar Eclipse.

Polar bears chase penguins and seals into snowstorms each day....
These furried white brutes hunt and kill to eat, not stay around and play.
Icely cold water inhabits majority of snowied smooth landscape...
Snow is shoveled while iced windshields are constantly being scraped.
Fish swim away to flee captured design...
Kool-Aid drinks freeze into fruit flavored popsickles.
Aurora Barrialus shines throughout day, as night.
Eskimo's kiss with the use of their noses...
Eskimos's don't possess vegetable gardens requiring the use of
rubbery watering hoses.
Snowflakes pepper and coat all the surrounding landscape...
Some wintery villaged inhabitants fly off to Florida to leave the cold behind and
finally escape.

Michael Gale

A Cupid-Is-Tic-Heart.

Chug a lug-chug a-lug....
Nothing like the smitten bug.

We thirst for love, one love-embroiled...
From our work, of earnest-toiled.

Cupid's arrows, cling to, start...
From our one-enamored part.

Chamber's blood did rise and boil...
Fro' thy jealousy, paid as spoil.

This wounded heart, did break and crack...
Wished I did, that You'd, came back.

Feelings fed of a ruptured part...
Loneliest be-this punctured heart.

Pain now no longer, teases me...
Love hath hap ply, over taken-ye.

Michael Gale

A Devout Devouring Diety.

Lifted hefted glassine flute...
Liquid grapes better than fruit, valued bubbles.

Tickle thy nose, this fruit so quaint...
Onto clothes, doth make it staint.

Peeled fruit under feet well pounded....
Nectar-ed skins give life to taste bud's founded.

Lips devour the liquid sold...
Begin anew, truth untold.

Michael Gale

A Dirty Dancer, Loved And Respected, By Most.

Patrick Swayze...

As a performing dancer was not lazy....

He'd punish his knees and body...

Only because he was a little over zealous, or maybe, even, a little crazy.

Now Pneumonia, now he has...

I only hope he does not die...

Feels no pain, until after he eternally, lies.

He is not Dirty, but as a Dancer, he seems to be hard working and maybe even a perfectionist...

He makes the public's favorite A-1 list.

He was The Dirty Dancer...

I hope he heals from his cancer.

I hope he does not get sent to that last Heavenly Road House...

I hope he does not, for real, become a Ghost.

Because everyone respects him most...

To him, by every one, will make a toast.

Michael Gale

A Dog Breath, Or A Bird Brained, Sinner?

The cobwebs keep on growing, and infesting mine perch...My troubled life seems to have doubled and left me in the lurch.

Do I say what now, do I belong in a church? ...Yes how?

I must learn to cancel out my aggravational...Occasional?

Am I rational? ...Heck no! , I know!

Read thy Bible kind kindred soul...Goodness of all, should be my goal.

Listen-And you should hear the wind, rattle your loosely and unwedge'ed pebbles...Do yon duty and feed your dog, his bits and Kibbles!

Michael Gale

A Dream Within A Dream Lit Stream.

Is this a dream within an inner dream? ...
That We see, as like a wind swept stream.

This wind swept stream has many catches fly...
Beneath the withered tree, that doth so lie.

Lying beneath the Sun heralded theme...
In this My son, My dream that I dream.

Colorless are the specter ed images in shadowed steep...
Mindless of all, That wispy scream.

That scream within my disturbing dream...
Awakens Me softly, as I scream.

Scream for all the silenced guilt...
From My book of life, that I built.

Ready to fall hardest on a many deafened ear...
Crashing so hearty, as within and near.

No more guilt and no more denial...
I am now gone, No more trial.

Beneath the guilt riddled tree...
May I lie peaceably, as well as be.

Forever free...
Beneath this dreamless tree

Michael Gale

A Dumber Drummer.

Drummer, drummer...
Without a beat.

Drummer with such smelly feet...
What a fact, that does be dumber-
Wow, oh wow...
What a bummer.

Look as the drummer walks along with
such over sized flatter feet...
His name was not Ted, nor Bob, or Pete.

He fell and stumbled and fell to his face...
When he got up, he was an uglier disgrace.

Pain and suffering was his only claim...
To a saddening feeling of shame in fame.

How should he go on in life at best? ...
Maybe he should just invest in a bullet-proof vest-At best.

Oder Eaters will be his best friend...
So at last he'll live an ending happily-in the end.

Drummer, drummer...
No more days of an unhappy Summer.

No more, no way, not now, a bummer.

Michael Gale

A Falsely Angered Heart!

Falsely accused by an angered heart...
Resumes the hate that tears us apart!

Words so heated from one's own spite...
Aches the tendered heart, so wronged, not right!

The kissed on band-aid for my pain...
Removed my foot fro' my mouth's wronged as plain!

An apology always escapes my lips...
Like a bad tasting wine, that sours all sips!

When can i not guiltily say? ...
My love, i'm sorry, for a many painful day!

Sorrows and mishaps increase my ire...
You are my queen, I not your Sire!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Family Treated By Thee.

Resurgence of life inbittered by thee...
Life's cycled away fro' yee.
Hardest loved swept away as far...
To thine heart has endured thus this a painful sharp's marr.
Blood of others passed down as in years...
Spilt for thee these saddened mournful tears.
Children as offspring given to more...
Futured future's children gather to score.
Ancestor's to ancestors that gave as to store...
Last gift given by ancestor's heart felt as precious thy lore.
Life goes full circle to spread out it's tree...
But naught given but given for thee.
Nothing in life is given free...
'Cept for certain freely fro' mommy and, daddy-did'st he as she.

Michael Gale

A Far Away Curtained For Certain Land.

So far away, far away, far away land...

This be my saddened forlorn mispent dealt hand.

Far reaching my saddened heart...

Shocking paddles are needed for an unselfish caring, fresh new second chanced start.

Pain does toil in my bodily system to commit way too much damage of spoil....

This is my final lifely royal like kingdom.

This final song in my heart keeps singing it's song longly sad and achingly wrong...

T'will'st this remain my final last swan song sung as singing?

Yes dear reader of readings well poor...

No more score so sore this last final score.

Curtain...

For assuredly certain.

Michael Gale

A Fear Of Hopeless, Silent, Stilled Tranquility.

Eclectic scabs of the misinformed mind...
Rot off the waylaid page.

How dwarfed seems the pyramidalic abstinent thoughts
now more ancient than filtered ideas already scanned
and sensed by insolent doltic barbarians of illiterate
end...

Alas, sweet and soured ideas only remain on the man's menu
to inept receptiveness.

Like-fingernails dragged across black-boarded jungles of
no return, do uneducated lecturers fear for a hopeless
quiet night of unheard fear and tranquility.

Michael Gale

A Fine Lass, And Her, Heine.

There once was a lass that loved the land of the Briney...
Her rear was sweet, and quite the shapely, cute Heine.

When she, down the street, would walk...
She made the men, gawk, instead, they, to talk.

But when she would jiggle...
Between the men's, legs, things would stiffen and wiggle.

To her place, the men, would assemble, a long line ny...
And fight for her hand, and suffer quite a few, eye's-shiny.

Michael Gale

A Fishy Wishy.

Rub a fish...
Make a wish.

Throw it back in...
Almost pulled, inside.
Wrist wrestled from the deep.
Wish came true, this one I keep.

Michael Gale

A Fishy-Wishy Wash.

A fish is a fish...
Until-it's an eaten dish.

Have no bones to pick here...
Another spicey fare, is doe or deer.

When is a deer not a deer? ...
When it is a tractor, hear?

Did you hear about the genie
who got rubbed the wrong way? ...
He wasn't in the mood to play.

Michael Gale

A Floralic Painting By Nature's Brushes

What wafetereing aromas greets happily to thy nose to please? ...
A flowering flower to thine eyes appears a nature's most pleasing pleasure, but
without an irritating nosely running eyes or even one sneeze.

Feel softly to my own skin, the summer's gentle breeze...
Softly nuzzeling closer to my head to knees.

As like a pet dog or cat receiving pats on the head and ears...
So rather affectionately tendered with only feelings of love without n'ary no
fears.

Colored collaged as into a brightly lit picture painted by Ms. Mother Nature...
So relaxing and peaceful filled feelings brushed on my eye's own painting.

Very paletable-Indeed! ...
No room or yearning for even a live or burning weed.

Butterflies decorate the whole landscape as best the compliment...
An appreciative heart filled with contentment.

No resentment.

Michael Gale

A Flower's, Beautified Growth.

A flower's growing chutes, are like our fellowed, good buds...
Like as a bubble bath's suds.

Floating about, here and there...
Like the Eaglet's heir.

Sprouting up, toward's the Sun lit ways...
Reaching for light inhued days.

Growing, growing, growth enraged...
Grown, to thee, as unhindered engaged.

Aired, about it's captured beauty...
Nature's own, raptured, duty.

Michael Gale

A Flowing Spring Amid Thy Soil.

A flowing spring....Amidst the woods.

A fragrant breeze....Among all, thy goods.

A warm kiss from the ray, that Sun....

All be good, all tho' what fun?

Amidst all turmoil, yet, not, to shun.

Marigold carpets lay across the scene...

Ever flowing, as ne'er-seen.

Thy eyes set butted against thy self...

Tortured self, put upon thy shelf.

Read naught as a worn out book....

Ever ancient and well hid, as like a nook.

Oh so rare...And not, never to care.

This lost read...ever stare.

Wordily appraisal, never to sail...

Always tender and crying swell.

Beget thy past as passed tonight...

Beyond all dreams and sighed, this night.

Always escaping thy hand enswiped.

Always being as spied this fight.

Born of a single cell...

Born so warm and tended, well.

Michael Gale

A Flung Far Water's Edge.

A flung far water's edge...

gleams a cleared refraction from the mind's dislocated and dysfunctionally fogged, blocked ledge.

A proud loved one's proof of acceptance to their loved one's opened heart's mind gives way to freedom's verily own credence...

Gives over to one wanted fare inlayed gene thusly expleted and inbred greeted.

Grasped by man's suspicious nature...

Comes round and round a misnamed stature.

Fern seaweed grows throughout the moistened glistened serenely clear'ed pool...For naught of a feared and courageous dumb blinded fool.

03-14-2006'.

Michael Gale

A Foreboding Cloud, Of Loneliness.

Loneliness is like a cabin-ed fever...

A blistering, spreading of a dreading, deceiver.

It does and can over shadow, our health and life...

It can spread to all, a dam-national strife.

It is like a storm of depression, that can dissipate, at a moment's glance...

That is our only hope, a rare but occasional chance.

For on the morn', that we do awaken, a happier, one...

Then, for the rest of our day, we'll have a more, seasonal fun!

Michael Gale

A Four Letter Word!

Hate is a four letter word, that should never
be released from the gates of Hell.

Michael Gale

A Free Flying Spare Owing Heart.

Love flown out the window of the heart...
Pained as painted from un elated one
who hath had to depart.

Unsweetened sorrow from saddened fate...
Alas as yet, too late, too late.

Swing thy pain from heart felt feelings...
Only met by misspent dealings.

Tears fall to ground as like the rain...
To assemble in a puddle of all acknowledged pain.

Darkened shadows inhabit the heart...
Feelings of anger to chamber's beating part.

Sorrow of the sparrow...
Flies freely and wider, than narrow.

Michael Gale

A Frosted Ice Queen's Frigid Resistant Test Of The Heart.

That frosted cold heart, iced as to a block,
Repels all advances to it's a'mored respect...
Is the only placed, barrier'ed blockaged reject.
Her royaled iced queen has no hopes of love...
She puts on her heart's shield to protect herself
from romance-She wears this shield that deflects all
spells, like a well fitted glove.
Her thoughts are only on business at hand...
Repressed emotional feelings stagnated at best,
To this stuck up ice queen-Her strength is her best
no-nonsense asset that's the ultimate, final test.

Michael Gale

A Gentled, Gentle Breeze.

A leaf, gently drift to ground...
Not even dare, to leave behind
a single, softest, sound.

As it hits to Earth...
Mother Nature smiles
Her mirth.

Flowery parades of floral falls...
Before Mine eyes doth thee befall.

Such beauty as leaves and trees...
Of all the pollinated ye, the breeze.

The breeze which assault thy nose...
Becomes a sneeze above the Rose.

Michael Gale

A Giant Horny Horse Fly, That Just Did Not Care.

T'was a unicorn stuck upon the big evil giant's big, big, big toe...
Was the boy unicorn tryin' to hump and stowe in the after throes of
loving joy to his new pleasurable big sex toy?
The giant shook and he shook his foot till it finally hurt.
The giant was heard to say 'I'll get rid of this pesky little squirt.'
Finally the little unicorn just a-went to a flying trip...
After his landing he hobbled and had a real bad limp,
He walked around as if he were a broken little crip'.
The giant then brought his fist down fastly hard upon the unicorn's
leg or wrist...
Do you think the unicorn got a hold of the giant's intention or gist?
The poor little horny horse figured out the giant's violently given hint...
The horny horned horsey galloped off far and fast away from this
dissappointingly empty sexual stint.
There was not to be in the horsey's eye's any more, a sparkle or glint.

Moral: Horny horseys can be kind of pesky and corny at times of denial. What a cornicopia filled with disappointment. Was this horse to be the proverbial fly in the giant's ointment? Was this horsey a horse fly? Was this horny horse predestined to die? Who knows and who should care? Just mess with the giant, if you honestly do not care.

Michael Gale

A God Filled Humor, Is God Of All.

God filled humor...

For God gave us the ability to think and have a sense of humor.

We breathe...

A feat given to us by God.

And only...Thru his final nod...

For He is God.

Every thing is God like...

Even a toy made by man was actually made by God in a way-a bike.

Every thing is God inspired..

As are we-God like-wired.

For He is God, our God of gods...

For without He, we'd not have our bods.

God is every where and everything...

God even invented the bat's wing and even a swing.

For-God is all...

We reach up to Heaven, like the tallest wall.

God is God of all.

That is all-that is all.

Michael Gale

A Godly Tribute.

For the love of Jesus our Lord and God up high is true..
Your love for our Father, one, is faultlessly and through and through.

It is obvious your love for him. A heart so true and pure.

Jesus was the one, All evil men's, all cure.

Michael Gale

A Grave Danger, Of Fear.

Markers, crosses, Saints adore....
Tomb stones fore shadow, the dead some more.

Every where i look, shadows glare...
Eyes a'glow, yet- seem to stare.

Chilly night air enshrouds me dear...
Horror of death, seems real near.

Tree limbs move and sway afar....
Impel my heart, a screaming, fear filled scar.

Lightening thunders, between, mine ears...
Grave yard's grumbling's, fulfills my fears.

Michael Gale

A Great Statue Of Indignity.

A statue of indignity stands tall and proud in my bay of decent proposals of the long island tea dole-drummed heart...Drunkenness disorderly misconducts of the misappropriated heart breaks and aches.

Pitter patter...Does every day mistakes, really matter?

Arched stretching and etchings of a nose bled trail...Lead to very roughened waters of the unloved boat that sank to a new low depth of disappointed remembering and meanderings for a heart starved diet.

Why should heart ache become such a well known and self centered bed fellow to ye? ...

Why has thine own maze to happiness left me lost of speech and freedom's own ideals be earned and free?

Watch, as I fall and stumble in great heaps of disappointments, that bog down and threaten to drown me in a great love story like sea, or see...

Alas! ...Might I pass? ...

No searched beam of a heartless light house go bust.

Love is often searched for, and all it's most wanted lust...

A happy ending, is a must, I trust.

Michael Gale

A Guardian Angel's View, To Hope.

To be a Guardian Angel would'st be gr8 in itself...
Guiding someone along life's somewhat erringly
wrong path
would'st be Heaven sent happiness to me.
To soar and be divinely free.

Staking a claim in someone's happiness...
Not too gushy or too filled with too much sappiness.

Godly appointed...
As if forgivenly annointed.

Visions viewed as through the Angel's sight...
Making one's life more happily bright.

Michael Gale

A Hallowed Heartless Heart Only Once Was Ever Mine.

Lo' these many many years i've been disavowed from my heart...
Hurriedly left a careless depart.

Was this my evil part? ...
No naught once but never naught.

Heartless soul that fell to earthbound chains...
Bested yet as ever bloody stains.

No soul or conscionced lever...
No hate nor Heaven'ed sever.

Can one leave their heart's most cared of desire...
Be mine forever to be a forever burning loved heart's fire.

This hallowed heart once thought of mine...
Never more to mine just soley thine.

Michael Gale

A Halted Tear That Fell To The Ground My Heart Unsound.

A halted tear that fell to the ground...
Turmoiled emotions turned upside down.

Heart be torn asundered abreast...
Love lost gone to time will due distressed.

How can one turn back the hands of time? ...
Living a sad life at times should be illegal a crime.

Unpleasurable disheartment unheedance can require patience unleashed...
A cheatable heart deserves only ignorance of forgiveness, totally displeased.

Empty promises fill up a broken heart faster than a dirty clothes hamper...
Forgiveness of saddened heart will unlikely make for the happiest of one
camper.

Drag your lies with you out the front door that let them slip on past me...
Change my sadness of heart to a packaged happiness agree.

Michael Gale

A Hanging Tree's Swaying, Be Knot.

The flailings of rope's uneven noose...
Not held tight by a knot tied well too loose.
Hard listened for was but a lumbering thud...
Shadow shown fro' sun's light, measured
by tree's leaves just opened by any such buds...
Greenery foliage spills out well forward.
Gasped by all that had faces shocked as horror'ed...
Swinging shadows sway fro' front to back.
A knife's blade cut rope's vestige 'tween vines entwined...
Harken warnings of crimes committed.
Break no laws as well as tryingly unwitted...
Moral fiber by many do lack.
Caught by cops, sent behind bars as one so enshrined...
No more criminal cancers that spread forth it's corruption, found
more recent- null and void, or well beneigne...
Punishment fits one bill.
Breakage of serious law, requires one to fill out thy last made will.

Michael Gale

A Haphazard, Tattered Torn Heart!

A saddened day, a tattered torn heart...
perhaps one day soon, we will have a new
fresh, loving bemoans me to say to
you this day...How can we begin anew to
jointly, and heartily stay? Our hope, together,
shall be granted, after we oath of
love to you, i give and say.A haphazardness
venture in time...Will enable me to
poetically impress you with
we may combine our two hearts...May it
forever more, be off the charts!

02-11-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

'A Happily Ended, Respectful To Each Other, Story-In Life'.

Head of mine freshly put to rest...
Upon yon' fleshly mounded, softened, breast.
A heart beat'ith music to thine ear...
Melodly beautied and lovely dear.
Lips shaded red and shaped, to delight...
Kissed me tenderly, a'for'a, this good right-night.
A'rest'd morning's rise to life...
Happly risen next-with a loved one wife.
Off to work, to all eyes, seem as a blurry...
Futured near, this day be filled-with worry.
Aft' exited out that doorway, fueled to hurry...
Lost in amassed traffic, spent with-a'scurry.
This day thus far, filled with stress...
Forced by a boss, to make cleared,
a'fronted-high piled, unworked mess.
Aft'ward-returned home to be greeted by
that doting, loving wife.
A marriage held tightly together,
by each loving spouse...
Under one solid roof'ed-
Love, built house.
'A happily ended, respectful to each other, story-in life'.

Michael Gale

A Harbored Freedom's Light.

Fro' harbor light was doomed this night...
That Eastward lo' was said.
Beyond it's glare received well flight...
As best as always the wondering stare.
Oh hopeless test that request thy best...
Light beams signal the futured fight.
Well praying hands send out all hope...
This hope of a hopeless flight.
Beyond it's glare of signaled death....
Twas' sent it's freeing beam of light.
Sadness of war was read by night...
To end man's wars most hideous fright.
Begin this tale of war's worst sight....
Left desolated by mortar's most fiery roast.
Perhaps one tale-T'will spread thy tale of
death's unholy fearsome most...
Retreat thy army's bodied blood.
Retreat and save all life...
Retreat for God's sake by man.
Let go thy hunger for man's own-
-name of land and wife...
Harken hastily to snare this freedom by U.S.

Michael Gale

A Harriett Jet Took Off The Lips Of Time.

A harriet jet took off like a wriggly lip all limp and bending...
That substitute teacher did have a hairy lip that made her look oh so
condescending.

Her purple hair set off those demon like fiery eyes....
She would bring to the class-room her Polaroid camera that served as her
parental'ed counter-spies.

It was real hard to get away with anything or to get anything by her...
She had a real bad temper that seemed hotter than a blazing fire.

She, my substitute teacher, could make us kids-all, seem as like the highest and
biggest liar...
She could turn us all into the biggest type cry-er.

Teachers? Go figure? ...
For them you need to go buy a dog to say 'Sic her! '

Roof! Roof! Roof! ...
Pant! Pant! Pant!

Dog gone it! ...
Begone it!

Michael Gale

A Heart At Times, Can Hurt No More.

A heart at times, can hurt no more, believed in certain times...
When walked and stomped upon my heart, experienced of nature's crimes.

My futured love will have no fear, that i'll ever be so sneaky...
I'll forever tell her all my truths, and happily kiss her queenly cheeky.

I'll always do to open doors, for my serenely mate...
I'll gladly scoot out her chair fro' table's floor, on first, and middle, and even th'
lastly date.

I'll wait for her, no matter the time, the clock does tell...
I'll never do complain, no matter how longly she be late-
-I'll never to, even rant, and scream and yell.

I'll always really treat her well, for as long as we be married...
Our affair of the heart will last many years along, a happily ever after tale,
in my heart always, t'will be carried.

Michael Gale

A Heart Felt, Sorrow's Song.

Music to my ears are your words of love, meant only for me....

The rhythmic movement of your heart for mine, is the only readable sign to thee...

For how so ever may my heart endure your parting sorrows, as if more denials sweep me fast...

Sweep me closer to sorrow's despair, of a sorrow that I'll not wish to repeat...

For in repeating a sadness oh shaped moon, only hovers to remind me long to last, of a horrid sphered too close and deep to heart.

Remembering all too well that torturiose part, of that morning a mourning's depart....

Depart depart this shallowed red organ, slit in two halves, to impel sorrow, to both our hastening feeling's real...

Reel me closer to a movement to feel....

That tasted pain-ever so real.

An anguished heart not meant to heal.

Michael Gale

A Heart's Misdirected Arrival! !

Your love blew into my life as if as it
were a wind's misdirected lost landing,
Your love of emotions stuck to my heart, as
if by mistake, an erring like branding!
You resisted my torrential hunt, a dismally
rejected of attempts to inwardly shunt!
How may i win back your attentions? , While
telling you of my honorable intentions!
A lack of respect was given my way, My love
for you continues to this day! How can i
vie for your affection? , Just tell me how
i may inflict onto your feelings, an
irreversible longing infection? This heart
was saddened by the words of no! , For all
of this, i may yet, still go! A cracked
heart was of your own doing, From all this
was due a suicidal brewing! If by chance, we
should ever to meet, Our two own souls
shall be sweet to greet! 11-28-2005'.

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Home Less California Blaze.

Home, homeless on the California range...

Sadness hovers far a'from wind fanned flames, that looks saddest strange.

Look amazed as many victimized people are misplaced into a California sports arena...

Horses a'many gallop away from ranchal fences, While dogs go without their foods made by Ralston Purina.

The President arrives on Thursday to eyeball all the damage...

Observe as helectopters of tv-news crews film to a live action image.

A fiery tornado whips high...

Into the warm breezy San Diego, California sky.

Firefighters are exhausted and hot...

They're giving it their all, all that they've got.

House insurance will be taking a most challenging test...

-One of many massive money losses in thousands of homes lined along pure ashened and strewn along the landscape dotting many acres, as if many hairs lying dormant upon a great sleeping giant's hairy chest.

Smokey embers from an acidic, smoked smell, lingers long after, into the atmosphere...

Way up high, even into the stratosphere.

Lives and alot of monetary losses amass while being at the same time, a hard fact, realized as unacceptable and hard to escape...

Look in bewildered wonderment at the land's own fiery rape.

Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger declares California a major fiery disaster....

Mother Nature is now at hand being man's controlling, disasterous like master.

Can FEMA help in the rebuilding, right after, at a later time? ...

After this natural, unnatural like crime.

Air planes and helectopters dropp off water and fire retardent chemicals, upon onto those flames....

No one is certain, that this war can be won in these destructive

like games.

Rebuilding will be the next task at hand....

We as caring humans will snap back just like a very large, very stretchable like rubberband.

Many humans do care and show love for their own pets....

Not all will survive, there are no guarantees, not even odd evened, won bets.

Nothing is for certain...

Every one is, sure real hurtin'.

Michael Gale

A Horse Ride Made Her More Horny In The Saddle.

With wind gently massaging thru her golden curls...

While'st on horseback many mens heads were turned by this girl's french good looks.

Up and down and up and down she did land on horseback ever so gently...

This ride was gentle and smoother than a Rolls Royce or even a Bentley.

She and her emotions got tumbled and stirred...

She was as wild as a cat in heat that really goodly purred.

Into that beautiful sunset did she ride....

Happily upon her only transport sport, high and mightily tight astride.

Her horses style doth do beguile...

Love at last since long been awhile.

Michael Gale

A Hot Summer's Beach Day!

Sail boats move across the water...Sun's humid heat makes everyone hotter!
Sea Gulls dive into the spray...Looking for food on this fine Summer day!
Fishermen stand upon the pier...Throwing the bait and hoping for catches, over there, as over here! Children build castles in the sand...Parents require their attention to their own demand! Clouds over head block the Sun...As every one on the beach, has lots of fun!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Kindred Love

Kindred spirit...
Best, when near it.
Near the closest hand...
Sounds heard loudest bland.

Never near heart and soul...
Emotions of love lost as whole.
How can love be blind? ...
Leaving Me, scoreless and behind?

Behind the eight ball of love and hate...
Hath Me angriest than Thou, irate!

Michael Gale

A Knotty Pined Tree.

Heh! Heh! Heh! ...That hallow tree.
Doth it grow inexpensively?

Me think not...The tree once bore a fruit of nut.

Knotty pine...Doth drink thine wine.

For sooth, thy wasted kind.

Michael Gale

A Life Seed Of Good Intentional, A Being.

A budding enlargement of a bellies circumference....
Like an umbrella opened after a seed's deposit.

Life, takes on form, in assembled composition...
God's artwork, takes on shape.

Pictures impress onto shadows and light..
Colors cascade out like a Peacock's tail, unfurled fan.

Like a rainbow hued with evidence of life..
Life is translucent in before memories unleashed.

Whirlwinds blow life into being, before God's own judgement...
Predestined shapes from genes aback.

No under standing from these, and their, attack.
Like an assembled sandwich, of ingredients that may differ, with Monterrey Jack.

Spicy...
Life, soon to be done, real nicely!

Michael Gale

A Life Without My Futured Wife!

Rose thorns prick at finger's carelessness
mishandled, causing blood droplets to drip,
This in turn leaves stains of red, Pain and
discomfort, soon does follow, A pained, sorrow
disappointment spreads across one's face,
This in turn gives sadness, it's unwanted
place! Those roses delivered, that were
returned, All my hopes and loving favors,
were rudely refused and spurned! How can i
wish to cope? , As when you've said no and
nope! Slings of sadness, weigh down my back,
There is no room for this aching heart's
slack! Try as i must to go on with my life,
It's my total saddened misfortune, to
remove you, as hoped, to one day, to be my
wife! 11-29-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Lifeless Bubble.

Tiny bubbles that break with a much winded air...
This sight with others i wish not to share.

That sight was all my secret...
Colors splendidly beautifully enclosed orb's slow floating kalidescoped brilliance-
alas i wished to hold close to my heart and forever just plainly keep it.

Every time i reached out to grasp it's tranlucance circled girth...
It burst clean apart long after it's suddened birth.

A jack flashing bubble is all but God's creation...
His rainbowed given hues quaked in constant fear of it's depleted cremational
deletion.

A flame so hot it resembled an unseen super nova's black hole effect...
Sucking out all air to not be breathed and yet toss away free organic
gravitational respect.

My un insightful undelivered blindness to newly rediscovered precognitive sight...
Life only teaches us in the end that life is a big bang theoried lies that leads to an
assumption that life after all really does bite.

Life really bites worse than a well possessed inhabited haunted set of choppers...
Life is as fake and crooked as many small town coppers.

Michael Gale

A Lonely Cave Cowlasaurus.

My cowlasaurus just ain't givin' up the ole'milk-juice these days...
She's fatter n' usual. I milk and i milk er' till she's thirsty slump makes me cry.
My name's Kevin Caveman.
From thirst i wish not to die.
I'll get into my catch mobile...You see that's my time machine you see.
I'll hit the ignite sequence button...Back in future's time, i'll go to find,
that cure for my cowlasaurus's milkless i find a doctor of ailurasaurusses
disease...She'll be cured, and of this news, to me it will see i hav'ta cure my pet
you pet of mine looks like a cow and a dinasaur rolled up into 's black and white
and twenty five feet high...I milk her for a boost in don't look as good as my
wife named gives more milk than does old
Bessie...Bessie gives out an amount that is even much least
her amount will not be too messy.I'm now in the year 1983. I see the
doctor that's just right for me.I grab him with my club's gentle tap...He'll
provide the clue to the cure's own found to my time, to a
cure...Of this fact i am pretty well doctor told me my pet was pregnant with
child...After the birth, there would be less of the roundly juices would finally
gush forward with such a powerful force...
In a weighted poundage that weighs more than a it's back to 1983...Where i'll
set my higher educated prisoner, totally free.
I'm now back to where i belong in time...Now all is well, a thirsted thirst finally ly
all of us are peacefully blessed from the time machine's retirement, and all our
adventures are rested and benched.

Michael Gale

A Long Journey's Ride To Death's Own Door.

Yea tho' i may busy myself at the docks to an unbusied time.
Watching idly the tick of the clock's digited passage.
Manual labor tugs at my unattentive sleeves as like a well loosened
Untucked shirt tail stuck in the menotinous cogwheels of time's-
Slowly moving forward at a much quickened state.
How may i progress at a much needed sped up pace.
Only thru time to be disportinately and unresponsively slowed down
As if stuck, forever walking up a much sped up, downward esclater?
Slip knots tied loosely to a pier, while sadly and lonely moored.
Pelicans flap away low to water's edge.
Shadows hide one homeless vagrant sipping or nursing a bottle of
mouth wash purchased by a begging of money outside a dollar store's
busy doors.
I sadly come down from a wild ride of depressioned state.
Is it too late to escape this unworthy punished state of self pity.
I have beckoned my own stately lonely epesode of depressioned
solitude.
Head shrinkers may be my only life saver that may be tosed down to
my only lonely way.
This gun in my hands beg an aiming attraction to my head...
To at last give me that one and lonely peace to the many, many silent
lonely long forgotten dead.
Bang!
The end.

Michael Gale

A Long Lost Note That I Wrote.

A long lost note...
That i wrote.
With a line...
Filled talent's that is fine.

I found it at last...
From long ago this dark forgotten past.
I write because i enjoy poetry...
I read it for the well heard style of oratory.

The well written word...
Sets me happily free as a nice high free flying bird.
Poems...
Received well into every other artistic appreciative home.

Feelings expressed through great imagery...
Paint a picture to the mind like an artist paints one with color allure.
Poems greet all by thoughts so pure.

Michael Gale

A Love Showered Storm To Heart's Dis-Content.

Yes, we must all look as the tendrils of the thundering showers...
All it's might, deep, deep into our cavernous souls.

Down, down deeper than the deepest bowl...
That bowl, which we mix up all pent up feelings.

Mix and reel all our misspent-dealings...
Our train wrecked by rails of sheer terror of rejection's towers.

Alas poor(Lass) no more powers...
Love hath stripped us bare.

No hugs, no kisses, no dead-long stare.

Michael Gale

A Loving Love Missed So Long Way Behind That Soggy Foggy Bog

Had i been sighted behind that mossy log...
Way down beyond that foggy bog.

Fog as thick as thickest bricked wall...
Fog goes up as far as thirty feet tall.

Feelings felt as saddened dread...
Looks of ribs protruding thru skin as skinny as thread.

I missed you much as much can be...
Come back to me for love to thee.

Many years have passed since last we met...
My heart to thee is owed a great debt.

Loving arms so parted as parted for thee...
Wedded bliss comes home for yee to be.
Love's love so heavenly.

Michael Gale

A Loving Torch Burns Hottest Into Thy Heart...

A loving torch burns hottest into thy heart...

Yon beautified looks shant never to time's marching on decease or to depart.

Quickest sands drain down the slanted neck of hour glasses stand...

Life depleted not to defend or play in this musically instituted band.

Death is the only last muted listener of a life intoned to utter sadness....

Let us just fine tune that deathly spectered apperational being whole souled to a temptational state of badness.

Cindered sweet charcoal steams off thy floor's own supportal beams and base...

Yes-I may seem doomed to this death induced state of grace.

I am at last dead to the world...

I just may be sick as well as have had thickened and liquidy and stickity hurled.

This thought makes me hurl...

I am dead seriously as a crazy assed squirrel.

Life on the affrontal assaulted stage of life...

At last-at last,

No life, no sad bitchin' hating like life of strife.

The last drawn breath escapes these purplish tinted lips...

No more sounded sounds of unenergized whimsicle quips.

No thoughts or sayings...

Only be left are for certain slayings.

Michael Gale

A Lying Pirate, That Got Caught, Eating His Sheets.

I don't cuss-I just write blanketty-blank...
As a Pirate, I'd just end up walking the plank.

If while eating, I'd require a bib...
I'd be caught lying beneath another one of my many-a-fib.

Do not exagerrate any of your many, unaccomplished, feats...
For all will know, that you are lying, beneath a pile, of false sheets.

It is best to tell the undeniable truth...
For if you are caught lying, you'll be labled, totally, uncouth.

Michael Gale

A Lying Shade Tree Mechanic Who Stole Your Car.

That shade tree mechanic...
Don't worry, don't panic.
Did'st he look to be Hispanic? ...
No, no, no, he seemed more Islamic.
Why did you let him work on your car? ...
Did not you realize just about how far he would go with your car?
It did run real good....
All he did was look under that hood.
I guess you really misunderstood...
When'st did he upscounce with thy car?
Merely for a test drive and had he not to return...
Boy, did you ever get stung!
Boy, did you ever come to burn...
Have at ease of mind for ye did finally to learn.

Michael Gale

A Magical Plate And A Magic Lamp Of Unlimited Wishes.

Terracotta on the shelf...

Plate be painted as in middle sits a winking old elf.

Magic plate never gets empty...

No longer shopping in grocery stores.

What an ideal idea-one so tempting...

Only Dawn dish detergent may be used.

Scratch my head as i'm so utterly confused...

How did this plate come to my corner of this world?

Did it fly and later twas' it twirled? ...

This magic plate finally did fall to ground.

Fro' my lips was heard a moanful sobbing sound...

Now it's off to the grocery store again that i must trudge.

Dagg nab it and a well shouted loud vocalized aw shoot and oh fudge! ...

No more free magical food will amazingly appear onto my plate.

My miraculouse magical eating will dissipate to never reappear
as ever it's way too late for my new found magic food that i've ate...

Now i only wish that i would find a magic lamp to rub and bring me
unlimited deliciouse dishes with but unlimited wishes.

Then i'd have forever my very own unlimited supply of many unnumbered
dishes...

Would these dishes consist of turkey or chickeny fishes?

I'd eat for life and get married as easy...

A woman who won't have to cook would gladly jump at the chance to become my
married loving wife.

Boy her life would be easy and breezy...

Unlimited income to spend as we wish to do.

No more frickin' bill collectors calling us and no more bills long over due...

If this would come to pass what else in life would i have to do?

Spend da money Honey! !

Of course! of course!

That's the direction that i'd drive, as easily as if i had ridden a horse.

Michael Gale

A Man Named Crane, With A Cane, On Comedic, Tv.

Did you ever see the TV series Frasier, on the telly? ...
I hope that this is the proper way, to it, to spelly?

The dad of Niles and Frasier, had the last name of Crane...
He was shot in the hip, and walked with the aid of a cane.

He would pull a chug on his can of Blatz...
He had a smart dog named Eddy, and that is that's.

Niles had a thing for the physical therapists named Daphne...
He was so smitten, that at times, he was silly, and daffy.

Niles was married to a woman, never seen...
That woman was rumored to be so fat, that she was considered fatty and obscene.

I often thought Niles acted a little light in the loafers...
Instead, I think he should have played the role of the hired help, a cook, or a tailor, or even one of the regularly employed, driving-chauffeurs.

Another good series was Cheers...
Where bar flies sat and talked and drank up their beers.

Another series was wings...
Where many liners were real good funny zings.

Another great series was Seinfeld...
Where George, and Kramer, and Jerry and Elaine and Newman
And George's parents and Jerry's parents, were funnily assembled to with were hamming as held.

Comedies have been here since the invention of the American TV set...
Even, before-on radio, I know and bet.

Comedies will always be...
Yes, you'll see, you'll see!

A Mean Old Cuss, Raised Unholy Cane, And Was Abel.

There was a man who had a cane...
Abel, did he raise.

This man was ornery...
Ornery through the day.

He kicked his sons when be they young...
When they disobeyed.

He'd hurl insults their way...
To be with them in a sad filled stay.

He shamed them once and he'd shame them twice...
He'd make them to feel as if they were lower than mice.

One day finally did he die...
To befittly, where he'd lie.

In his will, was they left...
Empty booze bottles, had he kept.

The many sons upon his grave...
Pissed upon this unmanly knave.

The grave marker was so stained in yellow...
It was plain to all, that he was an evil fellow.

Into Hell, will he surely fly...
All who attended the grave, will to all, not deny.

A dance was performed when he died...
By many sons who was gladdened, when he lied.

Where he lies, this new born, day...
Is hotter than the, Devil's way.

This man was well inspired...
To be hated, and undesired.

A Mere Moment Of Mentalities Mortality Rates Late Dates With Fate.

The monotony of the day...

Influences each person's adverse individuality toward's others.

The Sun commands mere mortality of men to slide down a spiraling poled path toward's death...

What a trip.

The mind's eye slip...

Elational relationships-

-Sometimes can end without a last minute's warning or notice...

Thusly written sadly God's unread fate.

Caught and got us not too early, alas-way too late...

Michael Gale

A Minneapolis Abridgement To Vehicular Disaster.

Minneapolis Minnesota,
Being abridgement to life and limb...
Warnings of faulty stability were ignored by man's own monetary whim.

Cars with people, surprised inside.
Death and injury occurred as that bridge collapsed.

That concrete span was well over due for an overhaul...
Especially after the collapse and fall.

Just why was this bridge's maintenance filed away on hold? ...
Whom was at fault?
Why was public safety unsought, not sold?

Blame on men will be aimed like a bent bow's arrow...
Guilt and sorrow will fall on loving relative's deafened sobbing ears
to only fly away unattended as like a fast fleeing sparrow.

The lesson now learned that ill fated dangered day of when...
Tears now to be shed, and then.

Loss of life will bring sorrowed feelings all but because of
man's undealings...
Will erase strong happy, family memories and feelings.

Michael Gale

A Misfired Floral Race.

Corruptional Pionese sprout leaves of old...
Plants are not like the goose that laid the golden leaf.
Let's be like real and not like make belief.
A magpie hit me on my what'cha'ma-call-it...
Crimson clover will come right on over.
This humidic day has cooked my brain...
After death there will be no pain.
Can we catch the train of life? ...
Or will we be derailed before we may get our Heavenly ticket
punched by that attending conductor?
All aboard!

Michael Gale

A Miss Mashed Potatoed Big Toed Sprig Styed Tators Piled.

I want you, and your finger nails dragging along, my back...
Wretched, blood skidmarks, making a long red track.

I want you, to never, be gone, to become, again-a-back.
I want you, to relax, and never restack.

I want you, to not take off, or re-Mack Daddy...
Be Mack Daddy, be nine inch nails through my heart.

Just, to me, not to tear it split apart...
Bring them nails of nine inched pain.

Leave of your only, red blood stain...
Leave behind, your grave filled rain.

Dirt filling into my grave, dug fresh...
Dirt, removing my breath, as yet.

Nails on nails on blood speckled specks...
Droplets red satined stained, silloetted against
a paled moon beam.

Look, oh look at the minced meat rattled nested rats...
Chewing on the blood soaked Kotexas steered queers.

Queer looking deer me oh, my-oh...
Wished i was back in Toledo Ohio-By-oh.

By oh down the starved thin mints cookies of the
Girl Scout's beegles...
Beegles of the heart sickoes and mind blown free.

Freebee eagle speegle dork boys of the wild, wild western spaghetti, metallo
gallo wine, amongst my pizza-zazzy sassy lassie...
Harken all the angelic saint bernards of the most wintered wonderment quick
sanwhich way did they go-go Georgio Brewery Gales a-sailin'.

The Elvis elves of the unmodernistic sweet gummy beared heart...
Hiding behind and amongst the Swiss Army Watch out or the Boogie Man will be
picked by thee.

Picked by me and my varily long indigited finger in the air of the Middle Earth
unearthed at birth...

Here i sadly sit on the pane of pain filled Mickey Moused Mantels.

Michael Gale

A Mixed Nut Job.

Mixed nuts are why we are sometimes catagorized as crazy...
Constantly lazy.

We move about our life like a big spill of oil in water...
We appear as like bubbles boiling up in a pan of water, so much hotter.

Bubble and gurgle the sounds we make...
One whole pot of a tossed mistake.

How can we go on in life if we are constantly run about?
Our temper pushed beyond a limited shouting spout?

Be calm and silent still...
Regain control of my firm felt will.

Michael Gale

A Most Gun Lit, Awakening.

An acrid smell of gun-powered shooed....
Against my skin, thinned and due.

Metal blue cold steel...
Icy felt, my only feel.

Death coming closer to thy door...
Rapping the rapture and capturing poor.

The window sill ed chilly bones...
Regrets yet but, breathless, me moans.

Hal lower aches of calcium ed frowns...
Relates so tender and forlornly scorned.

These bony bones do squawk as creak....
Aged faster and brittle, that, they speak.

Along lost corridors of love lost days....
Give to thine, thy dusty and sun droned rays.

Sweep me swept all cleansed and bathed...
Firmly spent like a termite's, wooden toy, thus chewed up in-lathe.

No haste and no worry...
Only options, are to hurriedly, scurry.

The cross left for a tomb-ed sense...
Only leave behind, ashen-ed contents.

No more soul in a wasted host...
Of all thy loved ones, we miss the most.

No more pain and no more sorrow...
Not any hours or days of tomorrow.

Left to weep for mine pa lo red, tint...
No more wept, no more hint.

A Most Heated Hatred Of Volcanoc' Hot!

Go have a brew...
Or not too few.
Go and annoint the pain away...
Go and ang'st the heart stain to sway.
Go cool off with wash'nd head...
Then, aft' wards, go sleep, right away to bed.
A painful memory can fester and seeth...
Only ye, may put an end, to end it's easy breath.
Smother the flames of pained memory...
No longer harbor ill wishes among a family.
No need for a hated enemy.
No good will ever erupt from life's volcano of most hatred heat.

Michael Gale

A Most, Deser'Ved Peace.

Nothing in life, should be a detractor...
Except, maybe an accepted, added, adder.

An escaped idea, perhaps, this chatter...
Fore on the forefront, beseech, this matter.

An avoided, smartened, matter...
Can make unto me, a morphed to platter.

Reckon, thy wrecked, wretched niece...
Give me at peace, a lessened, piece.

For, on the morn', of sudden, lease...
To this dear life, I reach for, a most, deser'ved-peace.

Michael Gale

A Mother's Love!

A mother's love is never faltering.
A mother's love is never halting.
A mother's judgement is never erring.
A mother's dream is to supply all needs.
A mother's goal is to instill good deeds.
A mother's commitment, is to the one, that
she loves!

A mother's reward is thanks, for all of
the aboves!

This mother says 'she will always protect
you all your life'...'Just to see that there is
no danger or strife'. 'For a sharing of love
is my duty to you'...'Your happiness, i'll
guarantee to make, you safe and true! '
'I'll kiss those owie's to make them not hurt'...
'I'll buy you nice things for school, maybe new
shoes and a shirt.' 'My love will stay forever
and ever'...'To you i'll never say never! '
'My love for you shall never fade'...'And
that's the promise that i've made! '

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A New Meaning Of That Word...Transversed.

I am transversed in this world of rhyme...
I am going to give new meaning to this wordly time.

What is in the meaning of a word? ...
It's time to give the English dictionary it's newly given meaning of this word.

I transverse thru poetry, at times to read, while at other times to write.
Transverse means to travel or intersect with other intersecting lines...
Now-i travel in poetry verse with words, that is my personal own curse.
I could not do any worse.I am forever more imersed in verse...

Thusly, this way i continually converse in verse, and this does be my long
addicted curse.
I do not profit from this poetry, to fill a personal wallet or purse...
To this fact in life, i am feeling saddenly terse in verse.
Long after my death, there shall be poetry of verse...
Then at that later time, it should or shall be widely known as the world
of transeverse.

That long awaited, thusly renamed-poetry world's conversed and
written land's world immersed and cursed ever more be known as...
'The United Bilateraled accepted universe of verse'.
Here's the new world meaning of that wordly...
Transverse.

Michael Gale

A New Quote, By Me.

We reap what we sew, because we are the knitters, of our past and future.

Michael Gale

A 'New World Order' Of Rome.

Remiss the ways of the Lord...
Ill feelings, we simply, cannot afford.

The Ten Commandments, from Federal Court House steps, banned...
Those words from God, etched in tablets of stone, of His command.

Others, turn away from God, as we, in this, New State of Rome...
Only selfish creatures, these humans, their interest of only, their, autoed
fine, polished, chrome.

When will these-people learn? ...
Their total disbelief, will make them burn.

Yes-Turn away...
On this 'New World', Ordered-way.

Ignore God's words, dear, brother...
As unmanly husbands, kill off, their, children's, mother.

The end will come, as surely as the 'Rapture'...
Jesus, will lead us all, to our hearts, in love, He'll capture.

Man will offend....
In the end, Their, end.

Michael Gale

A New World Order.

A New World Order...

Yikes! I am headed straight over, to the farthest border.

Mark of the Beast...

Makes me care, the least.

For, before, then, I'll be with Jesus Christ, and our God....

For, from them both, i'll have received, their final, approving nod.

Then, we'll come down with all the Angels and Saints...

To with God, and Jesus Christ, will we wage a war, against all sinners...

Then, in the end, will we be, all holy, and righteous winners.

Michael Gale

A Painted House Is Like A Poem.

In a way-A house painter is like a poet...

The house painter or average person just might not know it.

A lot of cleaning, sanding and preparation of the surface takes care and time...

Compositions, editing and thought polishes the rhyme.

When finished, they both are a work of art...

A lot of sweat and work is done by the artist's own part.

In the end, a finished polished piece...

Makes the artist, happy and at peace.

The work is finally done...

What hard work, finished-Now

feelings of enjoyed fun.

Michael Gale

A Pair Of Hearts!

Windmill's blades spin so far to the right,
Tulip's petals colored yellow and white.
Van Gogh's paintings, so colorful as bright,
Friends being friends who are loyal and
tight! Wooden shoes are next to the doors,
Scattered all about, all over one's floors!
Rains and summer's breeze are everywhere,
Wandering about art museum's, over here,
Or over there! Courting sessions keep on
going, Holding hands while talking and
strolling! A couple sitting in a floating
Gondola, As music is played on an old
Victrola! Love is in the air as sure as I
am, Fishing together, off a pier or a dam!
Love has its ups and downs just as much as
nature's own hills! Sharing popcorn and a
movie, in the dark, the mood creates its
very own thrills!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Parfay'Ed Summer's-Spent....

A parfay'ed summer spent on the outter reached, beach of sand...
Tidal waves of passion is neatly a'near at hand.
Parfay'ed cones of icecream dripping to my mouth...
Wind swept towards my face-commeth' from my South.
Sunn'th days of heat emeshed upon my face...
Sitting by idl'y, watching of all thy busied unanchored sail boated race.
Foam'ed liquid water spraying all about...Listen to all the happy
children's laughter-screams of many a joyful'd shout.
Seagulls dive to water-trying to catch a fishy, foodly catch...
Those heated days of Summer...Can be so far, unmatched.
Bikinied girls of Summer, unequaled, my happied eyes...
To look to Summer's female'd fare, Lovely softened thighs.
This fondly Summer memory should stay close to my own heart...
Forever with and before me-Never leave, or sadly to depart.
Summer remains nature's forever lasting, lovingly remembered art.

Michael Gale

A Perfect Pair

My loved one seems so far from my heart, As
well as the farthest that we are apart!
Our awareness that we are always on the
very same page, Now we know that this is
how our love is, that we do so gage!
Fondness is how my heart does so grow,
Tighter and tighter our hearts, We do sew!
I miss the way your lips do so form,
Wanting your appearance is my regular norm!
Laughter from your throat flows oh so well,
My missing your company, i do wish, to you, to
solemnly tell! Your life's passion fills
my heart to the fullest, As my life is not
in the least, the dullest! You, my woman, i do
so love, Our hearts belong together, As a
hat and a glove!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Picasso Framed Friendship Carelessly Tossed Or Lossed.

Friendships should never be tossed...

Friendships should never be crossed.

Friendships should never abandonly be lossed.

Friends should never assume anything but...

Friends should always be counted on for none other reason.

Than a friend should stay as one, to never, ever end.

Picasso painted pictures of abstracted wife and friend.

Friendship should be cherished as like a rare framed art master piece.

Friends may be related, as if a wife or a neice.

Friends are as a flower to cherish and admire.

Friends can't be bought or even for hire.

Friends should respect each other but never have to address them
as Lord, Master, or even your leige-My Sire.

Michael Gale

A Piratical-Radical.

'Neath the bleary, dead dropped blood...
Dripped to droplets-Stead thy mounded, dirtied mud.

Bones buried by centuries past....
Killed days earlier, below my mast.

Cannon ball fodder, doth be me....
Always before and hung twas me.

Treasures sought by a flag of skull and cross bones...
Pirated earnings of working drones.

Aah! ! ! and timber me shivers...
I'll a-haft to whittle ye timbers.

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum....
Missing a leg, or even a thumb.

We look for treasures, that be buried, well-deep...
Beached upon sanded, beach's reef.

Avast ye be thy plundering spy...
Looting the' towns of a night filled sky.

Walk the plank, or spill ye guts...
Adjoin ye crypt ed, mongrel's mutts.

Buried before the rising sun....
Discovered before the Noble's one.

Chains and galleys left all deserted...
Piratical days well suited and asserted.

Set for sail for conquering days....
A bid farewell, our only ways.

Michael Gale

A Poet's Untimely Death Due To Depressional Disease(Weldon Kees) .

Divorced by booze...
His wife he would soon to lose.

Weldon Kees submerged his life...
For due to depression-He left his wife.

Suicide to him was the easy way out...
T'would make him more freely to get about.

His wanton and yearning soul...
Once willed released-
T'would make him whole.

Music and rhyme and art was once his life...
A most sinister cloud t'would cause him to
decease himself fro' a most disenchanted alcohol riddled wife.

Many a poet succums to a depressioned ride...
And in the end they do commit to a lifeless suicide.

Facts of bothering inbeds deeply inside of their's skin...
Removing themselves from a most dreary lively sin.

In life he held one man art shows...
He wrote a movie book.

He worked in a library...
His life was not nice but instead was contrary.

So due to being sad...
Of his own life his Devil caused it sadly took.

Michael Gale

A Policeman Dies.

A bullet to the chest...
Don't know, that, he'll pass the test.

The test of life, his-given up for the law...
Only because, he answered the call.

He leaves behind a family of three...
A wife and a daughter, and son, they be.

They be sad, at his passing...
Sadness forever remembered, ever lasting.

Lonely hours into minutes, then ten...
That father's name, was Ben.

This man will be honoured, by officers, be many...
His time here is up, His time-gone-minutes-not any.

Memories his-Life was good...
His many career's, exploits of bravery,
Long over-due, by Hollywood.

Michael Gale

A Politician's, Hanky Panky, With An Airport Restroom's Adventure That Stalled.

A politician got caught playing around inside an airport restroom...
This little publicised episode brought about his own futuristic career's doom.

He said 'I was just reaching down to the floor to pick up some toilet paper'...
This to others might seem to be amuch type of a risk taker.

But to me it seems more like a real big mis-s, taker...
This politician named Craig is married, and if really gay, he definitely is a real big bad straight-faker.

This new chapter in his much publicised life, behind the back of his faithful doting wife...
dates back to earlier years.

Making passes in e-mails to his much wanting of young younger male pages...
He must now resign himself to pure facts, that he has had his final year's end, as a kind of like a strange or queery weirdo in all time's much publicised bad labled of stages.

Watch, dear reader, as he cries 'foul and rare entraptment'...
'I am not gay' his last final saying as in his last way of revealing his unscheduled arrested encapturedment.

One more empty senate seat...
One more dishonest political defeat.

Michael Gale

A Promised, Stay.

Not far away be yourself, as poignant as a rose so fresh...
Fresh as the lighted day.

Where will be ye, this fairest day? ...
This fair way, I share ye, as doubted sway.

Shared with me your promised stay...
This promise broken of heart-This day.

Michael Gale

A Publisher's Rejectional Rejectioned Letter Of Unforgiveness Divine By Dumbasses.

Well i guess since you have no visional futuristic seeing...

Fro' a well imaginational pre-seed-seeing.

When'st aft' i sign with Random House....

You'll feel like such an assinine like company of Mickey mouse(or stupidilioutiouse dumbassly a louse.

Poetry is as high on a literature's number one list....

Yon editors in hire t'will always be sorry as hired by thee, yonder thee as a non assuming silly assed Momma's boy's to continually be viewed as an ever all consuming momma loving Faggot loving closet queens in charge.

As long as the Editor's in charge are never let loose to encompassse and engrossingly snare supposedly talent at heart...

Assuredly to illicit undo and unfit talent of the earnest in the poetic talented of the most gifted Morons in life.

These people in life must be committed to an institution of an unhappily married husband to wife...

Gay people of the artful talented are to be committed to thy Chicken O' The Seas rubber room of despaire.

Do these dumbasses of the eliteful inept really and tastefully care?

Let's fire these dumbassistic Editors in charge.

Too too bad their heads are way too large...

Poetry would have to be of their own mom's tasty titties.

These people only care for their own peeping Tom like old rotten biddies...

Faggots need to stay put in their own garage.

Best kept secret, left alone in a long deserted desert's mirage...

Begin this hastily and wasted time allotted to good o'le Geore Bush.

All a good American needs to know is to push for a good lookin' bathin' beautie's own tush...

Naked bodies corrupt all polittical asperations.

Sex predators are constantly on the o'le observations...

Get outta office is what is needed.

Don't lie to others-Be cautious as once was heeded.

Bless to thee as found out in all...

Remain silent in action, Spy out as to call.

Sincerely someone talented, as someone to be tall to make the call.
Perhaps of time-someone should foreverly forestall.

Michael Gale

A Quote That I Hope Is But Of Mine-Only!

'Creativeness of the mind-Is not a wasted triumph.'

Michael Gale

A Rainbow's Passage Of Time.

Ride that ride so high up over that splendid rainbow tower...
Know not what or which ever hour.

Sing that song filled with feelings of many prearranged fields of flower...
Sweet smelling boquets of freshest smelling ones picked out unsour.

Dreams swept far and widely spent to four corners of the winded earth...
Bring forth more imagined splendor.

Let love of beautie's hero's become to all defensless deftless defenders...
Beware thy endless travels taken aback by sensless tensless remembers.

Be that large pot o' gold with little man dressed in green aset upon thy coins of
gold...
Rainbows of the heartless dinny left about the loveless bold.

Colors dance around many days asunder...
Only aft the storm's fast passage brings afoot thy stormied thunder.

Regret of the rainbow's hues...
Brings back to thee far off ired feeling's views to bemusically entertain good
news.

Michael Gale

A Real, Hated Son.

A hundred and one degrees fahrenheit, in the shade, this day...
Might make me resemble a over wet and perspiring, spongy, way.

The shade, ah yes-the shade, all cooling and warm, as now...
Makes my skin appear real sagging and baggy as a dried out cow.

My utters just a blow-in' freely, in the wind, my well enemied friend...
If i could hate anyone, that I want, It would be you, you unfriend, You are dead.

I would dropp a quarter from the Empire State Building, onto your head...
After reading this promise, You should be afraid and for your safety-wanting to dread.

Is this a COWardly thing? ...
Not if You are the Devil, and a flying, with your reddened wing.

You are the heat, that makes me hate...
You make me thirst, and perspiring wait.

Shadow, You are my friend...
Unlike the heat, Not my end.

Water, cool, cool water, surrounding a rag...
Around my neck, You happily hang.

My mouth and throat...
Is parched and dry, and aridly
scratchy, as I bloat.

The Devil, made You do it...
Aw Hell, and even screw it.

I give upon my oath...
The Sun's killing heat, I loathe.

No more, no more, I say, I say..
No more tormenting, and torchering way.

A Road Miss Stepped.

As I walk down the street one fine Spring day...
Looking for something, that belongs.

Inbedded, deep inside my long forgotten heart...
Aching feet pumped tiredly dry, by too many miles
mispent a fired and hot.

Violence creeps along my miles spent...
Forever spread thinly about the frozen waste lands.

These wastelands bubble over with soured dis-taste, to mishaps
of this brief squandered world.

This death that misaligns all good intentions..
Only can silent me more.

For more, for more, this midnight chase...
Injects my wasted, inside core.

Michael Gale

A Rocky Waved Boat Ride To A Beliefe In Christ

About the boat rocks forth and back...
Waves amotioned by storms on track.

Apostiles thrown bout boatly shakes...
Nerves o' steel is what might takes.

Our lord our savior tread upon water's caps...
Upon thy cross t'was he spun and cast.

For the show to be put on display.
Off thy cross t'was he took that day.

Walked about man in days of end...
Up to his father's kingdom was he done so sent.

Jesus sent forth his words so wise...
To men of sins who sinned of lies.

Today his words have been spread as far and wide...
We believe in Christ and God that we no longer sin and have to from, flee and
hide.

Michael Gale

A Romantic Heart(H) , That May Amaze, As Heat.

Beneath the logs, a flame sits to
crackle and heat and bake...
This is where we come, from hard
snow shoveling, to take
a warming, rested break.

The flames in the fire place, do warm
and unfreeze, many a frosted heart...
That is why we easily get hypnotized,
since we are so decisively warm and smart.

Watch the flames, now, as they dance and play...
A sight well deemed, so fun, this happy, cold day.

The romance from this place can easily, to all, instill...
As the kisses, that follow, can remove away, all the
sad and wintery, chill.

Michael Gale

A Rose Doth Be But What A Rose Doth Be.

That flowering petal is the flag to a nose...

It's signal's is it's beautiful but uncommon sense of one lone single rose.

Leaves often than naught fall all due to a lively end...

This lone rose does often wilt and fall and likely bend.

A rose cannot fight off and fend for itself but yet, without it's only, lonely thorn...

A rose is always planted-To never be born.

A rose's beauty is only matched by a nature's lonely girl...

When'st in full bloom-T'will thrill to all it's full beautied, viewable unfurl.

Why be it this my sweetly doth love the beauty of this one lonely rose
so much? ...

This one lone rose's beauty is only surpassed by a smell and it's well softened
petal's touch.

Doth be a diamond as a girl's best friend? ...

Only doth a rose doth one truly knows.

This fact be known only 'til time's eternal timely unexpected arrival
and decidedly unexpected end.

Michael Gale

A Rose Petal's Fired Desire! !

As a rose petal softly touches my loved
one's cheek, Her heart's desire for mine is
which i seek! Her heart beats faster, at
lovemaking time, My love for her, is awed
sublime! Anguished my heart at her far
situated place, Makes my hands perspire, and
heart advance to race! My hand cupped to her
breast, so close at hand, Makes our time
together, ever so grand! Making up after
arguing, can be real nice, An apology from me
can make forgetting the bad, to sufficiently
suffice! Make up sex, can ever delight, Off
to the bedroom, for a passionate night! In
the morn's waking, with desire, Makes for
love's happiness, in an inflamed heart's
a'fire! 11-21-2005'.

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

A Sad Farewell.

Te-arse goodbyes, once we've met....
Now we know how much we've meant.

With a waving of hands, gent lied glide...
We told all truth and have never lied.

Acknowledged nods of a sorrowed farewell...
Emotions unleashed, to none, i'll tell.

Sad days will evaporate, later at best...
Only time will, with-stand the test.

Michael Gale

A Saddened Hour And Time.

Death of a loved one in the Bahamas...

Anna Nicole and John Travolta both knew and knows the pain so true.

Sadnesses feelings caught unexpected...

Happinesses feelings seem rejected.

Daniel and Jett...

Life cut short.

May God give John and Kelly strength this year...

For one held so dear.

Michael Gale

A Sea Horse's Sway.

Desert Island...
Trapped afloat-
-Without a boat.

Nowhere to go...
No one to show.

Belie the coastal shell...
Astray thy sandy conched, Hell.

Speckled sand stormed, hilly wrecks...
Beyond thy hardest, lowered decks.

Starry, starry star fished whale...
Flipper's flipping, finned, tailed, tale.

A plank filled jump across many seas....
Pirate's alleys, autumn ed breeze.

Sea horses sway back n' forth, b'low...
This reef i know real well, i know.

Peeked peaks, b'neath the sands...
Barnacled clams, removed, by long, starving hands.

Coco-nutted trees in sun shaded ease...
Loneliest days, begone, if you please, as this sickened, disease.

Tempered sun spread out it's rays...
Like a blanket, wrinkled all long in days.

Michael Gale

A Secret Regret.

Secret....
Regret.

Both, go hand in hand...
Is this a label, or a brand?

That sticks to all...
As a thick
And pasty
Glue?

Regret...
It haunts us very well.

It breaths and blows, it's shallow,
changed, swell...
Beyond, beyond, it's hard to tell.

A difference pain inhaled sting....
A well, long ember-ed, burned
Remembering thing.

Tattooed as in a heart...
Sadly, taken, aback, apart.

This, end, we'll never, know whens't due...
Will i end, this rhythm too?

Michael Gale

A Seething Heart's, Heated Seizure.

Love as an addiction, can drive madness to life so dear.
Love is maddening to heart's see-thing, it's truly clear...
My loving wife stays forever in my heart, whether far or near.
I won't drive myself to a maddening fear...
I'll remain level headed, i'll arrive at this long winding road to a loving
route so thoughtfully planned, i'll steer..
I love my wife...
I love her dear.

Michael Gale

A Sensational Depressional Death Consumed As Tightly Ever By Thee.

Once one forlorn saddened day as i took aim to thy left wrist with a sharpened and honed razor's edged pupose intent...

T'was i crazed or just merely Hell bound as Hell bent.

Where had'st thy sanity went? ...

What days mismanged by Hell's mental'ed facitized.

Which zany menue in life of strife...

Why would'st this eternal flame and ever burning bush of genius, wish to be extinguished?

Does thou seem well full of oneself? ...

Do veins in portaled body continue in vain?

In vain just be well kind enough for me to do well to explain...

Depression is a state of mind that one may well disagree.

Depression is a degree of stunted mental well being...

Depression is what life should be rid of for thee.

Why would one want to be as live in a very dillusional lie? ...

Why would one want to leave this life a worldly cowardly way to die?

Death be peace in all it's dreamy as happily promised way sent forward...

Peace is what gives off a promising way toward's a slumbering sleepful journey thus far mis spent.

Death is a yearning for peace from Heaven promised to thee to be from life finally free...

Unhappy depression can keep one all their life trapped as in an inescapable tree.

To finally be depressionally freed...

We all have to want to be pushed away and out of our slowly held state and be untreed.

Michael Gale

A Shadow's, Unpleasant Binding.

All shadowed beings, unnoticed in the unlit rays....
Blindly bestowed, these days.

Nothing on earth, actually pays...
Nothing else but impatient delays.

These are the rewards for those who never prays....
Of the unseeing, naught a praise.

Nothing to show for, on displays...
No reward, not even a central-raise.

Always are we left in the dark....
No light-No spark.

Nowhere do we alite or park....
Always and forever, left in the dark.

No chance-
-No glory...
No notices, not even a fancy story.

The end...
Do not have agents to sale to me, or send.

Michael Gale

A Shameless Indignition Of Defeated Man.

Mundane-Midnight Murders Of The Rue Morgue-isborg city blues...Mayhaps me
skin toned and skid marked Underoos.

What do we lose? ...Bandanna Republican Central.
Where life greets us with a fry pan, that is smacked straight to my face.
Blood smeared sweat smells drippingly stagnated, by sweet Old Spice swells.

Vlassic Classic dill speared Chills on Ice with my Buds who aren't even the Wiser.
Reading trail goad good as rain at the library of pained in my asset, and of
course-i-cuss...Fleet pourous droplets imploded, at last and flattened tummy
tucks, lined markers of this tell tale heartless ones that are broken as unspoken,
in silence of the unusherred heart throbbinin' thread bare naked whispering
lambs.

Woolen mitteny littany geeks, that aren't religiously wholely molely...Hockey
goalies wear their ski mask's that hide their shameless indignition of defeated
man.

Michael Gale

A Shoeless And Gutless Trip To A Full Blown Drinking Train Wreck

Gump-optional reluctance of personal persuite...
Sometimes always sometimes leave me quaking in my bootless
shoeless gutless saloon.

Drinks are now on the house...
Don't forget to use the steppladder to success
and brainly disuasional commotional ego substitute
in life and all it's failure guaranty to a small spell of disparity and dillusional
depression aimed squarely at the train wreck to nowhere
else.

Can we successfully cross these stupidly zig zagging full tilt tracks? ...
Gas is now too expensive, so i'll guess we must fully try to
head on head first full steamming mad.

Detours are not needed or wanted...
Git off yer duff and go on in disparity for things must now go on
smoothly and more solidly stable.

Michael Gale

A Short Ride, To Death's, Opened Door.

With the scream of the ambulance flying on by my window...
What could be wrong, what where and why?

Is someone routed down the road to die? ...
Will a sad heart to ache and cry?

Will there be a widower or a crying widow? ...
In the front yard, might there be a bended willow?

God be calling for one loved of His, to come on home...
Not no more, through life, will they endlessly roam.

A cryptic ending....
To Heaven's gates, God for someone, was He, sending.

Michael Gale

A Silent, Moment Of Time.

Silence, golden yet...
Not a surprise, when you've shut off the damned TV set.

A library is a peace filled, haven...
To read about, Poe's, own raven.

Shh! Listen, not speak....
I cannot even, hear a lost mouse squeak.

Behind the curtain, peace does dwell...
Silence of heart, i do thee, tell.

No blinding sun, that penetrates...
No flash of light that permeates.

This glass pane, does not, us haunt...
No blinding light, that does to us, taunt.

Eerie deafness, to over wrought ears...
Calms all nerves, of our own fears.

Please do remove the shattered drums...
Now, at last, unclog both thumbs.

My mind and soul, at last, at rest...
Better news, in days, our silenced, best.

For on the morn' i wake and take...
A sudden break, from one, major, noisy, mistake.

The best, is less...
Amen, and bless!

Michael Gale

A Sioux Brave Named Sue.

There once was an indian brave of the bloodline Sioux...
Who once got hurt and got a lawyer who got him to Sue.

This will not do...
From this indian brave by th' name of Sue.

Now the name Sue for a brave so true...
Will make a guy feel real kind of embearassed and feel real sad but blue.

This will not do to you...
This will not do or due.

Now this brave had lost his case in court...
He was a real mad, kind of a poor old losing sport.

This sad old sort...
Got a bad report.

From his doctor, you see...
He was real green looking and real palish and appeared real sickly.

This poor little Sioux indian named Sue developed a real high blood pressure and
Diabetic condition...
Sue also had to take water pills for his condition that made his antibodies run out
and need much more ammunition.

What is the moral of this story? ...
Don't let your daddy name you Sue, or.
You'll have a real bad case-Of mistaken identity theft of a moralistic decline...

And it will make you have trouble concentrating or unable to eat or dine.
Nothing else will ever be fine.

Michael Gale

A Snow Driven Hurt.

Snow flakes wound into a sheet or mound...
Only voices to echoes the icy cold sound.

Snowmen in the park...
Assembled by kids since the evening's dark.

A carrot nose, and snow metted cheeks....
Nothing said, by he who doth naught speak.

Geese fly over head in cold felt sweeps...
Awaiting unto later's, Spring a promised vow to men, yet it keeps.

Keeps men awaiting of the air bourne melt...
After all the snow shoveled, released it's last cold felt.

Trees hit hard as if abound by snowy ice...
Alas, alas, it's nothing good, left as nice.

Power outtages, attacked a lot of homes of men...
We all looked up to Heaven, asking Him, was it our sin?

When again? ...
Will't Summer renew as begin?

Michael Gale

A Soft Spoken, First Lover's Fond 'T Tell Wifey.

My first great love, to me does endow an overpowering awed
enlightening, built deep within this loosened spirit...
This heartened beatment, can'st thou clearly hear it?

Boom, Boom, Boom, claps thy toned bereavement to this affair'ed,
well errant into a dismal pit of a forgetting end...
Bestow to thee a new well remembered heartfelt, fond, burning ember.

A heartfelt sorrowed goodbye to this emerald greenish eyed, sea of
beauty...
Once more only remembered to thine, gentile, Knightly duty.

Michael Gale

A Song'D, Sung Heart.

Have at thee, a song in my heart...
Happily saved, to never depart.
Composure of songs are sweet
to my ear...
Pleasant to review and nice to hear.
Music and songs perpetuate
a world of peace...
T'wich put smiles on faces,
to thine heart, which does please.
A roughen'ed honed talent
fetches lips turned to grins...
Finely done, artly-disc's often spins.

03-13-2006'.

Michael Gale

A Star Watched Fan Fare.

Sparkling gems and diamonds, of the night sky...
Winking back to me.

They are my travelling mates above my tent...
Forever, staring down at me.

They send out free light for me, to read by...
Light with a feeling of warmth and non-aloneness, in the sky.

Always will i have their company, without a favor or charge...
No bill, like from a cable company or car insurance fee.

They are free...
From God, to you or me.

Michael Gale

A Stork, From New York.

There once was a stork...
Named Mickey Rork.

I believe this stork, was from New York...
I believe this stork from New York named Mickey Rork, never
would eat pork.

I believe this stork from New York, named Nickey Rork, that did not eat pork,
was a vegetarian, and wore a hat, made of cork.

Now, this stork, named Nickey Rork, from New York, that did not eat pork, that
wore a hat that was made of cork, sometimes would shoot pool for money and
was known by his friends as kind of looking like a crazy long beaked dork.

This stork was over due a change of luck from bad to worse...
You see, this stork, named Nickey Rork, from New York, who was a vegetarian
who never ate pork, who wore a hat made of cork, who looked like a long beaked
dork, who played pool for money, was flying over head when he was shot by a
hunter, named gunter, and now would be driven home in a herse.

Michael Gale

A Successful Abortion.

I was destined to come out of the womb...
Until your doctor-performed my abortion.

Then I was naught...
My entry was caught.

My life ended...
Our three blood-types-still blended.

I am no more...
Are you happy?

I am sore...
I am no more.

I am a successful abortion...
No feet-a miss-mashed, contortion.

Michael Gale

A Sunken Ship, Of Disparities, Set Aloft.

I was young and i would rant and runt many a mile well far beneath my feet or feat of deceit...

My feat of deceit would heavily relate to problems of my tell tale told heart most often would I to have to depart in a dark cloud of sadness obsessed.

Twass i unholy possessed? ...

Twass i mistakenly confessed?

I was ravenously maddened by a sudden sadden and forlorn feeling of oneness and unaloofness, beset...

What sorry world have as i have lived in, or for that matter-matter of sin?

What have i lived to experienced great sadness and regret?

Aged waste of the fruitless angered and wind swept mind, of thy self's sail-less, soulless thine...

What feast's befall my inept wandering boat of forgetfulness and un necessities, in life, be mine?

That i may yet begin to drown in my self loathing and self pities, which in turn, burn me bad to the thinnest, and tinniest of shell less bone marrow...

May my particles and atoms, rejuvenate, my innate gatherings of my mystique and dark, blackened sparrow'ed, bird's eyed view, so well shrunken, and narrow.

Let me take a much needed respite filled rest of these ancient, but weary bones...

Never, please be not your in bred talents to allow me to drown out my sorrows inside a deep and darkened bottle of Davey Joneses, long lost throttles, me timbered, hate filled, decks.

I am at last sorrowed in pity and distaste of my hallowed empty life...

Forever am i, adhered to eternal grief and strife.

Let me, now, to assimilate, deep down into my irate quagmire of misery and self hate...

Allow me, now to adjoin myself to a constant heaping of troubles and often seeking sunken depths of a sad, mistrusted life of shame, well anchored off my shores of self irreputible aspects and dis-respects.

Avast ye, these ship borne dreads and helm spied ties to life itself...
I now will walk the plank of forgetfulness and insecurities a splendored afar and
swim adrift of any sane help.

Michael Gale

A Tankard Of Hop Scotch On The Rocks.

I'll have a tall tankard of Hop-Scotch on the rocks...
Good ole days of Bobbi Socks.
An opened convertible on the veranda...
Smokey the bear instead'da a panda.
Jacks and balls and telephone calls...
Cold wintery days af't sunset, falls.
Hop-Scotch on the rocks...
Remember'd days of Three Bears and Goldilocks.
Little Miss Muffet and Barbie and Ken...
A bent old Hoola Hoop, Yo-Yo's taken to elementary school, accompanied by
Crayola Crayons and pencil and pen.
Hop-Scotch on the rocks...
Followed by Fizzies and Brandy-Soon chased down by
Schlitz Malt Liquor and cotton candy.
Memories of warp'ed days...
Experienced only in fantasized days in May.
Frisbees and Horseshoes caught in flight...
Rainy day Hop-Scotch drank, while mixed with Vodka.
TV's nights with Taxi's Lad'ka.
Girls enjoyed toys real lame and tame...
Boys enjoyed games of soldiers and fame.

Michael Gale

A Tarnished Soul Above Thy Empty Grave.

Tarnished soul above thy grave...
Did'st why had i the greatest hard fall.

Alone in space of lifeless breath...
Untold journey due to death.

Time on earthly plane unexplained by God...
God said to me 'You mere mortal are my tool'.

'You are my useful lightening rod'...
'You are wise and not mere mortaled foolish'ed of fool'.

'You have been chosen to walk this plane'.
'To you new man- I have nothing to explain'.

'You must go thru life to prove to me your valued of self'.
'B'fore ye've been spent and sent to final Heavenly shelf'.

'My book of life tells all how long they may wander on aimlessly
in life'.
'All men must conform to all of thine own rules and not sin and go
forth and take for thyself your Heavenly pre-chosen mate-A womanly
saint-Your honor bound earthly lived wife'.

Angels from Heaven look down on us mere mortal men...
Only to protect us from our earthly sin.

When'st Christ Jesus returns to our final judgement by God...
All of earth's dead will rise from a most sin filled sod.

In the end man will sit beside God's left and right...
A most divine ruler will show off to all evil demons and the Devil
a most holy father born and bred to show off his all mighty might.

That Devil will be thrown into the lake of fire...
He'll never work his work again-He'll never be termed an ever evil
like Sire.

His day will end...

In the useless evil lake of fire.

Michael Gale

A Tattooed And Loving, Moving-Part.

Sweet memories are the scent of the heart...
Always smelling sweeter as we share each
other's memorised part.

Good times as well as bad...
To the heart, may well, seem the sadly part.

Always drifting up and away....
Soon, to come back, next we say.

Beyond all memories, tattooed in art...
Forever, as ever, always, a part.

Michael Gale

A Tender Lovesong Of A Broken Heart...

A tender lovesong of a broken heart...
Can usually cause a breakage into two pieces thrown clear apart.

Sadness of missment of a love left gone...
Now to suffer as a sadened victim as like a sobbing pawn.

My mate, my love...
Hath left of me to a place way up high above...

Cloudy sadness in my eyes fills up moistened as with tears...
Feelings of sorrow and amiss, no more kiss are my own lone fears.

Daily i miss your loving smile...
Time done passed feels as if many a mile.

I'll forever miss your tendered kiss...
Smiles and hugs will be amiss.

Happier times of memories of life...
A saddened husband, now without his wife.

Perhaps one day to me a day will pass...
I'll join to her in days at last.

My angel to me will finally hover...
United at last t'will be me, with my long lost eternal lover.

Michael Gale

A Tickling Teddy Bear That Squeezes The Bajeebies Outta Me

The wildest wiley and wealthiest womanly wife whispered down corridors leading straight to her widower's brother's wife whom was not wary of western worships with a small trace of whoopi or even of warthog's total lack of senseless wisdom... Now ye, relaxes at all hours of the dismal day ending of daddy's discourse and dense dim wittedness and now, newly found dog that was ditched onto the side of the roadless rounds often visited by the restless rodeo wrangler who roped his rides over many rancid smelling ranges and ridges.

Now you might think that people wear britches while crossing bridges that intersect well with street infested churches of the run-away bride, but really only wore white, wedded, miss'es funny fluffy furry dresses, while eating wedding cakes and pulling wedgies on their wondering wandering hapless husbands who are now howling in laughter at stuffed tickled teddy bears, just lying over the inside toyboxes rimmed red glasses are hardest to wear out in public mostly ridiculed before other's searching spineless eyes.

Michael Gale

A Tooth Ached Pain Filled Heart.

Your love for me has left on wings of speed...
You have pained my heart like pain into a tooth's own heart,
not wanted or even to need, that evil heated hating deed.

A black mark has eternally infested my soul...
Your love for me has left my field an very saddened empty knoll.

Hate and jealousy has eaten away my flowered happiness as if fully digested by
heathenistic satanastic possessed evil sheep...
You once told me that you thought me to be very much childish a boring creep.

I'll have to once again to tirelessly scale that unclimbable hill stuck well...
So well empty of feelings of love, Now just swirls of unmotioned emotional
nothings to tell.

Like falling down a thirst searching well...
Doomed to hate and detest her empty loved nest to hell.

Begone you scornful hate filled witch,
You are no longer wanted or even yearned...
At a stake you should be char broiled and crispy crittered as burned.
Get lost out of my soul enriched maze, you filthy mouthed bi_ch.

Michael Gale

A Tornadic Dis-Spell.

A tornado's sudden twist of air, blow out loud, and live...
A driveway, that leads to nowhere, that absolutely, pain does, derive.

Swirling, twirling, up-drafted, hot and cold air, meet...
Tragic, soured fear, an unapologetic, ungreet.

Flattened houses, tossed a strewn, and among, treed, un magic.
Yet so tragic.

Homeless, orphaned families, and pets...
Uninsured, monetary lost bets.

Like match sticks, or tinker toys, splashed across the
great wind, in hued, divide...
Amassed destruction, in every, spaced, a-wide.

Is this, or was this, God's, all furied wrath? ...
Was this, God's way to give, the man, over crammed,
landscape, a re-scenic, bath?

Alone-Be woman, man and child...
To rebuild their home, from twister's wind-so strong, and wild.

The only answer to them, as their...
Was only, answered, in worshipment, and, prayer.

Michael Gale

A Torrential Flooded Sin Leaked Dam.

It's nice to know faith in Christ forever flourishes in everyday life and inspires itself to poetry.

Today's televised news can be very depressing to view...

Turning to Christ the Lord, are not enough people, too, too few.

More people of today are starting to climb aboard Jesus Christ's rescue boat,

So that many more believing followers can spread His word

To add to the boarding list, of those so saved.

Men and women don't need to drown in their own misinformed sinfull lives.

God and His saviored son will return to toss to man a spiritualed,

loving, much needed life-saver, bouied float,

from a torrential flooded sin leaked dam.

Michael Gale

A Tree Smith.

A tree smith upon the watered edges of growth...
Never to err another oath.

Always watering the tree fed life...
Always sauntering the half met strife.

Moisture of the kindest kind...
Always dreaming of the Heaven's divine.

Wishing forever upon thy star...
Wanting to want the farthest far.

Hoping to hope for what you are...
Wanting to be the biggest star.

Waiting for the sudden trance....
Hoping for the faith filled chance.

Happily doing the wished for dance.
Walking the walk of the successful prance.

Michael Gale

A Used Up Timed Schooling!

I walk down the hallway, to find my class.
To take one such test, for my entry exam of
the ill fated 'g 'gainst odds, i
flunk not or feel real ill'd
did'th ring, sending bodies dart'd scrambling
down corridor'ed busied Colon'eye'd ants,
t'witch did so foraging for food, and all
crumb'd clock did strike and bell did
ring, for all of ones, to find and bring. A busied time
for ones such young, As went did time that
had thus, spent and e hand does
circle to meet hour'ed one as clock's
time does pass and beated'ly s of
thinned paper flail thru air heatedly
will meet instilling essays of
words as Janitor's can rolls to stand
still of all mess, there be no thrill. 03-02-2006'.

Michael Gale

A Vampiric Mummy On Th' Loose. Part 1.

The moon was a crescent sliver of crimson orange...
T'was a chilly November night.

The image was of a lone Vampire bat...
In flight, it wavered unsteadily.

Precariously it faltered and teetered uneasily as like an infant
learning to take it's first steps...
Zig-zagging in uneasy paths.

Could'st it have been the Earth's polarity and the newly mis-shaped moon's
orbital gravitational pull, unevened only by the Earth's melting Polar caps? ...
The bat alit atop the shoulders of a wandering mummy, lost in the Egyptian
sands.

The bat sunk it's fangs into the bandaged jugular, but to no avail...
No pain or screams of shock or terror were realized that darkened lonely frigid
night.

No feelings of sheer terror and fright...
Only one cold and desolate night.

The mummy's shoulder blades seemed to protude and grow out a pair of minute
wings...
The ancient dead bandaged mortal Prince seemed to only be aware of it's
predicament at the last and saddened instant, beat of th' clock.

'Blood! ' was the only thought absorbed in the dead mummy Prince's head...
For, he now was a true Prince of the undead.

The mummy's wings, now have grown into a magnificent pair of appendages,
just a flappin' in the breeze...
Ahead, 'bout a large, city block away.

Seemed to appear, it's first nightly victim...
A women in red, partly shadowed by the darkness, all about.

(Part Two Will Appear, In The Not Too Distant Future!)

A Very Bad Time.

Another car's echo heard passing in the rain...
Ears attuned, to nothing but emotional pain.

Emotional pain filled with nothing but violent disrepair...
No heart, now more, nothing-even there.

Rocked by my foundational upset...
Echoed, only with absent love and only regret.

Head light's beams, intermittently, interrupt, my thoughts, and ideas...
My plans usurped, to perhaps another never, never land as like many other,
foreign Korea's.

Far, far and far away, that i adhere not here to...
I am emotionally erased from my heart as if my heart was harpooned by a now
unfamiliar distress.

I am now raised up in a sheet filled pool of sweat...
My wife lay here beside me, not dead, or even, left of me.

It was only a bad dream or nightmare...
The clock's loud ticking, reminds me, a dream or nightmare,
as i wanderings stare.

Nightmares awaken me in nothing but sweat...
Memories debt.

All, is fine.
She is mine.

(Some dreams, are seemingly, real, no matter, how bad or good.)

Michael Gale

A Walk To Freedom's Ville...Brings To Heart A Breathless Thrill.

I waltzed or walked down the walk of fame...
I had no inhibitions or shame.

Though my head may have hung downward mine...
Pride was on a diet thine.

Freedom of man's own sins...
Courage arose as like a long tasted of many drinks of gins.

Inspiration absorbed as to my whole...
Fearless of danger's soul.

A walk to freedom's ville...
Brings to heart a breathless thrill.

Michael Gale

A War Ravaged Broken Heart Token.

A heart so broken and wrenched from my heavy aching chest, real hard...
You haphazardly trampled onto it, it now remains all flattened out, as you
screamed, afterwards you would shake your fist and shout..

My heart by you was taken from me and tossed about.

You disposed of it while unbeating, of it, you threw it in the pile marked 'do not
keep-but kindly please properly discard'.

This heart that was by you, sadly well torn in two and left for broken...

Shall forever by you, be worn around your neck, as a loved losted painful war-
token.

Michael Gale

A Wasted Life That Inched-By Gone.

The itching of the clock...Awaiting the scratch of the scab filled moments in time.

The seconds and minutes that morph into hours...The days dried out in the Sun of man.

What awaits us as we play our lives emptied of instrumental gain? ...We are raisins in the Sun scorched and abrazened by what they've-pain.

Lessons of the heart, are not yet-ripe...Until our soul, hath grown in might.

Our pain of soul, all dressed up, a-windowed...Last one left, unmarried-forgotten widow.

Consumed of heart and unlasted host of happy...Alas my soul, forlorn and bored and crappy.

Michael Gale

A Waterless Judgement Day-Is Near At Hand.

Crispied flowers from the sun...
Scorched and wilted and baked, a sight not fun.
Weathered draughts dried to earth...
Soon to be followed-death-not birth.
Earth's water supplies, diminished on land to icy capped Polar...
This planet's health will be like rotting Wisdom teeth, (an aching Molar) .
God made a pact with man-The end won't come from a flood...
There will not be any wasted water logged mud.
Dried up water beds-cracked dry and aridly parched...
Christ will come to defeat armies of men, tiredly marched-
Power hungry and full of sin.
Judgement day will be near at hand...
Believers in Christ and God, and repenters of sin
Will inherit God's kingdom(and all it's Heavenly land) .

Michael Gale

A Well Lit Way, To My Field Of Stories.

Ah yes! I'm moving towards my well lit way to my field of stories.

The warm wind of the Oklahoma clay can be felt upon the hairs which stand up on the back of my neck.

Is this the holy spirit bristling movement through these hairs and goosebumps multiplying and branching out their expanding paths?

Daily the clacking of computer keys can be heard echoing throughout this author's house.

Busiment of an artistic venue emanates surprisingly from my sweating bespeckled face.

The tic of the clock starts this literary endeavor's race with Father Time for a deadline close at hand.

I beseech thee, stand still, sweet time of mine.

Let me progress uninterrupted, so a poem may form past deadline's inward rushing storm.

Stagnate time, but not my schedule.

Alas! Time does rule. oh, how terribly cruel.

Michael Gale

A Wet Whiskered Fishured Cat Caught Nothin' But An Empty Paw.

Tis' be fish-a fish of mine...
One that flips inside a pan o'thine.

That cat that swatted at a fish astray...
That cat had not caught a one'a fish that day.

Into the watery drink that cat did fall....
Kitty Kat-Kitty Kat is what he'd heard one call.

Inside the house he found me stearn...
But with fish in a pan he found to me to of learn.

Right off to market had i gone...
The Kitty Kat ate his share of fish b'fore fallen to
a sleep aft' last let out tired out, yawn.

Do you see? ...
Ssshhhhh!
ZZZZZZZeeeee Zeee Zeee zzzz

zzzz

zzz! ! !

Michael Gale

A Whetted, Wedded Monk Fish.

Crested waves slapped me upon the headily right...
Temp-led fashioned wetly a fright, that night.

Hurricanes recaptured...
Made my hips well fractured.

Now I walk with a limp...
All my pockets overflowing
with sardines and shrimp.

Inside the wharf's pub had I entered....
To consummate a dizzying, alcohol's
inward mouthy breathing.

Hangover's trips....
Blamed on too many sips.

I forgot my wedded anniversary...
Should this qualify me as totally, self centered?

Michael Gale

A Wind Swept Storm...

Fire and ice cometh down...
A wind swept storm so blown to the ground!
Leaves of dust ever so sprayed...
Life in full tilt, always delayed!
How can i complete one life, without a
mate (a wanted wife!)
Ire and rage can consume a fired affair...
Hate and jealousy, must never fare!
Hatred and malice are out of place...
The poor of heart will never rapidly race!

01-29-2006'.

Michael Gale

A World Without The Arts And Poetry, What Would Be?

What would a world be? ...
Without the arts, poems, or poetry?

It would still be filled with violence by men
towards other men...
A world still filled with mortal sin.

A world of starvation on a land of always uncaring...
Would God look down and frown while'st, disappointedly staring?

Poetry of the heart...
Brings only good things to remember to heart and wisely impart.

Atom bombs and constant wars...
Is man of this world addicted to violence's whores?

Would this world be peaceful without a seat of ire? ...
Doth love towards man, become desire?

Hell and the Devil gives out to all, their hateful heater...
Will man and God be able to defeat and beat'er?

Lost, is man of God...
Doomed to Hell in soul and bod'.

The final chapter is in the end...
No rules by God, do we dare do bend.

Tears, shed down, on men is God's own rain...
Though they be of saddest, saddened pain.

Michael Gale

A Wrinkled Rain Coat

Cigar butt in stow,
t'ween fingers giving off, a glow
and an appearance of one who
doth not know.

With words repeated and renewed a stuttered
Hardly by all, understood, as muttered.

He'd have His foes dumb founded true
Before realizing that they'd been caught
before He was through.

One eye a closed and one so opened wide
A twinkle inside
Lt., Colombo, buried
Pride-not lied.

Michael Gale

A Yellow Mellow Thread So Bare, As To Not, Even Care.

The tilting of oh rose to wander and wonder bright...
this writing on the wall so neat and all right.
I hope I'll be able to read more of Yon works
before My graphics or video card doth expire
To read in appreciation of yet another works
sought out desire.

Thy yellow thread which alights to leftest's march
This margin's breadth a lit beyond all thy truest truer,
be a computer's glitch?
Or even a witch's spell to still enough enthrall as enrich
Great write kind Sir'est, Sire's might!

Michael Gale

Aces Held High-As Drunkenly I Do Cheat And Lie, Do I Die?

Recently while sipping coke and brandy thru a straw...
I teetered and swayed and finially had falled.
My words were slurred and talking was rough...
I had given to others, words real mouthy and tough.
T'was fro' this mood that i'd got in a fight and
recieved a real licking that t'was tough...
Well soon aft' i'd learned that i'd had enough.
Others who were sober could see through my
untruthful dumb bluff...
As i staggered aft' getting up fro' my bad beating...
I'd no longer more drunkenly play poker and get caught cheating.
For the moral lesson of this story is don't get drunk and
cheat at cards and get caught, while cussing and lying,
or for sure you'll be badly hurting and bleeding.

Michael Gale

Adam's Apple?

Adam was born from this Earth's dust,
From Adam's ribs, Eve was formed, and
she had his trust! Eve got Adam, to
eat that olden like fruit,
From Eve, to Adam, she misled the truth!
Out of Eden, the pair, by God, were booted,
The two had to move, and become uprooted!
Many a family tree's children, were born
thru them, Man could see his sin, that
to him, he would be, for a long time
condemned! The serpent is mostly, the
one to blame, For Man's mortal like
sin, is his own, unholy shame! These
sins, would one day be forgiven, When
Jesus would be, finally living, and risen!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Addicted To God! !

Cigarettes are addictive, as hard to quit...
Hooked by those who are without much of a
wit.

Alcoholics drink to relax and unwind...
Alcohol tends to numb the mind.

Drinking and driving should not be done...
For the taking of lives is not too fun.

Getting hooked on God is definitely
right...This is an idea, that is totally
bright.

Believing in God is what should be done...
This is where our direction in life should
be steered and run!
12-28-2005'.

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Africa's Angels Are Dying.

Africa's children lie dying...
Filled with Aids.

Mothers forever weeping...
For more days than can be counted.

Thoughts and prayers unanswered...
By a hope too high to help.

When will the children matter?
When will they get well?

When does faith so answer? ...
Only time will tell.

Will these angels fly off to Heaven's opened gates? ...
The Lord our God, for them, He patiently awaits.

The children felt pain for most of their lives...
Now they will be without it more.

Forever will these littlest, angels soar.

Michael Gale

Aft' The Morrow', Our Love Had Set.

Do not stop this still beating heart,
That beats still more with
A shaking-aching murmer...
My love for thee, stays ever the most, firmer.
Fathom this-my unswept heart...
Matched together and never, be we part.
A sorrowed feeling embraces me...
For the morrow' your love of thee,
Parts far away from a sorrowed me.
Can'st thou cherish my thought of thee? ...
Hopely, forever to never ever flee.
Forgive all hurt my past did beset...
'Till we joined together, our love had set.

Michael Gale

Af'T The Storm!

Rainbows of harvest blowing on down, erasing
all smiles, creating a frown! Weather's dark
forboding tempest's swirling a'muck! Tossing
and turning for fear of a front!

Fury of storm's fastly approach, swathing a
path of far destructive encroach! Twister's
abound from afar and anear, creating all
havoc, destroying all that is dear! Giant
tidal waves, rolling inward and out, leaving
fear in the air, followed by cries and a
shout! When all is done, neighbors help
neighbors, minus their fears, After the calm,
God's Rainbow Appears!

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Age Is But Merely A Stepping Stone T'ween Life And Death's God.

Age is but merely a stepping stone t'ween the length lived and the meeting of death and then our God...

We are placed here on this ball of dirt and water to transgress and rise above temptations and sin.

For the 'morrow of our journey's end...

Where do we stop that ride?

Where can our souls fro' truth really hide? ...

Where do our failures and sin begin?

How may we end life's sins and lies? ...

Life's end is the way those sins and lies do die.

Those tales of failed in life need to cease failed being...

For memory in history will have a gladdening seeing.

Michael Gale

Ahab's Hunt! !

Captain Ahab chucked his deadly harpoon, He
in slow motion, resembled a clownish
aim was centered, waving off
only a few degrees, The mist was winded
by the sprayed by breeze! 'Thar she blows! '
was his first shouted warning, This hunt
would last into the following morning!
Lives would be changed all during this
excited chase, Heart beats increased to an
increased pace! A leg had been lost in a
journied hunt from before, This is the
reason that this story is lore! Ahabs life
was lost at sea, His soul went where God's
edict be! 11-21-2005'.

Michael Gale

Alas-Alas-We Be Gone-Capoot!

Mouths have a way of running away from us...
They are as of yet-uncontrollable, to say the least.

A very strange and ferocious beast...
They do well at times, make us to cuss.

No mess...
No fuss.

They seem to at times run us over...
As if driven over-by a bus.

We get flattened and under foot...
Alas-alas-we be gone-capoot!

Michael Gale

Alite Sweet Swiftest Hour.

Alite sweet swiftest hour...

Arranged in rows of burrowing sweat dangling droplets
let a'glistening deaf dumb agile denial.

Abreasted unbested breathless infants crying in winds of innocent lifeless lies...
Alas, not heard is listless meaty tendered hooks just blowin' in
the match lit night skies overhead above all wanderlust eyes.

Behold and utter quiet shsshing stutter...
Suckle up close to the milk of the loving mother.

All is nice and warmly welcomed love inhued sprinkled rice patties of unrested
yearning to sleep restless fluttering eyes.

Michael Gale

All Angel's Vengeance.

Harken as angels sing, to hold not one's own breath...
Simply put as thee.
Harken to my death...
Splay apart thy broken wings.
Delay due west of evil things...
Do i dare pass this flying test?
Or dare i hold it tight to breast? ...
God has forsaken thee...
God has sent his soldiered best.
Supremed being comes down, to blast son's headed west...
Judgement hath set all free.
Harp music plays notes filled full of glee...
Devil catches all the rest.

Michael Gale

All Bereft, This Chasm Cleft.

All bereft this chasms cleft...
Goes beyond, yon journey's left.

Olden days filled with chastened money...
Tortured ways of cash-mirrored sunny.

Golden cold-en Wintry blues, heard...
February days of Bison's, iced-grassy formed, herd.

Alas, the horrid train taken...
Death betokened, by one sadly, mis-taken.

Thy ticket punched, by erred conductor...
Dead of thine, the feeble deconstruct-or.

Wayward roads left led astray-ed...
Untangling, naught, thy unauthorized frayed, and afraid.

Recast the arrows uninformed...
Replace the role, once newly formed.

Michael Gale

All Is Fair Game At Carnival's Arrival.

The carni was arrivaled as all eyes were at a zoo...
Into town from another-before there was not much else to do.
All eyes were a'stared at Fat lady and one attraction called Bearded Woman...
The show did not start until 'round, old noon'n.
The midway was at night so crowded as a forrested tree-
Surrounded by the flowers and it's busied bees.
Tents of shades were crowded, by food eating patrons...
Behind one food counter'd wagon was a woman with lime green hair,
Sprouting a colored kaledescope colored apron, whom served without
a single care.
Children's screams of fright, as tossed aside in a roller coaster's bumped-
roughened ride inside...
Had screams echoing across the park,
Wheel's own brakes did screech and spark.
Different colored cotton candy's odor did reach to far and wide...
A night of scares and taunts-from an insulting clown in a water filled
booth...
Before the ball to targeted bell sounded, (Bobo) the clown
had grinned to reveal a golden tooth.
Popcorn and vomit were spilled upon the rides...
Buckets of water and hoses were manned to each ride's floors and
sides.
The biggest pig in the world, was now put on view...
A dieter's nightmare would this seem, too many pounds, would make Jenny Craig
so scream.
Basketballs bounce off orange metal hooped rims...
Money is exchanged-Carni people rig games with bottles and baseballs.
A lot of violence and fights was almost made.
'Hey Rube' was shouted -A call to police was made as played.
Cars each year are broken into and robbed...
The female victims have cried and sobbed.
Amongst the crowds at fairs do paired police walk and patrol...
Sometimes crime and violence, is hard to prevent or control.

Michael Gale

All Of Me.

All of me, that You have and got...
In love We be, a lot, and a lot!

All of Me is inspired by thee...
You give me grace, to
be totally free.

You encourage Me when
I feel sad and down...
You are My eraser, that
deletes My frown.

You give Me joy
when I arise in
the morn'...
You make Me glad,
that I was born.

You give true meaning
to My life...
You make Me grateful,
that You are My wife.

Michael Gale

Alone In Bed...Use Your Head...Go Be Wed.

To chase away days of blue...
You should already have met
your one true loving mate
who is to you, guaranteed true.
However you may not have met
your mate...Don't worry, it's never
too don't have to be
stuck into this state...
Just go ahead and go on line
and arrange a date.
You don't have to stay single
in bed...Get a date, just use your
head. Amen...Go get hitched.

Michael Gale

Alone, In A Silent, Soldier's Field.

In soldier's field-with swords unsheathed...
Many death's, blood spilled from body's,
no longer to have breathed.

Sweat and spears litter the battle grounds...
Nothing heard, not no sounds.

But that of the silenced, fallen dead...
Only because, they were calamitied, misled.

War-has no right to be listed, in the dictionary....
Only peace, belongs there-To some men-that
thought can seem, way too scary.

Profits....
Those as they-False prophets?

Michael Gale

Along The Sea Of Contempt.

Along the Sea of contempt.
Belongs a list of friends that have I left.
Left the heart once built strong.
Be this organ, rightly wrong.

But before the sea can see.
What be free fro' Ye?
No more sea of contempt to drown upon on Me.
Only more disloyal friends to vanquish Thee.

For how on this plane can I fly?
Why must my future die?
No more sleepy allow
Of this to all do I swear as avow!

Michael Gale

Alzheimer's Loveless Thoughts Unremembered.

Pillars of salt sit paralyzed in unconscious thought...
Memoried beings of love once brought.

Perchance beauty remains to eye's own seeing...
From heart's emotion pained briefly sped fastly as fleeing.

Light hearted laughter haunts my memories of times well spent...
A moment of shared love seems as viewed as borrowed and lent.

That salted pillar eats at memory like fat to heart...
Alzheimer's disease erases fond recollections of a loved feeling,
From thy head's attachment secondly stayed and dearly and sadly
doth it depart.

Time's remembered anchor in thee...
Like from this heart doth absently flee.

Falling out of love haunts memory stored safe...
Dissipating fast as a long deserted wraith.

Michael Gale

Always Loaded

Always loaded, is this gun...
Full of bullets for some fun.

Can I shoot, awhile, on the run? ...
Can this accomplishment be carried
out, beneath the ever glowing, Sun?

Always loaded with Wine or Beer...
True to Thine own heart, truest-Dear?

Always loaded like a balloon of the hottest air?
Look as I stare into the image, in the scariest, old as
oldest mirror!

Always loaded as like a gun....
Always trying to have the most mos-test, of fun!

Always eating and loaded most...
To This fattest of the fattest of ghosts'.

Michael Gale

Always To Fester As Like A Festering Scab's On Back.

Surreal clouds of reality sift slowly through the hazy mesmerizmental dreams...
Where have i been throughout this long lost eternitie's graze?

What do'th be thy somewhere dreamy days? ...
Heart and head fully bloomed ablaze.

Where hath thy turns turned daze? ...
No more misdirected turning phase.

Detours of the mindless thoughts...
Many sleep filled days in battles lost and lostly battles raged with fiery ways so
awesomless we forwards brought.

Unvisioning as like ratteling dentures atop of the ole coldest of colder linoleum
floors...
No signs of life or even the all knowing bores and whores.

I do beseech thee awakening nights...
Too much darknesscity frights.

Dreams in darkness surround in black...
Always to fester as like a festering scab's on back.

Michael Gale

Alzheimer's Disease, Must Really Suck?

A sinking feeling of depression's
mismanagement of the absent mind,
can or will surely inflict unusual
Alzheimer's among many women and men...
That, in itself, should be a terrible sin.

No one can win...
I cannot recall how to spell sin.

That was a false statement, because,
i just did...
That must be my uncanny knack for spelling,
that at times, i keep, well hid.

What a horrible mishap by nature,
for people aged,
to have to suffer...
Having to at times, not remember, it is
time to have supper.

What good, will it do, to have too many relatives,
that you cannot remember? ...
Once, i knew, but now, which one and what name,
is of that, family member?

Michael Gale

Am I A Comma Clutzsky?

In school, i was one of the worst, not one of the best...
Always taking, and failing many a test.

I was never, or had any occasion, to be proud...
To abstract myself from this, failure in life, I'd try to be the class clown, all
obnoxious, and ever loud.

I was not a jock...
I always was impatient as i awaited the tic toc.

Of three o'clock...
School would be out.

I'd, at least be free...
No more looking like a buffoon, or a funny monkey.

Through life, I'd stumble...
I was not violent, and always looking to rumble.

You might say' That i was a Kama Clutzky, or rather a (Comma Clutzsky) , falling
and failing'....
I am now a poet or writer, and am always telling, and spelling.

Let me be brief...
Oh, good grief!

It is now time to end...
This story, has no more length, or bend.

I will always be a Comma Clutzky, till my dying day...
I will, always, have something to say.

You, the reader, please have a real nice day!

Michael Gale

Am I Dead Or Lost Of Head. Is It Hid Deep Inside My Head?

Why must we wait? ...
For the arrival of all that weight.
Why must it come? ...
Like an unwanted ex friend or vastly detested chum.

Time is our one unappreciated foe...
This dear friend, we all do acknowledge and know.
Where does time really go? ...
In time our dearest friends can realize in years absence of our company, that our
age in years and wrinkles, does really show.

Observe, as we lose our shining dear glow...
Does it show, does it really, really show?
Look as our bodies fade into times past....
It would seem that we cannot ever last.

Death recently now is breathing down my neck it's cold, cold unmotioned
breath...
The robed spectered demon of time, brings with him my unexpected death.
Oh well...
I guess it is the same old tale.

Look one last long stare to realize and tell...
We are gone and lastly stale.
Can you smell that smell? ...
It is stale, i tell you, tell.

Michael Gale

Am I Here Or Scene In Flight?

Invisible aloofness makes me gone...
Unobserved as thinnest dawn.

A wavering mist, be i here...
Never seen as scene, a'near.

A paltry tawdry walk amongst...
Aged older than oldest ungst.

Reversible reversed as back ward's might...
Beyond in years as feared as flight.

Dead amassed as dead of night...
Begin anew the deadened sight.

Michael Gale

Amen To Hostility's Failure To An Misattentive Lacking Whore!

Hostility of the attention prostitute deserves only words of eternal ignorance...
Names-names-names of words-perhaps belongs flushed down life's own toilets
and turds.

Ignorance of the hostile heart...
Belongs forlornly and saddenedly let go sail freely into the winds released freely
and naturally by the humanly gaseous of one lonely hateful fart.

Hate and anger is hard to believe...
For perhaps it's best to let go ire of man than to deceive and receive.

Lets all get along man and woman by the blessing of God...
Lets all forgive to all and receive God's all approving divine final nod.

Amen to God...
Amen to our Lord.

Forgiveness of the heart is the
only thing that mere mortals can well afford...

Amen-
Again!

Michael Gale

America Conquers Terrorism.

America Conquers Terrorism.

Upon the heart, does go my hand...
To pledge allegiance, to God and land.

Underneath my flag of red white and blue...
Do I vow, to stay true and blue.

To block all atrocities against this land of mine...
All you terrorists will not to the U.S., attempt to choke away our freedom's
liberty, like a vested and ever growing, demented vine.

Our soldiers climb to duty bound...
Fast they go to re-soundly sing out, freedom's sound.

American lives are lost...
At only freedom's, sorely cost.

We as Americans have a duty to our land...
Since the dawn of time, Patriotism has always been planned.

Patriotism is in our DNA...
That is how the game, is to play.

Michael Gale

America!

Commissars are people running your life, Saying
when you may have a choice and
choices you cannot possess, Freedom from
these you must undergo world wars
at such a young age, madder and madder
becomes your rule of government
badly at times, Punished for someone else's
crimes! Defection is your only objection,
Coming to America, your only direction!
Citizenship and papers tight in hand,
Crossing borders and boundaries, to a new
loved land!

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

America's Freedom'Ed Symbols.

The statued torch, raised so eloquently and majestic...
Proud as Our Bald Eagle, but nicely crafted and artistic.

Keeps watch out in the harbour...
For freedom's store.

Red White and bluest hues...
Are remnant of the flags own sacrificed dues.

Uncle Sam on the July, the fourth...
Proudest than the countries of the East, South, and West and North.

Many lives were sacrificed in the flags stripes of red....
Red-for the blood shed, that they've bled.

Blue for boyal and loyal...
Many the American lives were lost on foreign soil.

A stripe that's white...
White is white-as in the good guys in cowboy hats-white is right.

Many more lives were lost in those two twinned, towers dread...
Many bodies were pulled out of the ashen ed dead.

Concrete unstabled by planes of two...
Innocent lives were removed undue.

We are Americans filled with pride....
We've defended that flag with spilt blood of those, who have died.

Dictators need to die...
Before anyone believes the lies, that they'll lie.

Deceit...
Is an undemocratic and un American receipt.

That we'll be forced to take...
If we make another economic mistake.

Among'st Them All

Among'st Them All.
They still remain tall.
Taller than the Red Woods, fell.
This I secretly do You tell.

These Beings walked upright
and high.
Snoring at night like
the fallen sigh.

They were the fallen Angels, tho'
This fact, should All We know.

They disappeared beneath the great
flood waters across this orb.
Their tombs to This Earth, was
inhaled and impelled to absorb.

To dirt to dirt.
Withered and rotted,
Thy clothed, shirt.

Fallen from God's own grace.
In this place, this place to face.

That was their fate.
Forever and ever dead to date.

Michael Gale

An Alcoholic's Denial

A work of fiction, which could be real...But to be too sure, It's not about
My own story like deal. This story is not real but could be about
somebody else out there some where else.

That bottle of beer...
Oh dear, oh dear!

Sent Me flying as reeling so far and near...
What will I do? Oh dear, oh dear!

The fall and it's spillage of blood do I fear...
When I fall flat to my face, Oh dear, oh dear!

Shards of glass impregnated to rear...
To my rear, all bloodied, dear!

Too many nights, of drinking, goes on...
After I've lied to myself, what a great con?

Telling Myself that quitting will be so much easy...
Awakened in mornings, feeling dizzy and queasy!

Nary a drink be on hand to hand...
Easily grasped, to drink the band.

Music and partying is but an excuse...
While playing many hands of poker,
an ace or a deuce?

What will taste so bitter and bland?...
A drink or two in every hand.

Beer in mouth and down slides...
I'd be better off, marrying a bottle of Ale's old Bride.

I am not an alcoholic or drinker too much...
Not even a stumbling, lush!

An Angel Called.

Angel dear, when we sleep....
All Heaven's angels and saints,
for you, will weep.

For your eyes will be closed...
Of your soul, God hath closed.

Your saintly being...
God thy Father, could not help,
but seeing.

From your path, was left a wake...
Of goodness, no man could ever, take.

Michael Gale

An Angelic-Journey.

Such deep intensity in sorrow appeased....
Of thine own words, hath my heart, ended,
pleased.

A long cylindric journey into peace...
The love of God, hath moved in turn.

Memories of the heart...
Engraved to thine-as never part.

For on that day the trumpet sounds...
We'll all rejoice, the sound, united we be,
at last-happiness-resounds.

Michael Gale

An Easy Breeze, Beneath The Coconut Trees.

Sleeping through, the ever peace filled breeze...
Beneath the breezy coconut trees.

Out, I'd be, like a light...
After a coconut would fall, oh good night.

There would be growing on top of my head...
A lump, as i lay there, all dead.

The lump, would have the Who-Land young ins, down my noggin'...
Sleddin'in', and Toboggan'in" in.

The snow would scatter and spread...
All that dandruff, all over my head.

The snow scene would...
Be oh, so obscene.

When, I'd have awakened...
Someone from me, of my conscience, would have taken.

All, still, would be dark...
Like a tribe of blindness, in a park.

Out i was and was i out...
Never to be, and all about.

See what fury hath a coconut tree? ...
To subconsciously, set me free.

On the morrow' that i should awaken...
I'll be dead wrong, sadly miss-staken.

After the hospital stay, I'd partake, in a feast of Pork 'n Beans...
I just hope, that while i was out, that no one, stole, any o' my spleens.

What's that, you say? ...
I only have one today?

Oh well...

That must be a sea-shell, I smell?

Can one smell the ocean's best?

Are clams considered seafood's best?

Can a baby be expected to be nursed by coconut's milk? ...

Does every Mermaid, have shiny hair of silk?

This, to you, I must now, show...

Here I am, away, I go!

Bye!

Hope I don't die?

Michael Gale

An Every Day Occuring Mis-Spent Painfilled Arthritic Day.

An aching body racked with pain...
Shows off it's negativity to life's disdain.
Pain does shoot through out this body's own frame...
This pain is sharp as a fast spreading flame.
Soreness in neck and back and hips...
Brings forth an ouch! delivered from these own two lips.
I walk bent over from side to side...
Arthritis in this body, from others, this pain is hard to hide.
A gait walked barely able...
Shows a tenderness of the spine, that's displayed as like a construction crane's
own broken, snapped cable.
This walk is as if taken, while walking softly on a ground of eggs...
The only helping amnesiac of the brain and body's pain, consist's
of only a beer filled keg.
Too many pills, that which are all daily swallowed...
Is a constant reminder, of what is medically allowed.
A prayer sent up to Heaven, is what should be sent..
Finally-many days in pain, was my body, well too often angrily
spent.
Pain and a sorrowed anger is usually the daily spent, meth'...
Which will only end in my much yearned, ever wanting, final day's ending death.
No more saddened, painful-pill popping days...
No more painful suffering ways.
This is the final peaceful end...
Ah, at last-Amen!

Michael Gale

An Oasis Of The Heart.

He was a love thirsty camel, on his way to the oasis of love...
Thirsting for love, like rain, in a cloud, high up above.

Where would this vagabond of the heart, dare to land? ...
Would he become trapped in the pitfall, of a relational ship's-sand?

Would that camel finally arrive at his oasis to bask? ...
Into the land of love, to always ask?

Why has love, deserted me? ...
Why do I travel, so miserably?

Lonely of heart, did he waste...
Lost in his travels of unchastened haste.

Would he at last, meet his mate? ...
He'd at last, greet and taste his love sandwich, oh, so great.

Michael Gale

An Ode To Edgar.

B'hind one chamber door...
Lied a poet's heart tendered sore-
Ever-more, evermore-
Saddened sore-
Ever-more.

Some might deem him, statured as short...
One life well ended.

uneventfull sport...
unlived shortest-
Evermore, evermore.

'The Raven'...
The imaginative poetical haven.

Michael Gale

An Unfit Economical War Of Worsened Times.

Inflational economy...
Is rising high as in the proverbial Astronomy.

The housing crash is running away as if on the lam...
The Federal Reserve is nothing more than an over charging of
interest's.
What a stupid, silly illegal scam.

Let us just ask for the money to be refunded by the dirty oily Iraq...
Since the time of rebuilding caused by our attack.

For these people of the Middle East, have oil profits they really should spend...
Why not, after all, by us, we've too much money did exhaust
to them to defend.

Why should we be forced to remain a broke and needy country of the poor? ...
By this unholy, costly, evil war?

Gas prices make us dependant to all them dirty Sheiks...
Just ask yourself, you mighty U.S.,
Shall i next to bend over and spread your roundly and dirty cheeks?

The bear will enbattle the flying eagle...
Until the second appearance of His Holy and Royally being as one so loving and
Regal.

The Devil will be tossed into the fiery pit...
We'll all be good and foregivenly fit.

We shall then be with our Heavenly Father way up above...
For over a thousand years and eternally more, with him, we'll share His love.

Michael Gale

An Unheard Voice In The Winds Of Unchange...

An unheard voice in the winds of unchange...
Help ushered out only if heard within proper range.

Does this seem so very strange? ...
Are ye held captive like in a, animalistic mangle?

How to get out? ...
Quick, look out and shout.

Wave about? ...
Get rid of that lout.

Get away...
Have a better best rest of your life like day.

Begone...
Bygone!

Bye-bye!
My, oh-my.

Me oh my...
Aye yuy!

Do or die...
Bye-bye!

Michael Gale

An Unpalatable Life.

Pain i was dished...
Torment, was i spent.

Torture was i lent...
resentment, was i freely regretted.

These are ingredients of a well pained life...
Baked with many years of well ripened strife.

This stale, unsweetened cookie was hardened stiff..
It was indigestible with an accompaniment odor to sniff.

A life, really crummy...
Meted out, by some, idiotic, dummy.

Always, were they swearing...
Constantly, never caring.

Michael Gale

An Unplanned Love Never Doth Sway That Fine Day Of April Or May.

A walk around the park of the ever loving heart...
Brings back to thee mine ever loving romantic sweetheart.

I met her one fine spring day down b'tween love avenue and ever green
sweethearts lane...
Let me to you to try to of this love story -explain.

She is my wife...
My loving beautiful life.

She fell for me with my smile of no denial...
She called me cutie-That woman of mine-That ever loving beauty.

We met as if on by a lark...
Tis true my sweet-Our eyes met first time in the man's natured filled park.

She calls me from work with stories of being lonely...
She has my heart-My one and only.

She loves to smell flowers after fresh April showers...
She holds me enslaved to her enfavoring powers.

Why do i love her so most ever much? ...
She i depend on most-She be's my emotional loving crutch.

Flowery daisy's petals assemble to her nose for an odorus inspection...
Happy were i if i were chosen to be running for her office of affection-
Happy only if i had won her heart's ever wanting and lonely election.

A kite that rode the wind currents in the park one day...
Resembled my rising devotion and love for her to rise and leave this stratosphere
and hemesphere for her this one day's well traveled
journey must stay.

A burning desire will keep us both forever together...
Our twosomed love shall always adhere to each other's to never end
to the mistraveled land of 'Never Never'.

A dismal sadness shall enshroud me in it's darkened saddened
evil shroud...

Only if i allow it to become real will i fall defeated to it's ever darkened grey black
cloud.

This shan't never to happen...
Cannot ever to ever be allowed.

A heart fast love remains unchanged...
Forever held still as weighted as chained.

Sweet forgiveness of sweet one mine...
Hope to remain as yours-Sweet of thine.

Michael Gale

An Unresulted Flight, Or Fancy.

Langrid sparrows astride of the river wide...
Flapping to seem tireless, flapping wind current's ride.
Stopped to rest upon a tree's branch extended...
Saved of heart, renewed to a new refreshed start.
Voyage of flight, once more uninterrupted...
Destiny is fulfilled when destination is finally met.
Now to rest and live, until the cycle is reset...
Awwwww Shiiiit! ! , 'not again? '
A renewed, begin.

Michael Gale

Ancient Breezes Of Innocence.

Ah yes-Ancient breezes of innocence...
That comes it's course to freeze us fright.

All through the darkened dreary night...
Until, dawn's first light.

Beyond the grave of deathly might...
Beyond all help of precaution ed hindsight.

Recouped flexes of the naught ed sigh...
Horror's shock of heightened by.

Regress the say, the bright lit day...
Among the dead, long freed from the ligament 'I say'.

Reapprochement of sacrificed beings tonight...
Storms lightening roared too bright.

Darkest cries of the shrieking din...
Brings about to all the festering sin.

The sad and forlorn empty house of ushered silences
Of the ego's and ids....
Faltered hearts do unto thy miserable bids.

Michael Gale

Ancient Calls To Man's Wars By Trumpets Of Wasted Woes

Ancient horns sound the trumpet's wars...
Across great divides of landscaped shores.

Avast ye days of man's despites...
Ritualized war like behavior dislikes.

Anger from man to men of country's longing for wars...
Detestment of others as greed ignites hatred inflamed as peace abhors.

Spears are tossed as arrows of flames burn and ignite...
Destroying all hope of quiet peaceful nights.

Man must conquer his brother in arms...
Not even calm thoughts or evened tempers may extinguish
perditions of greed and envy that sweeps about great piles that hurt and harm.

Clearness of thinking can only be birthed through the teachings of God...
Jesus Christ was our teaching tool and a most holy rightful Godly lightning rod.

To strike us down in brain's denial...
T'will enable us in our judgement day's final trial.

For God will judge us all on judgement day...
For from our sins of play that most passed erred of ways that fateful final day.

Will we be reunited with God way up in Heaven's kingdom? ...
Forgiveness of sins will seem useless if we do not change our
ways and confess our belief in Jesus Christ that died on the cross
and has arisen.

Our place will be next to God, will it not be? ...
Yes it will, if we are sorry for our sins, and have as God and Jesus,
our own loving belief in he, and the son of he.

Michael Gale

Angel'D Hands, That Lift Us, Home.

As Angel'd hands lift us up to Heaven, above the golden Dawn...
All will be at ease, from our trip, long after, from loved ones, we are gone.

We send down to them our loving wishes, for them to be happy and at peace...
After suffering down there, is at last... over-

We now rent in the house of Jesus, and from God, the best Kingdom, we do lease

Michael Gale

Angelic Wings, Sent To Me.

Angel, your wings shone on me...
Brightly lit wonderment of your shine.

Your ways hath been good to me...
Since the day-You shine.

Belated arrival at your door...
May thy weather, doth explore.

Angel, angel please shine on ye...
Make me admonished most yet be.

Yon smiling wings hath spread...
Mirth filled deep inside my head.

You were an angel sent to me...
In my heart, you'll be-for thee.

Michael Gale

Angels Or Lucifer The 'Prince Of Sin'.

Angels are the warriors of the good of heart...
From beginning and the end of start.

Our winged wonders safeguard our mortal host's...
They are God's agents that help us most.

From beginning of time were they to fight the Devil...
They had heads t'were smartly level.

Swords were thrust upon all the bad...
Betrayed was God-renigged and sad.

Lucifer was not happy being told...
He was jealous of God and wanted to be known as one 'lo bold.

Lucifer started a war that he could not win....
That is why he is known as 'The Prince of Sin'.

Lucifer, the userper was fallen from grace...
Down below doth he rule and live in a well heated of place.

Michael Gale

Another Commentary(Octo-Mom, Should Be Denied, Welfare.)

This mother that is in the news lately, should be denied welfare by our government...Since-she had the twins, after already having six.

This, no good mother, is the mother of fourteen kids...

Her life, really and morally-Hit the guttering skids!

She is sick. All her kids are on welfare checks...

Today, people are getting laid off from jobs...

If denied, welfare, she'd be forced to get off her pregnant, fat ass, and get a job.

She should have been going to a vocational school, instead of getting egged onto welfare.

Talk about, being friggin' lazy and crazy.

Michael Gale

Another Quote From Me.

A wise man,
suffering from a
bad case of
athlete's feet,
never walks in
the fields,
where he
grows his
vegetables,
that he plans
to eat.

Michael Gale

Apart We Left With No Love And No Honor

Oh faltered heart you break so free...
Love for rejection saddens thee.

Down to one knee doth fast i go...
To loving omens to yee i gladly do show.

When'st speakest truly for thee mine feelings...
Always an ever broken love through misunderstood dealings.

Of mine heart ye need to examine and stare...
To see as clearly for you that i truly doth care.

T'ween thy rapid rides of love's river speed...
Up and yonder down as given thy heart felf deed.

You will to raise to thine own birth'ed seed...
Sprouted only through times wasted of heart ached
sorrow and it's evil of times divorce raised decreed.

Apart we wandered down a most sorrowed road...
Heart break as fro' each other fro' much heated tempered words that hate and
evilly goad that we thoughtlessly showed.

At the divorce court's my heart did break as bleed...
For all that spiteful hate that led to yon selfish greed.

Of my hands for you i gladly wash away a bad dirty marriage, with holy waters
that cleanse in bath's...
Now as we go our seperate path's.

There is no looking back...
No love but hate with a forgiveness that sadly doth lack.

Michael Gale

April Wined My Heart To Thee.

Days of may, or April wine...
Air as freshened by yee, thine.

Hold on softly as by choice...
Happy heart does well rejoice.

Beauty's face does well adorn...
T'will you be my happily instilled
Smiling, loving reborn-morn'.

Does heart do welcome
This love so far...
Forever more, you'll be
my star.

Michael Gale

Are A Vampire's Teeth Totally Pointless?

What be the point of the vampire's teeth? ...

Sinking down, way beneath.

Beneath, are these pointless teeth...

Not to chew, or even eath.

Blood dribbles down a languid flood bathed in colors of red...

What else may even be said of the dead?

Dribble, drop, splay and droop....

Look very closely at the goop.

Veins only rich in satiny color...

Mostly is the flesh so a whitely palor.

The undead wander through many years passed...

No more friends to talk the time of last.

From one neck as to the other...

No more friends-Not even a brother.

Lonely life does fly by night...

Long lonely nights of deadly fright.

Victims keep on piling into a bloodless heap...

To live on as lies become so cheap, to instill in others a feeling of creep.

No work is wanted or needed by thee...

Everything else is pointlessly free.

Now at last comes to head this unholy vamperalic hour...

Evil dread, while yielding so much raw and unequalled measuring, as in state of power.

Michael Gale

Are You A Cussing, Mustering Custer?

Is fiction nonfiction of fictional fact? ...

Do these facts change the mission that may be right on tracked.

Is this of a fictitious trait? ...

Cannot we, to this subject, to just fix up, and do change to straight?

Could this be thought nonfictional at best? ...

Are these real words aimed at the English languaged true test?

Is this, that you can muster? is this your saddened best? ...

Do you or i, feel like General Custer?

Going outnumbered, to meet and fight the rest?

Michael Gale

Arise-Rise-Arise.

Rise, rise and unashamedly arise....
Out of the scattered ashes out of place, rise!

We must no longer tolerate the disrespect of man to man...
We must rise to the unmarked station.

We must strive to be the most united of a nation...
No proliferation, no decimation.

Rise my brothers and sisters whole...
We must rise to our misfortuned goal.

We must unite on this faltered spot...
We've alot to gain, lest be we not.

Rise like the Arc angel of death and retribution...
Arise to rise even higher to famous infamation,
Raise our tasks to our unamissed information.

Destitution...
Institution...
Resolution...
Final desolution.

No solution...
Only death.
Only strife...
No life.

No life at all...
Our predestined final fall.

Hard crashed...
Hard-At all.

Michael Gale

As A Swan Song'Ed Fodder, Beats It's Breast.

As the Swan song'd father beat it's breast....
Strike the main sail-bold of test.
Hasn't thy verbaged, done as told? ...
Like'nd the rest....Of ancient old.
Sparks fly west of Angel Pass...
Ne'er be slowed, by roughened class.
Spent many days upon yon boat...
Over worked calloused hands, do pull and tote.
Fish smells permiate an arid nosed stall...
Banging of drums tensely, for one, won final last call.
Harken thy words of unfiltered cell...
The grasping of word's meanings, often'd-talked and tell.
Seagulls flutter about ocean's unbother...
Deadly tossed to sea, one sunken, as odder.
Waves flash to surface-it's murky dark offer...
Dwindling front of thee, the binding destined coffer.
Bubbles surface from sunkened best...
Long have at thee, a treasured test.
Barnicles scrubbed and massaged-to bottomed boats...
Hulls done touched, by sea's darkened tempest's notes.
Avast years squandered away on less...
Many downed by pirate's greed, for treasured chest.
Dinghies of pearls, swim aloft of virgin's best...
Sailed days filled with times spent many blessed.

Michael Gale

As He Took Her Hand.

He took her hand into his....
Held tightly as not she to go.

A kiss delivered unto her lips...
As speedily delivered, that she'd quiver.

Against her body had he held...
Her closeness in a sweet perfumed like, heady.

He held her lovingly and gentled, steady...
Stabled truer than the truest Teddy.

Red laced garters and shapely Teddy...
They've entranced him rightly, steady.

For on the morning that he'd lie wide awake...
Remembering how good she looked, for
sure, there be no mistake.

All those curves, displayed in sight....
Brought a smile to his face's, delight.

With a brimming smile fro' ear to ear...
Enjoyed by him, of her curved heart, shaped rear.

Michael Gale

As I Draw Your Lips Deep Into Mine...

As i draw your lips deep into mine...
I want to draw as well your mind in mine.
We should be as a two lovers agreed to heart...
Never to seperate and part.
Your lips are soft as velvety...
My heart doth beat for thee.
Your gaze doth free of me...
All of life's own anxiety.

Breathless of breath doth thee leave me...
Only of yon face so filled with nothing but a rare natural beauty.
I cannot await till next we kiss...
For your lips from me departed, do i miss.
Alas sweet love angel sent down to me from up from God...
You make my soul and heart rock real hard, a hearty healthy love filled nod.
Die, no more to leave me stranded...
A lonely loss, leaves me saddened.

Like a leaf blowing hard from a treeless landscape...
Without your ever lasting self, i'm a saddened, depressed
lifless escape.
Just you now can become my wife...
To fullfill me happily the rest of this life.

Michael Gale

As I Lay, In Sleepless Night.

As I lay here in sleepless night...
Will I dream the dreamed lit fright?

Will this night frighten me scared? ...
Will it remember my sleepless cared.

Will the tiredness, call me scared? ...
Be it wreaking nothing bared.

In my most untrusted being...
Will I blindly miss my seeing?

In the early rising Sun...
Will the terror, remainly run.

Deeper, deepest all night long...
Ingrained beneath my slumbered song.

Had I heard the words, so clear? ...
Had the spectered, to reappear?

Hid by all his whispered words...
Beyond the flight of flightless birds.

As if in that dream lit night...
Of all unholy, terrored sight.

Terrorred sight, be all his grim....
Torn asundered, by his trim.

In his shadowed parlored tricks...
Spent less hours, sleep of six.

Will he come to take me home? ...
Will I rest, before, I roam?

Will that ghost say to me? ...
You'll die dreadfully, unfree!

As I Look Up You Look Down & In This Sight Will Erase A Frown.

Smiling down on one's so loved...
Are other one's loving and loved.

Death can be a mixture of mist of the eyes...
Sadness fallen on a cheek of lies.

I loved you when you walked this earth...
I loved you since your time of birth.

Away you flew from me and maybe even into the moon...
Why so far and why so soon?

I loved the way you spent time down here with me...
You have no idea how much this happiness was that you have sent to thee.

I once a day at least look up at the clouds in heaven...
Hoping against hope that you've remembered my time down here on this earthly haven.

I've miss you so and i'll miss you most....
In memory to you i'll raise my glass and usher a most fond memoried a salute and toast.

For to walk this world without you down here with me...
Will last engraved in my mind until my end of time of all eternity's eternity.

Bless be those who look up and those who look down...
One day they'll meet to forever smile and erase that saddened sorrowed frown.

Michael Gale

As I Walk Thru Life's Field Of Flowers Stumbling Way Down.

So be it ever so grand...

This taste of life seems so boring and blande.

I walk through life's field of flowers stumbling downhill...

Sometimes at

best, i get too much of it and get to feel...

That over flowed feeling, so much to fill...

So far this day at best, life will throw at me a very surprising, hard, unhurdling of an unpassable test.

My life is like being a Dandelion experiencing life coming my way as a very galin', wailin' wind.

Unstoppable by my senses, as a part of me scatter every which way to never to be found and reassembled into my whole being of ego's and traitly ids.

This meadow's assemblage resemble me down to a tee...

An ever lost Bumble Bee flying around, looking to be strong and free.

Michael Gale

As I Waltzed, Amongst Thy Mid, Lit Moon.

I waltzed amongst the midnight blue...
Were I free, were I through?

I slept beneath the mid struck moon....
Was it late or early noon?

I fished amongst the wettest lagoon....
The fish be biting, not too soon.

I watched the stars, amongst the waves...
If I'd slipped, I'd join the graves.

Rehersed of life, was not I good...
Survived the night, if I could?

Amongst the natives, abreached naught bad....
Now remained, I, most bade, sad.

But, for the morn of deafened light...
I must be, the worse off sight.

Michael Gale

As Never Apart!

For art thou entwined in my heart?
Forever more as never apart!
Hither thee, as forward in my thoughts,
For your emotions, has many memories that
thee has done so brought!
Ever and overt, in all my seeing,
Forever in my heart, is your love, and well
being! Ever through life, sharing each
other...Excitement in our live's,
instead of boring one another!
Life is short, so spend it wisely,
In finding each other, life is
spent, ever so nice'ly!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

As Tears Roll Down Cheeks, Softened By Heartfelt Sorrow.

This rosely thorn born of heartbreak's trials...
Begets heated sorrow of heart's denials.
Send breathless love in heated signals...
For the morrow of decadent greet.
Heart well broken fro' deepend deceit...
Tears roll down cheeks so soft.
Reddened only fro' thoughts done
carelessly sent mutedly aloft...
Feelings felt swayed away as frayed.
Worn abreast'd as timely tested...
Heart is lonely, only boldly rested.
Give that chase to heart's own madness...
Give'th saneness to a well calm'd sadness.
Heart anew'd, across thy plane...
Never more sorrowed by facts insane.
I beseach thee to ne'er demote...
Our once'd time of love, embroil'd of hated note.

Michael Gale

As We Sadly Depart For The 'Morrow.

Tis once was hinted at or said
'Parting is such sweet sorrow'...
Sadness well abounds as of the
following next morrow.

Perchance our past meetings were crossed
and led...
For now a well saddened leave t'will accompany me
in fond befriended memories always to live and not to end
or die-

As to ye i do not fib or lie.

Michael Gale

A-Spread Th' Cloaked, Coated Writhe...

A-spread th' cloaked coated writhe...
For thy Lady, Fair the mine.

She crossed the puddles wettest lands...
Only by my trusted hands.

I spread my coat for her to lift on over...
One Fall-Left out October.

Her feet did not to watered land...
To watered land, as not of sand.

Chivalry not be dead of last...
Dead of naught, thy tiny past.

Passed in eons and centuries past...
Begone thy days of ever last.

Ever last of one so faint....
Never be, another Saint.

Michael Gale

Attached To God's, Fingering Ring.

Stars bespeckled full tilted to light...
Reflected well inspiring to all this sight.

Floating by an invisible string...
Attached to God's fingering ring.

As He waves His mighty hand...
A streaking star shoots ever so beautifully by so grand.

As i inwardly but silently, ooh and ah...
I continually cheer and respectfully, rah.

The moon shines forth it's massive beauty...
This in turn causes me to do my admiring duty.

The Heavens awaken, from a nudge, by God...
It now is daylight, by His approving nod.

A master piece has been equated...
By all of Mankind, Through His permission, we are now all related.

From Adam and Eve, has sprung forth Mankind's Family Tree...
From him to me, do we be, by one creator, from He, we be free.

Michael Gale

Autumn's Beautiful Buffet Of Colours.

Autumn's buffet...

To the eyes i devour this day.

The colours golden as harvest's best...

See the new now, bare tree's limb'd nest.

Baby bird chirping cold and hungry in a pile of leaves....

Cat's fulfilling morning breakfast-Aft' the night b'fore's moon drenched eve.

Feathered and decorated kitty-cat's cheeks.

Skinny cat now full after starvation's last, lonely weeks.

Chirp, chirp, no more....

Tweet-tweet-all sore.

The leaves before were colored orange and brown...

Wintery faces of a now unsmiling frown.

Darkened cold days upon the Winter's unharvest...

Nature's way to seuter our happiest bosomed faced breast's.

Michael Gale

Away I Bid This Saddened Heart-Away Went Feelings Not So Smart.

I while away with tunes of love...
I while away so dandy.
I while away with times i love...
I while away with sweetened hearts and
A snifter full of Brandy.
I while away with love go now...
Away the heart goes sorrowed sport.
I push ahead with love so hard...
Enough enow. Away as fled.
Away was i led so lost...
Away was love untidy.
This heart was bled so blind misled.
This heart's love was ever to remind me.
Aching sadness upon thy wind...
That aching soreness was not gladdening.
This hurted matter of thy heart...
Can be so much a scaried maddening.
This sorrowed sad ache grabs my heart...
This movement makes me not too smart.
A tortured heart felt among the start...
Love can be so ungladdened heart.
This morrow of saddened happening.

Michael Gale

Away My Love, Away She Went.

(I've found my wife and this poem is about someone)
(else who has lost their own first true love.)

Aw! Don't cry...
Another one will be right by.

A heart well broken...
Brought about by words unspoken.

Had i let her know real well...
I loved her so, this, i now, do tell.

She walked away from my life...
Never to be-my loving wife.

No more words will be ignored...
With a new found love, i'll not be bored.

She'll see me for, what i am...
We'll be in love, just we, not them.

Along the storm i remained all steady...
My weathered love is now all ready.

We'll get along with one another...
With more love, than from a mother.

Michael Gale

Bad Apples Or Naught?

As I sit Here so very stymied
in a world of wonder and awe....
There behind so remains some
doubts as if the fairness had found
it's call.

I miss the camaraderie of all those
artists in this wonderful, worded art...
Instead I find My friends and
poems are gone and in
Their place is a pain filled heart.

Where are My friends and words
now hath They to unfairly depart?
Did they to hitch a ride....
Upon that horse drawn-apple cart?

Instead in Their stay remains
nothing but a fearsome and
loathing bark...
All hatred filled with nothing but
negativity, perhaps
They'll always to park.

Michael Gale

Bad Feelings.

Sad feelings are like a dime a dozen....
Always, like a prescription, always filled.

Sad feelings do come and go...
To, happy feelings, slow the woe.

Sad times infest to a lot of people, in general...
A blanketed cover that enshrouds them all.

Sad feelings inherit the Earth...
Even, after death, before thy birth.

Depression blackens and darkens the soul...
Until at last, psychologically, we are renewed as whole.

Michael Gale

Bad Misgivings, Of A Sorrowed Depth.

Ears tingling dirty, as if stung...
Hands shaking, halted, to be wrung.

Whispering nothings, of silenced, breath....
Becomings tonight's, sudden death.

Hence forth, my meanderings, of stunted depth...
Forever as ever calling, with bated breath.

On the eve, of sorrowed, misgivings...
Be elated of ego, give out full, blessed, thanks givings.

Michael Gale

Bad Mistakes Of Our Futuring Path's.

Every day is a page of choices, that we choose to read...As we turn the pages into a direction that may only lead to an evil deed.

We enter our, own mistake's 'river quake'...Drowning in our unresurfaceable pooling mistake.

We can't look back, without worrying too much...Or we'll be momentarily, crippled emotionally, by this crutch.

Falling, falling-further down...Flat on our face, upon the ground.

Michael Gale

Baddest, Worst, Of Bloody Luck.

Mish mash from m' mashed tater splash...
Zipity doo dah an a longer longest day.

Tastey morsaled way t' stay...
Git me bucketish mah cash registered pay.

At long last m' most wanted of needed cash...
Jus' ta add ta' mah greedy colorished rash.

Green beans tossed on pizzas' tops...
Git out yer convoluted pukished of mops.

Blagh! ! ...
Yuck! !

Oh piss m' britches as i'm stuck in baddest of bad lucks...
Oh hell, oh shucks!

Let us all hand in hands, upchuck.
Baddest, worst, of bloody luck.

Michael Gale

Bagworms Consuming Appetite For Human Flesh, Is Honestly Fresh.

Lurching bag worms crawl all day in sunlit hour...
Cocooned baggage eat human flesh and sour and devour.
Listen for armed marching of cocooned legions...
Hasten out word to spread outward far and away.
Look out, look out, for this region's lesions...
Hapless souls filled with enlarging fear.
They're coming our way! ...They're coming our way! ...
Flesh falls off bones down onto ground.
Shadows harness sun's retractions...
Brightness forstalls hiding refractions.
Blood laden pools fill up space as like a river of sea...
Darkness is the only defense for hunger's own greed.
Sssshh...Do you hear that thudding grumbling? ...
That bait the bagworm's stomachs just digesting it's days, many
caught victims.
If you cautiously look out from behind a darkened corner, you'll see
it's mawing of flesh, like a fisherman's knifing fillets.
Get out! Get out! Before it's too late!
Hear that acrid sound, accompanied by that putrid odor? ..
Get out! Get out! Fast across the far seeming border!

Michael Gale

Barraged By An Unsteady, Heady, Wind.

Jostling freely in the wind...
Like a kite, precariously.

Riding the winds tide us up and down....
Closer, closest to the ground.

Rippling breezes eases us not...
Not let loosened, easily a-knot.

We are tied and weathered loosely taught...
Trapped between trade winds, and unloose naught.

Michael Gale

Baseball's Fun In The Sun!

With the crack of the bat, baseballs seem to
fly and float over my glove! As i step back
near the wall, this round like orb
approaches furiously from way above!
I take a long jump, and stretch out my
gloved hand, Just a might short of this
warning track, while listening to the
roaring crowd, and it's peanut and hotdog
venders, over to the right of me, in this
noisily stand! I twirl in mid air and make
a spectacular catch, Throwing over hand,
with smooth agility and quickness of speed
to with evenly match! The throw is off to
second base, with a runner on first, A lot
of cheering fans order soda's and beers
to quench their excitement and thirst!
This game is nearly done, Looks like we've
nearly won! This sweet old sport is so much
fun!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Bassets Are Dumb Hounded Bound.

There is a lump upon my ear...
Be glad, as I, that it is not, on my rear.

For, my rear, is dear to me...
Though, my rear, is not cheap or free.

My rear is a, valuable asset...
I once had a dog, that was a type of Basset.

The Basset hounds, can be a dumb type of a breed...
Some people raise dogs to sell, because they are driven by greed.

There is a type of mule, that is called an _ss...
It's true, that it is a donkey, that unlocks, stubbornness.

We be all, stubborn of heart...
Until, the day we be judged, and of this world, that we depart, our part.

Michael Gale

Bats In My Belfrey, Do I Care, Or Stare?

As a lad i tossed up in the sky, badmitton rackets to blind radar's eyes...
Wing'ed rats flew at the long handled rackets-all mixed up in dark night skies.
Fun was to watch them flap their wings and race to catch...
Objects flying past at a speed well matched, fell to earthbound'd, night lit
ground.
Searched for wanted sports like tool...
Easily blind and easily fooled.
Radar went right through a racket's strings...Oh so confusing, these reactions do
bring.
Bats are usually frightening sights...
But not on this darkened night.
Zig zagged and sparodic in direction at night they flew...
I've seen others more ferocious looking, behind thick plated glass, at Brookfield
Zoo.
Caverned dark danky caves are where these furried fox headed looking, winged
rodents hang out...
Screams only confuses them and makes them scatter all about.
Women are afraid bats will get tangled in their hair...
If this would happen-had i would see, I might just snicker and stare, and
hardly even care.

Michael Gale

Be Best This Gifted Vine Lit Flower.

Lo' vinely vine of finely power...
Be best this gifted vine lit flower.

Daintly set beside thy tower....
Lo' this beautied plant lies here and
absorb thy rayes of sun lit tan.

Smell this vinely, vinely flower...
Sweetest smell not be'th sour.

Pick thy prickly sprig...
Pick thee not nor dead wilted twig.

Grown as tall as tall as vine...
Grown again as fine vine wine.

Squeezed like wine t'ween building bricks...
Loosen sparingly as to not do picks.

Daisey petals white as rice...
Yellowed buttonal center smells so nice.

Green stem reaches down to earth...
Since last time of origined old birth.

Winters' freeze will come to wrap...
Wilted in sleep to not soon be awakened to flap or clap.

Yellow fellow in the Southernest wind...
Never to have humanly lived and evilly sinned.

Rain falls to fill your green leafy sails...
Wetter than wettest of slug moving snails.

Michael Gale

Be Happy, Not-Sad.

There are those, who will make you frown...
There are others, who will get you down.

But-Just remember to pick yourself up...
Drink only from, that big happy cup.

For you must only, go on in life...
To take that next step, toward's a time-minus strife.

Beam only light on other's-than self...
Put unhappiness, away, well hid, on that shelf.

Peak only to peek, at all that is good...
Sneak to only, the one, best-neighborhood.

The land of enchantment and happy ends...
Give only to others, God's love, He sends.

Live only, for the times, not sad...
Be not ugly, but-instead, be glad.

Michael Gale

Be Her Heart To Thee Laid Far Off Of Farthest Reach?

Is this bottled up TENSION? ...

Doth drink of spirits help he rescue one or more lonesome maidens?

No courage of heart...

Lips do sip to tendered start.

How may she meet into his lips? ..

Lackly spirited courage of faith.

Bent to will's of her mistake...

I give thy heart to her to take.

Like a long longest rake left out of reach...

To gather to thee her loving's unbreach.

Michael Gale

Be It Will And Be It May.

Be it will and be it may...
Never more to unfurnished dismay.

How doth ye plan out strategy of worn'th heart? ...
Fro' this world doth thy sadly depart.

When'st this sorrow of heart disbands fro thee...
A renewed day fills to me a heart finally spent happily.

Michael Gale

Be It Yet As Once We Met.

This evening soul that must can go....
To trail the nail and scratch thy face.
Fear as is must displace...
To win won race and just to show.
Just to have is as must we go...
For the evening soul that must want know.
What great chance doe'st thee bestowe? ...
Yet what chance yet doe'st thee snow?
We've writ a poem to let thee know...
As of yet do tell we know?
Shall'st we be as if to know? ...
How long to go before be old?
Shall'st we know how and if we be so bold? ...
Thank God Almighty that time done sold.

Michael Gale

Be Not, By He, Our Hopeless Fears.

He washed away our sins, as if by sorrowed tears...
Be not, by He, our hopeless fears.

Beyond all healings by God of high...
Beneath his breathe as blown yon by.

His power will engulf us all...
Make us better, then, better all.

We be judged by others not...
We be saved by powers' God.

For we be loved by God of all...
We shall hear His final call.

He will grant us peace of will...
Of His love will all us feel.

Michael Gale

Be Still, Thy Heart, Of Thine.

I loved her best, as best as mine...
If only she'd be, just thine.

Be just, thy heart of thine...
Only me, and of be mine.

I kissed her quick upon thy grass...
Under that tree, that beautiful lass.

That lass, I held in tender-tight...
Hopefully she, wouldst be my light.

Be my light of stolen heart...
Stolen mine, as to never-part.

Lips of softest touching gift...
Risen me, a sudden lift.

Sudden lift to altered kind...
Love is not, so easily, blind.

Blind to faults that never were...
Never been and not occur.

Yes my faith, is in you now...
I'd be your slave, to ever plough.

Ever plough through things gone wrong...
But for your love, I gave for a song.

For a song, I'd not miss-place...
Your heart for me, in non-disgrace.

Non-disgrace, your trust, did last...
All forgiven, of bad bid past.

Bad bid past by love and strength...
Our love will travel, unmeasured length.

Love united us from afar...
You are the one, the one, by far.

Lips last touched intact-ed pact...
Packed in each, to last, in act.

Michael Gale

Beam Me Up Or Just Gim'Me Some Jim Beam Ta' Make Me Smile As Gleam.

Beam me up or give some Jim Beam...
That may well be my dream of cream.
Give that booze such a well drawn
upon chug a lug, luggin' of the good ole' jugs...
With a boozened drunkness, who needs or
wants deadly drugs?
In my shot glass, i'd better
not come upon any cock roaches or bugs...
And from my bottle or jug, i'll unloosen
the cork or plugs.
Buzz me up for my well liquored buzz...
When i drink, i'm happily, mentally fuzzed.

Michael Gale

Bearded Man And His Stove Top Hat To Freedom.

In civil war of brother against brother...

There came a man in bearded face to slavery's wanted erase.

In times of war of mother country in history man takes his violent place...

Of man's own violent ways he cannot ever face.

Freedom of man is his own precise...

That factual fact he must come to realize.

War of man is a maddening disease...

Still the fact that needs to cease.

Ole Abe Lincoln fed the flames of freedom's train...

Equality of woman and man should forever on our heads to fall and rain.

Michael Gale

Beats This Heart...

Beats this heart inertly off't...
Neath that beat, so densely soft!

Never seen a shuddered lock...
A silenced gun, be one a Glock?

Bestilled that unsilenced clock...
That beating one, still in shock!

Beat this heart woefully slow...
Final beat, so tenured, Woe.

Michael Gale

Beautied Flowers, Of Hill And Dales.

Amongst the flowers, in hill or dale...
Beyond all valleys, never pale.

Their flowered beauty stares back at me...
It inhabits my heart so tenderly.

Mine eyes did focus at beauties sight...
Of all of Nature's peace-filled, might.

Upon my heart to lend a see...
No other beauty, shall I ever want most, be.

Above all else that sighted, I...
Of flowing beauty, shall my eyes, not all else, deny to spy.

Waters flowing in cascading falls...
To mine Dear heart, doth summons, as calls.

A jumping Trout, reaches to sky...
It's rain bowed hue, but yet, not dry.

Yet not dry as fluidic peril...
Sings to eyes to hearts a'carol

Michael Gale

Beauty Drew, As Eye, In You.

A gentle kiss, upon thy lips...
Sent by air, an amorous wisp.

This wispy wisp, denied thy grasp...
Yon sudden appearance, my breath, hath gasp.

A heart beat fast, now take to break...
Ever since, yon beauty, eye take.

Eye take you in and breath away...
Breath away, yon beauties way.

Yon beauties way, that wished i stay...
To while away, this day, i say.

This day i say yon beauty due...
To my heart, you due my do.

I do my due, sadly, minus you...
Minus you, I'd d'rather few.

I'd d'rather few, as within you too...
Within you too, i am now, to do.

Now to do, as with by you...
With by you, not, want to do.

Gain of sighted beauty drew...
Beauty drew, as eye, in you.

Michael Gale

Beget, Regret, Disloyal Sway...

Beget, regret disloyal sway...
Beyond all greed, of greed, this day.

Manly greed, stings all men...
Be this one, the one's, all sin.

How frozen, be man's left, unpardoned, guilt...
Of all the men, and woman's, blood, spilt.

Delay, the guilt, leased life...
Pray up to God, for less strife.

Michael Gale

Begone Fro' Thy Life, Like Thy E'Ee'R Departing Dawn.

Oh honey-your words hurt me so! ...
They hurt me more than a rampaging stampeding herd of Buffalo.

Those words, they hurt so much...
They stung me worse than your hurtful threatening verbal like touch.

You said you loved me and then you sent me away...
Our love of each other will no longer stay.

Only saddest memories adhere to my mind...
These memories wound my heart and makes my heart's vision of love once well seeing, but now only hurtfully blind.

I can no longer dream of happier times...
This is your fault, these are yours, as to me as well, your long remembered like crimes.

This heart of mine, now only hurts, and sadly only aches as bleeds...
This long lasting war of words, only to me, enables sad memories of pain, and grief, that only surfaces and breeds.

Sorrow by me only stains in my life...
Since you've left me, as your spiteful hating wife.

Those pains of arrows aimed solely at my heart...
Were left by you, to invade my lifely every being and part.

Life is no longer worth living...
Since the time of your hate filled giving.

We no longer can stand the sight of each other...
The thought of us ever being together is our both shared feelings of one most angered type of one druther.

We must now move on apart as two ships no longer passing...
The long hurting aches were far longer always accumulating and amassing.

We are now far from each other's hateful, as detesting from love...
We have now outgrown for another our feelings as like in an outgrown worn out

glove.

Those stitches have for a long time began to tear...
Just to show to us and others our unwillingness to love and care.

Others have for a long time have only been able to wonder and stare...
At the once loving and now hate for each other the feelings so not found, and
rare.

Death now only beckons to me, as easily more than i dare to breathe...
A final farewell to life do i dare and bequeath.

So long once loved woman of mine...
No longer doth thy, be able, to treat thineself, as ever lowly crawling and hated
as swine.

Ye, begone! ...
I command thee, like thy e'ee'r returning and shinning dawn.

Michael Gale

Being Racial Should Be Disgraceful.

Being racial should be disgraceful...

Well, no shit Sherlock!

What'ta freakin' shock! ...

No brains? They must be a Jock.

In this fact a lotta people should not be in shock..

Name callin' should just be for the birds.

Name callin' should be of a many illegal forbiddenly used words...

People who call names should be largely known as 'Dirty Tirds'.

Michael Gale

Belittling People Can Make Someone Feel Unjustly Superior.

Does it make you feel good when you belittle someone? ...

Does it make you feel happy as if, at their expense, you have fun?

Does making fun of someone, make you giddy and happy? ...

Knowing well, that you make them, feel crappy.

Saying the nastiest comments to a complete stranger...

Makes you in the end, an often name calling, and demeaning verbal uttering deranger, roving ranger.

Why don't you just get off your tall, tall horse? ...

So that you may, in the end, mount the real well proper moralic course.

You need to get up and become that rightful, righteous rider...

So, at the end of the day, you may or might possess learn-ed, an education and be installed, and be a self righteous moral pride provider.

Michael Gale

Beneath This Tear, And Ached, Grass.

This tear shaped heart, that weeps for thee...
A chamber, sad, yet, longingly.

Along the miles, that had I spent...
Along denial, that way, I went.

Along the ways, gone awry...
By my, leave, by the bye.

Oft this heart, cried a tear...
For one love, never near.

Beyond the ways, left by me...
Be this, broken heart, emptily.

Abruptly, I sped away...
Sadder, than that, dawn, spent day.

Never, I, to return back, to thee...
A fond farewell, greeted ye.

Alas-alas...
I've made my pass.

Buried, beneath the, greenest grass...
Bid farewell, to my honey-lass.

Michael Gale

Bereft Deafness Of Heart.

Behold, great silenced mute...
Devoid of emotion's own,
reverent-Beaute, Brute.

Amassed largeness of size? ...
Beyond reaches, this, prize.

Truest of hearts...
Tamest of self hidden
And burdsomest, parts?

Forever, bereft, in lonesomest, stress? ...
Forelornley Thy most, obnoxious this, mess?

Michael Gale

Bested Lesson Of Lessen Thy Strife.

Deplete and replenish...
Desolate and diminish.
Harken as to thy heart...
Quickened to brain as
sharpened thy smart.
Slacken thy hold as done
by thy wife...
Bested lesson-lesson o' strife.
I bid thee speak...
I bid ye tell.
Does ominous oven'th of
womb grow and swell? ...
Does one babe bi-lovingly tri-birthed?
Is this baby's soul diversely perged fro' deepened unearthed? ...
Inflamed glowering eyes of darkest blackish nights.
Tis' other eviled vile creatures that creates unsuspecting images
of horrifying invoking of frights...
Relinquish thy hold on mere mortal man.
Devil will throughout world history-Say and honestly, plan
and replan for sake of Devil's evil own inherited clan.

Michael Gale

Betrayal

Your mouth might open wide, to haunt and hurt this heart...
It surrounds to all it's alienating fringe, to choke and hurt it's part.

It easily forgives when corrupted upon, but rarely can survive...
All the hurt from Your words to cut and shear, for sure, remain
Myself to revive...

This mouth that seems to maim, to ego's solid might...
Inflamed in total Irony, of Ire's only plight.

If at all, We might to easily or harshly as stubbornly, heal...
From those words in arrows, sharpest in it's feel.

The pain, the pain that was hurled uneasily to abstain....
Shall reach across from time's one own timed,
in zone as dripping, stain.

A stain of red, just like a bloodiest broken heart...
As We now enjoy, all It's saddest, hued, en-dart.

Pointed all the way, to never sway and start...
Be this hurting thing, this broken, broke down, heart.

You never knew of what You said, I'll never be naive...
The love that grew from deep within, shall never seem to leave.

But in it; s empty spot, shall be a place to hide...
To mourn upon this rock, that rubs until, it's died.

It's died it's died, in lying state, torment...
The bloodied stain has not yet dried,
Until it's emptied and echoing-lament.

Sorrow is the story which leaks out, as through a pipe...
Be this broken line, rotting softest, as softest wined as-ripe.

The pain, this pain which leaves Me not...
Ever more does be this pain, as pained as if I've got.

Upon tomorrow's awakening do I strive to silent, be....
Freer than the liar, beneath that sin filled tree.

Will I ever land to the hills so utter free? ...
Will I ever be, the one so happily?

At long last, will I tend to be...
That one and only one, once loved so tenderly.

Michael Gale

Better Off, As Dead, And Died.

No one can or may see deep within my mind....
All of them, those unseeing people, might as well be totally blind.

My soul goes unobserved on this planet of long lonely solitudes...
No one ever sees, in the many, unnumbered multitudes.

I am my own lost souless depressioned of men...
So sad, too bad, narily a minisculed amount of sin.

I wander constantly in many a mile...
This in truth, there is no denial.

Remanent of man's own pride...
Better off as dead and died.

Michael Gale

Beware Of Jack The Stripper!

Here is a story about Jack The Stripper...

He turned many female heads, than He'd grab them in such a heady hypnotizing steel held gripper.

Paws of steel...

For very horny women, He be the real romantic deal.

For a kiss, They would steal...

For all his admiring stares, They would feel.

Around the stage would He sashay...

In front of them, would He dance and put on display.

His sexual prowess, then lure them in...

One by one, they met their end.

By a knife of steel, not tin...

The screaming was silenced by a muffled din.

A quick slit to the throat...

Drowned them selves victims as well.

In the death laid en boat...

To put it lightly, That is all She wrote.

Now there is an APB, out on old Jack the Stripper...

The women's bodies have mounted and piled up, more in number, than the original Jack The Ripper's!

Death is every where...

Beware Jack The Stripper, over here, or over there

Michael Gale

Beyond All, Of Heaven's Tears.

Beyond all, of Heaven's tears...
In skies many voices sigh
A long list of prayers and fears.

Crying heard of children's voices...
For all innocent happily, many, rejoices.

Clouds rolled by, those not known...
Nothing more, nothing-shown.

For all who succumb, to one's, whom seem, divine...
Nothing accentuated, only, stunned-sublime.

Alas, tears flow freely, streaked in line....
Through perseverance, only-by it's only, design.

Michael Gale

Beyond The Cross, Was He Raised.

Beyond the cross, of Holy, raised....
Defend God's call, by us all, that's praised.

God's Son, did climb, fast, and highest, to it...
For, by God's words, were He destined, due it.

Talk about, the highest love...
For His Fathering, one above.

Nails were the coins, spent, to last...
For our sake, of future's forsaken, and past.

He was arisen, on a day, numbered three....
To grant you and I, a Heavany passage, as free.

For without Jesus, to save our souls...
We'd be doomed an eternity, in Hell and it's holes.

Michael Gale

Beyond This Tortured-Tutored Pain.

These days that thunder on by...Leaves me saddened as I tend to die.

Whilst I lie in a state of still...Will thy will, be it's shrilly thrill?

Begin I soon to venture by...Begin my journey that thus must lie.

Where after hath I went...How ever shalt I be spent.

My time is now at once upon me...Until my death beyond me be.

Will's ye be as done thy free? ...A flowering flowered grown to see.

A seedling bent unto the wind...A feeding of the well wished friend.

Heart ached sharp as to thy heart...This pain felt now, to else seen part.

Lessons of this tutored be...Be to thee, the one due thee.

Michael Gale

Big Expectations-1998.

The young lad eyed her beauty...
She had his undivided attention,
and his duty.

Their eyes met in Love's embrace...
Danced in heart, not disgraced.

Tongues met in gay a peril...
No sadness here, of the
clipped wing sparrow.

Fountained water splashed about...
No hatred here, love enthused, tomorrow.

They danced around the room, so grand...
To the rhythms and beat of the band.

His paint brush did her right...
Together they spent amid the night.

She eyed the painting of her smile...
Her beauty displayed, no denial.

She left his place, away her side...
She told to him, nothing, as she lied.

To Paris, was she unleashed upon...
He deceived, again, the con.

Beers devoured among sad seas...
Heart break, his disease.

Pained ticker, cracked all wide...
Buried deep, hidden pride.

One man art show, in New York...
Faster he flew, faster than a stork.

Will the two love starved kids reembark? ...

Will their hearts share the garage's
permit to park?

Will they share the night, until late dark? ...
Is her spoiled ways, enshrouded in dark?

Will he, for her, in his heart, eternally burn? ...
Will he a-wisen, and even learn?

Of his heart, will she spurn? ...
Will his love like an Ivy, spread and hang?

Will she, at last, receive his theory of Big Bang?
Will she at last, reply in amazement-Dang! ?

The actress in name of Gwenneth Paltrow...
Had a role as a spoiled one, who be very narrow and shallow.

Michael Gale

Big Tobacco!

Cigarettes and big tobacco companies have
lied to the public, Instilling addictive
ingredients into this long, thin, white,
paper like object! Magazine ads were
to be seen everywhere, The money was spent,
but, nobody cared! These ads were pulled, at
a much later date, The general consumer's
health just did not matter, death was their
fate! The cost was large, that did'nt matter,
Big tobacco's profits made those CEO'S,
wallets, so much the fatter! Eventually, later,
law suits ensued, Big tobacco apologized,
All profits were screwed! 8-11-2005.

Michael Gale

Bigger Teen Boobs Seem To Be On The Most Wanted List's.

Bigger biggest of the teenaged girls wants are boobs done by plastic surgery...
To mom and dad those teens might lie to and commit minor perjury.

Anything to get their way...
Any way to grow by the very next day.

Vanity of one's body...
Demands higher standards not too drabby or too shabby or too shoddy.

'Please mom, can i get bigger boobs? '...
My looks were not fortunate to be predestined and preselected
through a laboratory's brand new test tubes.

God to them may seem rude and mean...
Just because they were not born with many a good gene.

Looks are now the greatest demand....
With the slice of the knife is what they do command.

As long as mommy and daddy have all that good money...
Those rich brats won't have to go on looking silly and real funny.

Though these teenaged girls do not know all the complications and dangers...
That may come from going to doctors that are unknown or uneducated
and undiploma'd strangers.

So-next time your daughter comes to you for the ways and means to get boobs
that are that much bigger...
You the parent, need to do your homework, to guarantee their safety
is not doomed to be buried by a lying ", that is well blamed for your daughter's
very own 'Mister grave, digger-digger'.

Michael Gale

Bikini'Ed Gravitease.

With tongues a'waggin' down at the beach...
Thonged bikini's admired by men's eyes just a'stetchin' to reach.
Telescopic eyes do wink and a'flutter...
Men stare on like wolfish types, that are a pack's own eviled like
brothers.
Roundly mounds of bubbling flesh, tend to over flow over a tightly held bikini
bra'ed potted container...
When one femaled torso is top heavied and proportionately gifted,
Nothing may constrain her-Since her chest is so highly lifted.
Whiplashed necks react to the cracks from the quickened neck's stare...
Staring at well endowed women can take a well thought out care.
Jiggle, jiggle, thunder and roar...
It's only time until those magical round orbs bustle and soar.
Now that is what i call the bare gravetease...
To thine eyes, i do well welcome, these paired dueled cones, well do
please.
My groinaled area, is no longer at ease.
The female form do hold my eyes...To this bare fact, there is no disguise.
The large hootered lady can hold my attention...
I am most certainly held in a trance like erection.
This surfboard that's stiffened as in between my legs...
Will forever more, spray out like full shaken beer kegs.
Hour glass shape i do so love...
I wish to feel, as a tight fitting glove.

Michael Gale

Biography Of Few Words Indeed. Too Slow-No Need.

Just a guy....
So few words.
What been said? ...
Am i alive?
Or am i dead? ...
Closed top secret.
Secret held within...
Do i worry?
Or do i win? ...
Private as private.
What be in head? ...
Nothing much.
Of this i dread....
Gotta go.
No more show...
No more talk.
Of this i know...

Michael Gale

Birds Are Such A Useless Critter.

Birds on telephone lines and tree limbs a'twitter...

A bird can be a beautiful and at the same time, a bothersome critter.

I have to ashamedly admit, that when i was a wee bit younger...

I witnessed a bird, tird on a very young boy accompanied by his mother.

Splatt! Right on his head and hair...

From up above-How does the bird-he dare?

Does that flapping, flying critter really care? ...

Nope! , i think not...

The infallable culprit.

Look as he caws 'Not i, i- not! '

With a smirk on my face...

I be, a guiltless (Disgrace) .

But, at the time, i really thought it, to be real funny...

As a scene- in a movie- It would cammand lots'a money.

You shoul'da seen the look on his very quizzical face...

Where did that big blob of white come from, up in the sky? ,
is why and where, and high, that skyly place.

His mother reached into her purse for a kleenex or even a hanky...

The bird-that cad! What a dirty pranky!

To this day, i think to myself, that there will always be, such a useless, utter critter...

That sits atop tree limbs or power lines, always a-goin' a'twitter.

Michael Gale

Birth.....

A timely time of past misdeeds...
To one and all-In mind of former creeds.

How does one come up to mind? ...
At conceptual time we get in a long, long line.

Michael Gale

Bit By The Love Bug, Under The Moon Light.

A moon all bright that filters down to Earth...
In all it's light, Love's own birth.

A birthing feeling of awing of heart...
Of love for another, that does, never depart.

Feelings to share...
Of one, to care.

Romance shining, from darkness ed, night...
Always, there, beautifully-bright.

Love, oh love, ever to flight...
Kiss to me, my love-goodnight.

This once lone heart, now beats in refreshed breath, just taken...
On purpose, instead of chance, last taken.

Purposeful of heart, as if in thought...
Thankfully of you, to me, fate had brought.

Moon beamed mist's of spray laid down to me...
Love full bloom, hap-ply, set me free.

Now my life anew of Love's own plight....
Caring all the more, happily sent, delight.

Beyond all caring, for Love's own-fight....
This war of the heart, to me, won, right.

God's prayer by me, requesting banishment of
the alones, of love....
By the power of the moon, and from, mighty He has, above.

This once one broken shattered heart....
At last for now, can relive, and start.

Look at this heart, finally learn to jump, pump, jump...
At last, by God, will, it successfully pump.

This, one last, happy ending....

Stays close to thy heart, and always of feelings, after, sending.

This love will always stay so tight...

Tighter than the tightest wallet, looking to spend.

Oh so tight...this love, so bright.

No darkness of heart shall encloud me tight...

Good night sweet love-good night, this night.

Michael Gale

Bite Me, No No No More...You'LI Make Me Sore.

Bite me...

Bite me fast.

Bite me hard and make it last.

Bite me behind the counter...

Bite me and make me yell louder.

Bite me and and spread the blood...

Bite me and reveal the blood too red.

You did not bite me, and so good bye...

I'll poke you in the eye and hope you die.

If you kiss me off will i, rip your lip...

No! no! , no more slobber, no death grip, i'll

hurt you so bad-you'll become a crip!

03-07-2006'.

Michael Gale

Blessed By God!

Christ is blessed as are His sheep,
In our heart's we wish to keep.
Love to men, and women in his name,
Changing our ways of mankind's shame.
Sin, and meanness has led us astray,
The Lord's preachings are here to stay!
As forgiveness and love melds into our
hearts,
Hoping as always, Man's sins does departs!
God's word is His eternal promise,
Believed by believers, except by a
doubting Thomas!
Of those unwilling to believe and heed,
Of themselves, they only succeed to
deceive!
God's love is here to stay,
Forever blessed by God this day!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Bliss Filled Ignorance

These ends which end to mete.
Full scaled retribution.
Only in ignorance.
Can Man appreciatively understate.

For only pity can righteously abstain.
From all non shapely Man.
For how else can one ignore.
More ideas than one abhor-ed?

Michael Gale

Blistered Spirit, Love's Delight.

Blistered spirit of thy kiss...
Never altered, as I miss.

Miss the sting of love's own light...
Slapped to heart, pained as might.

Love's arrows, missed in flight...
I miss my baby, all day-night

Michael Gale

Blisters Might Heal-But.....

Blisters might heal, but in the
end scars are the memory of
great pain and sorrow.

Michael Gale

Bloody Echoes, Of A Silenced Heart.

The splash of blood, echoed off my skin...
In droplets, spilled through sin.

Red red stains, lingered on...
Brought upon, by a con.

Lies of deceite, haunt me wide...
As they rock n' roll, deep-inside.

Pain and anger hungered, staunch...
Look to my stomach's, outward paunch.

The knife ripped upon her hide...
Her last of time, to me, she lied.

The dirt avalanched into a pile, dissarayad...
Her stillen body, on silenced display.

Michael Gale

Blue Eyes Cryin' In The Rain Of Pain.

Blue eyes cryin' in the rain of pain....
Blue eyes cryin' in the pain of strain.

Blue eyes cryin' in the reign of disdain...
Blue eyes sighing to the beat of hearted pain.

Blue eyes cryin' for a sadness unshared...
Blue eyes screaming for tears uncared.

Pain of heart can break so haltingly hard...
Worse pain of pains than the sharpest shard.

That penetrates into the darkest soul...
Impregnates the hearted hole.

Blue eyes cryin' in the winding rail...
These dark blue eyes blinking a saddened tale.

These blue eyes are constantly wiped too dry...
Over the gone one, that had to die.

You'll be missed by these eyes of blue...
No one can ever replace, even the one, like you.

Michael Gale

Blue Pierced Eyes Of Bluest Hue'D.

Striptease to my left...
Cock tease to my South.
Bring up thy lips, to meet my mouth...
Amass lo' those emblazoned eyes of
Ocean's bluest hue'd.
Pierce deeply of deepest inside of mine.

Michael Gale

Bluistic Aurora's Of Our Moralistic Fibers

Bluistic aurora's of our moralistic fibers
Inhewn to thee soul's describers'.

Anarchy raises it's mustering rank...
Alas our loss to th' gassiest prank.

Smell and odor rejects to our soul...
B'cause we value a modern world's moralistic goal.

Hence we spell to a republic's stye...
Words sent astray-that we deny.

Michael Gale

B'Neath These Waves.

B'neath waves be
currently love enfold
Alas real bold

This spirited sway to
love and embraceable hugs
At Thy heart as it beat with tugs

The hands touch upon hearts so warm
Like all bees, as they swarm
Only closer to heart felt knelt
Oddly firm as lovingly dealt

Love is a game all play
Beyond the land of firmed, be say

Michael Gale

B'Neath This Thought Of Dimmered Ideas?

B'neath this thought of dimmered ideas...
Is the thought of lessened idle these.
How may i search for answers to problems not sought? ...
Why must i try to wrought not sought?

What have i begun...
A road that leads not to a clearing of fun.
What bushells to Hell will i entrust? ...
What be the crust of what i must?

What must be is what not must...
This is the quest that i must not trust.
Is this idea good and just?
Should i seek out what i must?

Was all done as if a bust? ...
This fact not i do know or trust.
Regret eats at my gut as an acid let loosed....
I in the end am proud and well happily charged and juiced.

All be it used as well as reused.
All Hell, what is the use, that i am forced to deduce as mused.

Michael Gale

Boo Who- Yeegads-I'M Scared!

Narrowed halls close in from all sides to cause paranoid worry...
Must we rush or must we hurriedly scurry?

Lo' look and gander at that hand that wraps fro' roun' doorway's
opening t'ween one lone door left ajar...
A hand of clawed nails and an awfull lot of pimples that on first inspection-Seems
way too much ugly as furry.

As our hair stands on end...
Fast away we will run and length of many miles
we shall travel well far...
'Just wish we both had a real fast get-away-car.

Haunted houses scares me so....
Inside it's walls i sure wished i had notten have go.

A BOO! is heard throughout this ghostly Manor...
To a hasty exit we go and nothing else will ever matter.

No more dares of stupidity will i ever do suffer....
I only wish to live long enough to arrive safely at home to
enjoy a home cooked meal.
Prepared by mom-One Hell of a great tasting supper.

The rattling of chains started this hair raising episode...
I'll just be bidding you ado-And it was away in i did well rode.

Thank God someone left their keys inside an abandoned auto
parked outside...
A God like gift from Heaven was my answerable in timely ride.

Michael Gale

Book Stores.

Book stores are storages of the past....
Poems and poets in aisles that last.

Shelves upon shelves of books...
Many subjects unimaginable and in nanny-crooks.

Books on hobbies and people too...
Too many books to be numbered as few.

A place that books are sold...
They are read and they are new, not old.

Big book chains sell on line...
I have and like my books, as they are special, they be mine.

Latte and exspresso and coffee sold here...
A place i like, i visit and wander this place so dear.

Many magazines are read and sold...
These stores are huge and new and not too old.

Cell phones go off without a moment's notice...
These author's works are sold here, that they wrote us.

They even have an electric book that reads like a book...
You subscribe to a free preview to purchase literary
works that you buy on the spot straight to the device, that
you may even take with you to read at home or even at work.

Will technologies never cease to amaze and awe?
This electronic's wonder came about after the death of my paw.

Books in book stores are real fun to read...
These books can't harm you or make you bleed.

Books are the knowledgable seed....
Book worms do their only deed.

That is theiir only, known for breed.

Some big time publishers and agents, are only filled with greed.

Michael Gale

Books Are Grand And Books Are Keen...

Books are grand and books are keen...
The very best, that I have seen.

The books that I have read...
Are the best that I, reread.

Turning the pages can make me sad...
Yet of others that make me glad.

Books of some pasts, have been burned...
And of others, have I learned.

Books are the gateway to the mind of heart...
Books are the works of some genius's art.

For had i thought to read much younger...
My reading appetite would have yearned
a much more, appealing hunger.

Michael Gale

Boston Legal's Denny Crane.

A great tv show is that Boston Legal...
It is great and not even evil.

Denny Crane...
He does not seem to know what law is about.
You never hear him scream or shout.

The show is pretty good...
But i believe that the cameraman should be executed by a man wearing a black
hood.

Not really though...
They should hire someone else because he needs to go.

'I'm Denny Crane, just beam me up'...
'Just gimme that cigar at the end of the case
so i can fill up my glass or cup'.

I oggle women and turn their faces red...
I keep on hoping that i can get them all into bed.

Boston Legal's Cameraman makes all viewers really, real dizzy...
The sick dizzy people will have to take pills in a glass of water that's really, really
fizzy.

This tv show is fun to see...
It makes me laugh with so much glee.

Michael Gale

Bowling!

As I go throwing and bowling way down that
far off lane, With a gutterball or a miss as
I feel the pain! Good enough to be a
pro, I'll not be, They charge for shoe
rental, like in life, nothing is free! The
beer frame is my game favorite time of
all, With my lips licking in an
anticipational, dry like thirst, As I heave
the ball, With an energetic like burst!
Hoping as I may, that they will fall! As pins
do scatter parting every which way, They all
have to fall down, this I do pray! For to win
the game, is my final plan, For this is the
built in instinct, intact in every man!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Bring On The New Year.

Bring on the year...
Toward's heart so dear.

Full bloom...
Let it be free of sadness and gloom.

This new year will come and pass...
May the prices of oil, be low on gas.

This year will travel through the clock of time and the ages...
Hopefully to all, there will be many happy stages.

No future of terrorisml acts be done....
An economy in full swing, begun it's run.

Recovery will require sacrifice from all...
This in turn in the end, will forstall, our final, heart breaking fall.

Michael Gale

Broke That Heart, That One, That Wept.

That lone broken heart is spilled upon the ground...
Beat asunder-ed fallen flat, never repaired, only bent.

This heart and all it's silenced beat...
For the one-one day, I'll meet.

One day the fallen lent...
Only gone, as gone it, went.

Spent along the river sad...
Only bad, the one I had.

A drift among the sullen blue...
Only me without a clue.

Only me a wasted depth...
The one I left, the one sad breath.

Stepped upon the misstepped leap...
For this heart, the one-asleep..

Had it's slowing-rowing, wept.
The one I valued, that one-not yet.

Michael Gale

Broken Love's Vestige

Love's own vestige shrinks miles, by the
stretch of the one single broken down heart,
Unbalanced pressures weigh down romance's
good or luckless life's profit, so
disappointment's approach is directed to
thy own experienced part! Fetch your own
happiness, as you learn and select errors
thru bygone of days...Heart's rewards are
plucked from fortune's misfortunate ways!
Broken hearts are finally mended towards
love's own happy days! Happiness shines as
thru my heart so strongly strengthened by
long hard learned phases...To fondness
tried so blindly by, love's own romance
endures and to finally graze and rages!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Broken To Knee As Once Was Sent.

Bent to one knee to plead insanity...
Rest assured for one not thy enemy.
Offered reprisal for one not glum...
Be not thy foe, or one done not much thee chum.
Task's partaken by one be blessed...
Rigor's most mortum, stiffened and stressed.
Onward forth soldier, weapon's outstretched...
Peaceful talks tell tales of moral's own best.
Learn thy lessons of old...
Be ye stern or most of each bold.
Sword unleashed by anger's most fury...
Flee away fro' thee as when one must pretendly scurry.
Come today as we complain...
Hurt thyself as one broken by pain..

Michael Gale

Brylecreammery Hambagurs Upon My Half Eaten Plate.

Scarecrowe and Brylcreammery Hambagers taste good dropped far from the bad habited grey matter...

YUm yUM yum.

Throw me not the morsel or crumb...

Does that no seem too dumb?

Hammer me this...

You've nailed it clear and into the spaced out rockets.

Dig, dig, and dig down deeply into half emptied pockets...

Broadened and stuck to shoulders well broad.

Oh me, oh my-Oh Gawd, oh Gawd.

My name's Chett and not Claude...

Potatoed shoestrings are always noticed untied...

Tongue hangin' out.

Too bad i've lied.

Michael Gale

Buggs Bunny Hates Carrots.

Bees, bees...Venue, please?

Should I call her Honey? ...Or will she think that too funny?

My woman loves me so...I ought'ter know!

What kind'a vitamin does Buggs Bunny's teen-agers take each day? ...

'Beta Carrot-teen', won't you say?

What kind'a snacks do Hansel and Gretel eat? ...

Cottage cheese, and it's healthy, not at all-sweet.

Does a child take a kite on an air plane, if he

literally, wants to fly a kite? ...Am I allergic to too, tall a height?

Does Beef Stroganoff...Make me cough?

Michael Gale

Buried B'Neath The Blanket O' White....

Buried b'neath the blanket o' white....
Fir pines glittered with snow so right, this night.

Rabbit tracks littered around all powdery might...
Father Christmas is just a child's, happiest sight.

Upon the roof's snowy altered edge...
A blue bird sings out near a cottage's hedge.

A tree topped limb balances out the needles of joy...
B'neath it's base, are stacked lots of packaged, a toy.

Carollers run and gather fro' door to door...
A fattish Santa at every street corner's store.

A snowman abandoned in yards at hand...
What can be heard, but a Salvation Army's bell ringing band.

Crowds bustled elbow to all...
These words can be heard 'Merry Christmas to all' is the much heard shouted call.

Snow sleds unleashed up and down many hills...
This Wintry Christmas-Brings to many kids, their happiest of thrills.

Tic-tock, tic-tock, goe'th the Grand Father clock...
Many splendored feelings of Christmas tree's packages, to all brings, astonishing moments of happier shocks.

Michael Gale

But To Be A Prisoner Of Your Lady Loved, Dove.

Slowly and slowly as i approach her quivered bed...
Just regarded before her stead.
Slantedly and scantly i settled her dear, dear head...
Belay this moment i detest my dread.
Perspirational beads drip on down like mini buckets of sweat, way before they fall
through an imaginary basketball backboard's net...
Hidey hoe and like away in a far off chartered chariot racing away should i do go.
Unsettled the way that angrilly i may soon have to show...
Slow down that anger's heat.
Let her do to show me her muffled meat...
I love the woman's dainty little feet.
Oh, so delicate a wonderous vision, for mine eyes to well share this treat...
A heart shaped ass, well proportionately molded well by God, to amass this fine
lady lass totally encased with class.
I am what but a prisoner of your love, my lady dove!

Michael Gale

But Ugly?

Very funny and bawdy yet...
I'll wager all t_ts and all that's, that.
She adored to all of beau tie's state...
Only once asked for one such date.

It does naught be too late...
For to be greeted to frontal door, by that beastly fate.
Blind date, blind date, betray all heart...
Lest Ye doth fare well to make Mine angst so gladly to depart.

Away away all so homely doth ugg...
Looks as comparable to the Mantis's face-ity, bug.

Michael Gale

By God On Earth, He Shall Be Ban.

Fi, fi, fo, klan...

This is th' one-th' beastly man.

A'for i hate th' color of he...

For-a the shame to follow me.

Th' Klan should as change his ways...

So he'll not to Hell, to spend his days.

Th' Ku Klux Klan is not a man...

By God on Earth, he shall be ban.

Michael Gale

Caged Time

As the winds of time sweep across my shores,
Wrinkles and age seep into all pores.
Hands of clocks creep faster and faster,
Accompanied by illness, a cancerous disaster.
Of these that, they do attack,
My body's resistant, I thee lack.
As crumbs do assuredly fall from the table,
Aches and pain make life unstable.
Children send parents to rest homes, for the
ag-ed,
Like animals in a zoo,
All restless and Cag-ed!

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Call Thee Knight Tomorrow, Call Yon Knight, Today.

Beget beset my widow....
Regret my family tree.
Forget to be my one true love...
Forget thee-faithfully.
Naught for of the 'morrow...
Naught for of one deed.
Call the knight tomorrow...
Who'll ride in upon his trusty steed.
Free the chamber maids...
Feed the children...
Brushed they do, upon their braids...
Long, long due, the gilded masses.
Time locked up behind thy glass...
Forever lost from years of past.
Love be fickle...
Love be fast.
Dearly nearly...
Never yet.

Michael Gale

Cancer...

Cancer...

B'for the diagnosis

Death is silent and unannounced.

Cancer...

A loving mother dies from it

All havoc played on one's health.

Cancer...

All seemed right

Till next seen fight.

Cancer...

Life goes on until the end

No rules to change or bend.

Cancer...

Like a ghost in the night

No chance to win that fight.

Cancer...

A horror

That come'th

Total loss in

This life's unsum'th.

Cancer...

Sorrow by loved ones

And friends.

Cancer...

Wins not, to death

Life sadly ends.

Cancer...

Only time spent

withering away.

Cancer...

Only death may say this day.

Cancer...

I must fight

I must stay

This last hopes day.

Cancer...

Happiness dies

Of hopes lost ties.

Cancer...

It should be cured.

Cancer...

It sure does hurt.

Cancer...

The final end.

No rules can bend.

Cancer...

Sadness

Sudden end.

Michael Gale

Cars, Now, Suck.

Old classic cars...
Are the real stars.

With tail fins pointed all...
Those buggies were built well and would not stall.

Round lines, all in all...
Made their owners feel proud and tall.

Their bodies had metal that might just rust...
Today's cars, are the fiber glass ones, that we don't trust.

50's and 60's models would run and purr...
Of this fact, I am positively, sure.

Colors were, real bright, and clean...
Those engines could run, fast and mean.

Where are the classics? ...
Now-a-days, they're all made of parts that are, cheap made, plastics.

Michael Gale

Cash-The Man In Black-Will Never Be Back.

Verily in this life, i walked the line...

My name was Cash 'The Man In Black'.

This boy named Sue...

How do you do?

My time on this world stage is now over...

My shinning star is now unlit forever more.

This paragon of light has had it's brightness-enough-Extinguished.

My loving June had passed before my time...

My love of her has called me back, to her own 'Heavenly Home'.

At last! ...

We both are togetherly passed.

That last ring of fire, had us clap to life's bell...

Never more, to ring again.

God's freedom had closed our eyelids shut...

To never more, ever flutter with a sparkled wave.

Our combined love, helped us cross that death's threshold's steps fallen stoop.

Our final love has given us a final rested, peaceful loop.

Michael Gale

Catfished Strange Lookin' Critters On Earth.

Catfish hashed halibutt steaks bloodied red rare...
Nothin' more to eat-I really don't care or give a
dam. No-no-no more mistakes, Sir Sam i am
Don't give a dam flim Howe and away
we must flee and a' huffin' kids are
dumb-asses at best...They could'nt take a test
without failin' or now'a days are spoiled
to the centered core...Their rear ends should be
spanked till tender and sore. Green, orange, pink
or blue over length spiked mohawks is what these
attention starved brats of today wear...The parents
should show them they really care, Not have
complete strangers constantly stare.
What is so neat 'bout wearing rings in eyebrows
or a nose? This only makes them resemble
a mexico's so wrong with bein'
the norm? Why look strange and ugly like on
this planet you shouldda never been born?
Hippoty hopp, hippoty hopp...Who can be
the worst looking slob?

Michael Gale

Cell Phone Uneducated Unetticutte

So as i moved to my seat...
Down many crowded aisles and rows but only one empty seat.

Finally i reached and found...
No space to ground.

It was really a feat...
To find an empty one seat.

The show did start but interrupted by a cell phone a-just-a ringing...
Chirp, chirp, chirp, it kept on-a singing.

I turned around fast in my seat...
With a well hefted fist to the phone call receiving person, of him i sure did in the
head do beat.

With blood droplets careening on down his cheek...
Of emergency room medical attention he'd for sure soon to seek.

The next time this rude culprit went out for a show...
He'll think twice before the dialing and undue talking he'll realize a word such as
refrain and a no.

In his car as driving with a phone to his ear...
He suddenly crashed and could no longer be able to drive and unsteer.

Into the brick wall he did travel real fast...
hrough his windshield he was flung and seriously miscast.

A hospital room was now his new pad for a long few months trapped...
All because his brains did not think, but was real full of stuffed crapped....

Michael Gale

Censorship Can Go Straight To Blazin' Hell!

All censors are full of gas...
All censors can kiss my ass.

(ass is not dirty word, but a stubborn animal of burden) ...
Of this fact i am most, most certain.

No cuss words here allowed...
Too many ear muffed ears,
Too many in this poemhunter censoring crowd.

Can't talk for long...
Don't know the words o' the song.

Why must people try to control our words? ...
Why must everyone follow the whole misled unknowing herd?

Lets all go and bury our heads...
All fuckin' cause were brainless in our gutter filled beds.

Let all of you censors go to hell...
For freedom of choice or free speched tell.

Don't make me yell...
Just go straight to blazin' Hell!

Michael Gale

Chalice Of Valkyrie.

Chalice of Valkyrie...
Away, away i must.

Not much trust-In this love, our vanished guard...
How may i must, my blood, oh blood.

Victories absent as gone this bothered day...
I say, 'I pray', this heartened mistrustful stay.

As my kindred spirit moves beyond these portal-ed holes...
My spirit, my ego, my id, do sway.

My shores beyond shadow's shoals...
My sport, upon thy souls.

What be these hallowed goals...
These souls, well deafened, these naked woes.

Flame'd thoughts, my sacred soul....
Regressed, these ideals, my flame, dispired.

Digest thy wounded heart's desired...
Amend, thy pain as strained as whole.

Chasm emoted raft in sea'd...
Precludes my aided, rescued speed.

My heart now beats the note of night...
Forerf't thy stead, thy mated sight.

Lonely no more my sated might....
Amid th' glue, that resum'ed bright.

Michael Gale

Character Flaws Of A Lifeless Breed.

Obscure legions creates animosity...
Current waves of obtuse sarcasm.

Brief negativity, breeds hostile environments...
Auspicious bravado helps selfless, others.

Callous stiffness, relays all pain...
Redundant urgency, requires great patience.

Innocents, defines purity...
Sharp edges defeats softness.

Michael Gale

Cheap Pills Dispensed.

These pills, those pills...
What yonder cheaper ridden high, thrills?

They make your mind, very hazy...
Only because you are weak and lazy.

Sometimes you cry...
And want to die.

You might ask yourself why? ...
Why, even try?

It is those pills you take...
What be this addicted, mistake?

They keep you flying...
As you near the ground, and continue your weepily-crying.

They are your safety net to land, not crash...
But in reality, they are chosen, hastily, and brash.

No real thinking was done here...
You need to kick this habit, for those who hold you dear.

Do not worry...
Do not fear.

Seek help, seek it best...
So that, in the end, you'll pass this test.

No more pills....
No cheap thrills.

Walk thru that door...
'Good Freedom's, Score'.

Michael Gale

Cheating.

Impassioned.....
Rationed?

No lover...
Above her.

My cheating heart...
Is now, forced to retreat and forever depart.

Cheating...
An excuse, for retreating.

No more, old meeting...
Since anew-ed, heating, cheating.

Nagging him...
On a stupid, unexcused whim.

No more, no more...
Feelings, that make me mad and sore.

Michael Gale

Chicago.

The windy city with it's tall spired steel...
Be these buildings that do not rock and roll.

Lake Michigan gained, watered ways...
The sea-n-tastic spray washes near the
Idolistic American.

As they perform on TV'S glassic square...
This week, all Americans do listen and stare.

No longer a judge, known as Paula...
On this evening, it was known as 'Boob Boxing.

The songs keep a coming...
Bad acts, keep a goin'.

It is funny how some cannot sing...
Those go away cussing, whil'est crying.

The eff's are launched with unaimed fury...
To those they on land, weigh down in a flurry.

I wish those who cannot really sing...
Goes away for good, no longer vocally, to bring.

Bring pain and sorrow, to all suffering ears...
Why on earth do the talentless beings, keep coming back, after, all these years?

Poor young and old fools, who think they can sing a song...
How blind they be, when they sing so wrong.

But to those who sing, and manage to stay...
Tomorrows the day of the gold records to play, and pay.

Michael Gale

Chick Flicks, Just Won'T, Get It.

You would probably have to put hot coals under my feet...
To drag my butt, into the sneak peek, of a chick flick.

I am a romantic, but spare me the gushing muck...
No such mush for me, not that mush, would I wish to see.

Not even if the admittance-were free...
Let me be, let me be.

Action is where I'm at....
Not viewing a film about a talking, baby, dog, or cat.

Comedy will move my feet...
That type of film, will be my treat.

Romantic mush...
Won't make me gush.

Only action...
Will get my feet like, attraction.

Michael Gale

Child Abuse Should Never Have Happened.

I was abused physically as a child, constantly being hit by a fist in my stomach or kicked by combat boots real hard in my head by an evil angry uncle or hit and gouged in the arm by my mother...

I feel sorry for anyone to be born to a life of abuse and pain.

A childhood like that can leave an imprint on your psyche as dirty as a bad bloody stain...

To relive my life i would just have my big list or druther.

Why do some parents destroy us mentally as well as scar us as physically bad?

...

Why do bad relatives make our whole young lives badly sad?

Why are some children sexually molested? ...

Why are alot of children psychologically brandied and contested?

These bastards need to go to a life time of jail....

Those goon-heads need to be killed or maybe even go straight to an eternal Hell.

I've had a rough time as a child...

I am really surprised i turned out better instead of being arrestedly wild.

I probably could have grown up to commit alot of crimes...

Then for sure i'd be forced to spend alot of years in prisional spent of times.

To all you parents, out there...

It's your sworn duty to protect and raise your child and to continually for their wellfare to longly care.

What is a good parent to be? ...

A good parent should teach good morals to their children real lovingly.

You parents just need to wake up and love your kids...

Before they grow up and live their lives in times of crimely gutteral street living on the skids.

Michael Gale

Christmas Cares, A Rich Man Stares!

Christmas carols linger in the air...Except
for the homeless and hungry, who could not
do anything else but to hunger and not care!
Songs of merriment are unleashed into the
busied city streets...The well to do are
out buying caviar and champagne, and silken
sheets! TV ads give messages to go out and
spend...While the holidays bring to the
poor, only hunger and suffering in sight,
that will seem to never recede and end!
How can the rich sleep at night, knowing that
the poor sorrowfully suffer? It is indeed to
bed, for those unfortunate, hungry people
who cannot afford to buy or eat a
well nourishing supper! 12-18-2005'.

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Christmas Comes But Once A Year.

Christmas comes but once a year...
Holy cow, it's already here-oh dear!
Packages to unwrap b'neath this tree...
Hopefully-less gifts for sis-more gifts for me.
A bb rifle to shoot at squirrels and even at a wandering cat...
While doing such fun, i'll be wearin' my cowboy hat.
I hope that small one wrapped in red...
Is that wrist rocket that i'll shoot with at the postman's head.
Snowballs and egg nog being sipped by the fire...
Is a Christmas memory i'll later tell to my kids,
before they call me a dumb, big fat liar.

Michael Gale

Christmas-What Does It Really Mean?

Christmas cheer...
Dear oh dear.

Candy canes...
Overstuffed turkey pains.

Noel, Noel...
What be thy gift?
I pray to thee that i cannot tell.

Egg nog spilled down thy frontal shirt...
Holiday songs in front of a piano
Wow! How swell.

Christmas tree bottomed by a white fluffy skirt...
Giving and not receiving can be fun and not hurt.

Midnight mass in a Catholic church...
Is my tree made of birch?

Opened presents round yon tree...
T'was so costly as not free.

Reindeer sighted flying way over head...
A blurred vision of red sailed to earth,
Was it Santa? Was he hurt or even feared dead?

Seatbelt unfastened because of old Saint nick's wide expanding girth...
His mama should have put him on a diet since the time of his birth.

Sales at stores to celebrate the birth of Christ...
Too much charges were put on my credit card and now to pay for it all i'll have to
do is go to a bank and commit a great heist.

Frosty the Snowman playing on the old phonograph...
Sitting around in circles looking at albums filled with good memories trapped
inside a framed up papery photograph.

No more metal or paper money can be found inside my wallet or pocket...

Tomorrow it'll be off to the pawnshop i'll go with the family tv set that i'll have to give up for money, I can't tell my honey that i had to just go and hock it.

After a busy day i'll nod off in bed to sleep and to snore...
After tomorrow i'll be penniless and poor.

Bills will arrive in the mail...
From my wife i'll hide them the best i can and to her knowledge i will not tell.

'Happy birthday, Jesus', to our Lord may be heard...
You can fly even higher than the highest flying bird.

Jesus Christ, You are the most high...
That fact by man, no one may ever be able to deny.

He is the best...
Let's all tell the whole, earthly rest.

Michael Gale

Cleopatra And Her Asp!

Pyramids hued in sand like granite, Egyptian
mummies all wrapped from ages of habits!
In those days were not shotrages in
band-aids, History retells tales of kings
being waited on by servants and hand maids!
Royalty amid tribes of the desert ruled by
Cleopatra's reign, Her fleet sailed and was
manned by slaves at oars of pain! Mark
Antony was stayed, by Cleo's asp, In those
days, it's people were ruthless and crasp!
Poisoned thru love's heartache and
disappointment at hand, They did die by
their very own hands, in this area of their
own calling, This Egyptian Desert's, royal birth
land! The Noble did want to take Royalty as
his wife, There was no hope, thus they took
their very own life!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Clipped Wings Can Sometimes Be Appropriate...

Clipped wings can sometimes be appropriate...

As we strive to do our best and soar with the eagles.

We oftened come up against thermal drafts of air that grounds us...

Earthbound and keeps us filled with feelings of defeated unpurposes.

We must keep flapping our wings of encouragement towards
a sunset of discourse and discouragements...

Be brave and carry on the trials with indearing bravery.

Get back up, once you've been regularly knocked down...

Remember to smile-Not wear a frown-

-Like a well tailored suit.

Michael Gale

Clouded Angels!

Angel harp music lingers on in the air,
Above the clouds, is god's eternal loving
care! As the Sun sends God's inspirational
and warm feelings down, Heavenly rainbows do
spread about God's happiness and beauty, as
abundantly, as it will e be to
God, for giving man, choices to life's
questionable unsteady upheaval, As does
Satan send up his Parlor tricks, which is
filled with naturally, total evil! God
forgives man for his sins, Justly so, Jesus
clears a path, for our victoriously good,
chosen wins! Heaven awaits all, that are good,
God said He'd forgive, Yes, He would!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Cold Cryptic Ice Haiku.

She is snow...
Icely cold wintery snow caps...
Mountained topped emotions.

Wicked witch charm...
Spelled for cast upon desired.
Holy moley, rewired.

Figmentional phased ice..
Harpooned pain of blood cubes.
Moby toby skidaddled.

Michael Gale

College Of Collaged Mixed Minds. Part Two.

As i walked silently down the couthouse steps...
Ever to be careful not to be discovered by
other outward prying eyes.

I did not want my presence known by those rogue CIA agents from the west...
What was i thinking coming here so soon after the interrogation from last
thursday?

Knowledge of my where abouts could lead to another catastrophic world war...
We all know that wars are not wanted or needed.

The transducer receiver would have to wait until the day after tomorrow...
Her eyes were as like cold pools of the bluest blues.

Had she noticed my being there at the convention of inventions?
'Surely not', i think to myself?

For what is the free world without the master spy Gustauffet the third? ...
This other counter intelligence female spy has to be kept out in the dark until
convention's end.

I must remain behind to meet my secret contact...
If i can do that My mission will be a greater success.

Those mass weapons of destruction must be my country's very own property...
The saftey of the world and it's freedom is were meant for America from
beginning to end.

For what is the world without guaranteed freedom? ...
What indeed?

I must hurry back to my hotel room to plan my final afront on
the Iranian Embassy before morning's awakening stirmotions.

Michael Gale

College Of Collaged Mixed Minds. Part One.

Trade winds of the heart...
Felonus assault of the senses.

Teetering tots behind the old telegraph office...
Spacial lots of the lonely witch's incantations.

Grasshoppered ginger roots...
Kane mountain boys playing with their belogna toys all the way down Pikes
Peaking Tom.

Philistinian brutes chew on their cheroots of the Peruvian heart...
One old choo-choo training session advances to the monkey business being ill
consumed by monkey wrenching gut feelings of the well malnourished heart.

It's all or nothing when this diet merry-go-round smoulders rumors and inuendos
about my being over weight while carrying on a parachutic
affair of the heart with a pandamic bear high on steroids and ginger root beer
seeds...
Lets not forget the referee in high heels skipping rope-
Ya big saddened silly dope.

That tatood fat bearded lady regains possession of her husband's
long lost bottle of Rogain hair growth formula...
Just ta summerize the gist of this list-
This joint tokin' trip is at the top of my list of things to do after
tomorrow's Sunday school picnic ants in the seat of my painful pasted pants.

Rin Tin Tin-Look out for Gunga Din...
Life is so totally filled with eternal sin on my part.

Michael Gale

Coming Home, Inside Thy, Crypt.

A deathly drink, had I sipped...
Coming home inside thy crypt.

Stiffened bones as wrought by iron...
While alive, I'd read poems by Byron.

In the wake of written words...
I now have lied below the grass and birds.

Michael Gale

Confessions Of A Forever Drunk Driver.

(I abhor drunk drivers and thusly have wrote this poem about their i don't give a damned attitude for life or anyone's safety.)

More bars in more places...
Not enough land or spaces.

Pass that brew on down the bar...
For soon-I've got to get in and drive away in my car.

Along i go on down the street....
It is a lot easier than walking on my own two feet.

Whoa! Where did that person come from? ...
It does not look as if they'd be out hitchin' with their thumb.

Thud! Now a crunch, as my car runs them down...
I guess they won't be smilin', but be wearin' a frown.

There they go, on down...
Lots of red blood, not colored like a shade of brown.

Ambulance on it's way...
Gotta go, i just can't stay.

It's off to jail i go...
When i get out, nobody will know.

It is my seventh offense...
Just last week, i plowed through a wooden fence.

Right through someone's front living room...
The sound, then heard was a crashing boom!

I'll still keep on driving without a license, because i just won't learn...
Maybe next time i'll have to kill someone or even make them burn.

That beer is oh so fine...
The only thing better is Ripple, Thunderbird, or wine.

Michael Gale

Conquering Hurdles!

A slap in the face is all that's needed,
Throwing caution to the wind should always
be heeded!

Into life all must tread, With rolled up
sleeves, in over our head!

Keep on trying in life we must try,
It's do or die, going full circle, falling
on down and sorrowfully to cry!

What keeps man taking on all odds?
He has faith in himself and also in God!

Obstacles and hurdles he must defeat,
All his mistakes, he must not repeat!

Once man wins his ultimate battle,
No longer will he wander, like long
lost cattle!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Con-Versing With A Uni-Versal Verse In A Uni-Verse Of Rhyme.

Poetical Verse is a verse in a universe of rhyme...

One can never go wrong with the use of verse in time.

World leaders and Dictators could use this art...

Maybe it's usage would bring world peace to it's right place and part.

Wars could be avoided if leaders would partake in this art, and talk...

No longer would world terrorism be used on the innocent-Who t'would never have to be victimized and stealthily hunted and stalked.

World talks would be drawn to tables of peace...

Fro' this nice used up energy t'would be derived a non-violent new peaceful life to lease.

At last- A new world of peace and restful worry free release...

Lets all give to worldly man a 'Universe Of Verse'.

Instead of a world deathly filled hearse! ! ! ...

Michael Gale

Cops.

Artistic cops...

They can at times be tops.

There are cops who like to paint...

There are even stubborn ones who like to abstain.

Then there are farming cops with failing crops...

These cops have bought the farm.

They've retired from this line of work...

They no longer can tolerate bankruptcy harm.

Aft' wards they've done quit...

Of farming work they've learned to shirk that work.

Artistic cops have been known to canvas the neighborhood...

But crooked cops are ones that need permanent removal as like as in the term 'dead wood'.

This fact as known by the press, is completely and totally understood...

Why are cops sometimes known as coppers?

It cannot be because when they lose their tempers, they are using their brainmatter's toppers...

Police brutality is sometimes caught on video tape.

Even cops who have been caught on tape, may even be later accused of rape...

Cops now a days avoid all Dunkin Donut houses.

It can't be helped...

They avoid them like the plague.

That's that image or feeling that they cannot shague...

It could not be helped. Not too many words rhyme with plague.

Are cops made of copper? ...

Can crooked female cops be found out as stopped?

Who is gonna stop'per? ...

Did she use her brainial topper?

I think not...

That dirty little crooked snot!

Cops don't like to be caught eating donuts...

Because if they are seen eating donuts, they are then usually referred as pigs.

Is a cop's hat known as a copper topper? ...

No, that's a Duracell!

Where are crooked cops thrown in after they are caught being dishonest? ...

Is that place that they are tossed in strong and very much inescapable?

Why of couse, it's in a Duracell...

Ha! Ha! Ha! , Yuk! Yuk! Yuk! , Heh! Heh! Heh!

After being thrown in jail, they no longer are guiltless and free....

Do you know what's yelled at a dirty cop who has been caught?
Hey! , You dirty cop, go get a mop! ...
Where are a lot of cops usually seen?
Some people would say in a parade or at a donut convention...
That joke a lot of cops would wish that nobody would mention.
Usually you don't see a cop until you're on the receiving end of a speeding ticket...
Where is a cop when out in traffic you see another motorist run a red lit traffic light?
Usually-not-a-one, nare in sight...
What is said when an angry cop loses his temper?
The copper that lost his topper...
Do you know that cops put their lives on the line every day for us?
Do you know that a lot of Judges let criminals off easy every day? ...
Do you know that firemen and cops don't make much pay?
Did you know that more judges are being caught being crooked? ...
Is this the way our Judicial system should be seen as as well as looked?
False arrest in today's society is a common mistake...
Lawyers love it because in this-thay have a real big steak.
What do you call twenty-five lawyers on a bus, drowning at the bottom of the ocean? ...
Answer: A good start!
Ha! Ha! Ha! They've got it rough...
But in money, they make more than enough.
Lawyers sometimes are known as an ambulance chaser...
They get mad and don't want to be largely known as losers of casers.
Then they'd be commonly known as big money and time wasters...

Michael Gale

Cosmical Intrigue.

Baby breath's allotted time, only rejuvenates inhumane criminal crime...
Blessed days ahead for ye, lest we consume our mortal-ed vestige.

Cosmical intrigue delays uninhibited displays...
All consuming come-up pins-regale to hardened stays.

Regret not the slotted rot...
Brain-washings continually erase fond memories of dismal decay and
raunchy morals this festering faked sorrow and implanted sadnecessity eaten
food for thoughtless hatred and bigotry.

Hate, hate, berate...
Hibernate into a lofty languished Liberational lounge.

Regroup and scrounge...
Defecate all negativity into a wading pool of moral elation.

Raise once more the bar of celebrational liberation in freedom's hallowed peace
filled halls of antiquity and norm.

Michael Gale

Cosmical Journeys To Regret And Get.

Climbing the stairs of successional glee...Makes all cheerful land gracefully happy.

Breezeways arid of freedom's glare...Making one conscience and over thy shoulders, doth the elegance-self stare.

Beyond all deafness to beauties delight...A kiss sent earth ward, and yet-far and into the dark, cold night.

A lonely aloofness, not yet born aloft...Regrets of nothingness, arranged to get.

Targets seem higher than far and highest worlds, set far apart...Were I able to grasp and get.

Will I fall down deep into my safest-safety net? ...At last, at last-I finally get.

Michael Gale

Crafted By God's Own Being!

Crafted by God's own being...He did so say
'let there be light'.Ever so bright! Ever so
light! When can light shed it's rays? ...
Where does it spread? Where may it lay?
Lightness imparts particles of colors...
Colors so bright, ever delight! Rainbow's
hues penetrate the water...It does not
matter, if the Sun makes it hotter! Ever so
bright, deliver the light! Shadows fall on
blinded eyes denied...A waned voice denied,
heard only did rest on the
seventh day...From all this early
do so pray! We do so pray!

01-30-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Cranberry Asparagas!

Asparagas spears nice and creamy, as it drips
on down the mashed potatoe pike! Rhode Island
Cranberry Cheesecake, shoots rockets of
tartedom down my throat and thru my taste
buds which creates the most wonderful
taste, that i really like! Food's splendor
and odor that teases the nose, almost as
much as a full bloomed rose! Life is full
of Thanks Giving Feast's selections, as
full of bounty...Alaskan King Crab is
eaten down by a Canadian Mountee! All
races love all foods of Ethnicities...
Chef's cook masterpieces and Cuisine's
very own specialties!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Crimes Most Punished Of Times.

Why are car salesmen so dishonest?

Accident attorneys are ambulance chasers equipped with police scanners in their home and office and cars.

Dishonest judges and politicians are constant liars.

Gullable clients are uninformed unsuspecting buyers.

Child molesters and killers need to be removed from our city streets.

Rapist's need to be shot between the sheets.

Killers and their like should be sent to stay on a large deserted island.

They can kill each other and be on their own.

That would be justice committed by them far away from us and totally alone.

Maybe sex offenders could have their sex organs removed.

This in turn would keep the filthy scum from getting their tools stuck in unwanted grooves.

Money is what impregnates greed to crime.

Crooks should stay locked up for all eternity's time.

When will hell on earth meet it's end?

Jesus Christ one day will come down to judge and to all justly tend.

Michael Gale

Critics And Show-Offs Are Loud Mouthed Fools.

Just screw all and or the rest of them...

Critical readers need to be erased from human society as a whole.

Critics are useless bums...

Who seem to know everything but yet nothing.

Critics are show offs who try their darndest to embearass someone who is actually in charge...

These bums are lifely too large.

Large egoes fly off at a trot...

Like tempers flaring hotter than hot.

I suggest you quit flying off at the handle...

To me in comparison, you hold no candle.

Your spirit is usually dull and your ego fully inflamed...

You, for yourself, should be fully ashamed.

If at the end of the day or week, you've totally ticked off someone...

Reality in truth-You are boring and no fun.

Now-You know that you have no personality...

To all involved, you are in full recievership-of decieveability.

You are a show-off, and has been freak...

Always as always the loudest mouthiest geek.

If in the end, you don't like what you read...

Then, i suggest to Almighty God, to send you into the pits of Hell,

As fast as His fastest and fastiest way be need.

Michael Gale

Dandelion Flowers!

Dandelion flowers blowing, as riding the
wind, Tiny parachute seedlings wander and
get stuck, becoming so pinned! Rain drops
feed all weed like flowers, As overhead
clouds, disperses and showers! Birds soar
and dive onto Earth's green grass, t'was, oh
so firm! Search and catching a bug or a
crawling moistened worm! Summer days keep
birds a'flyin' ever so free, as they
circle from tree to tree! Wintery days of
cold freezing weather, Turn a lot of people's
skin looking like worn out leather!
At Winter's freezing longest days,
Bring every one's to pray for Summer's
up and coming, torrential heated like blaze!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

'Darling', 'Let Me Ex-Splane! '

Big metal bird...

First century, nah! Not even third.

Seven-forty-seven? ...

Perhaps, South West, what place be from this metal'ed bird? ...

Japan, i'm sure, that you've heard.

'Losing altitude here! ...

Oh dear, oh dear! '

'Of this peril, i, do fear'...

'To the ground, coming, fastly as near! '

'Stupid Walkmans, inter-fearing with my directional signal'...

'Too bad The Incredible Hulk, ain't here to catch me? ',

'That is-'Mr. Lou Ferigno.'

'Crash, Boom, and a very painful Ouch! '...

'The pain to my under belly, makes me now wish i was lying down in a bed, or even on a couch.'

'The pain, oh pain, it hurts so much'...

'I'll be lucky to waltz away, without even a, bandage or crutch'.

'My eyeballs cracked'...

'Windshield, not totally intact'.

'A busted landing wheel'...

'Makes me seem like i slipped on a banana peel'.

'Am i the proverbial klutz? '...

'Ya might even say, that i am, even a putz'.

'What's that red thing, coming my way? '

'I have such bad luck'...

'That fast approaching thing, must be a fire truck.'

'Whir!whir! ...whir! ...Whooooeeeeeeeeooooo! '

'How do you, do? ' 'Do you? '

'What be this place, i am be? '...

'A hospital or hangar', 'Mister, be a one-so silly'.

'The lights, are fast, going out, it is really, getting dark'...

'This is where i'll stay, and finally park'.

'Lights out'.

'Last curtained call'...

'Finall'ed, fall'.

(What An Air Plane Getting Ready To Crashedly Fall, would have to say to itself, if it were, alive) .

Michael Gale

Dead Speaks, Of The Other, Empty Kind.

Skeletal hands, reaching skyward through sifted soil...
Tombstone's shadows alter a dead looking specter-ed and majestic throned
royal.

Dark shadows of a rotting kind...
Increases life's failures to a new heightened realization of dizzying spell and an
eye-closing blind.

Dreams of which we dream in black and white...
Should seem possible of a colored schemed sight.

Alas, alas, these images of self defeated, depressions...
Leave behind a tortured, and filled emptied shell of a mortal and limited fuzzy
impression.

Negative filters...
Life empty embers, floating reminders of many days of, jilted wilts.

Michael Gale

Death And Life And Life And Death.

The sheet, drawn up above closed eyes...
No peeking, slipped stiff, and out cold as ice.

A mistic clouded vapor, arisen to air....
No longer down here, but way up over head, up there.

A spirit...
That's it.

The, deep, final end...
Gone far away, far beyond, this lower, Earthly bend.

Way beyond, this mortal sphere...
No longer a burst of noise, no longer, here.

This spirit that walks all through, the longest, lonely night...
Will, soon, be up in Heaven, Where pure, and happy, bright light.

Assembled down here beside a grave...
By all family members, and friends, be sadly, brave.

Gray clouds roll into thy life, to move about, as free of will...
Happier days lie ahead, in time, to brighten thee, and smile a thrill.

Forgot by others of man and like...
To go on ahead, instilled in a lifely, happy hike.

Michael Gale

Death Be Death Be Not.

As i trailed the train whistled tracks across the trestled bridge...
Barn filled black birds, were nestled up close to each other,
up in shadowy-over head rafters, trying to survive and not succomb to the
Easterly, chilling, cold winds.

Over to the right about fifteen feet, lie hid behind other shadows...
A scarecrow with eyes squinted too, just like the black burred.

Straw hands reach out for another silent victim...
Shivers sent down a much wanting to scream lady MacBreathless.

Strawed sharp edges slit blood drips over eyelid's slits...
Dripping down into, pools of blood, a hardening, into a streaked, raged fit.

What be this horror mirror? ...
How much awaitening, instilled fearer?

Ever so closer and nearer as, nearer...
An anguished torrential scream, more than an undying drearer.

Scattered wings take off flight from a most frightened a sight...
Worse than worsened, a most worrisome bind.

Blood and screams amid the rails...
Leave behind the horror filled trails.

Death, death just knockin' at your door...
No more life, spread out, along the lone,
blood soaked, floor.

Michael Gale

Death Be Not Maidenly Fair This Knight.

Those hands-Those ways of adverse advance...
Of that knight that rescued the fair maiden which in turn moved the heart-strings
turn by chance.

A much royalt'eed prance by a horse's hoove's gaitley march...
Stiffened as winds displayed cleaned uniforms of many a soldier's finely pressed
with a sharp edge and a hintful taughtly starch.

War ravaged lands of past...
Blood spilled spillage in 'Rivers Passed'.

Blood tides line up along streets of war torn towns...
Adhering to the sides of building's walls.

Horses have now slept in many partitioned stalls...
A required transportation into silenced dead battle.

Aft' the smoke and flames have cleared...
No longer heard were sounds of war chants of all the misdirected cattle.

Hell hath sent to man it's lonely cold half deafened deathly prattle...
At last-left alone standing are but todays red stained walls of bespeckled spattle.

These hands of war's past...
Can only leave behind dark memories in between the pages of
history book's-passed.

Michael Gale

Death Sucks And Sew Does His Dirty Rotten Henchmen.

Death, to me is just for the flyin' freakin' birds.
Death can march behind the biggest chicken's clanned beaten of herds.

Just let Mister Death just'a try knockin' a'atta my door...
I'll not answer that poor gutlessy whore.

He can keep tryin' to rap at my home's entryway...
I'll kick his butt clear out of this area of mine own eternity and vincinity's stay.

Those boney like hands can keep flappin' past my neighborhood...
For him i am better and only better than his evil ways all so no good.

Michael Gale

Death Tolls- - Amen.

Tap, , of the keys, this night...
Bringing birth, to dreams, one-fright.

Alas, those dreams, chilled to spine...
Standing hairs straight up hilly, whine.

Beyond the terror, of half strummed-beats...
Instilled to chair's, brown, stained-seats.

The train of death, hath, run it's track...
Beyond the grave's own, heart-attack.

Perspiration off one's, forehead's-brow...
Comes to me, as in the unnatural how?

Dark clouds, descend upon mine, dreamer's spin...
Death tolls, spill over thy, mortals win.

Inescapable slumber...
Of curtain's last, unknown, number.

Fiery skulls float menacing, over head, in sky....
At last, at last-I'll sweet slumber, then, thankfullly-lie.

Then, I'll die-then wilt, die.

Michael Gale

Death We Fear, So Very Near.

Bestill death, we not do, very well...
Hopely, we'll travel to Heaven, not Hell.

Only time, will ever tell...
About our stillness, near.

Many drops of liquid tear...
Death of dead, we treadly, fear.

Michael Gale

Death.

When one's life draws to an end.

Also does, their mortal suffering and pain.

Thank God!

Michael Gale

Death's Beckoned Door Well Welcomed.

Many busied minutes have been spent upon my brow....
As formed of sweat that be hanging on down as if not enow.
A toilment of movement has haunted my graying cloud about my head...
Following oh following b'neath my dread.
Will'st this dread bring about my unlying day reckoning of being dead? ...
Watching and waiting the spread of dread, whilst it does do change
into it's renewed spreading dread.
That clock on yonder wall does well haunt me...
Ticking it's unconcessive sound well ached to ear.
How will i manage to unbitter this sounding well resounding attacked
to my one good ear? ...
Haste to thee these all wasted many year.
Alas i must bid not one good fare thee well as not...
Hence my choice to die and proceed straight into that dismal hell.
Death still mocks me as i sit and dwell...
I shan't ever feel safe as well.
Death promises to me a long yearning respite...
This in the end to me will finally delight.

Michael Gale

Demoned Weeds Towards The Sun.

Oh wuthering heights of lifetime's dimensions...
enables failure's inconvenienced conventions.
Man should ignore all negative words...
Aptly enableing man's freed evil, well traveled herds.
Mistakes by man, raises up, like weeds toward's the Sun...
Demons now unburdened by man's sinned filled run.
The Devil is stunted in growth, by God's own Son...
Later in Heaven, we'll all have fun.

Michael Gale

Depressional Sadness, Released By Satin's Army.

Chances in life, per say can be at an all time low...
The life ebbing onto our feet, fro' riptide's movements against and slow.
Haught the naught'd depression'd sweep...
Ne'er to be over our heads as a darkend cloud, or in our hearts, as
grown deep inside, to reluctantly accept and keep.
Mesmerizing trances of translucent pain, gains a toe-hold, to our
worn live's, as easily as a clothing blotted as with an unremovable,
stubborned stain of pain...
Lets wash our dirty laundry and release it's stainly pain, fro' our
livid clothing like experiences.
No more abstaining, no more remaining stagnated with an undulating sorrow'd
ungladdened...
Rush to rub out that vile dirtied bundle of mis-shapened id of saddened, unclean.
Smile and start a new day being positive and happy...
Remove that sorrowed feeling fro' your being.
Cheer up and move on in life, You'll be happy, you'll be more the
believing...
It'll all become real clear as rain, no more sadness and no more pain.
This is the whole picture in life that you'll actually be seeing.
Unpositively positive for life...
Search for and find that very elusive husband or wife.
Make life complete, without an unhappied strife.
Amen and God bless my mess.

Michael Gale

Desperate Housewives Will Have To Become Desperate Viewers.

Desperate housewives will have to become desperate now that the writer's strike of o-seven will halt their own soap opera's television viewing during the day... Only the viewers will have to pay.

This little episode of striking brings back to memory's mind...
Baseball's fan cheating, made us fans unloyally and unfaithlessly blind.

Late night tv talk shows will be in rerun hell..
Re-ality tv will be all tv viewer's words of cussings to tell.

Thank god there is cable and satelite feeds...
Which infiltrate the viewer's own viewable homegrassed life like as weeds.

Choices...
Unheard striking voices.

Maybe poemhunter authors need to do the writing for tv...
Maybe, or just maybe?

That-being a better alternative, than joining the army or navy...
A couch potato's life is a life of easy no-nonsense gravy.

Michael Gale

Developmental Disturbances...Of A Recovering Earth.

Developmental disturbances...
Obsolete indeed.

Global warming is unbalancing Nature, by man...
Will the Earths' ozone readings, be heeded-It can!

But will man be able to read...
Warnings unchecked, on purpose-by greed?

Will the World be giving it's birth? ...
To it's self destruction, No elation, no mirth.

Michael Gale

Dictational Miststatements Of Time's, Unmended.

I am the Dictator, and don't you forget it...
Off with his head, let us, behead it!

You'll no longer, be able to, take a drink of Ovaltine...
Soonly, after, the well slidden, guillitine.

Heh! Heh! Heh! ...
All so bloody, buddy!

Great poem, the one that motivates as well as inspires....
Deep, within, thy royal and loyal empire.

Michael Gale

Did Adam And Eve, Kill Their Dinosaur?

Can you imagine what would be, if Batman was fat? ...
He would be called Fatman.

What would happen, if Robin became Anorexic? ...
He would be known as Ribbon.

If Robin wore a monkey mask, what would he be called? ...
Gibbon.

Do identical twins, have the same finger prints? ...
Good question, you tell me.

Which came first, The dinosaur, or Adam and Eve? ...
Was Adam a caveman?

Did Adam write on skins? ...
Did he etch in stone?

Did he use parchment paper? ...
Adam had no brother.

He also had no mother...
Did that make him feel alone?

Make no bones...
There was no banks, and so he could not take out any car loans.

No tee vees? ...
Oh please!

There was disease...
No aching ease.

Not even a circus...
All frowns-No smirkess.

Life had to be sad, to have to pick up,
and move everything out of the Garden of Eden...
No books or newspapers for readin'.

There were'nt even rainbows...
Not even, ones with arrows.

No tailors even, to alter or make our clothes...
What a world it had to be with no inventions,
but only filled with sorrows and woes.

Who painted the spots on Leopards and giraffes? ...
If we saw them spotless, would they be too clean to
look even too funny enough to give us laughs?

Would we have realized, that we could not wear
bath tub rings to our wedding? ...
No gambling casino's in those days,
What a sad and boring setting.

What about heart attacks? ...
Did we know, back then, that our hearts could not even, attack us?

No betting? ...
How, upsetting?

Michael Gale

Did Van Gogh, Really Know?

Van Gogh at ease-el, paint brush in hand,
preparing to stroke his way...
Lost in thought-Nothing to say.

Pondering if he should cut off his ear? ...
Is he filled with in-trepidation and fear?

Did his depression make him angry and mad? ...
Or possibly-way too sad?

He was in an insane asylum...
Later in his life-He was probably lucky-if
earlier, he had not thought of cutting
off a finger or thumb.

To end his life was he dumb? ...
Was his brain, as an intelligence,
in a high, or higher sum?

No-His common sense would not save him...
He died from a depressed and saddest whim.

Michael Gale

Dirtiest Abode.

Upon a brick by brick road...
Unaltered by Thy Mason's load.

Avast Thy plank hath walked....
Walked and waltzed beyond all Beings, stalked.

No more, no more as seen unseen...
Ever more so dirtiest unclean.

Specks all scattered as about...
Makes One and All, to screams and shouts.

Michael Gale

Disgrace.

Disgrace, is this word too strong? ...
Is this word really wrong?
Disgrace, is this word an appreciated emotion? ...
Is this word a bandaide for a wound that hurts?
Is your pride hurt for certain? ...
Is this word the pain to pride's that is definitely hurtin'?
Does this word bring down the final deathly curtain?
Is your play of life finally ended? ...
All through your life, your needs were sadly stolen.
All the while your needs were not helped or tended.
All through life, your own rules were always bendin'.
In the end, signals for help, you were not sendin'.
Your whole life was uncontrolled by you...
This life was wasted by you.
In the end, your rights were rended.
Had you had gumption, by you, your rights would have been defended.
Disgrace in life is usually never intended.
In life there is no room for disgrace...
In your place of life there is no place.
If you remember this fact in life,
You will win in this life's whole race.

Michael Gale

Diss- Eases!

Disease...Maybe, just maybe-It should be pronounced or spelled as disss-ease.

Our life is dis at ease...No longer running full tilt...
Until at last-We slowly drain, then wilt.

No longer does the blood flow freely through our veins...
It freezes to a screeching halt.

Our lives are by an unseen force-Diss and at ease or progress.
Cancers, Heart Attacks, Pneumonia, Alzheimer's, Dementia, it never
ceases...Only us in our numbers, are we always becoming a numerical statistical
book of decreases.

Michael Gale

Dissillusioned Heart Break Can Haunt Thy Saddened Heart's Own Loss.

A very slow dripping dropp o' salted rain fro' thy eye's own heart...
Shed the tear of broken love drifting two lovers lost apart.

How did'st thy heart fade fro' thee? ...
How made i mistakes of loveless flight fro' me?

Where did'st thou feelings escape fro' mine tightened grasp? ...
Crymental statements seem saddend not ment to last.

Shattered broken heart fallen off edged...
Moral shrunken as stolen and emptied as dredged.

Lost horizons of the hearts lost....
Can to sudden stopped to lowest saddened delayed of unheartening's total mixed
lot's cost.

Michael Gale

Distemper Fly Dallas.

Distemper Fly Delis...
Are we from Dallas?

Where's my car? ...
J.R.?

Slumbody stole it...
Don't worry-get a donut.

Call a cop...
Of it, I am certainly, on top.

Ge-otta go! ...
Dont'ch know?

Maybe soon, we can go bowl? ...
Pick a pin.

Gunga Dinn!

Michael Gale

Do You Get Worse And Die And Go To Health? ...

When you are sick-

-Do you get worse and die and go to health? ...

Do you leave behind, all of your wealth?

Every day does someone die? ...

On those days does someone lie?

Is there a bright light at the end of the tunnel? ...

Is it boring and not real tunnel?

Do you wish you could shoot everyone with a sub-machine gunnel? ...

Don't you wish that this poem would be finished as doneil?

But in life we must suffer as we go along to clumsily stumble...

Then, in the end, we are dumbly in trouble.

Too bad i have'nt shaved lately and have many a stubble...

The money i now make, it's amount, really should double.

Nothing much in this universe can be seen by a telescope named the Space
Hubbel...

Too bad it already crashed, and then it was flattently mashed.

Now it lay wasted and forlornly ashen.

Michael Gale

Does War, Lead To Hell?

The spOILs of war...

Can make the job market, not soar.

This Iraqi war, has made our

American economy, very unstable and sore...

The stocks had crashed, by seven hundred and
seventy-seven points, this last year...

That fact, had Wall Street traders,
living in fear.

That number,777, has to do with a cycle completed...

This in turn means that God, who is the one, who without, cannot be competed.

Another number, important, is 888...

888, was the price of Gold an ounce, at
the time of the stock market crash.

That set of numbers, in another ancient
language, is Jesus, He is the number one, He does rate.

Every thing does come back to Jesus Christ, and God...

For Jesus, is the most Heavenly bod-

That every thing recycles back to...

Nothing else in the world, will ever do.

Michael Gale

Does Wonder Woman Wear A Wonder Bra?

Does Wonder Woman wear a wonder bra? ...
Or is she flat and not well endowed? Nah!

Can Superman be super fast like a fast movin' jackhammer in the sack? ...
Could Wonder Woman survive such an unsuspecting bedded attack?

Could Superman be a daddy? ...
Could his love juices escape his well muscled state of invulnerable
unpenetrational a body as had he?

Could the Flash out perform the man of steel? ...
Would the Flash be the real sexually attractive every woman wanting real deal?

Would or could the She Hulk get it on with the Incredible Hulk? ...
Would the bed survive the shaking or would everyone around swear that there
was a typical Californian earth quake?

Could the She Hulk stay seated in the Hulks own lap? ...
Or would she be easily moved from his thunderous hand movemented clap?

Why did Superman keep his secret identity undiscovered while wearing only a tie
and eye glasses? ...
Were they all just unobserving dumber of classes.

Would Superman be like the invisible man while seated in Wonder woman's
invisible plane? ...
Would there be left behind by these two super heroes an after sex invisible stain.

Well, i guess that there is a real good invention as autopilot...
Would the super pair get high on dope while flying high in the sky
you know they'd be really well lit.

Would not the pair be visably seeable while having sex while being naked in her
plane? ...
Would she survive the super speeded pain?

You might say they'd be visibly embear-assed...
Then on the nightly tv news they'd be forever sexually and reportedly harr-
assed.

Michael Gale

Dog Darned, That Cat!

Around the pool, had she sat...
Basking in the Sun, was that cat.

Licking her whiskers while lying stoic...
Bathed in fur, as she was a real pro lick.

Thinking only about catching a bird, or fish...
Hungry she's been, getting fed, her only wish.

For on the hour, that dog did bark...
Screamed meowing, now silently, a bloody
puddle, lays ever more,
deep, inside the park.

Michael Gale

Dog, Man's Best Friend

It'll be like that,
in the end! Leashes are long and leashes are
short, Dogs are used for Man's hunting like
sport! Dogs are patient, and dogs are loyal,
We spoil and pamper them, so they think they
are royal! Go fetch, is what we command,
Heel, sit, roll over and just plain catch! Dog
shows with ribbons, awards do abound,
Sniffing they do, as barking's the sound!
Fleas and Ticks are all their pain, We keep
them around to keep us totally sane! To
catch the man that makes a dog, physically
mistreated, Hopefully, by the police, he
would be caught and defeated! Dogs do
bark, when there is an intruder, Don't yell
at dogs, to them it only seems, so ruder!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Domestic Abuse.

Abuse...

Misuse.

Hostile violence...

Bloody silence.

No scream was heard...

Not the first, second, or even, the third.

Domestic violence, is the word, not met...

Only accepted by the uncaring yet.

The law, the law, cannot stop it all...

As long as judges, release them all.

The call should be to put them violent, idiots away....

So that the women can feel safe, this day.

Michael Gale

Don'T Aband', If Not Yee Can'D.

Beating's best...
This heart's own test.
Flutter to flutter...
T'ween brother or other.
Lover to lover...
Only just above her.
Hover and hover...
Just to own and love'r.
Twisted and out...
Love makes me shout.
Halt the balk...
Gain the stalk.
Give up lips...
Get hold thy grips.
Learn a lesson...
Don't go messin'.
Use thy head...
One'ed up top.
Love thyself...
Love thy other half.
Put to shelf...
Help thy self.
Hocus pokus...
Fully focus.
Thy End Indeed...
Do we plead?
Yes-we do...
Yes-i do.
Well-screw you!
Thy end in hand.
Don't aband'.

Michael Gale

Don'T Do Dope, You Dope!

Red eyes seem to have just done pot...
These lines are alot, that you've got.
Eyedrops are always on the scene...
Usually the brand is good ol'e Viseen.
Why do you keep on doing drugs? ...
Is your brain made of Peanutbutter or bugs?
Have you eaten snails or rather garden slugs? ...
Don't even shake your head at me, don't
even give me an 'I dunno? ', or even stupid
looking shrugs.
Is your brain made of horse shit and bugs?
You are so dumb, that you don't deserve
any hugs.
You are so stupid, that you need to get
down on all fours...
You need to be eating bugs instead of
out, paying for whores.
When will you just brighten up? ...
If you keep on doing the same thing,
You'll end up out on the street, trying to sell
pencils out'ta a tin cup.
Don't be a dope...
Don't do dope!

Michael Gale

Don'T Haphazardly Hurl Your Vomit Unless You Really Hav'Ta Just Friggin' Lob It.

Artifacts of mindly estrangement....

Brings to all total amazement.

Tilt-a-whirl and merry-go-rounds spin up and down and all around...

If you listen carefully you may hear the sound of puke hit a metal or cement fore ground.

Splaaat! on the ground is heard the grossest of sound...

Left to right-Keep on looking for you'll see it happen that projectile headed earth bound.

Can gravity prevent a fall? ...

Nah! Not really, not at all.

Tis best left on an empty stomach b'fore headed on ride...

Food needs to ba abandoned from e'er to enter inside.

If ye operate such said ride...

Hope to heaven that ye'll have at the ready a water hose on thy side.

If ye have to ulimately vomit...

Aim for the bucket and not carelessly hurl or haphazardly lob it.

Michael Gale

Don'T Let Life, Suck The Marrow, From Your Bones.

Read on, read on, real loud and true...
Read on for the thought, that is really
you.

Search real hard, for that lovely meaning...
Keep on looking, for a lively weening?

Bring on the most yearned kiss, of death itself....
Put your life on hold, and placed, way back, afar,
upon that shelf.

Why care, about, what others think? ...
You, should know, that you or your life,
does not stink.

One, day, soon, you'll be great...
Before they can blink an eye, or see crooked,
not straight.

No one, will, know how great, that, you'll be...
You'll, not be, some-one's, want-to-be.

Get on, in your life...
Don't get, and keep being,
mad and angry, at your wife.

Michael Gale

Don'T Mess With The U Ess.

Remember 'Rambo'? ...
M60 Machine Gun in hand.

That was my weaponry training while in the Marines....
Those suckers could sputter and spit.

We kicked butt on the Roc Marines Gunnery range...
In a foreign land, was frozenly strange.

Our silhouetted targets just kept a fallin'...
The foreign Marines found out our specialist's callin'.

Marines-you may not know...
Are the very first, by the President's word, has to go.

War is not a Congressional passage...
War-is more like a Presidential message.

We tend to go where we want to be...
We go to war, to be humanly free.

When you mess with the good old USA...
You'll have to play, and even pay, your sorry-acid day.

Michael Gale

Don'T Wanna Live Forever-Until The End Of The Twelfth Of Never.

Is my life forever filled with bad luck and calamity? ...
Do i sometimes talk with a stutter or a verbal lowly silenced stammity?
Should i look for a new change of life? ...
Am i still real happy with my loving wife?
Of couse i still love that beautiful bride of mine...
We've just only recently have been married five years.
Sometimes i like to drink my Bourbon and coke and even my beers...
I really wish to hope that one day in the future, that i'll have been married in years numbered of nine.(at least) .
I only hope she does not in the near future think that i must resemble an ugly old fat bald headed beast...
My hair is just recently receding a little.
In my olden days in years far away, i only hope i'll not be trapped in an old folks home, stuck in front of a tv fallen asleep, from my mouth t'would be dripping a long line of spittle.
A walker in my far away future, i hope i'll not never have...
Constantly for my aches and pains-I'll be stuck in life rubbing in the lotions of Ben Gay and a soothing, healing salve.
A Golden wedding anniversary is something to be totally looking forward to....
Hopefully by then i won't have dentures, and i'll be able to eat and chew beef stew.
Eating baby food type grubb, when i get too old...
Is not a thought too beautiful to be vivid and bold.
Hearing aids protruding out from both ears will make me look as like a 'My Favorite Uncle Martin-Martian'.
I'll have to slowly and well beware of getting old, i'll have to proceed with complete and total caution...
I'd rather put a bullet to my head...
Rather then looking as if i should be looking half alive instead of looking as if i'm completely dead.
Death will seem like a fresh fountain of youth....
As long as i'm not buried inside of a telephone booth.
I once heard of a fella who was so fat that he had to be buried inside a piano case...
If i ever get that fat, i'd rather drink and inhale a whole case of a police force's sprayed, pepper-mace.

Or even drink a whole gallon of Arcenic and old lace...

A peaceful sleep of death might one day seem most wanted in life...

If i cannot one day in the final end, be allowed to be laid beside my once loving
wedded bride, my loving loving beautiful wife.

Michael Gale

Don'T Worry.

No need to fiddle....
With thoughts about the middle.

Thoughts of a meandering stress....
Of things met with nothing but an all
encompassing, mess.

You say You are not someone else's rug be tread? ...
To be digested or leached upon until wasted, dead.

Do not worry....
Only scurry.

To a safe place far and away...
So that in the end, We might
smile and sway.

Sway freer in the wind
or currents be....
Forever not worrying, or even
now, finally at last, peacefully free.

Free from anxiety...
Or unenlightening piety!

Michael Gale

Doth A Lover Require, A Choir To En Joy?

Doth a suitor require a suitcase, for a case of wanted love? ...
Doth wanted love require a song of emoted bliss?

Doth the Miss require a stake of wanting his? ...
Doth a guardian angel give of love
given to thee, as from high up above?

Doth a heart remain silenced by silent myth? ...
Doth a heart beaten into submission, crack
into two or twelve cycles of broken pain?

Doth two strangers grow acknowledged to faithed gain? ...
Doth two strangers grow into two loved in shame?

Michael Gale

Dragon Slayin' Knightly Coward Named Old Moe Howard.

Who be the Word Smith of unbroken dreams? ...
Who doth get ideas 'bout riverery streams?
Where be'ist that dragons breath? ...
Doth he breath fire and flaming death?

Wing spanned about eighty feet...
Heart beat'th fasterly fastest fleeting loud beat.
Horns sprouted from straight to head...
Redder than the reddest bloody dead.

Longest long forked like tongue...
Resembles that of a real large sepeented largely strung as young.
Flap, flap, flap, where be he trapped? ...
Metallic like knight by yee wing done hit and been slapped.

Down, down, down he goes...
Where he lands i guess a'n'body knows!
In his tracks was he fast blasted frozen with fear...
Like a hard knockin' transmission of an old junker gear.

His knees were rattlin' loud and real loudy...
Aft' his ole' death done he run as real sproutty.
Look at those smokein' clouds of pass'ed young lass...
He be well gone down from thy dragons own ass.

Michael Gale

Dragon's Quest, Keenly, And Queenly, They Met.

A Dragony tale...
Fire breathed, nostril's swell.

The dragon had soared and glided on by...
I tell you truthfully, this tale I do swear as tell, I do not flagrantly lie.

Scorched village's thatch filled huts...
Flames were waving and leaping, and jumping.

All, that was left, were a small stream of steam, and ditches, beside
many a ruts...
Hill and dale, through valleys smelled stale, were the road's surface, to wagon's
ride wheels, were jumping and bumping.

Up set carts, as if the dragon's lair, was rustling.
As the winged creature's flapping wings, was sending the winds down to the
village's huts, which were hustling and bustling...

Apart, did the grass huts, spread and, fly away...
A warrior was found, who sent arrow to air, with dragon-ed target, yon arrow did
not fall, but stay.

Both arrow and Dragon, fell to Earth...
No more winged creature, would originate, in birth.

This young warrior, was met with the hand of the Kingdom's royal daughter...
This young warrior, was rewarded with many riches, and happily the Princess and
he should live, happily ever after, they ought'ter.

A dead dragon, lots o' cash n' gold, and a mated partner...
This idea, does so seem, all the much more smarter.

Michael Gale

Dream Scraping.

Dream scraping, is when I scrape the bottom of the barreled dream...
Not the one, had I deem.

Deem so sad, as in life...
Seem as bad, to a wife.

Scrape thy dreams in the dirt...
Like a stain, entrapped in shirt.

This dream scrape, I try to change...
Into something, bettered range.

Nothing, more, nothing strange...
I'll eat that dream, that, I'll, drape.

Hurt the one, that I mindly, rape...
Hope, to hope, I escape.

No longer, am I here...
No longer, seem I, queer.

Nothing better...
Nothing-Dear.

Michael Gale

Dreaming Of Heaven's Space...Dreaming Of Heaven's Race

That sleeping slumber....
Spent tiredly upon thy pined lumber.

Dreams come over thee as fast and as heavy as a theatre's curtain...
For thus was certain.

Blackness surrounds me in a sea of darkness obscene...
Swirling spinning rooms bring forth a feeling of reeling for
thee quietly serene.

Above the tree tops i fly in my dreams...
Over many dells and hilly streams.

Fish jumping out of cold dark green waters...
Stream beds overflow with dampness and a liquidy brine.

Thanks to mothers and fathers...
I had many days of childhood spent happily to be brightly lit and shine.

Many thanks go out to my mother and grandmother and even her long dead
mother...
I am here to dream more dreams of living and breathing and to hopefully to
never die or smother.

Dreams live on in life long gone...
Death overtakes father time with nary a skip of a beat or a tired lazy yawunny
dawn.

A pretended ending from start to die finished...
Time of life is endedly diminished.

As i come to a much fast halted stopping like hover...
I'll once again miss this life like a loved starved teenaged lost lover.

Flying finally higher than lowest peaks of summer...
No more depressions to last as like a bad dreamed of day'ed one bummer.

Christ appears before me on the horizon...
Brightest whitest flowing clean honest robe.

Slightly hotter than the most hottest of stove...
I wander aimlessly than a long lost road detoured beyond the
longest miles i had did fly and did had drove.

Brightest lights meet to me in spacial dimensions...
Of this unexperienced feeling that is hard to explain as mentions.

Time is not ever measured up in Heaven's being...
Life is now as a time of not seeing.

Michael Gale

Dreamlit Days Of Watered Spread, Parted By Other's Own Interrupted Dread.

For tho' dreamlit days traveled sparse...
I fall'd fro' a tall tree's branch, 'lo shaken and marshed.
Fron'd's pondly acred square...
Show'eth thy leaves well tendered by care.
Nature's hills swamped by she...
A mother's Nature, 'tis true to thee.
Large citie's insteps it's granite slabs...
Upraised hills of concrete spires.
Bestills heartened heightened, ways, thusly transpires...
Ocean's seas hush all it's lathering blabs.
Sun drenched sunset spread out it's far searching reach...
Oceanic tremors swell to silently whisper and preach.
Do unhearing ears to sound's finely listen...
Water's beach'd sands admire to a happily greeted wave's mixed glisten.
Hasten to thy wasted laid...
Mast too high for wanted glade.
Moon beams spotlight lover's kiss...
Departed goodbyes, unleash time's fondly, reminisce.
Twin hearts seperated by miles and time...
Interferranced by relatives and busy buddies noseay rushed crimes.

Michael Gale

Drinking Corn Whiskey Can Make One Go Blind With Hairy Palms.

Drinking Corn whiskey can be quite a-maze-ing...

Bubbles of the intoxicating brew may stun many tastebuds into unmerciless stunned submission.

This room spins all about me in speeds unrecorded down in history of man...
Getting tanked and lost in unconcioused numbness of mind.

Can at all hours of the day or nigjht help the alcoholic relax and totally unwind...
Is man eternally to his addictions-Totally blind?

Addictions of the brainless heart...

Can or may make man internally as well as outwardly express a homestyled loudest of unwanted of fart.

Is that the mating call of the wildest girls gone crazy? ...
Why are kids of today so utterly freakin' lazy?

I may catch a lot of flack and criticism for my comments on unruly children of the undisciplined corn of today and tomorrow...
They should have a substitute for wife swap titled kid swap.

Let another parent raise that hidious young yuppy larva off spring....
Then another parent would be surprised when they got home.

Then you'd know for sure the kid would no longer run away fast...
Your accompanymment with that brat would be required to last.

No loss of food consumption later known as a final disciplined efeastment of fast...
Poundage would be erased at last-at last of thy hidden unwanted like past.

That in turn would bring home to thee a most wanted of fling...
A sexual easement for thee t'would be transfixed by rapidly adjoining thyself into a cold shower'd as brought to thee as easily as brung that nice day in spring.

What hath he did bring? ...

I fell out of a tree and broke my arm, now i walk about with right arm

installed to sling.

Kiss the trip good bye and be ever alert and cared of eye...
Turn around and look- There be no stinking readment of book.

Illiterate of mind...
Can or may to others bring eye movement too stagnatedly blind.

T'will there be disease? ...
No, no, no-please pay-no nay, take it all at ease.

Michael Gale

Drive-Ins On The Fourth On Many Years Ago Well Memories.

July fireworks bring together families and friends
for a much needed vacation from worries and work.
Picnics at and on the lake just for memories fond taking.
I remember the days of old when watching a movie
outside amongst the stars and moon.
Playground equipment of a slide and swing
nestled right next to an entrainment framed
to be youthful and exuberant again.
Lightening bugs flickering into the night.
Today's movies consist of many smaller theatres
jam-crammed tighter together than a can of
sardines. An alignment of multifleck'd multiplex
light beamed shows across the screens.
Remember when Fizzies were the rage-Just
dropp them in a glass of water and sniff the
boquet of different fruit flavored bubbles would
tickle the nose. Ah yes, different flavors of instant
soda pop in a colored aluminum or plastic glass.
Just like Alka-Seltzer-only better tasting.
Can you remember back wearing shorts and
igniting sparklers and black pills of instant snakes
arising from the sidewalks or street.
Yes those times were just real amazin', and real, real neat.

Michael Gale

Drugs Of The Boozer, Will Make You The Loser.

He took the weed and rolled a joint, real long...
He passed it around the place, and sang the song.

He was trip-pin' on a drug induced trip, unadvised this trip...
Seeing things abnormal was hurting his lower and upper lip.

He had chills and sweats and shakes galore...
He even had muscles unaware to him in places, too sore.

He got the munchies and he got the girl...
He even might of been nuttier than even the nuttiest squirrel.

He made his brownies and passed it about...
He got real drunk and even tried to scream and shout.

He made a pass at another girl, uglier, than his...
He had to go to the john to make a most frantic liquidity whiz.

Drugs and booze does not mix...
You might as well as take a branch and smoke the sticks.

Your brain will fry way into the night...
These things illegal and immoral, could get you into a fight.

So don't drink your alcohol and smoke and drive...
If, in the morning, you want to wake up alive.

Michael Gale

Due I Really Care What You Think?

Do we care what they may think? ...
Comments gone bad and only do stink?
Where are we on that 500 top poet's list? ...
Did we make or merely was missed?

Who cares? , not anymore i....
I'll'st never look, not even af't i die.
No more worries, and tears....
No more scurries and sorriest of fears.

Let them eat crap if they don't like my work....
They'll only go on to remain a stupid sorry jerk.
If you do not like what you read...
Go off on your own way and never to treadly heed.

For you do not matter in all this world...
You only make me ill enough to upchuck and hurl.

Michael Gale

Eagles Without Of Worldly Wing'Ed Care.

Eagle freed and soaring freely aloft softening sights of sighted clouds...
Reverberates with sounds of screeching all noisy as way too volume in plusses
louds.

Those billowy islands of the skies....
Down way below as river's belies.

Blueish regions stretch out delight...
Happy smiles ignite all bright.

What a sight of nature's own...
From egg to birdling adult has grown.

What be this miracle of nature? ...
All appreciated as seen their scene, proud stature.

Feathery flapping alit to air...
Without of worldly wing'ed care.

Majestic they are as if in flight....
At rest from day's own pause of night.

Twinkling sparklers of head up above...
Stars do shine to show off nature's love.

Cool breezes sing out their own sounds in mountains at night...
Nothing to fear of brought on fright.

God's own power be that all mighty and right...
Good night to all this night tonight.

Michael Gale

Easter Egg Blues.

Easter eggs are sweet like my sweetened honey...
Chocolate sweet treats-once yearly(brought by, by the Easter Bunny) .
Eggs do hatch early but not always on time...Cracks appear on egg's one
side...Inside and completely nude
Resides one pissed off colden dude.
Feathers are seemly on the upper decline...
Revealing to all, it's butt naked obvouse flaw.
Hen pecked as if done by the ever lovin' wife...
Forced he is, to live his life, so well full of strife.
Easter egg hunts start by noon...
Parents wait impatiently, for it's timed ending to come real soon.
Chocolate covered bunnies have their ears eaten off first...
Too much gorging on candy, makes the throat dry and parched and
dying of thirst.
Peep! Peep! peep!
Little baby chick does chirp and cheep.
Swollen little tummies enlargen and bloat...
From over abundant inside bellie's chocolatty coat.
To the emergency room many kiddies are certainly rushed...
Stomach's pumped while on the examining table, is rudely caused
by toilet's flushed, afterward all is still and all good kids are allowed to go to the
john and soon are walking while finally able.
These kid's gait's are as weaving and swaggering...As like a
Tuxedoed looking birds, look to be like a drunkened witless fool who can't stop
from stumbling and and dads cannot wait till Easter leaves this year...The only
thing that scares these parents, is
the next years coming causes many unwanted fears.

Michael Gale

Easter Eggs Sent Dead To The Head, By That No Good Easter Bunny.

Bazooka powered Easter eggs shot thru thy splintered head...

What a holidishioned war found guilty of spreading far wide the high amassed dead.

That Easter Bunny sure seemed to be and act too overly strange and funny....

Aw well, could'da been good ole whacked out Buggs Bunny.

The finger prints on the firing trigger leads back to an over sized white cottoned machine of mass produced knit gloved hands...

T'would not have been done by a whole bag of busted rotting rubber bands.

Easter this year finds the guilty party filled with and full of rotting egg stench on their proverbial face...

This year's Easter holiday calendar photo is framed by a holidiay's disgrace.

So it should be well advised to not run to the mall on the next up coming holiday Easter...

Or your photo may be shot with you looking like you've been kicked on your own dumb assed looking keester.

Death goes to those who shop at every time of Easter...

For giving money to shop, to your very own teacher.

And at your funeral mass there shall be present...

Your really hated, child molester, closetted, hiding, Sunday School Preacher.

Michael Gale

Effigy Of That, Saddened, Fallen Tree.

A stuttering evening breeze....

Coldness instilled to shivering knees beneath the wavering trees.

Perhaps thy shan't have feelings of aloness sent aloof...

Squirrels play tag with each other, above a homely autumn roof.

Swirls of dead wintery leaves toss and turn an evening's latent, about...

Summer's death invents the end of every one's, haughty, naughty shout.

Westerly winds, blow a gust at me....

Down it falls that deadened one, Effigy of the saddened, fallen tree.

Michael Gale

Embers Of The Hot, Burned Heart.

The transpired embers that burned
hot flashes and ashes below thy feet...
Brings unjust to me, thy own stinky defeat.

Stinky defeat concerned only unlearned
feet, thus burned...
Heart ached pain that emits only thyself, done spurned.

This inflamed enlarged heart ache, pains me most...
It turns me into a once burned, toasty host.

Left for dead upon my grave...
Hopeless in love and hate foremost this agony; s knave.

Makes me learned only dumb founded to Love's enclave...
Love's misdirected, angry knave.

Love's stupid and ignorant slave...
To pain.

Michael Gale

Emotional Vacancies Of The Well Broken Heart.

Emotional vacancies of the heart...
Result by a non tell tale misstart.

Love has it's many rocky roads...
Much name calling and much more teasements and goads.

The heart is put into a cataclystmic shock...
Maybe, just maybe it is time to take stock.

The love cupboard is put under a keyless lock..
Love is often stolen and put up, to hock.

Borrowed pain is born from indecent disrespect...
More than often, this fact by many of us, we do not detect.

How can we all recognize those subtle hints? ...
If we had a dime for every time we over looked over our mate's
own faults, we'd be rich in a self foamulated soul cleansing rinse.

Our pile of lies and denials would surmount to heights so astronomically
dizzying...
Our heads would fastly spin in it's shocked feelings in realization
of our businesses unconcluded or it's total state of being as final and unfinished.

A mate must show respect towards their loving spouse...
Or to all, observing, will seem, as like a rotten filthy louse.

Love must not seem, to all, as like an unreachable goal...
Before we truthfully know we have a beautiful loving, individual soul.

Then, and only then, will we know, that we are truly, with each other, in love...
From a most supreme and holy, loving hostly parent, from way up high and
above.

This, in time, to us all, will show his unselfish and always forever caring love.
Sent to our human knowledge and hearts, that to us, fits just as good and tight
as the most appropriate, all weathering glove.

Enter Poetic Land, Where Dreams Can Scream Or Wave In Sheer Terror.

A very magical poetic ride upon the magic carpet to imager'ied land...
Where the imagination can lead into no normal encrusted corner.
No ever ending hallowed border...
Bells fitted by elves and fairy God daughters hang slanted to face the far Eastern
Cameleth'ed land. Hear the snarkle of the witch'ed tramp...
I'll gladly and madly invade this all evil, impish, spirited camp.
Hold off oh wicked evil dread...Look out, look out, for the well hid spread.
Sprinkle mouse upon thy jersey...I hope'eth to thee a far maddening subdued
howling by the beck of the oncoming pear shaped moon.
How full? How soon? Dare i enter backwards thru that painted blackened glass?
...
Twill't my spillt fall out onto concrete or grass? A three eyed newt scampers past
my oafish self...Even past that ugly elf. This land has just brought to me a tree of
candy, stripped canes...They fall to head to begin my bane and pain. I awaken to
a bed and a pillow...Am i not no longer below that blasted Willow? Ah yes, a
poem at it's merry-fairy end...Just on down a few psychological miles, near the
winding road's long stagnated bend.

Michael Gale

Erosions Of A De-Medicated Heart.

Erosions of a demedicated heart...

Leaks out, about a quart o'blood,
from the git-go'ed start.

This piece of machinery, is such a complicated ticker...

The warranty, is not meant to last long, even tho' it says
the opposite, straight on the tear away sticker.

Penalty of law, makes it illegal to tear it away...

Even, if in the end, your married partner,
decided to stray.

Ba-beat, ba-beat, ba-thump-a'lump....

This complicated sound, is what it makes,
even in full powered, operational phased,
actioning-a-pump.

What happens, when it develops a crack? ...

Just, go find someone else, that you'll give a
kiss to, and a smack.

For, you should not have to suffer, an emotional stroke...

For later on, after you've both, have seen your lawyers,
you'll just end up, financially broke!

Michael Gale

Eternal Joy!

As I whisper forever my eternal joy, My life
of happiness wishing to er and
ever seeking great wealth, 'stead of
enjoying all of my a prayer is sent
off to heaven above, seeking his forgiveness
and Heavenly love! Whenever his knowledge is
equally spread, the devil tries to install
his evilly dread! Heaven help this evil-like
Devil, for all of God's power shall make him
of a weaker day Jesus and God will
come to judge the dead and the living, for
thru God, there shall be true love and
forgiving!

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Eternal Locked Loving, Sealed Well And Tight.

That midnight tower to your loving heart...
By me was hard to climb into that unopenable window.
Had i not tried to pry it wide and open...
To my dismay, there was a far reached hope'inn'.
My stay at your inn of happiness...
Brought to my loved feeling, which lowered to me
your standard's heightened highest ceiling.
This gave to me my heart's loving, being permantised
for all time...
By our united love's fondness-bonded.
Shut tightly, with mutual feeling's most heart felt...
Eternal, locked-sealing.

Michael Gale

Ever More The Raven Soar.

Let there be a raven more...
Let it soar and fly.
Let there be a raven nor...
Let it circle by.
Let there be a raven more...
T'will it stay up high?
Let there be a raven more...
Forever more, the most more ever high.
Soaring is it's favorite time...
Higher and higher, it t'will ever climb.
Let the raven ride that current of air...
It rides it ever more.
That raven will ride it once, once more-
Forever more, will it ever soar?
Beyond that harvest day...
That raven will fly and soar once more, to
fly and play another fun filled day...
Forever more will he ever soar.
This ravenouse fun filled ever more day of play...
T'will stay with he, to fly and stay.

Michael Gale

Everlasting Waves That Drown Over Me, Of The Goodbye Kiss

As the flowers wilt their fallen petals...

Ashened colorless softened as not of hardened as many a man made metals.

Winds die down as tamed the king of beasts....

My love for you to my heart and eyes seem forever lovingly
as your lucious beauty i tenderly feast.

Sunlight fades to black...

Like as your heart to me did not lack.

All understandings of feelings flood deep b'neath

many, many rippled waves of oceanic tides...

This time mis-spent with ye doth misblend and painfully unabides.

Never do i not bend mine feelings of ever peek and hide...

Sorrowed love like all frothy foamy bubbles extinguished by hurtful
flames need not subside and hide.

No more new happy day may ever be to greet to me...

No longer shining rays shine their payments upon thee-

Best lost times stretched infinitely may again marks yon beauty
of fades not ye.

Please hush my birdling dearest...

Cry no more pained as of thy fearest.

Yon heart of thine shall yet be dear to thee...

Clearer of clearest days seem to me,

May our own two hearts be mixed earnestly.

Come back to me my dearest finally as of yet to be so
tendered nearest.

(This poem is inspired by a poem by 13 year old poet Connor Brown Titled
'Everlasting'.)

Evil Don'T Care!

Emerald cities arched by spanning bridges
so far, Running great backed up lines, of a
many slow moving car! These halted metal
squares on wheels, Dot the road map of
life's very own bumps and speed
bumped political wise-guys detour the
poor, homeless with tales and get
our vote while staying in office, with many
more lies that are hugely disguised mask of
loftliness! Hidden agendas line the street
corners, like fire hydrants in the foes face
of the righteous and fair! The evil liars
make sure that we cannot win, Do you think
they care or even give a hoot? All they want
is to win, by their own, thought out route
It's sad but true, The bad guys win, while we
continue to be beaten all through! It's hard
to be the down and trodden good defender,
This makes us want to surrender!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Evil Men Are Wrong.

A man of peace....Might back a war.....
As long as only, full good, is due in store.

For war of goodness, for freedom's sake...
Will not bring about, a worse being's, mistake.

How will we, be told, our envisioned fate? ...
Unless of course, we've given up, all total hate.

Only evil men, can due offend....
To bring about, all Worldly, total's end.

Michael Gale

Eviled Ways Of Man So Proudly Stunted.

Tis t'was pretty done...
As of this the one so fun.
As this the one so run...
Beget this ship of misshapened whims.
Oftened failures of one'd so themed...
Tested of time is time itself.
Put out to sea that most Devil'ed elf...
Eviled flames extinguished by thee.
T'will in the end put end to thee.

Michael Gale

Exorcisms, Of A Dietary, Culture.

The pounds, as they shed....

Fatty wasted deposits, from belly, buttocks knees, are dead.

What be this sudden-ed towering mast? ...

What be this latest hour'ed chaste?

At last, be it ever so humbly, past...

Be my scheduled, shadowed cast.

The shadow falls onto my bodied mass...

Trimmer the trimmed, out flanking, ass.

A kiss to the far west and Easterly lass...

So shavened as lumbersome grass.

Thy pounds now loosed due to thy inherited mistakes...

They diet, by lessened, candy-land, milk shakes.

Michael Gale

Eye Spyed, Not Lied But Left Not Rightly So.

Eye came...

Eye sawed.

Eye shamed...

Eyed flawed.

Eye same...

Eye lame?

Eye blame...

Eye same.

Eye distant...

Eye lo' mis-slanted.

Michael Gale

Eye Trust, A Must, A Must.

Eye trust everyone had a nice and safe Christmas break? ...
No days filled with sadness, or heart ache.

Days filled with tender glee...
For all loved ones, Earnestly.

Days of happy minutes that we've spent...
Or even a smile, to ones, that we've lent.

I hope that you all will have a safe and Happy New Year...+
Shared feelings of ones, so heart felt, Dear.

Wealth and money, We've not many to share...
At least we can to loved ones, and friends, show that we care.

Michael Gale

Eyed, Spied!

This Summer's feast is spied by the eyes...
Does the eye, spy the spy?

Hence the watched, ever so candid...
Has the quarry finally been landed?

Eyes are always about and everywhere...
These eyes do continually, constantly stare.

Watching us seems ever so rampant...
Freedom is always ever as stagnant.

Controlled as by the watchful eye...
For once i wish to finally die!
01-03-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Family Tree'D.

A family tree...

Where does it sprout from ye?

Where be those many paths tho' lead? ...

Where be those loved, thy need?

All members grown like weeds...

Sprouted about like watered reeds.

Many numbered as like many breeds....

Offshoots by many with many their needs.

Planted by roots, rooted real deep...

Bloodlines have flowed, by leaps, they seap.

Scattered about be all thy seed...

May they to never, ever bleed.

Michael Gale

Fantasy Run On Unsentenced.

Look at the Unicorny in the cotton fields...
Eatin' up the profits, as fast as it Cannedy

Was shot in a motorcade in Dallas was....
Where J.R. was shot in the shower

Of powerful arms hugged her hips, completely...
His tongue went down to her lips, lips were like cotton candied land

Edward ScissorhandsOME he was notting Hampshired and
Double cross dressed the scumbagged bugged no morals

Of the unfiltered heart, minus any of his younique art
Works under employed and laid off

Of pretentious and pius strictedest imbeciles and
Gregorious vagabonds who robbed and ripped me off.

Michael Gale

Farewell Alass

Illinois born as tried as
true,
Always walking as though life is enticing thine troubles
to pass me by,
Wanting one's love ever within reach,
Hoping my heart's outershell won't be
a'breach!
Sorrow of turmoil af't of one's woes,
creating heartbreak's for my very own
Roe! As her scornful greed does amass!
Making mine heart to yearn thy Lass!
The deep sharp stabbing pain does
instill it's wrath'some fury deep in
my soul, and heart as a rash on my
back!
Memories do keep haunting my soul,
Filling me deep within my whole!
Letting my wish to have a final
farewell, Alas my dear one, none to
tell! ! !

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Fat Is Where It Is At.

Fat, is where it is at.

Flab, is fab.

Fast food, stays with us.

It can make us as big as a bus.

Or even a house.

Fat people are bigger than a mouse.

Sometimes, as big as a house.

Fat people are bad at math.

Because, they in calories-do not count.

There is nothing wrong in being fat.

Because, fat is where it is at.

Michael Gale

Fatty Food Fetish!

Heart attacks come in waves at night, Perhaps
brought on by dremted nights of fright!
Smoking and being way too lazy, Eating
fatty foods, requires one to be quite so
crazy! A healthy diet is what should be
tried, Since most food eaten, is usually
fried! Exercise, when attempted, should
hopefully help, To improve one's image of
one's own self! 11-27-2005'.

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Fear Of Fear

We all need to unite under an umbrella
of freedom with beliefs in Christ.
Under an umbrella of fair choice.

Under and given a free voice.
Never to be seized Our unpleasing release.
Always riding the liberty of lease
Before hand the Isle of disillusioned geese.

Flying into the fray at hand.
Always wishing, to safely land.
No crashes here.
No more fear of fear.

Michael Gale

Feel All Good, For God-The Same.

Forgot-forget of sorrow gone...
Until the eve, of next dead's dawn.

Be yet so brave as never thought.
Behave much better, as better naught...

Beneath the sorrow of my name...
No one to know-no one to blame.

No sorrow for this broken heart...
Beyond our own, our only part.

Feel no rumors of fallen shame...
Feel all good, for God-the same.

Michael Gale

Femaled Curves, Thine Eyes Deserves.

Those twinn'ed hilled bumps which stare at me...
Those twinn'ed mountained bumps that thrill to me-my eyes with smile.
Those curved apperations that stand out a mile...
They please my eyes, there be no denial.
Mountain tops with curves descended...
The famaled figure is oh-so splended.
How to count the ways i stare? ...
If be caught
T'will i-not care.

Michael Gale

Fiery Phoenix's, Flight.

It was just a few altering words thrown together in a pile....
Like the ashes in the pyre, no known style.
Out of the ashes flight takes form...
Far from the ordinary, norm this storm.

The Phoenix flames a-fired.
from all evil, Satan's sired.
To brave the fire's fashion, whilst in tow....
Nothing remembered, not I know.

Time to forget, all that hurt....
Not even the most honored,
and ired curt.
Belay all the angered desire....
It be time to extinguish
the unquenchable fire.

Look up way up high...
Thy fiery bird, that hath
once to die.

Michael Gale

Fish Wish!

Fish Wish!

Splendidly wet is this day of fishin',
With pole in hand, is my ultimate mission.
Worms held tightly on those metal hooks,
After years of reading, all those how to
books.
Titles like Field And Stream, and others,
gave me help,
As I landed my catch, away from the kelp!
On hot summer days I had no luck,
Driving home empty handed, inside my truck!
Then there were days, I'd caught almost a
ton,
With a smile on my face, I'd finally won!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Fishin' In Hotter Water!

The rainbow trout splashes thru the water,
Worms or grubs wriggle on days that are
cool or hotter! We wait on the bank or on a
dock, Or sit near dams or near the lock!
Patience is a virtue to one devoted, With
bait that wavers, as moves and floats! Perch
or catfish linger and hide, One must be
ready to take dissappointment with an even
stride! If mosquito bites are the only ones
we get, We should not be, too upset! A tug on
the line makes us elated, Knowing our hook
was masterfully baited! A fish fry we will
soon to partake, At this point, this sure
beats potatoes and steak! We will use a
spicy batter, If it burns, too much
it should not matter! 11-29-2005'.

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Flourishing Falacies Of A Forlorne Fellow...

Flourishing falacies of a forlorne fellow...
Features a famous four legged fawn.

Some sagas stimulate star searchers...
Some stories sadden some.

But next year arrives th' dawn...
Th' following year predates the hum.

Beyond the hemespher's sonic rattle...
Abdigates the cosmic prattle.

Abductional keep of the cattle...
Returns to some the unital sum.

Michael Gale

Flowers In The Wind!

Flowers in the wind,
God forgives your mortal sin.
Children play all day,
All good men enjoy, and pray!
Rainbow up, way so high,
Clouds overhead in yon sky.
Godly men love to live,
As God does lovingly so, so does God forgive!
Forever throughout these days,
As all makind, give God, good praise!
Evil ones eternally afraid,
Thru God's belief and love, is how man is
repaid!
Man will pass thru Heaven's gate,
As sinless and heart's pure, does he await,
God's final judgement of man's fate!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Fluxional Saddened Heart Ached Pain.

That influxioning flux in days of time...
Shall for ever and ever go on and climb.

Heftly met dissatisfaction arrives to thee...
Greeting ye as if not free.

Hardly swept waters of the ever melting heart...
Shall insist on hope of one saddened lone one depart.

Met in the after life were we to meet...
Final ever sweet met treat.

Michael Gale

Foot Prints-Embarked.

Foot prints of time eroded embarked...
Ideas just like mine-had I sparked.

Sun drenched deep, into my sign...
Very Libra-lating, as of thine.

How might I to one day to count on ye? ...
Remove all doubt as best, yet see.

Involvements of this, circled space...
Resol -ved, of this inane race.

Hap-ply-No more embarrassing-disgrace.

Michael Gale

For Love Of My Sweet Baby Sweet Baby Some More.

You are my baby sweet baby more...
We argued the other night.
Let's no longer fight....
No more, please not ever more.
I love the way yon eyes glow at hand...
I love to hold your soft warm hand.
We kiss away the time of parted...
We'll always for more be loved forever more.
Never will we be of broken hearted...
Love bloom'th'ed since sighted as started.
You are my sweet baby more....
No fights ever were tallied of wins or losses of score.
Make up? ...
Not of this one of face.
Lets make up 'stead possessed of angered disgrace...
You are my Rock of Gibraltar.
Loved you since upon the alter...
You are my forever more sweet baby more.
No longer to be mad at each one another....
Baby, baby aweet baby more.
Never to be never so ever sore.

Michael Gale

For Nothing Of Naught So Sought Thy Song.

Prefractures of a fracturing sparkle...
Preventures of a faltering nature.

Holy phone calls to one who cares...
Blinding undeciveness from one who stares.

Me lady who wants total unwavering care...
Why are ye there, here or bare?

I walk to the tent of nine...
I stalk to the side of thine.

Belittlest little of little wee sons...
Re dribble re griddle to those heaviest of tons.

Loiter my goider to some that lumpeth...
Beseech to thee that alite to the bumpeth.

Fur to thee the wandering few...
Help for me that does not due.

Bicuspid breakers of a brake unchecked...
Beyond my takers from someone pecked.

Keys are but one of the things of life...
No longer mistaken for they of strife.

Beget to forget to set them free...
Regret to forget to dejet and flee.

Flight may take on an appearance of all gone long...
For nothing of naught so sought thy song.

Michael Gale

For The 'Morrow, Keep This Heavened-Gate, Missed Date.

My breath speaketh of thy truth....No more strife in life be due.
However so does one communicate ideas of late?
How can any one person face their time on earth? , so predetermined
this fate, from time of birth.
Waylaid, our paths continue through time, only after finally racing
towards God's own unheard voice...
After a much lengthy ignorance of God, We've read the good word and
have made the only righteous choice.
Hail to the new found king...
From up in Heaven, will this be the final one song that all of us God
loving people will for all eternity, be allowed to sing.
Heaven's Gate will no longer wait....
For the 'morrow, will we be able to keep this last minute date.

Michael Gale

For You Are My Woman, As I Am Your Love Slaved Man.

Your enveloped heart will i hold dearest to my own to cherish and give a lot of hopeful hugs and kisses as well as a plus sized wet soaked lick...

Your stamp-ed approval will be my only sobering love that will stay in memories held tightest to my own heart to forever to stick.

Those long lost days of love gone awry in June...

Shall keep my love of thee to have grown in bloom it's fullest unfurling stay in tune.

My undying but always breathing gasping love baggage...

Shall be kept packed tightest in my thoughts and sensing awarenessessity forever freshest as fresh as the freshest unrotting head like cabbage.

Yes-You shall always stay fresh in my mind held heart...

Forever to be forever the freshest thought in feelings to not dare ever to depart.

Do not dare ye to partake an unexpected exiting of my solid wasted heart filled can...

For you are my woman, as i am your love slaved man.

Michael Gale

Forced To Smoke Crack As A Joke.

Have y'all seen the video of a guy giving his 2 or 3 year old nephews a joint to smoke on you tube? ...

That guy is a moronic like real stupid boob.

I hope they throw the book at that crazy guy...

This i tell you truthfully, that's no lie.

What was that guy really thinking? ...

That deed was bad as bad as stinking.

Both kids are now in protective services as should they be....

That dumb uncle was way too thoughtless and goofy.

Next time maybe the mom will be extra cautious? ...

Then a deed so bad will not make other viewers so sick and nautious.

Michael Gale

Forever Parked In My Heart's Garage!

Keep your heart's compassion so prevelant
and clear, Together we kiss each other so
truly as dear! Your heart is in my sights,
Forever we'll give to each, life's wonderous
delights! Your taste is in my bud, So
tasteful a flavorful one, but alas, not
a misfired dud! Hearts do mend with each
denial, For love has it's own glorious
reprisal! Sky-rockets jettison with many a
showered down spark, As we are in each
other's heart's garage eternally to park!
Lest ye travel far away, Forever in my
heart to endlessly stay, as your part!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Fort Hood.

Nothing good...
Happened today, at Fort Hood.

Blood was spilled...
Some were injured, or killed.

When will all the killing stop? ...
I only hope that we'll be able to
hitch a ride, on the peace truck,
that we can hop.

The blood was shed...
Many are dead.

When will it stop...
Where was a cop?

One cop has died..
His family, will, have cried.

Many tears will over flow...
No sense at all, to be
revealed and to show.

This is crazy. This is sad...
Something happened,
that was bad.

Michael Gale

Free As A Bird.

*****The
*****O
*****Bird, that Had >>

*****flown it's

*****nest...

*****Had, at best,

*****yet-attest, and sing

*****it's song, can not be wrong..

*****Free again, to strut it's stuff, of affluent

*****Free at last. To fly as roam, @

*****home we be

*****() alone/? / \$ at peace./()

Michael Gale

Free Or Done!

O'h to be as free as a bird, Almost unseen
and never heard! Like to be a fly on the wall,
Secretive as any, but at ye beck and call!
As I do walk among the clan, in this land, I am
a man! For heaven and Earth do require, setting
out is man's desire! Lest thy journey of a
man, from the beginning of time all had
and sorrow begins anew, in us all
that the chosen are few! As we carry out our
plan,
Our time on earth may be at hand!
For we are, our most deadly foe, this at last
our final show!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Freedom At What Cost? A Mommy Or Daddy's Lively Lost!

Upstairs in Heavenly surroundings reigns our God and his righteous son...
Both looking down at us all humans warring with each other, while at the same time being filled with disappointment and sorrowed disgust far from reality's remorseful and done.

Young hippy brood...
These days think our American President wrong and rude as crude.

Understanding is way below the lowest line...
Why must our troops have to die, is this the method divine?

No, no, and nay i say...
No more war is best spent years and a night or day.

We back our troops and our military men and women...
But-we don't have to happily do it for Hell's released hellions unleashed in sin.

A lone tear drips ever so gently down a child's and mother's cheek...
Good men and women and daddys and moms have died by bullets and bombs,
(these things not strong but sadly silent and meek) .

Where is that freedom but here to die?
A child crying in the wind and is forced to ask his mom real sadly why just why?

Michael Gale

Freedom Of Speech.

Freedom of speech...
Why doth ye preach?

I am free to tell my view...
Thy forefathers made it clear we are so able to do.

If you don't like what i write...
You can go on and fly a kite.

For we are competent to offer our say...
Because i and they served our time to let us have freedom's pay.

Michael Gale

Freedom's Main Course.

Free will...
Do feel.

Free will...
Will thrill.

Free will-above all, is free...
Free-as the tallest tree.

Our freedom has roots buried deep...
Communism and their ideals-will to us, not be allowed to penetrate and seap.

Our ground is untethered and still firm...
Our base is unmovable-as like a well protected line, or birm.

We have a firm belief, in God, true God of all...
From this belief, we'll never falter, or fall.

Many wars have been fought, to make ideals all great...
Our country-'the USA'- A state of being great.

For love of God, to all-will ever to translate....
We'll fight the battle for the good of free man's will.

Freedom's main course, shall full-fill our country's, main plate.

Michael Gale

Freedom's Songs, Sung Well, To Heart.

Amid thy dreams I dreamt that night...
Keep up, reap up, all the fight.

For how might we gain a foot-hold, tight? ...
Beyond all squallerd, scary, be this sight.

Freedom's ring, we do wish to sing...
As we fight all terrorist's Countrie's, bad things, they bring.

Look and stare as we fight them hard...
We deal ourselves, our freedom's card.

Look on, look on, all common man...
All free willed Nations, Unleash our freedom's plan.

For those who lead under doom filled terror stained lands...
Will be met with a constant flow of Freedom's brands.

We'll proudly, wear the label of Freedom's price...
Because all men freed, will forever be nice.

Be nice, be nice, our plans laid well...
Only time and God, will be able, to tell.

Hath our plans resprung to heart? ...
A love for men and brothers, at last, We're smart.

Michael Gale

Freedom's Way, By Our Own.

Raise up, raise up, your arms of pride...
Ride the ride, The Freedom' s, ride.

Our soldiers rise up, to the challenged-claim...
Of them, we are proud, no sign, no-shame..

Only lonely, saddened fame...
Their absented company, of
ours-for shame!

The cost of terrorist's, shameful mess...
We can only do, but send our best.

These men and women, help keep us safe and sane...
This fact is true, it's seemly-plain.

For all their toil...
Let us remember them,
'in a happy memory and in time honored',
'as time-memorial'.

Michael Gale

Freedoms.

Freedom to write...
Freedom to swear.

Freedom of the right...
Here or there.

Freedom to vote...
To give your views in note.

Freedom to sing...
To wear a ring.

Freedom to talk...
About, most any thing.

Freedom to eat and drink...
Even free to not bathe, and maybe even unusually stink.

Freedom to think...
And form opinions.

Freedom to judge...
Even if someone thinks you wreak.

Michael Gale

Frenchopin.

The French Open...

Is that when the french kiss and french kiss the groinal area?

Or is it when the french uncross their legs for a fervent sexually received pressured pleasure? ...

Does French Open mean that the Eiffel Tower is opened for business?

Or does that term mean that they do business seriously with a lot of roughness? ...

French Open-Do they mean business?

French Open-Are the french open to suggestions? ...

Or does this term mean that they are vicious and mean?

Michael Gale

Friends, We Miss.

Never last, does that smile...
Only till, friendship's denial.

Will I smile, put to face...
Until we talk, peace filled place.

Friendship's space, revealed at last...
Friend for good, then, as in the past.

May we connect from now till grace...
Friendship, now, in it's place.

Along the shores of memories past...
May we swim, and not drown in bad days last.

For a friend is best at hand....
May we stay, as flown, we land.

Michael Gale

From This Heart... So Deafened Designed.

From the moment our eyes entwined...
From the time our ears caught upon us all.

From the moment we aspired to enthrall them all...
From this heart so deafened signed.

We all became as one to a pair...
To ensnare ye dare.

From us all do the heart ache beat us down....
Like as a parroted clown.

Misused yearnings escape all man....
Unbruised cursings mistrust thy damn.

Minimum gyrations of any at all...
Can only mimic the one's best call.

Defend to heart thy trust to him...
Beyond all cries of such tanished whim.

Beserk to mind the one calm all....
regret to none the won told fall.

Regretably to me the one sparse tree....
Baron to branches of no greenery.

Balden to limbs as long gone now...
I give up all help yet to curse and bow.

Michael Gale

Frosted Heart, Broken Apart!

Flakes of frost, nips eagerly at thy hills,
Forming an unboding anger's test of wills!
Ironic fate has thrown you to my side, For
your protection, I'll guard and hide! Your
safety is but my worry, You may have to
hide, before running to scurry! Behind
tall brambles of hidden facades, Lingers on
by my couragious abstracted cherades! This
Cheshire Cat's hidden smile, emanates my
disguised hidden love, so infectious a free
formed despised rejected, hatred's denial!
My love for you has been hiddenly blind,
You can count on me to be your protector
divine! The cards were stacked against us
from the start, Causing me this old busted
down, shattered, broken heart! 12-07-2005'.

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Full Moon Passioned Days Of Summer.

Full moon of passionate romance...
Long b'fore the Summer's Square Dance.

Fiddles pulse and strings do t'wine...
At the picnic table drinks are drank and of fine country food-fare divine dine.

Full Moon's passions shared into thy air...
M' girl friend's natural beauty doth make me stare.

Full Moon's Passionate quartered slivers in Winter's ice...
Resembles mountains of whitened frosty wintered rice.

Trees felled hard by Wintery ice...
Electric power of homes can't be too nice.

Cold days of Winter frozen in time...
Death tolls are risen to Nature's own crime.

Frosty breath floats slowly outside my cheeks...
Can't wait till Spring's most welcomed next weeks.

Green buds will sprout along landscape's aligning...
Fresh smell of warmth will flower forth colorful designing.

Cows in pastures graze with ease...
No more chance for cowlerick like disease.

Milk in tubs of whited glass...
Promises days filled with prayerful mass.

Silenced smiles of enchanted class...
Decorate along paths of picket fenced gated soft grass.

Clothes dry shaking on lines in the wind...
Clothes pins hold them tightly made of wood and not iron or tin.

Butterflies flutter carefree from flower to flower...
Buttermilk on porches tasting ever so sour.

Dairy farms dot the landscaped painting...
Memories real glad and not even sadenly tainting.

Happy endings of days spent long...
Leaves only happy memories as a heart of my song.

Sun shines brightly all about...
Looks like to me the kids play as they shout.

Michael Gale

Furrowment Of The Heavenly Mount.

Furrowment of the Heavenly mount..
All good things in life, really do count.

Do not let others, do you bad...
Do not let someone, make you sad.

Stand up and be proudly tall...
Don't let others, make you fall.

Listen to the higher call...
Don't fall off, your protected, Holy wall.

God and Jesus Christ, is my total boss...
They make me, the major, righteous Hoss.

Turn the other, offensive cheek...
Listen, be wise and peaceful, so to speak.

Avoid, the wrong, danger land...
Always take the peace filled, calming stand.

Jesus Christ was the most, righteous...
Yes, He and His Father, have always been,
the most, high, and mightiest.

Both of them, are most, thy, good...
I cannot wait, to move into their, own loving neighborhood.

Michael Gale

Fury Love's Storm-Aptly Calmed.

He held her tightly against his chest...Letting her know, he be-'the best.'

He the best to let her know...By the erotic glow that grow.

Kisses laid gently upon her cheek...Her eyes finally opened in silenced speak.

Vanished was he no longer there...She had at last shown she did actually care.

The heart is some what shaped like an upside down pear...A symbol of total care.

It's peel is like a false facade...Very thin this charging heartless, brigade.

One day-Humbly-Heart Embalmed...

Fury, Love's Storm-Aptly calmed.

Michael Gale

Gaelic Tours, Down That Road.

The forrest's, the forrest, the forrest troll....
Beget the childish, stymied stroll.

Alas, at last, thy rumored foal...
Hoof'ed strangers, a-mask'ed soul.

Bereft, belief in ancient throes...
Hatred ignited, ire, grows.

Untold form in Gaelic throne...
Reshine the light of legend's shone.

Searched thy soul of emptied status....
Demon's grasp by those that had us.

Reborn to newness, the olden image...
Dilute, the wasted washing's homage.

Alas, the stated, one, that fate....
Ever most this hated age.

Along the un wandered road...
Routed rage.

Michael Gale

Games People Play.

Dominoes...

Never played-Not interested.

Chess...

Once played as taught by a friend-

-Captured his queen, or check-Mate, or something like that.

Will never play again.

Battleship...

Fun.

Not likely again.

Risk board game...

Takes too long.

Monopoly...

About as long as Risk.

Scrabble-Heck Yes! ...

It is UPWARDS, i go.

Cross-Word puzzles...

The harder, the less i tend to play.

Word Search...

Here i do sit sometimes to pearch-
and search.

Boggle...

Maybe? ...

Spill & Spell...

Again-Maybe? ...

Master piece....

Pretty good.

Rebound...

Fairly good.

Perseverance? ...
Patience- I have few.

Far as i can see...
Nothing much will do.

Yo-yo's...
I suck.

Etch -A-Sketch? ...
Too boring.

Very little scoring.

Michael Gale

Games We've Played And Play, Today.

Scrabble, Upwards, Crossword puzzles...
Board games.

Now we have video games...
Now, board games are bored games.

Checkers are easier than chess...
I could really, never figure out the Rooks and queens, and the knightly mess.

I could never figure out history or even math....
I'd rather be off showering, or taking a bath.

My favorite board, is a computer's key-board...
My favorite book, is the book of the Lord.

Records are now little silvery ones...
Video games make it fun to shoot off guns.

It is fun to catch fishs...
It is funner to eat foodly dishes.

Movies on DVD's....
What is next?

Besides a computer's or cell phone's quickest of text.

Michael Gale

Gardens In, The Men, Benign.

Em battlements of the wast lain minds...
Only diffuses to refuse all heated mete.

Embittered gardens of past, opinionated rinds...
Refuse of ye, things to pet.

Things to bet, as wasted lies...
Always kept, as never spied.

Beyond the mind of mortal men...
Toiled best, drowned in sin.

Michael Gale

George Of The Jungle Rode A Wooley Mammoth.

George of the jungled forgotten land...
Swung into the jaws of a T-Rex, he did land.

Munch, munch, shred and gulp....
Shredded was he to a shredded pulp.

No more George of the jungled forgotten land, was he...
No more missed swinging George, would he be.

The T-Rex decided to spit him out...
After the T-Rex heard George bellow and screamingly shout.

That jungled roar...
Made the T-Rex deafeningly sore.

That T-Rex did turn and ran away....
So that he could return to hunt another cave man hunting day.

The T-Rex wished upon a star...
That travelled to Earth real fast and from space, verily far.

Now, we know what happened to the dinosaur race...
They died from a meteor, collision-ed with Earth, what a historical grace.

The Wooley Mammoth, from flying space debris, that was a very flaming...
Left the Mammoth very hairless, and now, that is why, the today's elephants, are
far hairlessly, ashaming.

These Pachyderm's are some what bald...
Their evolutionary path was hair growingly stalled.

Michael Gale

Get Off My Brain!

(This poem is about another man trying to leave behind heart ache of a woman.)

I'll remember you till my end of time...
I'll call your name and want you, one so sublime.

I'll get you off my mind...
If i- re- re- wind.

Get your traces off my brain...
Till i lose that grip of thine.

How come you stay embedded me? ...
Set me free, let me be.

Won't you walk right out my door? ...
Get away, you must not stay.

Begone of me and accompaniment, get away...
Yes, please do stray.

Back away right out the door...
Tell me more, why your sore?

I'll get on the wagon out, if only you would be....
Set me free, let me be.

You would only walk out the door...
Make me sore, make me bore.

I cannot take your pain no more...
Get out the door, pain me no more.

Get off my ride in life right here...
Leave me dear, stay no near.

The bullet to the head is my only relief...
Because you were the heart happy thief.

I must now end it more...
Mind's erasure mental re score.

At last, at last...
You are gone, you are no more.

Michael Gale

Getting Where I'M Going, Where I'M Going, Long & Hard...

Getting where i'm going, where i'm going long and hard...
I'll see the Lord a-comin', just a-comin' to my yard.

The gates to Heaven will swing real wide open just for me...
I'll land at my Jesus' feet, I'll finally be ever gently free.

The Angel harps will play for me a song all good and right...
I'll play my own instrument of faith, All day long and into the night.

My God will welcome me with arms so ever mighty, tight...
He'll enfold me in His tender grasp, He'll show to all His might.

The God of all will send for me to take the trip to He...
I'll land right next to Him, With him, is where i shall be free.

The trumpeted sound will announce my ended breath, through death will i be set
free...
The Lord my Jesus shall enter'eth, my space will be by He.

I'll come a charging by His side when all the Angels and Saints all go to war....
Against all the sinning Nations, will we win that war, and score and soar.

Jesus will rule of this World a thousand years, and for all of all eternity...
His rule will be shared by all as loved, you, they and even me.

His reign will show to all...
That He hath set us free.

Michael Gale

Giant Arms Always Grabbin' At Me.

Why are these giant arms grabbing at me? ...

Oops! Up i go.I only wished i could run and flee.

I'm getting dizzy.

Oh heck! Why are these bars in front of my face?

Why are you, you big giant person getting into my space?

Don't you know that i am sleepy and i wanna take a nap? ...

If you get in my face any closer, it will be your face that i slap.

What is that smell? Pheeew! This white plastic thing above my legs
put on with tape, really feels wet...

But what is that thing shaped like a cigar, my uncle Harry, smokes,
doing in my back side's diaper? Let's see, i'll just kick this thing off'a
from roun' my feet...

From that brown looking thing that stinks, i think i'll fastly run from and
retreat.

My nose will thank me later.

If those giant arms grab at me again, it will be 'see ya later allegator! '

Oh oh! (Yawn) Everything's getting darker.

Who turned out the light? ...

Good night.

(zzzzzz! zzz! zz! z!)

Michael Gale

Giant Floods That God Did Reign.

Fallen angels giants be....
Mated with Earth women became as ye.

The great flood of Noah's wiped out the giant's remains...
Buried were they, beneath great layers of dirt and sandy grains.

Discovered all over lands were the giant bones decayed...
Are they the remains of the Bible's secrets by man delayed, displayed.

The giant Goliath walked the Earth...
Before the wet-ter world's rebirth.

Is the Planet X the first layer of Heaven where the Angels had fallen...
These once lived beings measured as real legends once seen tall-en.

On December 21st,2012, according to the Mayans, Planet X will either collide
with the world...
As we were told.

Or-bring a mist of Meteors or giant Asteroids to crash into our Earthly planet...
I hope not-But if be so, Dammit!

I have been saved and believe in Jesus Christ, our Lord...
I won't be here, but will join Jesus, and i guarantee you, then, i will be happy
and not real bored.

The other European and Mid-Eastern countries will be misled to believe that a
great alien invasion, will be what they will fight...
They won't know that they will be fighting Jesus Christ, and will think that they
are in the right.

Jesus Christ will wipe them out...
After an Angel's trumpet will sound and God's order begun to shout.

In the twinkling of a light, we'll be called up to Christ...
We'll be gone, before the last violent man made mighty fight.

Satan will be, for a thousand years, put away...
With God and Jesus Christ, will we rule the Earth of the thousand years, in that

day.

At last, no pain and suffering in our new bodies, will we reign with Christ and God, to play...

That will be the final judgement day.

Michael Gale

Glad At Last, That, I Be Dead.

Grab the knife and drive it deep within my gut...
Let it cut, let it cut.

Twist it's handle, at an angle sharp...
Sharpest sharp, now scream louder than
a softened harp.

The voices, deep within, my head...
Listen, listen, till I'm dead.

That is when my sadness is fed...
My depression-in it's-red.

Until at last, I am dead...
I am dead, at last,
gladdened-dead.

Michael Gale

Glisten To Me, Your Royal Cupcakes.

Yes-fair maiden, 'pon yon voyage...
diss dem people torn from hell.
Why sense evil from afar? ...
Git right back inside thy car.
Beautied your looks for my books...
Advantaged wealth for will't thou pay?
Tender to me, this vary day...
Heart bestill my beat'd play.
Enthroned upon our distanced lay...
Rip my tongue away from cheek.
Let me steal a wanted peek...
Lo' the way i tense and crawl.
Stick to me, inside my craw...
Be away be never afar'd.
Be assured of my lovely starr'ed...
Kiss to lips twin not apart.
Love hath glistened from thy start...
Wrench away my halted beat.
Spied by me, your lovely treat...
Shadows fall rapid across my front.
No more loving for thy hunt.

Michael Gale

Global Warming Of The Ice-No More Bears & No More Mice.

The ice, the ice the total melt....
Slowly dwindles like a great sun's sweltering swelt.
Polar bears scramble for icy land to tread....
B'cause o' man's interference, they'll soon all b' dead.

No more penguins or seals to be...
All soon dead all soon to thee.
Watery graves for bears to drown...
It's way b'low they go on down.

Blub, blub, blub's the sound....
No more land, no more ground.
Weathery patterns do so change...
Where will be all the range?
Is this not to Nature strange? ...

Michael Gale

Gnish Gnash Thy Penny Swept Cash.

A filthy mess o' me...
A filthy filthy filthy flea.

Climbing and clamboring for many a fauna...
Perchance of late-
Tw'ill bring about life's long gone dawn.

Molest thy eyes to stagger blind...
Keep hard in check-
For half of met one filthy hack to lend a
lonesome bind.

Skip to a lu lu me darlin' deep in dew...
Step real hard then softly feel as if set in stew.

Slant this affair straight to heart....
Give up thy beast b'fore thy cart.

Mush-mush-mush and hush my darlin'...
Keep hope of fear fro' mornin's starlin.

Gnish gnash for penny swept cash...
Tie down real hard thy window'd sash.

Michael Gale

God Bless This Mess!

Pursecution is aimed at those deemed as the meek, Those who pursecute are souless, morally weak as meek! Social acceptions are far and few in between, The wicked are those who pursecute because they are without morals as well as being mean! Those who dwell outside of the church's house is without a decent place to dwell and live, If all men and women would worship to the Lord and God, they would be helpful as well as be giving and forgiving! Wars would not exist if all men were pure and decent, A perfect world would be without any terrorist or hatred and killings, as well as with unruly dissent! without greed, We'd all be freed! If God could bless this mess, Then there would not be this mess, as this mess would be so blessed! 10-09-2005'.

Michael Gale

God Bless.....

God bless those who stop the wars..

God bless those left in charge...

Even the lowly Private or even the Majored Sarge.

God bless those that cure many of our fatal diseases...

God bless those that reflect and want to impress and please us.

God blesses those Companies that creates our jobs...

God blesses the well to do and even all the poor old slobs.

God even loves and blesses the know-it-all-snobs.

That is God's dutied of task's, Those are His jobs.

That we constantly have asked and ask.

Michael Gale

God Blesses All, Tortured Souls.

God bless all tortured souls...
Like many, that inhabit all, worldly knolls.

Like the rivers that over flow...
This plain fact-That, I know.

God will bless, the one's I love...
Peace filled flight, like the dove.

Finding their way, unto His fold...
Braced to heart, valued, as gold.

For God and Jesus, will always soar...
Into our hearts, as ever more.

Belief in Him, that elevates...
In us all, substantiates.

We to the Father of all, of man....
We are His, the Holy-clan.

We reach for Him, in thoughts of heart...
Never for thee, shall we depart.

Our Father up in Heaven, forgives, in love...
He'll reign forever, from, up above.

He'll walk with us on Earth, that day...
Only-if, we bow and pray.

Men, that day, to Him did cross...
The Savior of men, Our day-was loss.

We reunited with Him, in our believing ways...
So that we'd have traditionally, all saved days.

Michael Gale

God Cries Down Over Head-Only After A Renewed Begin.

God cries when droplets of rain water plummet to Earth.

God exhales and blows his breath downward towards Earth, when windy breezes are given birth.

God only cries with shame for man.

God painted rainbows from palets of colored pacts with man.

God turns up the heat of the Sun when man gets cold.

God opens his arms to man when he wants to welcome his son back up to his fold and home.

God welcomes his lost sheep back only when man finds his way back to believe in his father.

God does send down to Earth snow and ice from his disappointed cold heart, only after man erringly errs from God's ways and laws-to sin.

God is the almighty creator and man's own father...

To be forgiven by Him we must all love our fellow man and commit no sin.

So that on judgement day we will be able to anew begin.

Michael Gale

God Has A Heart #1.

.....Reject Satan.....reject sin...ignore
.....evil of all as we....strive to eternally win.
.....To heart and soul, do'th thee spend...Many
.....Man's triumphs do we demand as command.
.....Do not be more disheartened as man not win.
.....God will strike three to thee sinning man...'Lo'
.....Ve gathers to the good, by God like a bee
.....amongst the flowering petals, earning a
.....place in the heart of 'll all go
.....to Heaven only if we acknowledge
.....that Jesus Christ died for our
.....sins...Upon the wooden
.....cross, we are his
.....chosen few,
.....He, the
.....one.

Michael Gale

God Has A Heart #2.

.....Reject Satan
.....reject sin..ign
.....ore evil of all
.....as we....strive
.....to eternally heart and soul, do'th thee spend
.....'s triumphs do we demand as command.
.....Do not be more disheartened as man not
.....will strike three to thee sinning man.'Lo'Ve gathers
.....to the good, by
.....God likea bee
.....amongst the fl
.....owering petals
....., earning
.....e in the heart o
.....f 'll all
.....go to Heaven
.....only if we ack
.....nowledge that
.....Jesus Christ....
.....died foroursins
.....Upon the wood
....., we are
.....n few,
.....He, the
.....one.

Michael Gale

God Heals All Pain And Aches.

A heart hit with times of failed troubles...
Equal's pain hurled hard at my heart.
I pray to God that my troubles will leave...
That through God's guidance, i'll become real smart.
God can and may often soften the blows,
Of which many may scar and ache...
Perhaps from prayer into the morrow',
God will erase all heart's pains to take.
Suffering from a life almost too painful to take...
May God well steal the evil Devil's cause,
God will conquer, He'll erase evil's mistakes.
In the end God does matter...
In our hearts, will He forever, ever stay.

Michael Gale

God Is In Total Control...Best Left Guarded By His Angel Patrol.

God is in total control...
Best left guarded by His Angel patrol.
His angels, they fly on by....
They protect us, until we die.

Do we, after death, go to Heaven? ...
We die at any age,3,10,40's,50's,80's, and even only at a mere seven.
Do we fly past the opened pearly gates? ...
Even alone or accompanied by our loving mates.

Do we go to Heaven after dying? ...
Until Judgement day, then we'll be awaiting and lying.
For on Judgement day, we'll be judged by Christ and God...
Only then, will we get their approval and go ahead, holy final nod.

Wars with the Devil and men will be fought on Earth...
As foretold since man's long ago birth.
The Devil will lose to Jesus Christ, our Lord and savior...
I wish that i could stand before the Devil, like Christ and be rightiously braver.

It would be cool to fight Satan's hand...
So that i could lead all men and women into our Heavenly land.
But alas! , i am but a mere mortal man...
Not much can i do, but improve on my unsinning like plan.
God loves us all...
He forgives, to make to us, His ever urging and loving, call.

Michael Gale

God Loves!

Archangels admit saints through Heaven's
gates, Forever the Gospels of God awaits!
Peaceful rewards are promised to man,
As loving one another, is God's most
masterful plan! Jesus was nailed to the
cross, As God the father, is the ultimate
boss! Angel's wings spread wide, above
the clouds, As man offers good worship
up to him, to make The almighty Father so
lovingly proud! Man offers worship, followed
by praise, God does so forgive throughout
these days! Lightening and thunder are his
signs, That Mother Nature is of his own
designs! The forgiveness of sins, is his own
unique style, God is the Almighty, to this
there is no denial!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

God Made That Ugly Old Aard Vark.

Koala bears eat leafy tree vegetation...
But not in our American nation.
Aard varks eat bugs while on the fly...
To this fact, many a zoo keeper cannot deny.
Dinosaurs once walked the earth...
From a volcano came smoke and fire
Which covered a massive widely world's roundly girth.
Adam was the first earthly man...
This was God's original plan.
When Adam first saw Eve...
He pulled and he tugged on that old fig leaf,
To quench his own sexual desire.
Satan through the serpant blind sighted Adam
in God's own eyes...
After they were kicked out of Eden,
Adam had the desire for Eve's own thighs.
After sex, they both had a break,
Then they breathed a many real sighs.
Bed time, play time, was their own
deviously created own timely plan, that they did devise.

Michael Gale

God, Had A Sun (Son) .

God gave life, to His Son...
As the Sun gives heat, that
keeps us on Earth, living,
from the Sun.

Very symbolic, don't you agree? ...
Without God, we would, not be.

The Sun burns bright, just as God...
For, both they be, a Heavenly, bod'.

God gave the affirming nod...
So that, we would keep on
to movingly, prod.

Upon-The Sod.

Michael Gale

God, Is A Friend.

God, became my friend...
One, day, spent well, with many.

He the end...
No one else, not any.

God, will be my idol...
He, deserves the respect, and that title.

For, no one, this fact, can any, deny...
No one, of He, may they to defy.

For, God is the best of them...
For from Him, does goodness, stem.

Michael Gale

God's Amazing Stars!

Stars beyond reach, that
are forever blazing...
Seem ever so small,
but totally amazing!
These stars above,
that twinkles and shines...
Are scattered throughout,
God's own darkened designs!
Big bang theory is named
by man...This is God's own
doing, a grand-master plan!
Space is everlasting,
so awesome a sight...
All done by God, to His
own delight!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

God's Angelic Warriors.

A Monestoric tree spread out it's branches to world's own roots...
Trying to issue th' word of God to evil's gangly cahoots.

Angels are messengers possessed of Godly aid..
They can at times swoop down to triumph over evil's Demonic
triade.

God's Angelic warriors attack in raids...
As Satan's armies run away, and evades.

God's Goodness will take full root...
The Devil, in the end, will recieve the all-holy-boot.

Michael Gale

God's Blessable Cure!

May God's love and blessing's fall down to
your table, May God's healing miracles,
make you well, and so much able!

God's loving care does so reassure, That
one day, man will find for diseases, that
elusive like cure!

Searches and grant research, takes many the
patience, As doctors enlist research
volunteers, as Guinea Pig Patients!

T'would be nice if cures were found,
Most likely from Heaven, these would be
Earthbound! Prayer comes from faith,
in a much loving and forgiving, holy
Being, Who, looks down, and is also, wise
and all ever seeing! Faith begets
Prayer Power, That in the end, we will
be judged fairly, in our final, last hour!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

God's Blessings Are Thankfully Preserved!

Hardy har har, we've gone too far! ...This mess that lays beneath my feet, will soon to ensnare as cover and deprive thee of thine own air! All about me, will not at all does any one care! Of mine own interventions t'wil i dare! Of all heart aches do i swear as stare! Emotionally drained f'ro head to feet, ever unyielding, to beaten defeat! Persecution infested onto our bodies, wanting to think of pleasant buddies! Friends stand by in danger of course, Besieged and misled by evil, toward's one lost in this off beaten course! God and Christ will win this battle, Because of our sins, we lie and prattle! Our place in Heaven shall be left openly reserved, Our praise to Jesus and God, shall ever be eternally written as well as thankfully preserved! God bless us all, Forever proud and walking tall! 11-15-2005.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

God's Love, And Doves Of Peace! !

Doves of peace spread their wings, Spreading
thoughts of peace and all nice things!
Happiness trickles on down from clouds of
nice, as rain does fall and pelts as ice!
God's love falls down from the sky, Up
above, as filled with pride, that one cannot
deny! Love from God emanates as in a
shower, All filled with grace, and filled
with eternal power! God forgives those who
need His love, With peace so nice, as up
above! 01-02-2005'.

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

God's Love, Will Showcase His Awesome, Holy Might-Light.

A prayer sent up fast, of faith, to God...
Love for others with His approved, nod.

Answers of prayer does He send...
His rules of law shall never bend.

God loves all women and men and every child...
Even the misdirected ones in rides filled wild.

For God is a God of love and faith...
He will realign us as like a retooled lathe.

He will guide our steps down the right, and chosen path...
He'll absolve our sins as like we are baptised in His Holy-watering bath.

His forgiving ways, will rain down us, with all His, Holy power...
A cleansing of ways will cover as like an awesome-ish shower.

In the end, we will come under His wing...
No more life filled with a sinning pain and sting.

God's love will hold us tight....
Showcasing the power of His awesome, just might.

Michael Gale

God's Loving Words.

Reach out, reach out and grasp on and hold tight to God's words, all held, dear...
Hold them close to heart, and don't let go, keep them near.

God in the highest, we let out to you our faith filled cheer...
You, Dear God, Your wise words through Your Son's words, are lovingly clear.

You love us most, and love us all...
We hear your beckoning, and reassuring call.

Your Son, in the highest has issued his love...
From His rightful place, next to your throne, up in Heaven-above.

Rejoice, rejoice, Your most holy Being...
May man soon realize, and be finally, unbound in seeing.

As we down here, on this Worldly plane...
Await your Son's soon coming, which will make us all lovingly, intellectually as
sane.

Jesus Christ, will forever on Earth, supremely reign...
His love for us, will long after, impart to us, recognition-ally, and happily, we'll,
remain.

Michael Gale

God's Might

Yes-The outer shell of the Earth,
is roundly curved...
It's weathering Nature, at times
of late-Are severely unnerved.

Our souls will soon be by God
and Jesus, captured...
In the end All will be haply
Rapture d.

Into Heaven will we travel....
In the smoothest ride, as not
like on a road of lumpy, and
bumpy, gravel.

Being Saintly
and good....
Let's Us to in the
near future,

to wear
the haloed, hood

Our deeds shall be right....
Then with Our Father up
above, shall We be tight,
in all His light of might.

Michael Gale

God's Own, Real Estates

She was relaxed in the arms of her lover...
So relaxed in fact that no Angels could,
or would dare to fly above Her.

The clouds all white and
felt, soft against Her skin...
Was where the Angels of Her
Kin to play without thoughts
or alienable and hate filled sin.

She is now with Her friends
in realm of Saints...
No longer Be She a slave to
Her mere mortal and Human
Being's, chains.

She now flies free and clear...
To Our heart, held so tight
and Dear, as near.

She has climbed the stairs
way up to Heaven's gates...
Forever now resides in
God's Estates.

Michael Gale

God's Prayers, Now Answered, By Storms So Unformed.

A raining of dark'nd clouds approach my way...
A forboding weather'd darkness of one windy day, may just be able'd and play.
A'running for cover'd protection t'will instill me to attend this stay.
Af't all winds were alloted a dismal display...
That well received wishes pushed up skywards by words of pray.
All prayers to God, were answered by God in an all peaceful way.
Storms have passed for all down below...
Not one droplet of moisture, was lowerer'd.
N'ee'r even any such snow.
These-God's words-Answered, we now acknowledge and do know.

Michael Gale

God's Savior!

Watching the prayers glide down towards
each person's being, Content's flowing full
of God's forgiveness and seeing! Bless be
God in the highest, Let all man venture and
trye'st! Spreading the word of God's holy
loving state, Instills men with God's ever
loving faith! Forgiveness of sins is God's
forever growing promise, As did Jesus die on
the cross, forever removing sins completely
from us! All that we must do, Is believe in
what Jesus did go through! God watches down
over us, with ever loving sight, Jesus will
come back one day, to show men of evil, God's
forgiving and righteous powerful might!
Love from God and Jesus will seal man's
destiny in history, This indeed will
protect man's future with God, And end man's
Earthly sinful mystery!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

God's Seemly Dead!

No bread, tho' dead, awakened tho' somber...
Little breath remains within a chest so
still, yearning a few to hopefully fill.
Chest movement, slow and little...The health
of body, weakened but bs of
uncertainty inhabit thy head...Am i to be
lonely-dead? Limbs too frail and loosely
lain...N'ary activity of thy ose
verily in thy bed...Life barely detected,
in thy head.A hopeful prayer sent up to
God, from others so loved...Answered by
movement, living so touched.

02-13-2006'.

Michael Gale

God's Stairway Up To Heaven!

I walked to the stairs leading up to Heaven,
The breeze so peaceful as ever divine! God
looked down at me with spirituality
revealed, My God loves thee with proud
devotion, Creating me was His loving notion!
My God was present when i spiritually died,
I then came around to believe in Him, now
forever, He is no longer denied! God inspires
me to do my best, He is constantly giving me
a test! It is my journey to help out my
fellow man, God has me do it to the best as
i can! Love is delivered down to my pike, God
loves me, as do others that i may like! To
aid others is His grand of plans, Perfection
is what God does of me to demand! How can i
fulfill his plan? Years ago from Him, i did
so ran! Praise to Him up above, To Him and
all men, i should show that i love!
Jesus arose from his tomb, The Virgin mother
did carry him in the womb! Jesus died on the
cross for our sins, Thanks to Him, we
assuredly win! Mankind cannot continue
without Him, Not even for man's very own
whim! God will send Jesus down to us, To stop
this mad world's violent greedy misdirected
crush! Judgement day will then arrive, We then
will be spiritually as whole, and spiritually
alive! 11-08-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

God's Sunlit Rays!

Sunshine's rays emanates all great
heat, So it does so, drain mine life
forces, giving me great feelings of defeat!
With water only of too much, that I have, I
thee do most, solidly swell, Food and air
nurse my body, as needingly if man
lives by bread alone, he be as a deliberate
type of a phony! For all his friends, will
know him to be ever-full, of all that, over
abundant Balogna! Mandoes, everso, continually
air out his lies and gossip, like a line of
clothes, For every neighbor to look at, and
see, all of those mis-deeds that had, evilly
he chose! God will one day look at those
deeds, oh so full of strife, God t'will send
his judgement, sharp and fast, as a targeted knife!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

God's Word Emotionally Heard, For My Poe'Ted Art.

Mine own heart 'doth impart written great art...
From deep down within me-from an early religious raised start.
Poetry 'doth rekindle a new birth'ed feeling...
Allbeit a dizzy uneasy, head fastly reeling.
Emotion emerges from back of thy mind...
Only good God intentioned, of a mankind.
Refreshing as God had intended...
Remeeting to God which recently started, not ended.
A faith in the Lord's word-lovingly said...
Keeps forever on ringing, stuck inside of my head.

03-09-2006'.

Michael Gale

Gone Thy Lawn, Careening, By Thy, Dawn.

The old grass blades and Dandelion follicles are in great need of trimming...
They are evidently, over abundant, in a sea, that washes to my knees, that are swimming.

In a loss of vegetational over flow...
Af't the raining downpour, they all, do grow.

I need to get a new weed whacker...
To keep the edges, less and more, backer.

How do I count the ways of the unbend ed blade? ...
Have they, not heard my out cropping, bade?

Begone, begone, thy varmint in vine...
How might I slay thee, so that thou, naught, trip me,
and us, in inter twine?

Alas-alas, this over grown grass...
Ever been, being, ever growth, careening.

Snip, snip, snip...
Time hath passed, to prune as nip-

In thy, proverbial bud...
My undying forces,
measured, as thy, dud.

Michael Gale

Goodbye Old Poetic Genius Friend (Frank James Ryan Jr.)

You'll be back, you'll be back...
Your pen will as always be ever and forever on the writing attack.
You may hope to stay away your own pen...
You'll come back, again and again.

For no one can stay away...
For sure as certain you'll be back another ole time or day.
For nothing on earth can stall your pen...
Know not when'st ye come again?

The addiction...
Is clearly pure poetical diction.
For talent cannot and will not stay thee hand...
Pure addicted genius is brand named as brand.

Aloft thy hand at well lit screen...
Tis to be ye only last known scene.
Words of wisdom just haunts you deep into your own hard mind...
Where will thee become as if in final last predestined and wind?

Poetics is what do'th haunt ye bad...
At the passing of your words in life will lastly to be repected as forlorn and sad.
Your day will come and come in real hard...
For you will eternally be the well accepted smart wordable bard.

Michael Gale

Grandpa Got Hit By Grandma's Shot Gun.

(Sung to the song ' Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer'.)

Grandpa got hit by grandma's shot gun...
It was loaded quite by silly, chance.

Grandma shot poor old grandpa...
Her eggnog packed one quite a punch.

You see-grandma did not like grandpa...
You see she was often ed out to lunch.

Christmas time had found poor old grandpa...
Sleeping' outside in the pooch's old dog's house.

Grandma was quite still mad at grandpa...
For playing the ponies at the track.

Now grandpa really liked his ponies....
And grandma was now on the offensive attack.

The rent money was now two month's behind...
And grandpa was not sure where he could arise.

Now grandpa drank up all the paycheck...
Now you know why, grandpa was not much, too the wise.

Grandpa always did bet on the football games...
Only because he was not all that smart.

Old grandma got out her shot gun...
To show the old coot, he was not the oldest best.

Grandpa liked to wager all his money...
He loved to go out and make quite a highest bet.

Grandma went to jail, for shooting grandpa...
Grandma was really, quite upset.

Grandma spent her final years in prison...
And that is where she finally went and spent.

That was the last time she got out her shot gun...
Long time is where she at last, lastly went.

Michael Gale

Great Poems Rest In Awsomest Summer's Rest B'Neath Thy Shadiest Willow Tree...

Great poems rest in awsomest Summer's rest b'neath thy shadiest Willow tree...

Willows as well as TENTS provide peaceful rest among nature and at night, while bathing in all the twinkled beauty of God's own stars in DreamE-Scape.

Sleep, sleep peacefully-
In your slumbersome break...
Proceed uncumbersome-
Mark my word yet make no well erring mistake.

Michael Gale

Growmancing The Stone.

To grow out of love can at times lead to hate...
I on the other hand must be the more grown up adult.

I must be more responsible of a civil'ed toungue of duty...
After the divorce i'll be free'r to be free about my ways of connecting to and
obtaining that one of many desirable bootey.

I must act the most grown up between us once loved two...
It be such shame that we be oh so lame and forever true be through.

We've grown out of love and must act grown up about it all....
I guess you could say that we've had an undecided wishful minded change of
mind and promised recall.

This is what you'd call Growmancing the hardest uphill climb
upon and over that unclimbable hilly stone....
Is this what is meant by growmancing the intolerable hardest stone?

Yo' and lo'- This is called 'Growmancing The Stone'.

Michael Gale

Guiltless- Silence.

In a dream, to me, You came...
Without a guilt or one to blame.

For had our paths been crossed, in better ways...
Our happy skies would be minus sad clouds those days.

After death, not one word of apology, would be uttered or heard...
No song, but sorrow's-Sad deafened,Silent word.

Michael Gale

Hailish Days Of Unweathered Spring.

Hail stones of white crooked shapes...
Inbed into car painted metal inflicting dented scrapes.

Fast strewn to ground at an angle...
Forced by winds landing hard to a rolling engrossed tangle.

From houses roof eaves they roll to dangle...
Fast melting and losing their shapes.

Pelted to Earth at forced so hard...
Splintering wooden window trim of housing's to a wooden
hanging shard.

Sprinkled to ground and paved streets like through a salt shaker's holes...
Inbreeding to earth's dirt rich ground like a moth infested screen
of holes of moles.

Car lot hail damaged sales will arrive in spring...
Cheaper prices will these Mother Nature's dandruff drops to bring.

Clouds over head pass in colors of gray...
No more downpour given this day.

Sunny rays peek out from behind last traces of a lone lost cloud...
No more metal hitting rebounds all echoing sounds so loud.

Birds in trees now proudly sing...
Much more days of fair weathered spring.

Michael Gale

Halloween Eve's Witching Hour! !

Bat wing's creates some troubles...
Eye of newt with hairy stubbles!

I do conjure up
nasty, evil spells...
The stuff in this
cauldron, really does reek as smells!

he! , he! , he! , cackle and laugh...
I need about half!

My sister's ride around on old brooms...
A black cat always so closely looms!

An object is what my spell does call for...
I'll lure it inside here, and seal tight the door!

The pot boils with a plume of smoke...
I'll add some horny-toads that will die, as croak!

He! , he! he! , the bones are in my pot...
Halloween will for my evil sisters, catch a lot!

Skeletons hide in every closet...
Blood drips from a faucet!

Big black spiders are in many a
corner...
Evil lurks along many lone borders!

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Happy Mother's Day, You Mean, Unholy Monstereous Like Beast!

I have and had a mother that i not loved but hate...
She was never a loving mother but now it's way too late.

This mother of mine caused my sister and i to be kept apart...
We both were seperated when i and my sister were very young, we had no love from the very start.

It was my mother's fault that we were split...
When i was a very young teen-ager, by her, i was hurt and hit.

My mother was put in and spent most of her life in and out of houses titled as 'Crazy'.
You might say, 'that she was mentally and emotionally lazy'.

That day of seperation i got home in Chicago, from school...
The apartment was a total mixture of nothingness but messed up messy everywhere messes uncool.

In my mostly early childhood, most days were spent in and out of foster homes way too many of times...
My dad and mom probably to me commited the most hidieous of crimes.

They probably should never have had kids...
My crazy mom always was flippin' her braniel of lids.

My mom once was gouging my arms and legs with bloodiest of bruises and loose hanging skin that resembled hinged as fleshed.
She used to do this to me on many days that were always days of unmemoried mixed days that jumbled enmesched.

Even my mom's mom and her cousins would always punch or kick my stomach with fist's and black leather combat boots...
I had a very long lived tree of life only reaching out to memories of long lived pain filled roots.

I was constantly punched or kicked by fist's or black leather combat boots to my head...

I'd wished for the pain to stop or for God to make me dead.

She-my mother even to this day has written letters to me of wanting money or gifts...

This mother o'mine gave me lifely scars and childhood emotional rifts.

One day she was just comin' at me with her fist's or nails ready to slug and hits...

I had to get back on the bed and lay down defensively with my feet and legs and wait for her to get to me before i kicked her in her tits.

After that day, she thought twice before she came back at me...

Thank God that i from her am at last finally free.

My very violent life and mixed up days left me in the sixth grade for many, many years...

This life kept my rolling lifely wheels from succeeding with stuck in gears.

Happy mother's day you unholy beast...

I love you of all God's creatures and beast's the least.

Michael Gale

Haste Makes Waste By The Richly Taste's.

More often than often big CEO's of companies and investment firms on Walstreet have over inflated egos with saleries and pensions to match...
We the people are jobless and have to pay for it to eventually play up and pay up and catch.

The housing markets are on the skids...
The buyers always did under bid.

Car makers are whinning about financial woes...
Yet they cannot fly commercially because they are in over spending like throes.

Why can't the three major auto makers get rid of their fancy corporate jets? ...
Because they are their own toys, their mechanized pets.

Let us go after Iraq for all the money we've spent on rebuilding their country of war's own spoil...
Iraq can repay us with the high profits they've made from their oil.

Freedom has it's ultimate price...
But why oh why do we have to be so ignorantly easy and nice?

Michael Gale

Hate And War Should Be Rare As Never!

One doth not e'ee'r need to hate...
For not being thy one that rate.

Let's just learn to go on in life and forgive...
Let us just all learn to forgive and live.

Hate is just a long to undeserved feeling left instead...
Why should one e'ee'r wish to make one dead?

Let us learn to love one another...
Even every woman and man, or sister or brother.

War should begone real soon and forever...
Hate and war should be rare as never!

Michael Gale

Have We Been Bush-Whacked Or Ambushed?

J.F.K. said 'Ask not what your country can do for you, but ask what you can do for your country'...

Doth this mean to give up the lives of your sons and daughters?

Give way to the presidential trap...

Many many days of Viet Nam and Iraq.

Ambushed on the horizon's denial of lies...

Bush-whacked by presidential spies.

Advice of other misinformed miscreants of lying forever cabinets of thee...

Give way the lives of mothers and fathers.

Only for only for only for he...

Our right to live has been expired by one as blinded by yee and thee.

Picked as a god a leader of faith...

Fueled only partly by misinformed ones who hate.

We back our boys...

We no longer wish to fight and partake in a war and be someone elses pawns and stumbling misused of toys.

Speak up good congress of Democratic grace...

Put this misguided and lied to president back in his check pointed of place.

Death and blood no longer needs to be spent and spilt...

No longer do we wish for our heroes to be wounded as kilt.

Lets end this war of wasted time and money...

Just so our girl or boy can return home safely back to their own one loving honey.

No more war...

You deceitful lying misgoverning whore!

Get out of office...

Remove your self from our backs-you jackals get off-of-us!

Michael Gale

Having A Presence Of A Loving And Forgiving Mind.

Presence of mind requires constant training of heart...
Forgiveness of others is what should be practiced in this art.

Jesus Christ preached to all fellow man...
Forgiveness for your fellow man or woman should be your only total plan.

This in turn will revert your way of thinking to a total reverse...
Any other idea or thought is contrite in matter.

This sinning way of life to all should just only really make one and all
that much more madder.

Once your ways of committing in life a daily practiced way....
You'll end this wrong way of life this possibly last living breathing day.

That is how you put in reverse...
This practiced way of life's daily unholy wrongful curse.

Let us be more open to suggestions from others for self improvement
in your daily life....
Remove from your life hatred and help your brother man and remove
jealousy's and lifely strife.

Insults and name calling and putting on labels to your fellow man are truly ideas
that are dumb...
If you keep doing the things listed above-You'll continue in life without
considerate love-and be brain dead as well as brain numb, you
inconsiderate unloving hateful bum.

Michael Gale

He Had His Loving Sexual Way With Her Tender Soft Flesh.

He pulled her by her ears across that king sized mattress...

Blood splurged where ear leaked met.

Thonged panties aroused his bestial instincts to make him riled and upset...

Turned on beyond all explanation as he tore off those panties with greater fervitude.

Down to his knees as he began to lick heartily and made him her very own heart held sexual servitude...

She moaned and she moaned till there seemed to be no tomorrow.

After this sexy try'st de' arousal there would be another timed event's happening to soon well follow.

He was and would another time be her sexual slave to do her own personal satisfying bidding...

He got on top and rode her like a bucking bronco.

Sweaty bodies both glistened b'neath the lights and ceilinged mirrors...

She had tears of passion and happy elation etched across her happily lit face.

Both partners were swept with a sudden peaked tiredness of the living dead...

As he got up from the bed he gently pressed a kiss upon her smooth right breast and lastly her young tender sweet sweaty forehead.

I bid you fond farewell good night my sweet beautied gorgeous sweetie...

Tomorrow real late i'll join you for a very speialed tendered momented meeting where both bodies will well display soft and hardened body parts which will be most likely tender and sexually meaty.

Michael Gale

He Lured Me, Like A Fish, Upon The Way-Ward, Water.

Fear and inner turmoil of the wide cracked open heart...
Tugs and tears at my fleshy, chest ripped open and apart.

The heart demon, feeds off my pain and ache...
He eats and devours, everything, that i love and
have forever, to forsake.

Blood dripped from his ever smirking face...
That demon of the Devil's, is smiling gleefully, in front of his Hellish, reigning
race.

He is proud, that Demon from Hell...
He makes me the sickest, in this weakened living, human shell.

I am not, very well...
I do ail, thisto you, i truly do tell.

My stomach does grow and swell...
Here, beside me, in my living Hell.

The pains do grow and rise...
As i have dumbened, as stupidly, i am no wise.

The God, that be my God of all...
Has chosen me to lead them all.

God has chosen, my yearning and needing call...
From the Devil now, i am protected by a God Built, wall.

Michael Gale

He Married Someone, He Would Not See.

Getting married to an invisible woman...If you two get into an argument, you'll not be forced to see her- off!

That is one of the benefits would be to marry one, you can no longer wish to see...You'd ask yourself-Where she be?

You would not give her, for her birthday, or on Valentines day-A jar of vanishing cream...Worse would be, you'd awaken and she'd begone-her stay? Was that a dream?

Boy! The benefits of heredity-Her mother, you'd not have to see...Never know when she be?

When she walks into a room...To wreak on you, the most horrible sounding sonic boom.

Endgame...You lose.

Don't marry someone you don't want to see...Don't get wed-remain all free.

Only-very lonely.

Michael Gale

He Pleased Her With His Big Stick-That Was His Favorite Trick.

That Auburn head beauty bit me upon my right shoulder...
As i smiled, i removed her over the shoulder double bolder holder.
Next she whipped out a golden paired handcuffs...
From behind my back i produced a good leather whip.
She now knows times are rough, as i sport a more natural stiff.
Both her eyes widened with remarkable surprise...
She did so thought that it was a horses own tool, in disguise.
She did know that she was in store for a real good time...
Af't i pulled it out-she would surely sigh, giggle and step down from that
elevated long climb.
To dismount she would be required to shake me totally loose...
Now to finish her exit with a real nice wriggle and jiggle.
I'm not a paid escort, but when done she did tip me fine...
Prior the night before, we had dined and drank lots of expensive
nice wine.
Now word of mouth has rapidly spread...
My phone rings off the hook and i no longer feel bored or daily dead.
I now live life to the fullest without a second of impending doom or
dread.
I am an always great in demand sexual pleaser...
I can now be a much popular selective and picky, big throbbing lady teaser.
So you can feel free to call me or dial my pager...
You can even use cash or any credit card(major) .

Michael Gale

He That Sat On A Pointy Object, Might Madly, Object.

Great monolith's, be the Great Pyramids...
Genius, in inspirational bids.

The Sphynx, regal in stature while docile and tame...
Awe inspiring, all stare, in wonder, of them, who would blame?

Wonders of the world...
Mixed, in locations en swirled.

Many miles in distance, these images be...
Always to last in all men's memory.

Michael Gale

He Was Destined, To Be Crossed.

From death, He arose, on the day, the third...
For, from His Father, all words were heard.

Words of forgiveness, and love...
Delivered to mankind, from He, up in Heaven, above.

Delivered, by a loving Son...
On a cross, good deed, be done.

The ultimate gift, the cross, was it...
Bad, yet good, what a Biblical hit.

A biblical gift, unselfish, at best...
A forgiveness, for us, to pass, God's test.

A test of change, in our life...
End to end, a tune of strife.

A tune, we've listened, for a while...
Blindly travelled, in our own denial.

On a cross, was all His reward....
Nailed to it, died, from it, not by a sword.

He spoke to thousands, and multitudes...
His Father's words, were sent to many a dudes.

By the cross, were He, we lost...
Our own salvation, was His own cost.

He now, awaits, up in Heaven...
He will, come down, and visit us
In years, numbered few, than seven.

He will gather us, His loving children...
He'll rule, down here, in a new kingdom,
Of His Father's, He'll be rebuildin'.

Only then, Will all, be right...

After, He hath, delivered, His
Father's, justice, oh-might.

Michael Gale

Heart Burn

Th' pains brought abreast...
Deep down in my chest.

Deep and far they reach...
Of th' Good Lord's forgiveness, I beseech.

Before I lay down to die...
May this bad case o' heart burn, pass me by.

When the pain, at last subsides...
Far spread relief, secrets that I forgot, to hides.

Besides...
Only the Great One up above,
of my destination's-journeyed-
-ride-decides.

Michael Gale

Heart Flutters

Forever hearts shutter to stop...
Forever ache, as saddest, They should drop.
Drop as from Heaven's place...
Down below Thy Father's, grace.

Farthest be the winds do gust...
Faltering beats of those that must.
Beat until the life lit, dimmed...
Besieged until the moment's trimmed.

Life can sometimes end on time...
Life forces can stem before mere, mortal'd, prime.

Michael Gale

Heart Swung To Thee.

Flexing my becepped arms around the thinned down waist of my wife.
Her breathe doth' sweet smelled to a nose, oh so simple-sweetly a rose.
Twilight's mooned beam to my face-
Happly metted silhouette, beamed and gleamed.
A massaged message to her meet,
gently nudged to treat thy meat met treat.
Feet so small and dainty of thine-
I drink you in to taste one mine.
Wine ag'ed aptly, wine ag'ed right-
No more tempting to cockly fight.
A spoon in saucepan stirs as my emotion-
Created by me your lov'ed love potion.
Locks and bangs filter down thy backened shoulders
well curv'ed divine-
Haply dued-Debt be mine.
Heart well swept as what wet ocean,
Rubbed to me as was my lotion.
Tendered ankles between each feet,
softly touched of my beat'ed heart-
bebop, bebop, bebop! Hence when we meet today-
Forever set upon my front porch swing-
Launching to heart, one last'ed ever zing.

Michael Gale

Heartache's Own Departure! !

Love's own hold that's latched onto my heart...Care and loving is an acquired old art! Since time has begun...Courting and dating has been so fun! Exciting heart's own palpitating drum beat...Erects my own love's towering foundational anchored in deep as a man made anchored in concrete! Hope's own undesired jealous rantings and ravings...Over rules love's own yearnings and cravings! As heart's own cracked in half of pieces...Emerge so ached and racked of diseases! For if heartache pains one so wild...A hurt one's heartache and pain cannot be so mild! Heart's own slippage is a part of my mind...Wrongful words can lead to a painful journey, followed by words so cruel and unkind! Words can hurt forever towards one's own heart...To unkindly dissipate one's love to end and part!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Heartbreak Go Tell! ! !

Rock n'Roll is here to stay, All was started
by Elvis's pelvis shift'n sway! Hounddog
erupted up on stage, The King of Rock was
well the rage! He stomped and he swiveled,
and he moved them hips, He sang and he shook,
with that curled up lip! He acted in
corn ball movies, To all the teen girls, he
sure was groovy! He shot out the screens of
tee vee's so many, He was so generous with
Caddies, not cheap like Jack Benny! He had
addictions to drugs so many prescribed,
That's why he is dead and not alive! He
sang about a star of flames, He was well
so known, with fans and fame! Heartbreak
Hotel was known so well, This, any fan, to
you, they'll gladly tell! 11-10-2005'.

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Heart's Only Vision!

As I pitter-patter to the rythum of my
heart's desire, I'll still be looking for my
lonliest fire! For if I find own one's
lasting mate, This life will be filled with
an experience of great! The rate of love's
happen-chance will be assuredly beguiled,
As long as the Heart's find is not entirely
wild! Heart's wicked blindness to truth &
trust, Must be revealed as only A-Must!
Bitterness and jealousy is the mark of
the Love's festered ting of
hate in the lowly resentful ns
of lust puts thy heart as only bleakly
delayed! Foregiveness begets happiness as a
tapes deck stuck to be thankfully and
repeatedly played!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Heart's Own Selfish Desire!

Fire and ice forlorn to love's own
heart-break, Is only time's measurment of
what may be to have lost, and what is at
stake! Hence forth-right is balked at one's
out stretched grasp, Forever and ever, as
only far as love's insight can be ever
so crasp! Jealousy and hatred is
whole heartedly ascended, One's own love
is wanting of intentional desire, as well
as haphazard and oh so amended!
Flushed in faces of loved one's own
desire, Anger and frustation is imbedded
into one's own misrepresented envy and
id like ire! Fate as always, may lend a
hand, In the end, our love will forever
in time, still reign and stand!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Heart's Own Sorrow...

Lips as flowers do so part,
One's loved emotions from thine
heart.
Befriended by one oh so sweet,
As if by chance, we did so
meet!
Forever, and ever, our hearts entwined,
A beautiful courtship of love's past,
T'will last and bind!
We walk on a beach, hand in hand,
Love's deepened shared footprints,
meld into sand!
A ring of engagement is next to my heart...
A wedded ring upon our fingers, does love,
ever so start... Droplets of tears, travel
from my own heart, Forever falling, if we part!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Heat Of Summer, Heated Love.

Summer's heat can swelter and melt...
As summer's heat may simmer as weld.
Some summer's heat can burn as long...
This summer's heat can impel a song.
Summer's heat can cook and bake...
Summer's heat of life can take.
Boil and broil a heart so hot...
A summer's heat can break that romanceful knot.
This heat of summer can smoulder and rot.
Anger's heat, heats up my libido's furnace...
This love of summer can invoke to heart, a loving furnish.
Love of summer brings to mind, a resurgence of love...
Summer's sun may bathe one and all with heat fro' above.
Summer's heat can bring to beaches and swimming pools...
Visions of women in bikinied thongs, these things my eyes do love.

Michael Gale

Heavenly Rising

A sun drenched morning, with Butterflies,
fluttering from one empty cave,
Filled with leaves, mounting atop Man's sad,
and lonely grave.
Sunlight's rays spreading of snow white
linen,
Surrounding all it's sad forgotten women.
Confused and staring in empty world's
horizon, Heavenly Advance of The Lord's
arizon.
With joy on lips to his precious, Heavenly
rising,
Hearts do jump with his futuristic coming.
Easter morn' Man's sins unborn, as God did
toss aside,
In hope of man's own future by God's own
loving pride!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Heaven's Gates Swing Sweet An' Lowed Wide With Pride.

Willow bush reaching up towards life's own misfortunes in life...

Triggered emotions of the heart depart on a long journey to the cocktail party of despair.

How may i reach my most embearassing moments of time?

Mine is not to reason or climb the beanstalk of experienced failure.

Hark no angels will ever sing for the slings and arrows but put into my overflowing heart of contempt.

All through life i walk blindly as angels put forth a force field, leaving me protected and completely safe from evil's misdirected clutches.

This enables me to remain contently safe guarded as exempt.

God's aura sprinkles down to my driveway of safety...

Heaven's gate shall swing wide for my eventual entry via a coach of swing lowly sweet chariots.

Michael Gale

Hell's Monkey Boys, And Their, Earthly Toys.

The pire of the flaming Hell...Can conspire to heat and swell.

It can over take a sinning man...It can literally kick that sinning man's own can.

Guilt can deliver one to shirk...Responsibility and make him a big old jerk.

But in the end, if he is lucky...He'll change his ways and float past Heaven's gates with a feeling of cheer and pride, this quick changed, monkey.

Michael Gale

Her Ricane Katrina!

Hurricane's drowned out saddened feelings,
Leave everyone in New Orleans so devastated
by shock and still so reeling! Nature has
dealt this emtional blow to all it's
inhabitant's population, All saddened to
hear of this town's terrible plight,
Volunteers of hope from near and afar,
send supplies and help to battle and
fight to make everything right! Katrina's
wrath was such a testing of the human
spirit, It's gonna take an army of engineers
to finally help to clear it! Belief in
God is streniously tested, For faith from
man will have this disaster beaten and
bested! The Red Cross and Salvation Army
and Fema united to lend a hand, The saving
of human lives and homelessness is the
goal to be acheived in the final end!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Here Alone In My Own Fortress Of Solitude, Dude.

Here i sit, in my fortress of solitude...
No one can get at me.
Wow dude...
What solitude.

I cannot be touched or bothered by days of worry...
That is my safe guarded curey.
My x-ray vision is but only my perezpheel vision...
I can spy anyone who is trying to get in.

I'll keep them so far outside my brain...
They cannot get to me even if they push and strain.
Stay out well cruel, cruel world...
I'll grab ya if ya try and real, real far i'll have ya hurled.

I am transfixed only on my rhyme...
You'll get in only if you can commit a breaking in type of a crime.
Stay outta my brain and id...
Go away and just you do be done be rid.

No way Hosay....
You'll not bother me this one fine day.
If you try i'll make you say...
Oh no, if i did not try to bug him, i'd not now have to pay.

You can go away this one fine day...
Go away, i'll not let you play.
Here i stay in my own world of solitude...
This fortress of no regrets, you stupid silly funny man-dude.

Michael Gale

Hey, Yo, Yo, Bro'.

Hey, yo, yo, come on down ta' my neighborhood, 'bro...
Don't acts dumb and stupid, dough.

I won't knows ya if yu be da' fool...
I'll's walks on down da' street if u b uncool and drippity drool.

Hey, yo, yo, pack it up reals tight...
You ain't bright, or rights to fight.

Eyes, likes my finger lickin'en rib...
After works i head back ta my crib.

Lickin' ribs kin' require a bib...
Abouts your girlfriends, you's tells yer wife a hole lotta fib.

Eye did'nt no she was at my job...
After wards she slaps my face an she calls me a fat lyin' slob.

How wuz eye ta no dat eye wuz caughts on da show called 'Cheaters'? ...
My feets went crazy an' begun on da side walks ta moves as beaters.

Hey, yo and yo, as my divorce papers wuz cent...
Free at las', thank God I'se free at las', and Heaven scent.

Michael Gale

Hey-My Picture Here Is Gone?

Hey-My picture here is gone....
I don't know where, not even in
the morning, night or Dawn?

It was abstract like 'Van Gogh's' own 'Starry Night'...
It was a tree and clouds, beneath a happy wonderful Sun light.

There were perhaps some birds trapped in mid flight....
To some this picture might bring to face a smile, not nothing that would cause a
fright!

So where doth be My picture now?
Behind the fence of a mooing cow?

Michael Gale

Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's Off To Jail, I Must Go!

Driving the wrong way...
Someone famous, that night covered day.

Someone famous driving drunk...
Drunker than the drunkest skunk.

Yes, these drunk driving people were rich with money...
You would think that they would be able to afford to pay someone to drive them around, don't you think that idea is solid and sound?

What does seem too, too funny...
That those drunk drivers could not part with their chauffer's wanting like money.

Do these celebrity people think that they are above all law? ...
What had they learned from their mother or paw?

When will they learn? ...
Not to drink and drive and to not crash and burn.

It's off to jail that these celebs do go...
It does not seem much, in the way of common sense, that they do not seem to really know.

Where will they go? , but, right off to jail....
Faster and faster than the fastest of snails.

Michael Gale

High On Poetry

Very good poem indeed...
Some of Us would rather to read
poetry, , instead of smoking weed.

Some poets by others might
be considered as thugs....
You know the ones, who are still
on drugs.

For I get high on poems
and life itself...
It helps Me to deal with
what misfortunes, that I've
been sadly dealt.

Art is another thing that
I have, a real good habit...
I'm always proudest when
I take a good jab at it.

Reading is what makes
Me happily nice...
But nothing compares better
than when I got wedded under
the falling sky of rice.

Michael Gale

High On Poetry

Very good poem indeed.
Some of Us would rather to read
poetry, , instead of smoking weed.

Some poets by others might
be considered as thugs.
You know the ones, who are still
on drugs.

For I get high on poems
and life itself.
It helps Me to deal with
what misfortunes, that I've
been sadly dealt.

Art is another thing that I have, a real good habit.
I'm always proudest when I take a good jab at it.

Reading is what makes
Me happily nice.
But nothing compares better
than when I got wedded under
the falling sky of rice.

Michael Gale

High Priced Gas!

Gas prices at the pump are well on the rise, The hurricane's aftermath leaves the consumer emptying their wallets with burdensome exclamations of expletives of disbelief and cries of surprise!

This all happened before the busy travelled holiday, As per usual travelers always have to pay on that weekend day! Oil companies and the Vice-President Chaney laugh on the way to the bank, Gas station containers are emptied with long lines formed on top or near the near empty tank! Electric cars manufactured are on the rise, Searching of alternate energy driven vehicles is the next step that is so wise! Natural disasters cost many a life and money, No one that is affected, think it is very funny!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Higher Oil Prices Charged By Lying Crooks.

Eyes do bulge out of sockets at prices at gas pumps...
Rising prices do keep on as intended as they always soars and jumps.

Excuses are always on the rise...
Shamefully right before the vacation planned timed holiday
continually open our wallet's eyes.

Who to blame? ...
CEO's should be due their long over due shame.

Every time someone way up high...
Makes us all motorist's consumers pay way too much as we buy.

Oil company CEO's and Presidents and oil companies should be forced to pay a
much higher tax since they profit so much...
That should be their fine-al handicapped crutch.

If we, at the pump should have to pay...
That should be their unexcused way.

If they have to profit...
We should be able to make them stop it.

Outages-to this i say Bull and false rumored malarkey! ...
Let's get this oil company high priced sharkey.

You can't tell me that prices do not soar right before a holiday
vacational planned of a well traveled disdain...
Really meant to give our wallet a well worsened pricey gouge
in rising consumer's travelling pain.

They monetarily gain...
While we stay imobile and walletably strain by the raised prices remain.

Maybe we'll all go out and buy motorcycles or mopeds to save at the pump...
Then we'll at last, have the upper hand as we make the oil companies
complain and orally be a sad sorry grump.

Then, we will win...

For that ungodly, over charged gas priciest sin.

Michael Gale

His Kiss Upon Her Cheek...Even, After Death.

The ghost waverly hovered...
As if his famous, young lover, above her.

His kiss upon her cheek...
Twas never by her, felt of, so to speak.

His breath, twas so cold as ice...
Twice as white, as whittest rice.

Cold as steel, that tendered kiss...
Upon the soft moist lips of th' Virginal Miss.

If she had been good to him, when he, in life...
Enow the now, she'd be his wife.

He only comes to her-as in a dream...
To spectate of her skinned, softened cream.

She spurned his advances, while'st in his life...
Now she forever more slumbers, in tortured strife.

Th' darkest deepest dreams she has ever had...
Makes her the crabbiest, foul mooded, and even mad.

He cupped her breast upon his grasp....
He heard her breath in sleepened rasp.

Thy heart attack finally took her, to him....
Together they now be, of not his, whim.

They finally traversed the Earthly plain...
Together in handed grasply claim.

Love hath haunted her for a last of times....
Now she'll dearly pay for, all her crimes.

No peace in death, shall she find...
Forced to float and never bind.

'Hissssssssss! ! ' Sayeth The Serpent To The Eden's Eve.

'Hissssssssss! ! ' Sayeth the serpent to the Eden's Eve.....
God said to Adam 'You may take from me your sinful leave'.

From that moment mankind walked in sin...
Would we ever win? Or win? Or win?

Not until the cross...
Woud we feel a saddened suddened loss.

Our sins were finially, lovingly forgiven...
Jesus Christ had died and risen.

Mankind will be loosed from a final sin filled prison...
Yes- You and i are lovingly forgiven.

All we have to do is acknowledge Jesus is the son of God who died for our sins...
Now really-is that asking too much?

Don't rely too heavily upon that denying crutch...
Walk away from that sin filled hutch.

Just admit and you'll enjoy life, once again...
Heaven's gate then, will, for us all, be unlocked-Amen!

Michael Gale

Hitchhiking!

With the sun into my eyes, i do so squint,
With thumb in the air, patiently i will not
quit! A water bottle hooked to my belt,
With sweltering heat, all day i've felt!
Indurance with time from the sun overhead,
surprising myself, that i'm not dead!
Who am i to kid, with my sorrow? ,
My journey continues, all day and tomorrow!
Days pass into weeks, as weeks into many
more, When i am through, i am all so sore!
Many miles are beneath my feet, I get so
tired, i just wanna be on my seat!
When my days on the road are ever ended,
My business matters, will be finally tended!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Hitler's Ideas, Before He Came To Power.

Remember me when'st my heart...Began it's fatal horror-ed start.

I beseech thee to spread my name...So that one day, I may have my fame.

I will be up at my best game...Therefore you yourself, will not have the same.

Power, at it's worst...Your last ride, will be in a dark grey Hearse.

Your seat will be made of pine...And that with me, is totally fine.

I am the Devil incarnate...My appetite of infinite.

Quest for my test...My name is Hitler, First is Adolph from Germany's best.

I will soon be the world's only leader...America-I assuredly will beat her.

I will defeat her...Of me she shall call me, Sir!

Of this fact, I am sure...America will be my boot licking cur.

I will rule all the Earth...Making one and all, very sorry, since their sorry and pathetic, birth.

Michael Gale

Hitler's Ideas, Before He Came To Power.(His Pact With The Devil) .

Remember me when'st my heart...Began it's fatal horror-ed start.

I beseech thee to spread my name...So that one day, I may have my fame.

I will be up at my best game...Therefore you yourself, will not have the same.

Power, at it's worst...Your last ride, will be in a dark grey Hearse.

Your seat will be made of pine...And that with me, is totally fine.

I am the Devil incarnate...My appetite of infinite.

Quest for my test...My name is Hitler, First is Adolph from Germany's best.

I will soon be the world's only leader...America-I assuredly will beat her.

I will defeat her...Of me she shall call me, Sir!

Of this fact, I am sure...America will be my boot licking cur.

I will rule all the Earth...Making one and all, very sorry, since their sorry and pathetic, birth.

Michael Gale

Hobbies.

Beer cans...

Coins.

Stamps, or...

Money.

Isn't it funny? ...

My hobby is my Honey?

Hobbies...

Many collect different things and different crafts.

Some people write...

Some, even paint or draw.

Some might collect bottle caps...

Or maybe even different soda straw.

Political campaign buttons or tie tacks...

Match books.

Some people even read...

Some people, with dogs, do breed.

Celebrity autographs...

Some people sew.

Some people know...

Trivia, to enter TV game shows.

Some even organize and clean...

While, a select few, are really rotten and mean.

Baseball cards...

Marbles and even different colored pieces of glassene shards.

Movies, some collect and watch...

Some even trade, while drinking whiskey, beer, or scotch.

I like to read and write...
Because-i know i'm right.

Some people love to fight...
Some, even like to have sex and make unlimited whoopie and love.

I like to play video games and watch youtube...
I guess that means, i am the biggest boob.

But-name calling is not too nice...
Some people even write miniature messages and long speeches on
the grains of rice.

I like to have real fun...
While my wife and others, like to be outdoors and be by the water, out in the
Sun.

Some like to go sailing...
Some like the merchandise-ial selling.

I like playing word games...
Because i enjoy competing in spelling.

Michael Gale

Hope For The Word Of God Will Come Around To Shine On All Thee.

Haltered wayside roads of sin leads to judgements of what or who cannot eventually win...

Fear and obey all of God's words of wisdom.

You or i can become a believing new born Christian...

Acceptance of faith instills new fear.

No more days of drinking of all alcohol or the keggers of beer...

Childish manners and habit may die real hard.

Those ways of life are rarely let go of or even easily does one simply executes ways of empty promised discards...

Shady losers in life try to talk the innocent of heart into committing sins well great.

If we as free minded people and followers of our Lord Jesus Christ ignor the holy scriptural rules...

We as a quite many numbered group have to reroll the dice and rewin and recoupe.

Remember that all those who ignor thy rules, must forever in hell be eternal unliving fools...

In the end if we don't change our ways.

Before we know it it will be way too late...

Our absorbing of the holy word will be forever without God's forgiving and loving shinning rays.

Love and faith of God gives us all eternal loving and forgiven left days.

Michael Gale

Hope Thy Reckonings, Hath No Wronger.

A beckoned discourse of illusion-ed time's immortal verse...
Can for no apparent reason, transgress thy meaning's horrid, worse.

Belittle thy petitioned gait...
Mishap's thy position, as arrived too late.

Offed chance, we consume thy brother's law...
Be bitten, we, our maliced paw.

Many times we concern no longer...
Hope thy reckonings, hath no wronger.

Michael Gale

Horse Shoe Blues.

Yon horseshoe flung into air...
Where does landed, no one cares.
A clink and a clank and a clink or two...
Be it unknown who just did it, threw.
Dust particles, flight's, any who...
A mislaid aimed toss, executed by you.
Lump upside the head, followed by blood...
One so dead!

02-10-2006'.

Michael Gale

How Could You? ...(A Story About Child Abuse) .

Some people are not born parents...They have to work hard at it and use every day love and common sense, which of these, virtues, a lot of people are unfortunately, very lacking.

How could You punch Me silly...
Or hit and slap Me, 'nilly Willy?

How could a parent gouge huge
chunks of flesh, with finger nails
only brazen as bold? ...
Upon the arms of a twelve, or
thirteen year old?

Why would a Parent be so mean? ...
What wise and rewarding things
from this, would they gleam?

To be kicked, or locked inside
a car so steaming....
On a hot day, or driven inside
a lake, to die a death, never to
be able to grow to a state,
not deeming, or dreaming.

Some kids get run over,
by a backing car...
by an inattentive or
uncaring adult, in a
driveway, that
had not, gone
too far.

What qualifies as
a bad parent? ...
Being careless,
or even mean,
this fact, be
real apparent!

Michael Gale

How Does One Spell Marriage? ? ?

Nag, nag, nag, nag....

That's the name imprinted on the title's tag.

Just a-keep onna a-naggin' em'...

Always raising and waving that monsteroise flag.

They just a keep wavin' it right in our face...

Nag, nag, nag-That's what's constantly in our face.

Michael Gale

How Does One, Or Two, Spell Divorce?

Couples who get divorced, might be called disss-engaged, don't you see? ...
In reality, and they don't know it, they just want to be free.

They don't get along...
That is the name of that song.

They were wrong...
They were not meant to be together, that long.

They, knew not much, about each other...
They fought like cats and dogs, or maybe even a sister or brother.

How do you spell divorce? ...
How about emotional disss-course.

Some people need to learn about one another, before they take that plunge...
For if they don't do this, their wedding will be erased or changed into an instant
case of being an exspunge.

Sometimes, wedded bliss...
Is a comical miss.

Michael Gale

How Doth A Person Change In Time's Passing Horizon? ...

How doth a person change in time's passing horizon? ...

A man must to absorb and read.

A change will come for even he...

What will be will be for thee.

When'st will thou to be even seen? ...

Of to man so unclean and obscene.

The ticking clock ticks on in time...

'Tis now for end to this rueful rhyme.

Michael Gale

How Or Where Will I Sail This Way?

A sunset lands to a smile of my face...
No toil or tormented soul or no such place.

How may i to conquer all fear? ...
What to heart is dear to here.

What lips may part to thine ears? ...
What slips may lay waste to many wasted years?

Hide us all tears...
For dear lit years.

Where has the clock done gone? ..
A newest day, as done-not won.

Where may this path to lead me astray? ...
How or where will i sail this way.

My day is done...
Not lost but won.

That was fun...
So much fun.

The day i run...
Off and into the day's spent sun.

Michael Gale

How To Be The Best Poet Ever In History's Own Time?

T'would be great to travel back in days of poet's greatest writers of great talent and writing ability of rhyme and time...

T'would be neat to meet them and have great long discussions that t'would never seem to have an end.

It would be great to take pointers from them and be led under their wings... So that i would be able to write poems well greatest of things.

Staying up all night to have talks with them would be one of life's best gifts... To drink of their soul's own knowledge and to of their talents and pointers t'would be ever best to have gained knowledge and retracted assisted of their gifts to me to accomplish and sifts.

I bet they could tell stories of life's experiences that would forever enlighten thee of thy heart....

Of all this experience, i bet would enlighten to my writing ability's own accomplishenable own art.

To travel back in time would be the best...

To later in time to challenge to me and always of heart and talent to forever test.

Time travel to the past...

T'would be the best experience to of thy heart's memory to long and forever, last and last.

Michael Gale

How To Hold Onto A New Found Lover.

Hath thy drama queen...
Broke on down of unwanted gene?

Can thy severed soul become one as a whole? ...
My heart doth move to heave and grieve.

What life filled with trouble we weave? ...
Less not depart thy destiny to take unobservement of leave.

Do not partake of feelings dealt madder...
Not be bitten by heartfelt's aching old Adder.

Pain and an aching emptiness invades one's heart...
For one so caring of one escaped via a real hurried way's to depart.

Bless this day of a loved one to discover...
Of hopes and dreams to keep and hold onto one's new found lover.

Michael Gale

Hunted Prey!

Thru thine eyes i do thus see, A mouse down
in this field, staring up at me! With a
Falcon like swoop, down from my sky, As i
prepare to make this prey of mine,
frighteningly die! Screeching my warning, as
i ever get closer, I'll tear you asunder,
Your heartbeat in your own ears, does seem
as thunder! Beating so fastly, your heart
does so beat, Your fleshy meat, shall be
my next treat! My vision can see far off in
the distance, There is no hunted prey, that
to me, can be of any resistance! I am
nature's answer to all Earth's ecology,
I am a wild hunting Falcon, I do not give,
nary' an apology!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

I Am But A Warm Feeling, Deep Within Her Heart.

I am but a warm feeling, deep within her heart...
A flame ignited by memories, adhered from the very start.

She wrote me once, and wrote me twice...
She held my heart, as like a vice.

Our feelings sped forth, like a shooting, flying star...
Let us see, how love, our being so, will fare, thee far away.

She kept me held prisoner, of her beautied shallow, ways....
She'll love me all, in honesty- Until my dying days.

I wandered through life's maze, of love felt meriads...
I love her so, i love her dear, that's just the end of-periods.

I give her thanks, i give my heart, to one who knows me fine...
Tomorrows, of the days ago, I hope she'll always, be just mine.

The notes are etched, upon my brain, of how she'll want to be...
I love her for the morn, as sweet, and tenderly.

She makes to me, my hand held love, all felt and wholsome be...
She holds the lock, unopened, thus, only she has the magic key.

Michael Gale

I Am Greed, I Am, I Am

I am greed...
I travel with wide spread fast speed.

From man to woman and man...
As fast as i seriously may or can.

For i am the emotion that is hardest for all to leave as beat...
I instill to the beastly man intolerable jealousy and hateful heated heat.

Greed does take away all mens rights as freed...
For i am man's most hated breed.

I perform all types of evil breded seed...
I grow up taller than many other types of a well growing of a weed.

I branch out as if in lately fashionable style...
I can't be stopped, to this fact there is no denial.

I possess many a soul...
I remove from man and woman an unreachable saintly filled like like lifely goal.

Greed, that i am...
I am not of an honorable sham.

That i am, i am, i am.
I could even be considered one undesirable unwanted themed ham.

That i am, i am, i am.
I am greed, that be right am i am.

Michael Gale

I Am Lost In Time, Of My Death.

Lost in time...
Trapped of heart.

Enslaved by sadness...
Of all my art.

For, now i pray for peace, this day...
To rest my head and heart, to sleep, this stay.

Man must be trapped to time unto...
Nothing gained, nothing, few.

Beneath this heart, beats a path, undaunted...
When, at last, I've gone, you are now, newly, haunted.

A sleep to breath, this blessed breath...
Since, this day, becomes, my humbled, death.

Michael Gale

I Am Michael Gale-I Was Here First! Not U Michael M.

I was at poemhunter the very first...
Why do you come Michael M,
Due you thirst?

T'was i born in fifty-six...
Is this your kind of uncertain tricks?

You write good and i like your name...
But writing poems here good is my own lone fame.

Where have you been before this day? ...
Where did you poeticly play before you stay?

Answers unanswered from day to day...
'That's all i have today thus say! '

Michael Gale

I Am Scared, Our Lord, Had Not, Cared.

He walked a mile for a cry...
Would he care, if I die?

He walked a mile, for the thought...
Where, were He, when I sought?

He was nowhere, the eye, could see...
How would he, remember, thee?

The times of man, gained, by trust...
Were, I here, in December, no dust-no dust.

From the grave, and into the aimless, spirit....
We are, now gone, and lesser, near it.

Heaven, beside our Lord....
No one else, may fret, and ill, afford.

To lose faith, in the One, of Might...
Must we try, to hide fro', His, Holy, light.

In the end, as like, a dream...
We'll awaken, in a shriek, of a scream.

As we lay, in silenced, monumental, test...
We'll come to know, That He was, the best.

Alas, alas, our mortal, fear....
That He, is the one, to our heart, is dear.

Michael Gale

I Am To The Next.

I am to the next...
But...What be next,
Be, until I rest?

Rest beyond the Nexus
Breadth...
Of all Thy fear,
Alas this blessed.

When not entranced...
Or barred to rest...
Rooms be sent
Amongst
Thy test!

Michael Gale

I Cannot Go On In Life Without The Fresh Touch Of Your Lips To Mine...

Heart felt despaire may at times seem unable to be fixed to a condition as whole or repair...

That crack in thy heart may resemble in length the crack of that Liberty Bell, - of this to you i sincerely do informly tell.

You from the beginning had me transfixed in your spell...

An eternal prisoner of your heart and soul held me inate soulfully in a frozen jail.

You've kept my heart locked up in a frozen position...

My brain and emotions stilled to a beatless decision.

I cannot go on in life without the fresh touch of your lips to my own...

You have for all eternity sealed my heartfelt emotions to be anchored stronger than even sewn.

A Sunrise each morning brings you close at hand and to my side...

God did so bless me the most when'st you agreed to be my new loved bride.

Life with you might bring days at times unstable like a roller coaster ride...

But in the end-Sweet Dearest wife-My love for you shall never be concealed, or lied.

At the end of our gratuitous walk in life holding hands on our romantic stroll...

My uncracked heart will ring for thee as if i passed life's obstacles and paid a happily most filled God given toll.

My journey in the ever-after, will enfold to thee an ever eternal accomplished goal...

Heaven's gates shall for us two-open up and swing with an unfettered air...

As long as in life-We have shown to God that of we two there was an undying love and a mutual sharing and care.

The Heavenly Angels will play music of our love...

That is why God's symbol of love is the white flapping Dove.

Always are those Doves flying about totally beautiful and free...

For they are God's gift in symbol that love complete for we.

Light bluish skies are filled with white billowing clouds...

This skyly scene is God's curtained staged shroud-

To forever more remind woman and man that the creator of all...

Will for ever and ever remain happily proud.

Like a father watches a son make his first fly ball catch...

God looks down on his children- with a feeling filled of a pridely match.

Michael Gale

I Deserve Thee Not.

Bring myself down hard to my knees...
I gain no insight or valored spree.
Engaged wrongfully to love's own miserable state...
Wronged and caught that varied late.
Must i suffer love's sling bent arrows? ...
Will my love abandon me by flighty sparrows?
A vision quest for her honoured hand...
Blinds too well, her beautied land.
Rainbows sprinkle shame down to me...
I deserve ye not, i'll vie for lonely heart's whisp to thee.

Michael Gale

I Feel Real Dumb, You Bet, I Bet.

Won day i sat down to right a poem...
Nothing came to me which left me to feel sad and alone.

A cloud of dispaire and regret alit to my head and shoulders...
This did very little to empower me to be great and happily the bolders.

Alas-...
This poor old sad filled lass.

No more hope...
To give nothing to others a mood of nope.

When will this unspirited vacume of nothingness leave me of it's hold? ...
When will i mentally prosper and be well known of my frame of greatness enfold
to an arouseness of being smart and talented as well as being told that i am
really smart as bold?

No ideas, as of yet...
I feel real dumb, you bet i bet.

Michael Gale

I Froze Off My Arse More Colder Than I-Ce.

A freezing cold chill took grasp of my mortal shell....
This freezing chill made me wish for me to warm up in a lowered Hell.

Cripes it is verily too cold....
I am like a frozen crepe, so old, too old.

Chattering teeth scoot across the ice frozen floor....
Bumping ever so solidly against the door.

Clatter, clatter....
What be the matter?

Ice sickled fingers protrude through gloven mesh...
Finger prints ripped from bone stricken flesh.

A tongue left upon a metal pole...
Leaves taste buds stripped and ripped naked with many a minute a hole.

Icened fingers dripped heavily from hair and hairy ear lobes....
Seem very distracting like lights of electrical typed strobes.

Flicker and flickering and fly by the nighted flight...
This cold is colder than the coldest of night.

Michael Gale

I Had My Heart Broken-At 'The River Of Long, Lost Pain'.

I used to like to go fishin' at 'the river of crazed insanes'...

I had my heart broken at 'the river of pain'.

I used to like to draw pictures of abstract art...

Now i've only drawn from a picture of a wholely broken heart.

I used to love to sing songs of love...

Now i only mask my feelings like a hand deeply hidden, inside a well worn glove.

I used to laugh instead of cry...

Now my only dream is to no longer live unloved,

My final dream in life is simple-My heart is broken-I wish to die, and never of love's heartache to my ears, to never be spoken.

Michael Gale

I Hate Cooking, And I Hate Onions After I Cut My Finger.

Ouch, to cut my finger...

Pain and blood spills and does longly stay and linger.

To give my sliced append-aged digit a much needed bath...

I won't cook for a living, or go to school for typing or even take math.

Math and onions i do not like...

I'd rather have a tooth pulled or be super glued to a seat-less one peddled down hill travelling brake-less bike.

I'll only eat onions that are totally cooked...I wont go to a restaurant and look on a menu to order it from the waitress, it will never be booked.

Michael Gale

I Love My Wife, I Love Her So-Will I Be The First To Go?

A beast of burden is but an ass...
A stubborn creature without any class.
You may pull and you may push...
But you are not gonna go anywhere,
Even if you kick it super hard in it's
Fat old tush.
Some people are stubborn as he...
You cannot talk to them, they're always
way too busy.
Talking to some people is like talking to
a wall of brick...
I just hate people like that.
They are just usually the biggest prick.
Now i know i usually do not cuss...
But unfortunately this time,
I've missed hopping aboard that patient filled bus.
I sometimes mention to others that of my
better half wife,
She'd lose her head if it weren't attached,
I don't have much patience that's for sure...
I'd hav'ta count to a hundred to find a cure.
She, my darling puts up with a lot...
It's up to me, i'm all she's got.
She's so patient-She is my loving wife...
If i was to leave her, She'd have a life filled
with, less of strife.
I love my wife, I love her so..
Which one of us will be the first to leave or go? .

Michael Gale

I Love You, God.

Oh Lord-I beg forgiveness...
Not unforgiveness.

You are the way...
That I should play.

You are the art...
That instills my heart.

You are the love from up above...
Higher than the passing dove.

Hard to reach, your love so bold...
Around as long, if not-longer, old.

You gave your Son for my sin...
So that I may one day, rightfully win.

I can't wait to adjoin your loving venture...
I am your faithful servant, fully-indentured.

I go fully with free will...
You give me hope, and a heart felt-thrill.

Your love enfolds me full...
You acquire me wholely and
Holy, into my soul.

My love for you, I give free willingly...
I find You & Your Son, loving and hap-ply, thrillingly.

I praise your Scriptured Word...
As I am sure-Every body-has heard.

Your Son will return some day, soon...
Your beauty is brighter than the brightest moon.

Your Son, Jesus, will come to stay...
He will make all evil, really pay.

Michael Gale

I Made Love To That Shapely Mermaid.

I made love to that beautiful mermaid named thin lizzy...
She chased me underwater till i was out'ta breath and dizzy.
Bubbles of air escaped my lips...
I sputtered and coffered and digested too many choking sips.
I was frozen and blue and didn't play chicken...
I got down to her naval and just begun lickin'.
I proceeded down south with my mouth...
I nibbled way down south...
I received a fin and metallic blue green scale's sharp edge caught in my mouth.
Where was that sea maiden's magical hole? ...
My tongue was ready but what now is my goal?
I could put my fingers in her golden hair mane...
But later on, i poked and kept pokin but only received a bloody red stain.
Her clam shelled bra originally lured my eyes...
Until i saw her shapely thighs.
What have i gotten myself into? ...
Her shrieking wail made sure we were through.
One night at the bar i spied a womanly babe with a real knock-out tail...
No more fins for me, not even whales!

Michael Gale

I Might As Well Have Been Deemed Obscene As Unseen

As you walked past me unseeing...

As you walked on past never noticing or even seeing my being.

Days were shot and passed...

No love here or even been usurped my feelings of days of last.

My ghostly apperational as well as unseen...

I might as well have been deemed obscene.

I was a ghost of love unheard...

Like as a bird way up high that bird-.

Not even last or second...

Not even second or third.

I was nothing but a phantomed zone...

Doomed to spend my last days unloved alone.

This heart hath known no speeded beat...

No love for thee so indescreet.

Days of wonder for love not sighed...

No love of thee as one denied.

Michael Gale

I Once Died From An Over Curley Head Of Hair

The owning of Pit Bulls should be not be legalized...
So that innocent children or women cannot be shredded to bits or even
terrorized.

Why all the hype about them vicious dogs? ...
Their bites tear and kill worse than a Bull Frog's.

Did you ever hear of a death by a viciouse frog? ...
Heck no, most likely it was by a mean old dog.

Did you ever hear of someone being beaten to death due to a real mean and
vicious mad butterfly? ...
You cannot attest that a butterflie's wings can mame and make one die.

One might die from the ever pecking of a woodpecker with a bad case of hiccups
or diseases...
Or even the run away plastic blade of an electric fan with a real rabid ease.

When was the last time that you heard of a person dying from the
bite of an average sized earth worm? ...
More likely a woman left under an electric hair dryer while getting a perm.

Imagine dying from having hair that's way too frizzy...
More likely i could die from getting way too dizzy.

Michael Gale

I Shot That Ever Nagging Mother In Law Straight In Her Head, Dead

I shot that bitch...
That witch-that bitch!

Why had i signed that wedding papered piece? ...
Since the time of the wedding, we've had no peace.

In-laws should be illegal...
That mother-in-law looks like a bitchley Beagle.

I just hate it when she rides in on her west winded broom...
All she brings with her is gloom and a happily ever after's
forever ending doom.

Oh so controlling and bossy too! ...
She is uglier than Mister Magoo, or even a ghost who scares all
concerned with a well oraled a bedeviled scary 'Boo! ', to one and all and even
you.

How does one cope with that over bothersome mother in-law? ...
Ignore her or leave on a much faster than fastest car, or
beyond tommorrow you'll carry even more in-laws last lasting one scar.

When you first hear the news of her coming...
It's hit the road for you so you may now lead a life filled only with
poor old low life associational slumming.

It's into the night with that bottle of self inflicted stupor in drunkednessed
squander in the gutter...
It's all your wife's fault that she still has a monster-in-law, oops! ,
i meant in-lawed-by a nasty old mouthey mother.

It's quick, get outta dodge...
In a Ford, Chrystler or Dodge.

You'll definitely need a fast set of wheels...
And a pocket full o' money and charge cards for your bedding and meals.

(I just made this up for every unfortunate poor old unhappy husbands being nagged to the bar!)

Michael Gale

I Shouldda Got An Apartment By Myself! !

Our words are hurtful and heated as
the flames of the opened oven,
My dear ole' husband is not too fun!
I threaten him with a divorce,
His scope on life is not too full of hope!
He nags me in ways i just regret,
We do say words that we should forgive
as forget! Marriage is not without many a
pitfall, Just names are called without
thoughts or a regretful recall! To forgive
is divine, Hopefully together we can
apologize and embrace gathered entwine!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

I Thee Take Thy Smoke In Hand.

I thee take thy smoke in hand...

Taste buds blossom blumes fumigated by blandness for all this madness.

Hence forth with my aching pains...

Gives me none no new world gains.

Happenstance gasp's that choke my pipe's airid winds...

Again'st Gods laws of healthy body's house that goes on to detour all us mouse's
law breaking sins.

Michael Gale

I Toad That Witch, I'D Kick Her Monkey, Raw Red.

Whine's the crows dive bombed the scare crowed coward...
Hence the well entranced and entrapped shower.

It spewer ed in us and well amongst...
Lowered our sums of intense pain.

Waylaid our untriumphed splendor..
Delay, delay the wicked witch's, seam ripping unmender.

Michael Gale

I Write, What I Like.

I write what I like because
of what I might like or dislike...

It does not matter what foul fools
really care...
Not even those, more stupid as rare.

You know those other fellows
who are critics with demeaning
feelings that they let out of the bag? ...
You know-The ones that let them
fling insults to deflate One's Ego's,
shred it up and let it falteringly
flutter freely in the wind-To just sag?

What ever happened to the idea,
to others, to be kind? ...
We just cannot change history or
push a button marked 'rewind.'

Once that ill will,
no matter how glad
or sad to a maddening
temperament of baddest, bad mad...

Can seem to crawl outside a skin
of shelled turmoil, and hatred at least...
Will only unleash that immoral
and faltering Beast.

If Someone does not have
something nice to say? ...
Maybe just a vow of silence,
should be put upon all
Else, neatly on display.

Michael Gale

I, Now, Am Like A Flower, Unwatered, To Wilt.

My stomach gnaws at me...
Like my guilt.

I, now am like a flower, unwatered
to wilt.

A ghost...
Without sustenance or substance.

An empty shell of my former self...
Nothing to claim or sell, on the society shelf.

How should i go on? ...
With help from God and Christ.

Matters- beyond my control...
Matters much-too not.

Why complain? ...
About, all the world's pain.

Move on and smile...
Without greed or denial.

Move on and send up a prayer...
Kneel down and hope upwardly and stare.

He up there...
Will love, forgive, and care.

He can help...
He does.
I swear!

Michael Gale

I, Held Her Tight, And Held Her-Close.

I held her hard and held her tight...
I held her closer, than mighty-might.

She held me, in her spell, she weaved...
I was forsaken, and full, deceived.

She casted her spell, and strong, it was...
My head did heave, and schwoosh, and buzz.

Down to the floor, did I fall...
Faster than fastest, was the call.

Cupid's arrow had darted me...
No longer free of heart, would I be.

Michael Gale

Ice Princess, You May Bend Over And Kiss-Injure Him

Evening's treasure...
Opens up life's own pleasure.

Perhaps we all know...
Life offers many a show.

Swiss Alps-ease down slopes of
powdery white crunchy growth...
St. Bernards barrelly late, after ice cold death's lonesome way too late lately
arriving an irony loath.

Ice cubbed fingers displays frosty thickened breath...
Only just b'fore that long lasting sleep's limbic sad death.

Lassie come hither home here and there...
Far reaching unteaching among'st white bleaching whiteness ice princess that
kisses my last family ridden and long past well ridden for thee to not know
where.

Happy home plate measures measily but barely beyond my mortal reach...
Sorrow and sadness feelings regrettably implore their sorrow to unhearing ears
that at long last my apology for thee is muted by deafened recall for total and
sad ways to beseech.

Michael Gale

Icey Holed Fishing!

Five pointed stars of icy snow, Gives
winter lovers a sudden happy glow! Snowballs
fly past heads ever alert, Even large
victim's are felled as well as tiny little
squirts! Of all this comes exclamations of
'Ouch that hurts! ' Snowmen are rolled from
hill to hill, A winter wonderland gives
a thrill and a chill! Ice skating and sleds
litter many the scene, These are colors of
white, but not of blue or green! Fishing is
over for the season, But holes drilled in
ice with poles and bait, is the sportman's
main manly reason! Ice fishing may seem so
cold, But for only the brave and the bold!
Summer's end is not the end, Snow can be
shoveled and moved, and even molded to bend!
11-29-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

I'D Kill The Little Girl's Killer.

(This poem, A Little Girl was sadly written by 'An Angel Without Wings'. This poem inspired me to write this poem about what i'd do to the coward that would beat this little girl.)

As good as the last poem that i read...
This poem wanted me to make him, that much more dead.

A little more sadder...
That makes me, the more the madder.

A poem about someone stolen...
Black and blue and so much whole swollen.

He beat her once-
And he beat her twice...
he is far worse than the chickeniest of mice.

The blood did drip as from her wrist...
The crimes committed to her could fill an entire encyclopedic list.

He shut her in and he beat her silly...
His name does not matter, even if it were Boston Billy.

I'd track him down and i'd make that peon pay....
I'd make him sorry and i'd make him rue the day-

That he met me and the day he hit her sore...
That sad SOB would be left by me as bad as left off and poor.

I'd kick that SOB deep inside his ribs and bones...
I'd make him beg for mercy and i'd make him holler more
with much suffering of the loudest of the loudly moans.

I'd cut him from ear to ear to give him a smile of denial...
For his crime to her, to me that would really me, rile.

I'd stomp his tongue and make it thin and long...
I'd make him suffer all miserably loud in song.

The pain from him would reach far up to God's Heavenly home...
I'd make that Ba-rd suffer as like Jesus did by the Empire that was Rome.

That cad, would no longer, to her, punishingly give...
Because, of me, he'd no longer live.

(One happy ending, and one, sadly, not.)

Michael Gale

Id Rather Watch A Tv Show Than Drink A Cup Of Jo.

Don't like Survivor,
Don't like Amazing Race...
I think these two shows are a complete and total disgrace.

I only like The Apprentice or Deal or No Deal...
How great is it to get that case filled with money?
What a steal, What a deal.

Money, money, money...
Money or trips
Nothing about this is very funny.

Ya gotta love all that good wholesome money.
That makes my days filled with happiness and days are sunny.

Grays Anatomy or Desperate House Wives or Heroes...
These are my TV shows i like.
Not shows about a race or feats performed on an island, speaking
of islands, i hate lost.

That show makes me cold as colder than frost...
Trading Spouses is another good program.

It's sweet to watch spoiled rich brats or hoitey toitey women have to get blisters
on their hands or even break a sweat or sleep on the floor...
Just as if they were born to be poorly poor.

I enjoy seeing lazy kids or teen agers get off their ass...
Work or manual labor never hurt anybody or even the higher class.

I could possibly one day be able to eat bugs or worms for money...
I'd rather do stunts that seems nice-maybe even funny.

Now i goitta go...
Get me a good cup of Java Joe.

Michael Gale

If Abortion Is Legalized?

'Freedom Of Choice Act', is permission given to a woman to murder...
A woman will be able, to hurt a future, him or just, hurt-her.

Those little fingers will, never move...
Even, after, it has come out of the birth giving, groove.

Why should a woman be allowed to grant forth a certain death? ...
Even, if her name, might be Jane, or Julie, or even plain, Beth.

FOCA is the right of the fetus's, being forfeited...
Even, after it has been, a living, form fitted.

For death, is supposedly the choice of right...
But-For the poor fetus, there will be no right to fight.

If FOCA is passed...
Then, true life is passed, past.

Michael Gale

If For Only A Moment.....

If for only a moment...
We record love to our own true heart.

If for only a moment...
We find that we've touched other's hearts and minds.

If for only a moment...
We've found cures for incurable disease.

If for only a moment...
That which we leave behind can only please.

If for only a moment...
Happiness of heart and health can only stay.

If for only a moment...
We live out the rest of a horrible day.

If for only a moment...
We can find way to God our daily pray.

If for only a moment...
We have this moment to keep and stay.

If for only a moment.....

Michael Gale

If Good Ol'E Beethoven Had Ever Know'D My Wife?

What is Beethoven doing inside his grave these days? ...

He's just decomposing.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Did you know that Beethoven's work in music was really serious and grave? ...

Yuk! Yuk! Yuk!

At least Beethoven was not weigh over weight and listed in the Guinness World Record Book as being have to had been buried in a piano case after death. Get it? (weigh over weighed instead of way over weight.) Heh! Heh! Heh!

Did ya know i'm going ta write a song about my wife? ...

It's sung to Willie Nelson's 'On The Road Again'.

It goes something like this-'I'm on the phone again, Can't wait ta get on the phone time i spend my waking days-I'm constantly on the phone again. On the phone again-Down that talking highway, my way. On the phone again, Can't wait ta yak off'a my head again.

Gossip's on it's way-to my phone bill i'll have ta reluctantly pay, my say, my way, my day'...

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Michael Gale

If I'D Die, Would You Marry Me, Again?

If I'd die, would you marry me again? ...
After, up in Heaven, would, our love
never end?

For, without life, spent ever more
embraced, by your loving arms...
Life, would, forever more, be not
worth living, minus, all life's
cherished charms.

Without that wonderful smile...
I'd be, like stranded on a
deserted isle.

When, i am greeted by
your tender smile...
After, being away, for awhile...

at last, no longer, sad
and moody...
Now, I be, merely, on your,
special-love duty.

A vaulted mine, filled
with bouncing terms...
I have caught your
deadly-Love-Germs.

They've infected me,
since our uplifted,
happy, filled journey...
It's plain to see, that,
we'll never be in
need, of a, nasty,
divorce attorney.

If, I'd die, I'd hope
that again, we
would wed...

Enough in words
of love, has
been said.

Michael Gale

If Jesus Was A Carpenter, Was His Daddy A Great Puppeteer?

Are we marionettes or puppets attached by actions stringed and tugged? ...

Are we misguided by our thoughtless and selfish actions?

Is there a higher puppeteer overhead in Heaven's puppetry theater? ... Are we but a mere tool pushed around by a capenteric God?

Jesus was a carpenter as you may well know...

Our brains command our actions.

Now the wandering brainless puppets do evil things pushed by the Devil's hands and strings...

We must learn to cut those strings of evil and use our brain for something in life that really matters.

Michael Gale

If Only By, Your Romantic Insistence.

I've never trekked down the diet road...

But-To me you are my eye candy that won't make me bloat.

Always are you sweet to my vision...

Like the tides to my heart, you've made my heart beat, beat to have steadily arisen.

My sweetness to my life...

You are my best friend, my valentined wife.

This heart beat felt from, at a great farr'ed distance...

Was sent to me by only your romantic insistence.

Michael Gale

I'LI Keep On Smoking Till My Choking Day Of Death.

I'll keep on smoking, till my choking day of death...
I'll keep on puffing, untill, i'm out of breathe.

It must be those chemicals and that tar...
In this life as yet, i'll not never to go as far.

I've tried real hard to quit my deadly debt...
I've yet to meet the one i hate, not that one as yet.

Hypnotism and other ways, shall i never be to succeed...
That tobbaeco leaf, i'll only need, that awful deadly weed.

I huff and i puff to get that choking feel...
Into my lungs i draw real hard, to get my, most in fill.

It is indeed a high, so good, that i try to grab and grab...
On that day, i draw my last laboured breathe, until my heart feels a painful
stabbing, jab.

Yes those cigarettes, are hard to quit real well...
This i tell you deadly so, only time will guess and tell.

Until that sudden, dying day, then i'll finally quit...
Then i'll know that last hoped day, i finally found my wit.

Michael Gale

I'LL Love You Now, And Love You So.

I love you more, i love you now, i'll love you when i please...
I'll love you even when i'm gone, I'll love you with great ease.

Our lips will touch each morning, noon, and every night...
Our lips will not depart, even when we fight.

We've spent the whole darned morning, trying to stay awake...
We stay up each evening, till real late, kissing without a break.

It's true that you are my love, and you'll always have my heart...
When this life is over, these days of years, we'll never be apart.

Even in our olden age, when our bones give out...
We'll still be in love with each other, and vow to never scream and shout.

I love you now and i'll love you later and love you in the end...
All you need to know right now, is my love for you, i'll always want to send.

Love is our keepsake way, that burns deepest in us both...
Our love will burn the longest, never will we loath.

Our love will have another day, our love shall forever play...
We will love for time immortal, forever will we stay-

In love-that is!

Michael Gale

I'LI Miss You So, Forever-So.

My heart doth have wings for thee...
To make mine, flutter free.

My heart takes flight for yondered, you...
You'll do, as always due.

Spring time emerges to ever heart.
To beat its' beate'th beat...

I'll miss you so, forever so,
Til' next, we happily meet....

This heartened heart sails upwards ho! ,
We'll finially reunite, so happily ever and happily, sweet.

Michael Gale

Illness And Sufferage Of Death's Own Sorrow!

Alas my horror at life's own end, Illness
and death by loved ones to tend! Business by
death and illness, profits the rich, Life
cannot go on without a hitch! Disease begets
hospital stays and funeral arrangements,
Illness of health is a life long
contagion's! Pain and suffering has to go on
in time, Just as this sickness and suffering
should be a whole society's humanely crime!
A cure for this suffering and death could
be found indeed, If not for society's
corporate imoral greed! Why should God wish
us to suffer? I guess this is God's lesson
for us to be spiritually tougher! We should
not blame God for all the pain, For He is a
loving God, and for this He has nothing to
gain! 12-04-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

I'M An Old Fart Two Ag'Ed For My Dead Over Dew Part

Ah yes a hint to thy truer true age of thine...

In high school days there t'was Armstrong and Pablo Picasso.

How i miss those days of yester year...

Aged i am so far and not long left here.

Etch a sketch and hoola hoop and Mr. Potato Head and bubbles blown hard...

No video games by thee i've never in that years due play but only war and fish in cards.

I am way too aged...

Death is soon by noon way over dew on grassy glassey eyed old nodes and saged.

Michael Gale

I'M Glad This Heart-This One You Stole.

My heart so lonely...

Lonely for thee.

Your beauty doth' free mine eyes...

Mine heart so free.

The Hulk and King Kong could not pry the phone fro' your dying hand...

Forever trapped in talky-talk land.

You are meticulous 'bout all business matters...

You are so crazed, like a business'es Mad Hatter.

Payment of bills and a grown'd forty three year old'nd daughter's

Doctor's appointment...

Makes you obsessed like a surrounded over protective-

-skin tight typed all covering deepened penetrating ointment.

Your over caring love could drown a stow awayed man wearing ten foot stilts upon Noah's Ark...

You look for money in wrong places of the mind, you continue to show that ever caring-loved spark.

Your red hair and unquitting tenacity has you remind me of that overly hair brained schemeing comedic genius, Lucille Ball...

I'm this marriage-careered referee, only obsevant enough to make such an obviouse call.

I love your ever schemeing motherhood role...

I'm glad i'm your married one, that other, sharing, caring halved soul.

You are a breath of fresh air in my life, making me whole.

I'm glad this heart-this one, you stole.

Michael Gale

I'M Just Sick Of It All.

Diarrhea...

It hits when you least expect it.

That usually means i'm full'a sh_t.

That's it.

I rush to the pot...

Well-I'm not, i'm not.

Nausea...

Sick to my stomach.

I get dizzy and fall like a big dumb lummoX...

Bad tummy.

Because i've eaten something not good or yummy...

That's me- An unthinking dummy- That feels crummy.

Illness...

Feel pain- Feel this.

Tooth ache...

To the dentist to remove it and it to take.

Pain...

Nothing but suffering to gain.

The flu...

That will not do.

To ail...

Can at times seem to us we fail.

Get rid of all of it...

Do ya get it?

Will not do...

For me or you.

I'M So Glad That My Grandma's Long Been Dead!

My Grandma used ta hit me hard...
She'd say ta me, 'are you a freakin' retard'?

My Grandma has been for a few years now long lastly dead...
I used ta have daydreams of as an adult going back to shoot that bitch straight
in her head.

My uncle too...
I'd silently as a kid think to him 'just screw you'.

My uncles combat boots to the head really did hurt...
Every time he'd come into a room, to his attention i'd hoped he'd
to me to ignore or skirt.

My uncle would punch me his frickin' hardest deep into my tummy...
For a long time i'd constantly just sit still and take it alot, just like a brainless
dummy.

My hallf sister Laura told a teacher at school...
We were whisked away off to foster homes and at first it was really pretty cool.

But after awhile my half sister and i were seperated into seperate rooms...
I fell on my head off the bed onto Lincoln logs that struck my head
and i stupidly cried after she begged me not to.

Me and her for along time we were kept apart for years of long lasting feelings
that i would always feel that stays and looms...
Lonliness-The garbage of the bad memory that cannot possably be removed or
swept from my mind as like with a lot of fast whisking brooms.

I never did see my sister dear until many many years and later...
I was in the Marines and visited her for a leave like vacation.

I hoped she did not think that my absence was to mean that of her
that i was a real mean sister hater...
Time was my enemy and whole goofy troubling time of instigation.

Now many and many more years real after and after...
I've not ever seen her and that is not even a reason to have from others, a time

rude time of stupid dumb laughter.

My Grandma Butler is now happily dead and gone...

I hope to Heaven that she is doomed to an eternity of a well Hell spent
awakening, dawn.

Michael Gale

I'M So Vain And Darned Good Looking-No Time For Eating Food Or Of It's Cooking.

Mirror-mirror on the wall...
Who's fat ego is too tall?
When i view this image so great...
I'm forever tardy-when leaving, i'm always running late.
I'm hooked on my own good looks...
I've no time to read good books.
Vanity is my one only chosen vice...
Every one else is ugly-not good looking-not nice.
Every where i travel people just stare...
In my hand i carry a mirror,
What they think?
I do not care.
I kiss the mirror whenever i can...
I just happen to be, the best looking living man!

Michael Gale

Imagery And Magic

Mood swings...
Straight to the reader's rings.

To sadden or gain a happy leverage
to hearts a lift...
To gain a great toe hold and to never, ever,
ever drift as shift.

Shift away from all major thought...
Only to well now, knowingly have caught.

Full attention...
Must I mention?

Imagery...
Cleverly.

Meter....
Rhyme
to treat
Him or Her.

Michael Gale

Impure Thoughts...

impure thoughts contained...
Leaves thy thoughts dwell, well constrained.
Hasten thy choices of the morrow...
Lest be all so sullen and filled with sorrow.
Vast filled days followed by rage...
Imparts all hallowed, of thee, age.
Memorie's recollections adhered to heart...
Begin days of hurt and end days of start.

Michael Gale

In A Dream, That Lay So Flat...

In a dream tho' weaved by mine...
Innately returned, honestly Divine.

For upon thy path, taken, in turn...
Respect for oneself, need been, earned.

A path that splinters into forks, of awed signs...
Originates from a machinery's most, imaginative designs.

Like a bicycle's many bent, and broken spokes...
Hell bent on an accidental, arrival, at monetary failure
for a most wanting handout, from your folks.

The road now taken, is erroneously ridden...
With many bumps and holes from winding far and wide,
This snake to you, has obviously bitten.

One can no longer, stay well balanced, in his ride...
It is now plain to see, that we've, become obtusely wide.

Tumbling...
Faster, still, -
-Alas, still,
erroneously, fumbling.

Landing and crashing into the sudden-ed grass...
A whole pile of bleeding, this aching, sore mass.

Give up, give up, the hope of heart...
Now you've learned, that you are smart.

Defeat...
Is so sourly,
Non, sweet.

Michael Gale

In A Dream.

In a dream...That, I weave.
In a dream, that I leave.

Only in a dream, slept, real, well...
I lived this world, in a spell.

In a spell, that long I've suffered...Alone in sleep, Lo' I've slumbered.

To awaken from this dream...Drowning and yawning, in this stream.

Suffocated without all breath...B'tween all covers, of my death.

Will i awaken to find my heart? ...Will I have done, best my part?

Michael Gale

In Heaven, There Really Are Beaches.

In Heaven there are beaches for all to tan....
While in Hell there is only many a burnt out Man.

In Heaven there are Banana Splits that do not cause all to grow even more
fatter....
While in Hell You have to diet, because to Your Trainer, Does it really, really do
matter.

In Heaven there are beaches...
While down in Hell, remains all the uppity, uppity of B_tches!

Michael Gale

In Heaven, We'LI Reside, In Our Rightful, Place.

Stepping off counted steps to the stairs of sorrows...
Searching hardest, for better paths, to happier tomorrows.

For the heart, which aches in times, of a darkest despair...
Can in the end, end all hearts aching and happily, declare, total repair.

Turn back the hands of time...
Turn away and repulse all crime.

Man does hurt his sister and brother...
Even a father, or perhaps, a mother.

Belong the song of unaltered mistake....
Change all ways of man's heart ache.

Bless all men under God's own laws...
Take up full arms to agree the cause.

Freedom's liberties should instill to heart's content...
At last as always, to end man's full, common, dissent.

Ascend to Heaven does man so earnestly yearn...
His goodness of all, in man's heart, does passionately, burn.

We should just read the Bible and avastly learn...
Then, in Heaven's place, will we win, a spot, and earn.

Peace is a wish to all, that We should impart to all women and men....
So that in the end, we win, and defeat all sin.

Michael Gale

In Loving Fields Of Butterflies Queesied Feelings.

Butterfly's of the lover's stomachs fly and flutter in fields of love...
Abounding abundantly in love's fields of glory.
Lonesome souls might be allergic to love's own over polloned fields...
To build up one's own immunal defenses of the heart.
One must open up their heart and minds to a suggestive idea...
So that all futured lovers will in turn take up a most loving, and friendly
pursute.
What would this in the end result of? ...
Love-couples in love...
Don't you agree-uh?

Michael Gale

In The End, Jesus Will Win Against Men Of Sin.

To be forced to spend a day in hell on this worldly earthly earth...
Should be denied one final time, since the time of this undeserved of birth.

Why was i to be born in a world of earthly hurt? ...
Why are there starving kids who go on daily without pants or even a well
designed shirt?

Why is wanted wealth the desire of many of a woman or man? ...
Why does man hurt his brother under the laws of God, as only he can?

Why are there tornados unleashed on societie's man? ...
Why do flash floods hinder us all as only it truly can?

Why does man prey on his fellow man and woman as age'd as ever so young? ...
What does the Devil hope to accomplish but nothing as evil and saddening and
blue as dismally sad song bluest of the sad song sung?

Hatred is the beast of the Devil's own....
This wicked way is possessed by man that through time he has constantly
shown.

Why must we as men commit to hate and bend? ...
If we don't change our ways, it's off to Hell that we'll endly to be sent in time and
spend.

Look out! , here comes God down straight from Heaven's way...
Forever to ever decide of man, which state we'll finally be in, this final way and
worldly day.

Firey river of the lake o'fires...
Will be our final turn to swim on in, if we do not choose better ways and desires.

Jesus will fight all bad men...
In the end, Jesus will win against men and sin.

Michael Gale

In The Morning-It's Wheaties And Toast....

In the morning it's Wheaties and toast....
But-what i prefer, is eggs over easy, the most.

In the after noon...
The Sun is still out, instead of the moon.

In the late, late pm's...
Dark outside and you'll catch me eating, Reeces Pieces, or even M&M's.

Peanut butter is my main downfall...
That is my-inner most nature's call.

Anything flavored with peanut butter, i naturally like.
Raw, or mostly uncooked onions, and pears or sweet
pickles i strongly disss-like.

It is otherwise rare, of food i hate...
Anything else cheezey, is ever, oh-so-great!

Michael Gale

In This Big City That Never Sleeps, Money Goes And Every One Weeps.

In the city that never sleeps...
Gambling can rob money from losers who continually weeps.
In the city with crime so high...
It's too big as filled with many a lie.
When they lose their back shed shirts...
Knowing more how bad it hurts.
Hookers and pimp sheets fill the streets...
Wanting their john's money spent t'ween their sheets.
Desert arid with mountain sides...
Many men walk away naked inside a barrel.
These barreled men have not anything to show that cleanly hides...
Show girls and big hotel casino's on the Las Vegas strip.
Makes more travel to here a more tempting one trip...
Slot machines roll their bells and lemons and sevens.
Carrot Topp displays his jovial get ups and jokes...
He'll probably remain far away from Angel's high up in the Heavens.
Poker is now the big craze on line...
That's all right for others, without it i'm totally fine.
Powerball lottery numbers do i usually bi-weekly buy...
I'll probably not win before i die.
It's kinda poor that i'll head to my grave...
Buying up a lotta tickets is today's newest rave.

(The lottery was not passed in Oklahoma until most recently
probably a year ago) .

Michael Gale

Inflicted Saddened Days Of Colder Scolded Worst.

All rows of corn destined not bourne...
To this i vow that all be it sworn.

Have at thee this Sunday School best...
For of the moral warranted test's.

Planted kisses upon thy willowed swillowed thirst...
Aurtumned Sun injects highest brightest burst.

Inflicted of days of scolded colder worst...
Let lesson's of life be wisened and first.

Autumn Sun radiates a warmth and vast blanketting gladness...
For soon to be will death come to pass it's ever stretching sadness.

What is to be seen of all this mounting madness? ...

As i tug on the many different strings of the unstraightened jacket
and all it's unloosened fray'ed thread...
My soul must keep this saddened breath hath starved many stains
of misled and memories bled.

Michael Gale

Intendered Fury Of A Heart-Emotional...

Intendered fury of a heart emotional...
Sprints forth love like a geyser's own upward pushional.

Splashed across the mind's goodbye...
Up and up and flown way, too shy.

Heartfelt fondness t'was led astray...
Now to thee-Doth pray thee stay.

Michael Gale

Into Our Graves- We Stumble, Forever Defiant.

Pursuith thy dreams no matter'ith how far...
Heightened only-be it, by boat, plane, train or car.

Farness is not an obsticle, no matter what...
Only one word will fail thee, be it yet, but, but.

Dreams may yet be caught as by a rope...
Another word that may yet, cut thy hope.
Would'st yet be yet, or another (NOPE) .

Thy moonsitional breadth thusly inhaled...
Will'st gasp and gag ye, as well as imperiled as failed.

Moon's orbital path may yetly thy grasp...
Be naughtly bitten by, one poisonous asp.

Asperations left unattended, are as of an undesirable diet...
Into our graves we tumble forever defiant.

Michael Gale

Into The Dawn, Thy Kingdom's Flight.

I slipped from view...And into the night.

The night of gone...The shame of flight.

I was a king...A king of dawn...All alone,

Deep into the night.

I was a king, have you guessed so right? ...

I am now gone into my journey.

Away, was I swept, upon a gurney.

I was a king...

In wing-ed flight

Michael Gale

Into The Lake Of Fire Is Tossed By God-Is The Sinning Eternal Bod.

Rose petals spread atop thy bed....
Peace and quietness consume my head.

Slow moving zees reach out towards air bourne skies...
When'st asleep-Non uttered are tales or lies.

Dream filled pictures invade my peace...
Heart attacked of heart makes this life grown cease.

Vengance of heart haunts brain dead emotion...
God be the answer for those of baddest notion.

Healment of shadows cast down on man like a whirl wind swept...
Betterment of man can be hardly kept.

Sin and poison runs deep within man's own veines...
The only cur'ad bandage is to God and Preacher a much
confessional pain.

Life is settled down to the earth's dust as was once brought...
Lessons of death and life are never realized as benignly taught.

Blood spilt for all and others as fro' one most holy hung cross....
The ultimate man will come on down to judge others as well as
to divinely boss.

T'will in the end be a most promising teacher....
Our Lord Ole' Mighty t'will be our leading wisened preacher.

Heaven's gates will open to us as if by God's own hands...
We'll be his full practicing members inside his own loving eternal
beautied sounding bands.

Le'st any one who dares to take on the sign of the beast....
Will forever by God be loved the least.

Into the 'Lake Of Fire' will sinners be tossed...

Those souls eternal released from God be lost.

Michael Gale

Into The Night, Sent Away-That Ship.

The ship rocks back and fro'...
Heedless to the wind.

Non compliant, as if-till never...
Non deployed, of some one's ever.

Waves of amber ed hues...
Attack my mental blues.

That ship, keeps on it's unalterable course...
Ever ebbing, into the long dead light.

Never to be seen, again...
Down to depths, good night.

Good night of the mast stiffs head...
Finally, gone, at lastly dead.

No more trips fro' port to port...
Life cut down, and even short.

Michael Gale

Invested Hours, In Need, By You.

Invested hours in need by you...
Love hath hosted many lonely longest of long days.

Emptied chamber is my heart and soul...
Ever-est lone and lonely and silent dull.

No praise...
Only prays.
Lonely days...
Who else, but i, that forever pays.

Waterfalling love plummets to an all time high ripple in life...
No new woman-attracted as my wife.

Sigh.....
Alas.....
No bonnie, honey lass.

Bow down now do i to my alter of alone...
Here i sit wedged heavenly upon thine throne.

Reverence of decline...
Only, lonely mine.

Michael Gale

Is A Soccer Mom A Loser? ...For Sure! , I Betcha!

A Governor of Alaska running not far...

Tried to fire an ex-brother-in-law who drove a patrol car...

A Vice Presidential candidate will not really rate....

What will be her status?

Perhaps a losing fate?

She is known as 'The Soccer Mom'...

Too bad for all Republicans she'll be the ultimate bomb.

I do not believe that she can win...

She abuses her power as like the ultimate-dirty sin.

Will she come away from the elections without a scratch or bruise?

Too bad for her, you betcha! ,

She'll assuredly lose.

Michael Gale

Is God's, Twister's, Revenge For Man's Total, Denial, And Ignorance?

Roof's Topsy turvy, always loose...
Rearranged by tornado's, blowing, use.

Cows flying by, as high and why? ...
Death and crushed bones, bruised be an eye.

Twister's fate to man, does bring pain...
Removing from man, his feeling of being sane.

Destructive as this form, of Nature, as it does....
Expensive in the monies, bad news, is all the buzz.

It seems that man needs to learn, to, for himself, to defend...
For it must be man's choice, to astray, from his knowledge, of God's tribute,
paid, that man, to God did, ignore, and offend.

Michael Gale

Is It Pac Man Or Grand Theft Auto That Drives People Mad?

Freeport annex belied today...
Harkin's widow dead in May.

Harper's ferry atop the water...
Home i set watching 'Welcome Back Kotter'.

Life in journey bored to stiff...
Angel's sing songs about a Heavenly lift gift.

Hackensack airport noon till flight...
Departured time's on time to my face to instill one smile of delight.

Dreams of the Tooth farey with head asleep...
Awoken to an under bellied pillow without no money, Aw,
look honey-at our son why does he weep?

Egyptian Kings were wrapped in spandex? ...
Today at last i've left behind that silly looking Annex.

A ride on the El of a citted rumored to be real winded...
By politicians who talk way too much with nothing but promises unkept as
rescinded.

Does Prince Albert still live in a can? ...
Even tuna in a can seems real stinky and sweaty without spray Lysol
or even deoderant and an aided assist by an electric fan.

Kids today still watch Sesame Street on tv and smile and laugh
and continue to have fun...
Except they may get sad on a rainy day when nothing is on but an already by
them, seen an over seen rerun.

Kids a long time ago may have seen Peter Pan...
But i'll bet you this fact that he has not aged-not even into a very
old decrepid man.

He'll stay young yes he will-Yes he can...

That's 'cause his name is Peter Pan forever destined to remain in
Never Never Land.

Grand Theft Auto is the video game that is all the rage...
Violence and killing is spotlighted over here on a well lit magnified center seen
teenaged stage.

What will become of our youth of tomorrow? ...
Will they end up in prison one day to make their parents real sad and filled with
deepened bad sorrow?

Michael Gale

Is It Your Eternal Fate To Be Misedly And Wedly Late?

Don't you hate it, when the woman in your life, makes you always late? ...
All you can do is accept your eternal late for every timed date, which in
turn, makes you seem to all others-not so great a known living fate.
You are labled irresponsible to others...
Even to friends and Aunts, or even sisters and brothers.
Life hands you curve balls thrown by fate...
You won't be able to grab that great brass ring as life passes you by.
No matter how much you try...
You only end up frustrated, which in the end makes you feel like you
would get on your knees-to pray or cry.
Maybe the next day after tomorrow...
Fed up by life, you'll die enshrouded in ill'ed sorrow.

Michael Gale

Is Peace By God The Whole Pictured Plan?

Put one foot in front of thy other...

Helping of man to man should not be a bother fro' any other brother.

Brother of man...

Yes ye can.

Should shared assistance be the master plan? ...

That's how life's rules should be planned as ran.

Why be alive and living in 'The Brotherhood Of Man'? ...

If we cannot dole out peace in God's own land?

Why be a slave to terror of the heart? ...

Why be a whore to war's own art?

Let's all help out our own fellow man...

Yes we can-That should be the whole master plan, all you old
and young woman or man.

Michael Gale

Is Peter Pansy An Edibly Sticky Flower?

Is Peter Pansy a sticky edible flower? ...
Will i live to see the next breathable hour?
Can i spray starch upon my noodles? ...
I like weiner dogs, not ugly French poodles.
Are pop tarts an easy hooker to lay? ...
Will i live to play another day?
Is Raggedy Anne real torn with holes? ...
Will my life become evident of real worthy goals?
How can i get drunk drinking Near Beer? ...
This last idea, appears to others to be silly and queer.
Can one person find Marsh Mellows inside a marsh? ...
Criticism by others at times may seem too harsh.
Can i only buy French toast in France? ...
Is it true, that i can only have uncles and not any ants?
I only believe in cans, and not stupid old can'ts.

Michael Gale

Is There A Hilton In Paris Or Jail? ...

Is there a Hilton in Paris or jail? ...
Will she be long for a spell?
A file filled cake...
Will not pardon her escape from her mistake...
She is not royal too much, to live by our laws...
She can't get out with even her claws.
Being special, she thought, could not stop her...
From paying for her crime, while not behaving proper.

It's a real shame if she is alone in her cell...
After she gets out she'll just to friends largely brag and tell.
'I am special and pampered in treating'...
I've won against having to work hard labor and to reporters i'll
be constantly quoted as saying of hard work that fact is that i've won and have
really beaten.

I'll tell all that being in jail is just a small little mistake...
I've been given the jail time served just like old Martha Stewart had served her
time in Camp Cupcake.
Are both of these jails just alike? ...
I'll proudly shout it out into any old mike.

Twenty three days are just a short like stint...
Will Lindsey Lohan from this take as her hint?
House arrest...
Is just an actor's vacational rest.

It's indeed handy to be rich and famous and hardly go to jail...
For real long stretches of time we'll never have to spend time in a jail's cell's long
spent spell.
This to all i proudly tell...
Going home tommorrow and live happily ever after and well.

Michael Gale

Is There Really A Tear In My Beer? , Or A Bruise, Soon To Follow?

Dear beer sitting on the table over here...
Our affair entwined so queer.
Pulled off the stool by such a fool...
Spittel runs down my chin, creating looks of
wetter white drool.
Languid love affair in the bar sets me behind
the wheel of my sharp swerving car.
One more pull before i set foot outside the bar room door...
My instincts and awareness are dulled and poor.
Pull tabs can be heard cracking intermittenly throughout the night.
A pretty Blonde maiden walks over towards me...
Eight ball in the corner, i'm heard to say aloud,
Heads do turn to eye that blonde bombshell so pleasing to the eye.
Neck cracking sounds can be heard as heads experience whiplash
from turning so fast...
Neck braces from doctors offices tomorrow, will be prescribed
to all male heads set ridgid by many a cast.
A blonde hotty gets my fastly unaverted gaze...
Putting me completely into a hypnotic haze.
Tight hiped blue jeans sway as well...
I'll be the lucky gent who takes her home, the rest of them all staring
can all go off to hell.I get off a how ya doin' pretty lill' philley?
From behind my right side i receive a roundhouse sucker punch
to my eye and cheek...How was i ta' know her hubby was away
to the john just a takin' a much intense wanted leak? I land onto my back so
dazed and confused...I now resemble a second hand
cheater-Cleaned clock and misused. Next time i go off to any one
bar...I'll drink a hell'uv va lot less, keep ma' mouth shut, and be quick ta' take off
in my fast gettaway car! Band-aids a-plenty, i do now sport...
Upon my bashed n' bruised face all swollened of sort. How does one know when
their mouth will get them in trouble? ...Now i can no longer properly shave,
because of all the bandaids, bruises, and days left can be trouble for men in
need of desire...They can
create all havoc, and fighting and all get out, violent-hell-fire.

Michael Gale

Island's Golden Radiance!

Eucalyptus leaves dangle down the back-side
of the island, As Sun's golden radiance
flickers only interrupted by the mildly
calmed breeze! Koala bears hang upside down,
While munching of tantalizing leaves of
succulent, sweet vegetational bliss! The rain
spills over the waterfall's cascading
essence, Meeting with white frothing foam's
ever vibrant fluidity of motions,
intermingling with one another! Monkey paws
swinging down to the floral green jungle,
While the thunderous drums sound deep into
the dank scary regions! Silenced shrunken
heads hang in huts of straw, Panthers of
black, silently pad on by, seeking something
to chew and maw as gnaw!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Isolated Crimes Of Passionate Lies.

From whence we come, from whence we came...

Knows not any failed mis-spent shame.

Who so-ever spins the web, regards all failed, b'neath darkened,
isolated tribes...

Many evil men describes many lies and deceites filtered through lies and
unexcused bribes.

Greed a-plenty rains on man...

Enabling the greedy souls to scam while on the lam.

From whence we come, from whence we came...

Men not troubled of souls well wicked, proceeds unobstructed while
instilling self shame.

From whence we came, from whence we come...

Greed only amounts to the accumulated, dishonest, outcomed sum.

Michael Gale

It Flows From The Heart...

It flows from the heart, drip, drip, drip...
A long, slow motional discent of thick gooey emotional liquid
that my brain must convince my heart to accept.

It keeps on coming...
Like a torrential haze of love.

Threatening to drown away all my sorrows...
I cannot breathe, except to inhale all of your outer and inner beauty
through my lungs of dispaire.

You must, from Heaven come down to me, from way up above...
You really care.

Love through our hearts, as we do share...
We make a duo'd heart-a loving, caring pair.

Michael Gale

It Only Gets Old!

We lose teeth...Gain wrinkles.

Gain weight in the middle...No longer are we fit as a fiddle.

Bags under the eyes...No more thoughts of adventures as spies.

Hair that's either white or grey...All that's left are worries, when the arrival of our final judgement day.

Michael Gale

Italian Spaghetti-Ed Haiku.

Gallop trails today...
Spinstered wishes of cat's meows.
Wished away stars.

Comet spread delights...
Wholesome vespers ignite fired skies.
Boredom's whispery spied.

Transgressed altercations defy...
Irksome belligerent captive's escape away.
Hark this evening.

Michael Gale

It's Only One Beer-Dear?

That can of beer that to my heart i held so dear...
Dear.

It holds to you no light so cruel...
As wishes of make believe
enter our doorway of a welcomed learning seat of school.

That beer so near...
That i grasply spear.

Enhooked to my gangly paw...
Can't help myself like a selfish elf
Narely did i learn from my angried Maw.

Boys night out that partied us all...
My dialing finger was keenly busted way off
so's i couldn't make my excuse filled storied call.

There were no strippers at that bar...
B'for i could remember, we sped off inside someone else's get-away car.

I'll be sure not to tell you that she was hid inside that cake...
She had some bunnis i'd like to lick as touchingly take.

Tippy toe throughout our house...
Not one heard noise of even a mouse.

I banged my knee upon the staicase railing...
You heard me cuss and i no longer was unsuspectedly silently failing.

As i awakened with a bump ontop of my head...
It was unseemly large enough to warrant me, wifely-angered and dead.

What was that sounded din? ...
Could it have been a rolling pin?

Yes indeed it rightly was...
That is now the small townly rumering buzz.

She hauled me fast in divorce court was my sorry butt...

Inhabitting of many scrapes and bandages and even many more open wounded cuts.

She called it off as we left still married out of that court room of still unwaried learning...

I had many nights on the couch with many bed sores and blistering and burning.

I promise a lying cheat i'll never to be...

Or divorced and monetarily poor, from my wallet i'll forever unwedly be set well free.

Michael Gale

Java Joe's, Gott'A Go!

A cup of coffee in the morning, with lots of sugar-twins and cream...Can lead me to wander in a trance induced like dream! The temperature outside my door, is just plain freezing...Thank God i'm warm inside, and that is really self pleasing! Late in the evenings, i wait for my wife, to get off from work...My heart is hers, and that's my married life's perk.I write poetry to relax my body as well as my mind...But to accomplish this, i have to be seated on my old tired behind! Yesterday the weather outside, was way too warm and mild...Making my arthritus spread pain through-out, my body, makes me feel like an angry, spoiled, oversized child! 01-09-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Jefferson Carter-That Big Fat Turkey.

T'was a man named Jefferson Carter...
Could not learn to read or write much better, or harder.

He would just cut down a fellow poet...
Because he did not know it.

He is a jerk...
A big Gobbly, like turk.

He'll just be the main Thanksgiving day tabled fare...
As his poetry does so to everyone does scare.

His written words do just like shreaks...
Outta his turkey-like beaks.

As he fumbles and stumbles through life's artistic like yard...
To only realize to himself, that he'll never be the well accepted or versed like
Bard.

The ole' hatchet..
To his neck would be quite the well match-ed.

Michael Gale

Jesus Christ Is The Right Choice, As Our Voice.

Jesus made many loaves of fewer few...
He was the only mesiah, that would do.

He walked on water and cured even the blind or dead...
This son of God will do instead.

No imposters like the Anti-Christ can successfully come to fool...
For he will be the Devil's own pawnish fool.

Jesus Christ died for all our many numbers of sin...
If we believe in Him and stick with Him, We'll assuredly win.

Michael Gale

Jesus Could Have Drank r.

Jesus Christ could have drank r...
Had he come to earth in today's own time,
He still would have cured a wandering lepor.
He would find that tv healer, Sir Benny Hindu...
He would call that fake healer a liar at best.
Benny would not even pass our loving lord's own test.
He would still walk the world and perform miraculous cures...
He would still remove from man, diseases's bodily spurs.
Jesus would probably not be put to a cross...
His own life might not be a wasted loss.
He would have led man into Heaven with arthorized speed...
This meeting with God would be a much welcomed, need.
God had other plans for the 'Shepherd of Man'...
To lead us all into a sinless heavenly land.
Man will not know when Jesus will come...
This is the Bible's own written up sum.
Christ died on the cross to cleanse our souless sin...
So that we may one day have a way to faithfully begin.
Thank God for Christ...
Amen!

Michael Gale

Jesus Was Our Gift.

Church of the heart...Just as
Jesus was born.

In all our part...Never scorn.

Not forlorn...Never sad...

No more duty...Of the bad.

Jesus came unto thy cross...

Was He not thy royal boss?

He gave the gift, to give-last...

Since beginning of times of last.

Through His parting for our past...

Into Heaven, will we to have been, amassed.

Michael Gale

Jesus, And Our God.

God is our chosen voice...
He, makes our heart, rejoice.

We listen, to our hearts...
God's, voice, stays, and
Never, departs.

Our hearts, are our vessels, to thee...
His Son, made us sin free.

Only, as long, as we believe...
That Jesus, died, for our sin
To us, do we relieve, and, we
Receive.

God, is a central part...
Of our heart.

God, is my loving Dad...
He, enables me to live
Real glad.

He enables me to want to live...
He enriches my heart, to yearn, to give.

For, through God, is my boat, set to sail...
I tell, you this, my heart, non-sick, but well.

My heart, no longer displays, it's cracks...
My heart, is no longer, by the Devil, under
Satan's attacks.

My heart, is now, well mended...
Through, my belief, of God, my
days of suffering, have, finally ended.

His last wish, spent lovingly upon His cross...
For His, Father, His Heavenly Boss.

For Jesus Christ, was His Father's, most loving Son...
He made God, so proud indeed, He was a Son,
indeed, he was fun.

His blood soaked hands, nailed, into wood...
Would leave the world of man, stained, with
His pureness ed, good.

Yes-He was tossed, upon the cross...
He was our hope, humanly a-loss.

Michael Gale

Jesus, Was Our Sin-Cleansing, Soap-Bar.

Jesus Christ, was a preacher...
To get His point across, to others,
He was a teacher.

He taught, to others, the words
Of God, our Father...
Jesus, taught to us,
To not let others,
To us, bother.

Jesus liked to teach, by using a parable...
He taught to us, that we are not, so terrible.

Jesus, healed the blind, and the sick...
He was a teacher, and preacher,
This, was, His trick.

He had the miracle power...
He knew, His time was short,
His, shortened hour.

He was soon, to be put to the cross...
That is why, His being, soon, would
Be our loss.

He would walk on water...
He would change, water, to wine.

He was a most Holy one,
Our, loving, thine.

He arose, on the third day...
So that we would not
Remain in sin, unto, our final day.

Jesus, had to, carry, His own cross...
Because, He was, our own, sacrificial
boss.

Through, His own Holy being...
We will be, forgiven and seeing.

Our eyes, have been opened...
Our sins have been cleansed
And our minds, rinsed, and
Soap-ened.

Michael Gale

John Donne, That Famously Good Poet.

If John Donne were to be looking down from Heaven...
He'd see for sure he'd be always rating much higher than a mere numbered as seven.

His llines and stanzas greet nicely to mere mortal eyes...
As he stares down from white billowing cloudy skies.

A smile might to enlarge to this past lively face...
He should do well to be proud and not ever to partake in unheavenly disgrace.

His poems will greatly add to Poemhunters site as one of the top poet's five hundred'th in place...
For he'll probably remain on that list and never to end in that far away time's futured space.

Back in the day of his long ago written days...
He probably most likely had no idea that his slot here would eternally be forever more and never to be gone to a passage of erase.

Who was this poet so long ago? ...
Real talented for his well written show?

Olden time poets seem to reign supreme...
Well aft' their earth held days had they dared to dream.

Yes, he must have been very gallant...
For he had so much of a rarest well gifted talent.

Michael Gale

Johnny Apple Steed Would Plant His Seeds With A Much Handied Tool.

Johnny Apple Steed was his name to fame...
He wandered along lots of countryside.
His feats to farms and barns...
He planted his seeds to nightly dames.
His seeds came up so neary high...
He met the farmer's daughter.
So named-as Nellie Bligh.
He'd seek out younder fertile lands...
To plow with his, his stud farmed ways.
He'd talk his way to many a damsels bed...
To plant his seed as sired stays.
He'd ride atop the damsel Bligh...
Just to see her wares.
He'd share his seed and studded service...
Just to get along.
He'd disguise his well hung traditions...
Planting seedlings far and wide.
He'd sweet talk all the ladies...
So they'd have a drink or two.
He'd get them drunk with Brandy...
Just so he could just dip his tool.
He was just so handy...
Never-never the sober fool.

Michael Gale

Johnny Cat That Talking Cat.

Woke up in the morning early and bumped my head...
Felt so sad that i hurt and ached but glad i was not dead.

I had a cat that talked back to me secretly....
No one witness, had ever seen him talk back at me.

My talking cat took archery lessons at the nearby YMCA...
He once accidentally shot himself into his left foot which was embarsssing to him
that one summer sunny filled day and that was OK.

Then later on he took up boxing...
To one and all had found this fact most surprising and shocking.

He knocked out his sparring partner in the first round...
The only thing heard was his head hitting the ground.

My cat you see was a real smarty cat....
He was happy where he lived at.

My cat's name was Johnny cat...
As a kitten he grew into a nice cat that was not a rich spoiled rotten brat.

Johnny cat loved to chase mice every day...
He'd catch one between his paws and just pass them between paws of two.

He'd do this all day-He'd play and do...
The mouse population in our house was numbered in few.

My Johnny cat just loved to go fishing with me....
He could see into the water where i should toss my hook.

He loved sitting on the side of the brook...
Johnny cat loved days spent with me.

Johnny cat was a friend of thee.
Johnny cat loved having not to pay for his fish.

Johnny cat's favorite meal time fare was happened to be
that swimming wet fish as his favorite fun dish.

So-Next time you see a cat that boxes as well....
Other's you see will not believe your strangest and funny
sounding tale.

Michael Gale

Jonah Bites The Whale's Twisted Lying Tongue.

Darkness enfolds as surrounds...
I am stuck without sighted sound.

One minute without friend or foe...
Where has life left me lonely so?

One minute swimming all about...
Next instant swallowed whole by a bothersome whaleish loute.

Biggest gulps of watery spout...
Fills my lungs to it's fullest out.

As i look about and around in roomy hallowed darkness...
I shake up my hand in defiance to a snickering hateful God.

My name might be Jonah kept prisoner of a bellied wet beast...
By God almighty, i am forlorn forgotten and remembered unfavored as least.

I will soon learn to kneel and pray to my God up a-high...
My prayers will be answered by God the father, My new number one guy.

Out a blow hole do i fly...
Forever until my death, i'll spread the word of God way up high.

Michael Gale

July's Forceful Ring!

(Once A Marine, Always A Marine, Oohrah!)

Fireworks splay and shower, freedom's fire
as always on display, To Communist's trials
to inspire, Their every effort does decay!
Stars and Stripes on the fourth, explosions
do resound, American Eagles show, On 911,
we did so effeciently, bounce back and
rebound! Let freedom ring throughout
the land, as far as one can see, Through
self sacrifice and determination, Was what
set us all so free! Yes, yes, to the red white
and blue, forever in her glory, American's
gave of their live's, So that one day we could
tell our story! The fourth, is to celebrate
freedom's story, as ever told and true,
We as ens, are proud of the Red, White
and Blue!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Just Ignore What I May Think, I Hear.

Should i turn the other cheek? ...
When a know-it-all, smart Alec, decides to speak.

His words do seem to hurt at times...
All sour-ey to me as lemons or limes.

But must i learn to ignore all that's said...
And not to him to wish him dead.

For how am i to go on in life? ...
To suffer the slings and arrows of a suffering strife?

It is best to get up after being knocked down all the time...
Why go on to exist against an insufferable verbal crime?

I must learn to grow up in my way of spending my life, down here...
Just ignore what i may think i hear.

Oh dear! ...
Not here, not here!

Michael Gale

Just Lion Or Lyin' Around!

Lions rush fields of lush weeds to chase
out the wild game...These hunted prey, run
and jump only to save their own hides from
killing machines who want to kill and mame!
Blood squirts all over the place as jaws
with pressure so strong, that they could
bite in two, a Godzilla or King Kong! Hark! the
wild birds fly and flutter out of the bush,
escaping death's door...Alas once more, I
am soon to be no more but very aching and
sore! How can i hide from monsters whom are
out hunting me by my scent? Since these
accursed bestial hunters have a very keen
sense of smell...Oh well, oh hell-i guess
i'll end up dying instead of having to
tell! 01-18-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Keep Fighting The Odds!

Getting back onto my feet, Can feel so good
and lovingly sweet! As i try to better
myself, Stubbornly trudge forward without
anyone's help! Up onto my feet i do so jump,
No longer to be called an unsuspecting
chump! Bruises and scrapes i may have alot,
Furthering myself, for that great one shot!
Hammered down by my own abilities lacking,
Would encourage others to go on, with their
very own packing! A mouse in a maze, i may
seem like, Foraging into the fray of one's
own, destructive psych! Suicide tends to be
on the rise, Finding my own solution, is what
i intelligently devise! Death is lessened,
piece by piece, I've finally won, and am at
last at peace!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Keep On Going On.

Keep on going on...
Keep it safe.

Keep it happy...
Be not sappy.

Waltz amongst the living pride...
Keep in step, on the hard journeyed ride.

Keep a smile upon your lips...
You possess many talents and gifts.

Spread the word...
By Jesus Christ, you are forgiven and heard.

Michael Gale

Kid Abuse, Should Stay, A-Loose!

Ever get kicked in your head, real hard by a pair of Army Combat boots? ...
Ever get punched in the gut as a young child?

Was it because, you were mean, or wild? ...
Did you ever wish, at the time, you had guns, that shoots?

Be glad, that as a child, you were not hurt...
With, by your elders, you were only treated curt.

Did you ever run away? ...
Away, you wished, you'd, always stay.

Away from all those boots and fist's...
Away, far, as if, deep-a mist.

Away, from pain and all, hurt feelings...
Away, you'd stay-beyond, all, miss-dealings.

To to the 'shores of never-hurt'...
No more feeling, as if, I burnt.

Free to soar the skies real wide...
Like a bird, never pried.

Pain of heart, should never-ache...
Of thine sorrow, tasted, we'd, take.

For the 'morrow, hath gone bye...
Grief, in sorrow-Be yet- shy.

Michael Gale

Killed Her, I Did, I Did!

The putrid palor of her long dead hand....
Cold lay bare as waved in the wind like a much repulsive epileptic spelled
induced, rubber band.
A revulsion of time....
A chapter of crime.

Whom did jealously ended her ever life filled being? ...
Did naught even one fleeing eye espy to seeing.
Stilled and colden, yet ungolden body rests upon yon mattress of death...
Blood still dripping a puddled small river of the dead, be her unknown name to
which doth be Beth.

No more pain, for her to suffer with-wit of breath...
Sadly and alone in peace filled sleep of death.
The moon enshrouded by darkened cloud...
Poor Beth's unheard screams for help-Out loud.

Ignored were her suffering pain wracked wail...
A'gritted were teeth gnashing in moris code, the silent tale.
Neck snapped a'loosend upon her shoulders...
Only a bloody stump t'was left as not to appear as a pea, and not a largest of the
largest of boulders.

There t'was no hope of help from even the late arriving calvery...
Yes-there t'was no hope for help-not even for she.
What t'will be but be-Lone in death be she-No flowers were to be put upon her
grave...
From her murderer-That cowardly, knavelly slave.
Memories of her, would'st depart this neither-world..
Forgotten of heart, yet fast, flungly hurled.

Michael Gale

King Kong-That Great Big Ape Without A Chance For Escape.

Death from the heavens rained down death to the poor...
Volcanic thunder rained on down firey ashe's downpour.

Nature of mother over head was lead dead...
Burned of many a villager's feet and head.

Spewment of torture was Mother Nature's own freak...
Rivers of fire was left only by a fiery old creek.

Straw hutches and shacks and shanties were burned...
Death tolls were raised as dead flesh smells in nostrils were inhaled as stirred.

A sacrificial lamb was put upto onto the idol's own alter...
Scapegoat was needed to hopely do halter.

It is rumored that a giant ape by the name of King Kong was on this island of
flame...

A blonde woman was put to him chained up without even remorse or shame.

Tribal drums could be heard in a distance afar...
That blonde haired tressed woman would have been better off
left in a pool of hot melting like tar.

Rescued was she by a man was her fleeing supplied a good escape...
From that giant gorilla, that gargantuan great big ape.

King Kong was put on viewing in New York by charge of a ticket...
No eyes could hide from this vision-Not even behind a fence or long raised picket
or thicket.

He then climbed to top of the building and stood defiantly onto the top of that
building's most teetering of edge.

King Kong that great big ape set the girl down upon one slender thin ledge..

That King Kong sat awaiting atop of the tallest old building...
He grabbed a biplane by it's wing and used it as a weapon on others flying by as
a hammer he was angrily wielding.

That great old ape took in a lot of bullets straffed and tipped in lead...
He finally fell to the evacuated streets down below to appear as an unmoving
lump that was totally unliving as dead.

It was the beauty that killed the beast...
No one else really cared in the least.

This is a prime example of how legends and myth's are born...
Man's imagination is his own well hid light bulb or even crazy nutty
hairy topped tree hid acorn.

Michael Gale

Kisses, Fondly Missed.

As the kisses fondly misses...
Their well intended targets.

The love is remembered by one...
That lied still, under the Sun.

Cool breezes mixed well onto her cheek..
There she lied, in all her mystique.

A wondered wonderful Miss...
Still entombed, in all her bewildering, bliss.

Fond memento's of a time meshed peace...
A warm welcomed life earned lease.

At last that smile and twinkeling eye sparkle...
Gleams me blindly, I know.

More tenderly...
effervesently.....Slow.

Michael Gale

Know These Day's Of Mistold Witch'D Craft's Redundant Spells

Remember these days of Autumn jaunt and ruined...
Remember those days of lost timed rythum.

Remember days spent of madness...
To go off from home to adventures at sea.

No more days of ruined madness...
Man t'would be sent to weakened knees.

Waves of madness t'would toss and turn...
Explosioned cannons caused death by burn.

Can an adventerouse man cut a new cleaned swath through out
future's past? ...
Man t'would learn to cling long and hard to ship's sailed mast.

Drops of water would put great spray to face...
Fro' man above did flee by chase.

Man learned and appreciated the pourment of largest tankard's ale...
Best served for thee all freshened brew-not be one of state well stale.

Thine ownself hath spent lasted most other night in English Inn...
Searched for and found one lone hooker for many a much ravished of sin.

Kill't by pirates consumed of treasure'd hope...
This Jolly Roger died lone and uncentered without use of water and soap.

T'will be written upon thy tombstone are words of hate...
Forever more be my sins not erased as of recent late.

For this tale i wish to tell...
Beware thee witche's midnight spell.

Michael Gale

Know'Ed It'Tall, Dared I Tongue'Ly'D Fall'D.

Spread thy wings to disavow...
Did'st not tell thee, misspelled, e'now.
Written plunder, yacked at thee...
Bent well sorrow'd, bent to knee'd.
Happly read of thee, to thee'd.
Well the moral of one told...
No more scolding, not, no bold.

Michael Gale

Late Night Taxes!

After filling out my yearly taxes, I
completed and sent the over-due Faxes! As the
figures were jotted down on the paper, The
IRS was'nt a friend or a
Christmas, April 15th only comes once year,
We all wait till it's almost near! As some
rush to the mail-boxes with taxes in hand, My
feet in slow motion, feeling like they are in
sand! Some look at their watches when the
time is near, I should not have stayed at the
bar and had that last beer!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Lefty, Republicans, Should Be Called, Wepublicans.

Lefties are so rare and unique...
They're Republicans with a weak looking physique.

Now you see, I am a Democrat, always right...
We are some of God's all mighty, people, So cute, and bright.

Democrats don't want to stay at war...
Violence makes us squeamish, and tender and sore.

WE Democrats cannot stand or tolerate people that are crooked and half baked...
We can see straight through, to their lies that deem them so well deceitful and faked.

Lies, lies, lies, we are constantly told...
We tell the truth, we are righteous and bold.

If we wanted to go back to a war in the future....
We'd then, elect a left handed, fast talking, and constantly lying Republican, as
the American people's puppeteeristic, or a hallow like rant-able-State, fixture.

Lefties are like women, just go try and figure...
Righties are the natural and smartest cure.

Lefties are un-keptly...
Righties are mighty.

Michael Gale

Let God's Truth Let You See And Be Free.

Do not rest thy laurels on a sped up pace...
Become thyself better then join the human race.
Do not fall fro' God's loving grace...
Do not adhere your life to a way too long liv'ed of total covered disgrace.
Mask not thy own known identity...
Call on and summon innermost's own indemnity.
Relinquish all hope's dissappointment...
Partake of God's love in your own life run of booked appointment.
Then happy of heart will you be...
For then your eyes will be opened only so that by God you'll be able at last to
see.
Truth is what God does be...
That truth will set you entirely free.

Michael Gale

Let Me Count, My Love's Own, Ways.

Let Me count the ways of love
forgiven naught a renewed...
Let Me say to all reviewed,
Naught refused, but
happily renewed.

For all it's faults...
Of love's own vaults.

Skipped a beat?...
Be in total retreat.

As this love boat....
Becomes a bloat,
to happily and
joyfully to reemerge,
newly afloat.

Never to be forced
to listen to a sour
note...
Only lasts forever-Love's
own promised I.O.U.,
that I wrote.

To Mine other own heart...
To stay forever and to never,
naught, depart.

Let Me count the many ways
of love of heart...
Fro' end to final, halted start.

Michael Gale

Let Us Drink Whole Heartedly From The Cup Of Poems.

Great imagery of a poem...

Makes me glad when i wandered onto the poetic scene, when i did.

For man hath not lived life to his fullest until he's read good poetry...

For what is good be life without the good things revealed?

The only thing better than poetry is God himself...

For without God, man is just by himself, forlorn and lonely.

To drink from the cup of poetry is to drink life unhindered while seeing things more focused and clearer...

Life is sweeter as nearer and dearer.

Michael Gale

Lethargic State Of Stubborn Man.

Lethargic hate of the stubborn mind...
Can stick and stay with thee doth blind.
Hasten and chasten to those of heart...
Begins new meaning of new slowed start.

Abcess pain of heated loath...
Can haunt ourselv'es as well as both.

Bestay this day of daily hate...
Just as if we straight these fate.

Honor thy promise of promised past...
Get out of town as lonely fast.

Regret adheres to brain and id...
Forgive thy past to this i bid.

Forlorn sadness of memory coated...
Depresses thee of one so emoted.

Change thy ways of ways well bad....
Erases to heart of one real mad.

Truth be known of hatred and strife....
Begin this new adventurouse life.

Chapter of life doth begin anew...
Love for man's fellow shall reroute as over due.

Michael Gale

Lets All Kill Each Other, Yes We Can, Thats The Plan, Kill Off Every Man.

Who is to say that war is best?
Time will tell to all the rest.
Who can say what whom will do? ...
Will that war stay away death to me or you?

Can we spread our men too thin? ...
Viet Nam or Iraq or Afghanistan, can we really win?
Lets all go over to Iraq and Afghanistan...
Is that really the most perfect of plan?

Lets all kill each other, yes we can...
Thats the plan, lets get our man!

Michael Gale

Let's Just Burst This Hubbel, Bubble.

The Hubbel telescope see's cometed showers...
Those celestial sightings takes a lense that has high magnificational
powers.
Those Heavenly scenes are oh so much the latest craze...
They may only be spotted at night and not during well lit up days.
Scientist's have sighted another planet, with alot of numbers in it's name...
Just in case it's not the same, just in case it's not found to be a planet,
Then there will be found, no new fame.
Some people look up overhead in the night sky...
Because they're looking for the half man half horse, the big and little dippers,
and whatever may catch their fancy.
But little kids don't like looking at stars, because they get easily
bored, and kind'a a whole lot's antsey.
Movies have been made about outer space...
Once there was a contest to be the first country to get there, what you
might call, a first come, first there-race.
Do you believe there is life, out on another planet? ...
Oh well, you may as well just can it.
And if you don't like this poem...
You can go ahead and kiss my asstrix.

Michael Gale

Let's Live A Life Of Well Flavored-Favored Peace.

Let's live a life all full of love.
Let's live out one that begs of peace...
Let's still the heart with peace beyond.
Why not give a lending hand of help to thee? ...
Let's spill on out to land won free.
Dance the dance of laughter delight...
Good love to all and to not begin
a foreign hate.
But to give out to all the nightly delight...
No more the morrow of mistaken of fright.
Let's give a smile to every good neighbor...
Let this be our only sought out labor.
This will make life real well rightly flavor.

Michael Gale

Lies, Lies, Doth These Abaited Finds Thy War, Guys?

As i bring out my emptied hook...
I due do ponder which bait to seek
for and look.

Do i choose a baited hook alit with lies? ...
Maybe one more filled with spies.

Now as i cast out my line to a watery, dismal darker darkest of all the deep...
Is yon pond filled with lies felt steep?

Will all the peoples' public fisheries accept my offered lines? ...
Are my hooks barbs te sharpest of all tines?

Let me lower my lines ever, and deeper...
Will my lies be accepted as honestly as a good, wanted keeper?

War is the tokened excuse-in story, that i dropp down to the ignorant public
votable people...
These lies belong well stagnated and hid behind doors of a towering and
overpowering holy grailed steeple.

Michael Gale

Life After Death, Remembered-United With Love.

Life cannot exist, but with death.
Death cannot exist, but with a given up of life.
Memories are what we have of that is left,
which in turn will reunite us with loved
ones in death.

Michael Gale

Life Can Be Such A Pain, In The Can.

The pain, the back stabbing pain...
Of to me to over take, and gain.

Sharpest pains, that grow in ebb and tied...
Always spread, until I've died.

Always spread, until I've lied...
Always lied and lived hard, this jolt felt, filled, ride.

Where, from it, may i hide? ...
Nowhere, here, or hid inside?

Pain follows me, where ever, i may go...
It's racy, pacey, speed, does it, chase me, so.

I can hide it, under balmy greasy, lotions...
They be, the lies of man, all spoon fed, notions.

Old age can creep up on someone, faster than time's demise...
This fact of life, i hate and despise.

Can't wait till, I'm done and gone...
Then, I'll lie restful, below a better and greener lawn.

The bugs and worms will have at it, a harvested feast...
I'll no longer be known as the ugliest and hairiest and stubbornest, beast.

For, on the morn', that I am lain to rest...
I'll have felt, my bitterest, bettering-best.

Here is something, that i have learned, down here, while, breathing and being,
upon this Earth...
The suffering and pain, will not end, until, after, you've, left this life given, gift of
birth.

Michael Gale

Life Sucks On The Dirt Now Where.

My love of life, was just recently conspired...
As if by fate, this life was soon expired.

How was I to know...
That in this life of smoking cigarettes, makes you go?

Anything in life, can make you cease....
Even many cancers, may make you lose your lively lease.

Life is not, without a hitch...
At least, not until, you've been laid to rest
deep inside a ditch.

For on the morrow, that you feed....
The hungry bugs and even the worms in the weed.

Flowers and plants will swell as grow...
But in the end, we are nothing, but of the seeds, that we've sewn, as known.

Life is the flame that must be put out....
That is the certainty of man and God, that
we may never to question, as doubt.

Michael Gale

Life Trapped As Strapped To A Life, To A Wheel Chair Of Pain.

The weelchair's wheels as moved needs oiled...
All walk-ed noise but be real spoiled.
Progression of time...
For he whom hurt, but only crime.
Only noise, were tears not joyed...
Sadness became all times employed.
Ne'er to walk at one last time...
Ne'er to dance, nulled tune to chime.

Tears now roll easier than wheels...
No more hope of happier years.
Bestilled movement in times of day...
Bestilled smiles come not my way.
Death t'will seem as welcomed to thee...
Peace with oneself, will be, will be.
Will this chair be themed to thee? ...
Will this care beseech to ye?

Will my smile e'er to learn?
Will thy happy smile, face forever denial?
Will my heart learn not to ignite the light of
forever saddening feelings that forever
and ever, brightly flare up tonight and lastly burn.
Will this sadness begin my lifelong torturous flame? ...
To forever fan the flame of blame.
I am forever to spend long days of trial...
No more hope, only denial and retrial.

Michael Gale

Lifeless

Darker and darker of life's emptiness.
Quickly and slowly all drains all till it's less.
Sharper and sharper and deeper it cuts.
Life is no longer a great bowl of cherries,
It's cold and lonely and quite so scary.
Failure and emptiness does extend,
Til finally and gratefully tis truly the end!

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Life's Experience's May Be Easily Drawn Upon.

This verse...

Can be no worse.

This thought...

Can be put to book

And read'ly bought.

This line...

May be stately fine.

That arc...

Might meet an artistic spark.

A blank space...

T'was happend aft' life's errors.

Can only be drawn...

Upon and

To be erased...

By light's early dawn.

Michael Gale

Life's Fulfilled Test! !

A quest in question is questionable at
best...Tomorrow's tomorrow will measure the
morrow, which leads to a tougher test!

These days of autumn are days of sorrow...
Finially gone, as wasted as borrowed!

We wish to fulfill our final journeys,
t'was as numerous as tasted cleansed...

Exhumed in fro' the body's breath, finally
taken, as refreshed.

Our lifely quest t'was on the horizon...
Finely mixed, as vastly meshed!

01-01-2006'. Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Life's Unstable Pained Journey!

The dewey like droplets resting so placidly
on plant's leaves early in the morn, Brings
restful feelings of memories to my heart's
feelings so bitter and forlorn! I paint on
canvases, stirring emotions to make myself
calm and elated, To bring back feelings of
happier days of love's own and lonely
memories belated! While feelings and fond
memories beget heart's own emotions, With
discussions of many wounded idea's, that are,
mainly compromised, rejectional hind-sighted
and misguided, misinformed like notions! For
if truth be known, as lengthy as life's
journey's of mis-steps accompanied by
judgemental decisions and regrets, Move on
in life and positively set your life's path
morally adjusted and happily reset!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Life's Worries!

Life is empty without it's faults, If life
is unexciting, boredom exhorts! Man does cast
upon the great body of the world's waters,
while eating away at his soul, Man keeps
trying to better himself, whilst
strengthening a righteous control! Surprise
is like the wind blowing flowers in every
direction but mine, Awareness of thoughts
inspired by one of God's divine! Camera's
capture emotion on film, for all to see,
Life's experiences are divinely located, for
thee to see and loneliness are a part
of each other, To make world peace, to show
love for my one, lone are busy
spreading their wings of beauty and joy,
Like a boy in the park, flying his toy!
The little ones romp, while spreading
their cheer, Minus all worries of world
crime and fear!
As innocents, and confusion spread all
over,
Life's luck, is like finding a
four-leaf clover. Rainbow and clouds
cover the sky, Without belief in God's
love, We may as well die!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Light House Mirage's! !

These light house beams reflect off the
orange buoy, Creating mirage's from the
beaches sands, that are strange as screwy!
Seagulls fly and dive down, towards the
water's edge, Gathering of the fishy bait,
above the sand dune's dropp off ledge!
Seaweed floats upon the water, As a brown
wet face pops up above the waves, this
belonging to a long lost sea otter! dead
jelly fish do litter up the beach, Death to
all sea life, is always within this
specter's sickle wielding reach! Sea
monsters have been sighted at the Loch
Nes, These people afterwards, having to take
a forced, sanity competency test, Next,
you'll be seeing U.F.O.'s, Next, you'll
have a mind that goes! 11-04-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Lingered Sorrow, As Abated Breath.

The love no longer lingers.
Hardly heard as from, great singers.
Singers that, be tuned, heart fine.
Only regrettably, all ailed, Mine.

The love be like a halted, thorn.
Pierced through heart, since stilled be, born.
Beneath that pallor ed face.
Lies still dormant, all sealed, disgrace.

Heart felt sorrowed fingers.
Sadly forlorn to willfully, lingers.
Lingers longer, than breath's, freshest breath.
For all to hunger, b'tween fingers, of death.

Nailed unpolished at last, in depth.
Filthied longest, under abated, breadth.

Michael Gale

Little Old Blue Haired Wrinkled And Hairy Upper Lipped Women.

Wrinkled top lips is what does gross out a man in time...
That should be a woman's own crime.
Hairy mustached upper lips...
Can at times make it hard for women to drink or sip.

Will the slippery liquid just skip as slip? ...
Will the liquid make a woman choke and gasp?
Waxed skin does hurt that woman...
Should she be drafted by a circus ring man's laughter showman.

Look at that real hairy lip...
Oh, oh, i thought i whispered, not verbally slipped.
I once had a substitute femaled teacher with blue hair....
The only thing that did to me was really startle and scare.

Some women must spend a small fortune in disposable razors...
After this poem is read, i'll bet that the purchases by hairy blue haired and wrinkled top lipped women will be changed to electrical tsazers.

Michael Gale

Little Sun Shine.

Little Sunshine all the way...
Just like music, let it play.

Let it play for all the Earth...
Let it spread forth, it's shiny mirth.

Let the good times come plant it's kiss...
Let it come to drone out, unhappy bliss.

For on the day, we smile that less...
God will come, unto, ye bless.

Hearken fast as angels say...
'God is here, to stay, this day'

God will come down to rule, His way...
No more evil, no bad way.

Michael Gale

Locksmiths On The Run

What kind of cars do locksmith's drive? ...

A key-a, (KIA) .

Ha! Ha! Ha! Doth that answer keep thy funnybone alive? ...

What did the locksmith say on the way out to his car?

See ya.

And ya know that rhymes with KIA.

I can't hang around 'cause i gotta go flee ya.

Michael Gale

Lonely, Lonely Tree'D Limb As Thee.

That lonely limb that did support yourself...

That lonely limb that did help stay you, as a helpless rag doll, tossed upon a shelf.

That lonely limb that kept you nice and safe...

Until that Knight, in shining armour, made you not more wait.

You, yon happy damsel, with a smile to thee...

This knight did come to your heart-to make both happily free.

That final day your prince had come, to you with bent on knee...

He did pluck from one hidden lone pocket, a ring to state you rate.

Your heart did become his wanted passion-his final happy fate.

Michael Gale

Look How Fast The Van Go.

Look at the Van Go....
Hanging on the wall all by itself.

Does it tilt all crooked so? ...
Does it go ever so fast?

How fast does the Van Go across the water wedged pass? ...
Long longer longest expanse.

Of the bridge so attended past...
Golden gazed bridge beautiful to the eye.

To the brain doth thy beauty lay as lie? ...
Above all deepened bluish greenly water.

Expanded bridge doth stretch and reach....
Goldish hour of faltered towered-
Instill to all a disheartened breach.

Pinkish skies alter heavenly glimpses...
Clouds hide Sunset's believe.

Happy hour filled not with any more grief...
No more sadness-No more beef.

Michael Gale

Lord-Jesus, Free Me Please?

Lord Jesus, please help me to lift that heavily weighted curtainous veil, from thine eyes, and of heart...

Let it wHOLY and soley-soon depart.

Let all evil betray itself from thine own pure at heart...

Leave, do please leave, commit to a well welcomed plan of depart.

Let all Satanic thoughts paraylize themselves...

Before they may reveal themselves before thy, holy

Alter-ing brain.

B'fore the 'morrow, it will show all pain...

Lord, be there no way to ever know or gage your unmeasurable power.

I always pray that you'll forever be my supremal ruling power....

Always with me, in my most needful hour.

Amen....To God in the highest.

Michael Gale

Lost Love, Heart Unbroken

Are these tears of joy, or tears of sadness,
which is emanating from this swollen onion?
Like one's broken heart, 'Tis emotions have
been rotting, as well as having been stolen!
Affections and feelings forever gone, By
this evening's lonely dawn! My heart's
saddened lonely flight, As abandoned by my
sorrowful deserted plight! Tears of loss
are tears of sadness, Can only be repaired
by love's renewed gladness! Heartaches
spreads as headaches swelling, Love's
emotional reallignment is happily
foretelling! Attached hearts and loves
reasonably connected, Finally we are
lovingly hitched, as well as contented!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Love At Last So Dearly Great, No More Time, Woe So Late....

This heart this bleeding heart....
Doth beat, that hurting part.
Pain of love can slay as ache...
Love lets no prisoners take.

We are powerless in facts of pain...
No love was lost but not yet to gain.
This heartt that hurts that tender most...
Beats on achingly, beyond sense of host.

Wronged sorrow lends ears to heart....
Beateth on fro end of start.
Angered sweetness does grace my own...
Love at last had i learned to hone.

Sharpest lust of sharpest state...
Love more of me to not let sate.
No more time, woe so late....
Love at last so dearly great.

Michael Gale

Love Awaits, The Blinded Fool.

Love escapes man, in a cloud of loss...
Inter mixed like the greenest and drowning,
undulating moss.

Hidden by prophetic, gasps...
Shadowy fellas, so rude and crasp.

B'neath my enduring and saddened, parting...
Rivulets of tears, drowning my sorrowed, emparting.

Deceite and deception annoyingly awaite...
Blinding trust, thy unsteady love gait, Thy only date.

Michael Gale

Love Bites!

Love bites, like a Great White Shark, in the
dismal sea of love...Only agonizing pain
and disappointment may fittingly be stuck
to a broken heart's chamber!

Forever hounded by an anguished painful
danger! Lust may blindly guide my heart's
lonely, inherited being! Loneliness might
impede my questionable unwise being...
from all mistrust, does a choice alter
what one misguidingly is seeking?
After pain and heartbreak...Love does
become vastly rare and fleeing!
My heart remains in pain, while slowly
and sadly keeps on beating!

02-02-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Love Can Mean The Same-As Hate-Demands!

Re lit heart aches reoccur...
Pained sorrow-of time, unbarred.

Anguished organs scored in agony and defeat...
Always with love, incomplete.

Misstated trust ever gone...
Like the morning's dew, a mystifying,
and fleeing dawn.

Dissipated of all responsibility, Unkind words leap unchecked...
Along with hatred and feelings of ill meant disrespect.

Negotiations frozen, as if frigid elation, cut off by inherent command...
Never to be spoken, by unpopular, demand.

Love is on vacation, far away from the heart and soul....
Yon memories of him or her, Within yon heart, deserves
thy hole.

Unheated fury fans the flames of saddened regret...
Only by us in the end, we'll successfully-forget.

Michael Gale

Love Can Only Carry Us To Hearted Delight....

Love should take flight straight to Heavenly gates of the heart and thought...
Love should soar to highest flights of delirious unawareness of the heart
uncaught.

Love can only carry us to hearted delight....
Love may burn deep within our blinded sight.

At last we grasp that elusive feeling of love....
Like as a free bird flown up and all seeing from up high, way above.

Free at last, free at last to live a great promised future and not of that of the
past....
Love hath amassed, at last-amassed.

Michael Gale

Love Evolves From A Fullen-Moon.

A fullest moon suspended amongst many bright lit stars...
Brings many emotions to the heart's highest bars.

Emotions float up toward's it's illuminated call...
That shining beauty, seems to never move, only install.

Installing movement of lovers towards thine, each...
Creating an ever responding goal to reach.

Reach out, reach out, thy yearning desire...
Only love can rescue them, from loneliness,
that sometimes, may transpire.

Yes-The full moon...
Makes some, fall as swoon.

Michael Gale

Love Felt On A Universal Beach, That Stretches Out To Reach And Reach.

My heart for you shant ever die...
My love for you may always sing songs of cry.

Heart aches tears pained so wrong...
Love bleeds tales of wronged all gone.

May i live to see us whole...
Reunited as a whole as loved for you.

Pained from a sunset's hour...
A love filled pleasant feeling naught one sour.

When'st your head comes to rest onto my pillow...
I hold you tight as the strongest held tree of Willow.

Anchored deep into my heart touched softly well...
Your feelings of sadness and happy thoughts do tell and swell.

I hold you close to me at the darkest hour of hours...
You have me whole as your very own love filled showers.

Drenched in love of all your feelings...
I swim helplessly since our meeting and dealings.

I ride the wild ride of love gone wild...
We love each other more than a parent has love for their cherished own child.

At the end of our ride filled love...
We'll see each other again in the skies above.

Death will not end our love for each...
That love will continue to grow taller than a tree filled with berries or even one containing a single peach.

Like grains of sand that fills a beach...
Our love will multiply more often than the universe may stretch and reach.

Love Gone Wrong As Life Gone Brief.

Above the River Ganjae...

I tread carefully atop that wooden arched bridge of bamboo.

Skies of light eyed tendered powdery blue...

Leads in many steps of that far off escaped fleeting part,
met only one meeting away due to you.

Quivering green palm leafs sway gently in breezes east...

As my heart did grasp at thee, our lips did touch gently true
as lightest loving squeezed for yee-Minds had pleased
in life's so eased as love so tender and not be through.

We were tender dearly sweet...

I waved away my life from you,
Alas my childhood sweetheart gone,
Away with me are lasting loved memories
of you.

To come together once more time in many years
have passed as left...

Joined once more af't sweet dead life,
Born again to one final dark breathe
spent forlorn as final closed lone idley slept.

Blade laid down upon thy cleft...

No more love and life hath left.

Michael Gale

Love Handles.

Love handles all that I care...
Love bares all that I swear.

Love cast offs that I wear...
Love denotes, something I should share.

Love envelopes me in your hug...
Love infects me like a all biting, bug.

Love invades my heart at night...
Love even makes me crabby and wanting to fight.

I cannot handle love, in life...
All it seemly brings, is pain and strife.

Love haunts all my darkest of dreams...
Love to me, is the strangest-one emotion, it seems.

Love will attack my heart filled life...
Until at last, I find my wife.

Michael Gale

Love Has Gone Bye, Bye! ! !

As my lips were pressed against your own
window's pane of glass...A tear trickled
down my cheeks disheartened past!

Our path's had crossed by fate's fickle
hand...Only time can tell why we had to
depart and disband!

These hearts united from one chanced meeting
...The rythum of this heart's pitter-patter
styled like beating!

This rejected heart is pained and sad...
To fondly remembering the connected love we
once had had! 12-26-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Love Hath Nigh Feelings, Yetly Scorned.

Luck lustered images that have faded...
Makes my heart hurtly jaded.

For why should I give to you a trusted yes? ...
In the form of my ignited, bless.

Alas, alas, you hurt me more...
I cannot under score, how pained my heart,
albeit-swollen sore.

Cracked and pained by yearly abuse....
This heart, deafened as if this be thy-Muted-Obtuse.

For what be ye aching arch? ...
To thine own lips, loved starved and parch.

No love be ever for never worn....
Only one thing left to heart-this thy day,
I've ever sworn thy scorn.

Michael Gale

Love Hath No Inner Sanctum-Ed, Breach.

Bloodied foot steps recede inward of the heart's
And stained impression-ed, in blood...
Blood dripped and oozed of a pain filled heart.

Blood drained, of a misstepped heart...
Of the Dearest, one, I part.

Staggering aback, had I traipsed...
Of mine love, forlorn-erased.

From a memory, of gone as dashed...
Upon the rocks, awash ed and crashed.

Rested on the beached of breath...
Slowly, tarnished, to thy heart fallen-death.

Only left-Twas a memory-set to breeze...
No such hope, of heartache's ease.

Michael Gale

Love Is A Four Letter Verb.

I gave you my heart...
You made me glad.

I forbade your jealousy...
You got real mad.

I gave you my friendship...
You shut me out.

I forgave you...
You would only shout.

I gave you peace...
You let go-your life's, happy lease.

We got back together...
You wore high heels, a whip and black leather.

Our down time was shortened...
Our love for each other-is important.

We gained respect for one another...
To each-We no longer, do smother.

Michael Gale

Love Is?

Love is true as true be bold...
Hard to keep, to keep as hold.
Love can leave as if took by a thief...
Followed in kind, by a sudden saddened grief.
Love is valuable to thy heart, be it young or old...
It can be traded, or even sold.
Computerized dating recaptures love's own rekindled raptures.
Computer land promises new found love's own renewed meeting...
Followed shortly by a long gone forgotten, renewed greeting.
Kisses are showered from both unsparingly...
Followed by puddles of love, given real caringly.

Michael Gale

Love Locked!

My love whenever, was ever lasted,
Tho of thee, time was so fasted.
Beyond my wildest dreams of late,
For you to come, till love's best yet, fate!
when thy heart is full of sorrow,
When departed of the 'morrow!
List of wishes escape mine grasp,
My heart is locked, as in thy hasp!
T'would be a fairly emotional gift,
If you'd say yes, giving mine heart
a much needed lift!
Drawing my breath, as with a smile,
My love for you has no denial!
When young love is finally met,
Thy heart is in Cupid's everlasting debt!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Love On The Rocks?

A romantic interlude, is like a momentous affair...
Surrounded, perhaps, by a lot of silence and pure bridled, uncare.

No one around you is at all aware...
That two others, for each, may-really do care.

First impressions, might make one sweat, and nervous...
But even, a man, cannot ignore her curvous.

She, be a love, at one, first sight...
After, have met him, the first time, that night.

Love can be such a fickle thing...
Since the beginning of time, that man first learned to sing.

Love, is the best thing, since the discovery of fire...
Or the Polygraph, to weed out, one biggest, fat liar.

Michael Gale

Love Really Bites, You Scampy Vamp.

That vampiric sexual encounter of her dead like lover...
Who's on top?
Most likely he is floating way above her...
Does this affair of the bleeding heart to all seem to appeal?
Is this imaginary or is it real? ...
Or does this really seem so surreal?
This affair is beginning to feel like it bites...
Will he be around or leave and stay gone for many deserted nights?
Does this new found lover have many flights of fancy? ..
Look as the blood trickles down her thigh.
It leaves a trail behind that resembles an icesickle trickle...
Look how love is so damned fickle.
Look what she's done...
She's gotten herself into another pickle.
That does not sound too fun...
She shouldda just ran away as run.
This is absolute unliving proof that love really can bite...
We all here at the hotel of love have to tell you that
you don't know if the lady is a tramp.
But no one actually knew that he as the new boyfriend was a Vamp...
That's this tale you scally wagg scamp!
THE END!

Michael Gale

Love Sewn, To Emotional Grievs, In Part.

Whithering heart's feelings, meant to breathe...
New meanings to Love's ways, as we regrettably at times
in temperance, it hotly seethes.

Like a tea kettle, it pressurizes in steam done blown...
This is the only, way of love, is shown.

Like a needle inserted, deep to heart...
Sewn to emotional, griev's in part.

Tempest's storms drown in plight...
At last this moment, we adorn in it's light.

For affairs of the heart, can sting with pain...
To inflict to each other, a love, soaked-stain.

Alas, the abysses, of love, in flight...
Comes down to us two, this romantic paled, night.

As the Moons of Jupiter, takes in strides of change in love...
It lends to our own, their bright light sent, fro' it, above.

Like a bird of love, spread to thine...
Flown to me, as be thou-mine!

Michael Gale

Love Stayed Silent-By Tasted Young Breast.

Death does travel down deeply into my nest...
A resting peace, one welcoming best.
Be ever thy bravely silent...
Mayhaps thy eye is bent as struck.
Perchance-per say-thy brain lies drunk...
Swindled down thy chance to stay.
On behalf of love...
Does not one-regretly say.
I love thee now-or may, as may...
Death do'th unravel-inside thy heart.
Just press thy blade, as unto thou start...
A'frozen'd heart, twas slowly hath start.
Scar'ed by thee...
Well torn apart.
Love swooned silent by a-rrested test...
Tis disloyal'd as sent a'breast.
Bloodied pain inflicts much rain...
Forever such more-the last slated red stain.
Dissappointment depicts, tendered bleakness affront...
Ne'er to settle-ne'er to confront.
Beastly black envy-sends out bad vibes...
Tricked thy woman-blind thy wives.
Twisted weasels, upon thy easels...
Pictured as swarm'd-Reliefe heart's warm'd.
I bid you thee, i bid you pray...
Again you say, forstall this spoiled one day.

Michael Gale

Love Trapp'D Thee, To Thy Beautied Stare.

A flora fauna of sea breeze, wafts daintly
thru thy air...
My love for thee, be ever clear, and ever more the fair.
My hoped for one as lovely...
Tenured in your care.
Your beauty of my heart well sore...
Traps me in to stare.

03-04-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Love, Love, Love-Thank God.

Love, love, love...

Thanks goes to the all mighty one from up above.

You've brought my mate just to my side...

You've led the spiritual path for your son's holy guided stride.

He gave up his life for your good holy loved wide spread word...

Many people were forgiven,

of this fact forgiven ex-sinners have world widely heard.

Fate united me to my bride...

Cupid's arrow gave me such a wonderful wild crazy ride.

Thank God...

Amen!

Michael Gale

Love, Never Denied!

I heard your voice so far away...In a dream one vastly way! You played
my love like a muted flute...You are my heart's only youthful beaut!
We met one lonely darkened day...My heart for you, yearned it's
fondly stay! A yellow rose pushed up t'wards a pale blue sky...
Our love to each, should never die!

02-01-2006'.

Michael Gale

Loved Lost, Freed Shores.

As these storming rains cross my sandied beached shores...
Hatred of love inuates my feelings real sore.
A disheartened feeling of loned abandonment...
Instills feelings of alienated bearings tendered as lost.
Emptied feelings of love, longly gone astray'ed...
reveals one heart abandoned and casually betrayed.
This red muscled valve, worn well and torn a'sunder...
Uncurtained my own self's pitied, While hidden really deep and under.
This loved emotion'd swelled to a wanting searching pride...
This once one loved friend hid her only word so lied.
Heck to tomorrow's future of a loving wedded me...
Sadly of the 'morrow, t'will i be once more the singly free.
Our hearts did once to swell, all our loving pride...
Lest our hasty 'cisions, No longer my wanted needed bride.

Michael Gale

Lover's Rose, They Chose!

My heart emblazoned with thoughts so fond,
Memories of our summer lover's hand in hand
walk, among ducks swimming in our 'Lover's
Pond'! At times kites would flail in the sky
above, While lovers strolled, flaunting their
love! Summer's breeze rattle the kites,
Sea shore seagulls represents city's
nature's delights! Summer's winds tickle
some wavyesque curls, Of many beautiful
girls! Park benches are surrounded and
invaded by many begging squirrels, New York
has many varied, inhabited Burroughs! Big
city pollution may sting one's eyes or
nose, This irritating odor cannot
compare to the smell of a pair of lover's
chosen, own rose! 11-18-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Love's Anguished Moment!

Love's anguished moment so many at times,
Sour our senses like to our taste buds, like
lemons or limes! Hatred's feelings begets
resentment of fires...Affairs of the heart
ignites flames so desired! Love's rusted
heart's pipes so encrusted...Love's promise
of faith to one's that are trusted! Faith in
cherished members to my heart...Forever
together, and never to part! Flames of love
are hard to extinguish...Love's faith and
loyalty are hard to erase or diminish!
Bitterness to mate's jealous disdain...
Makes forgiveness of forclosure so
painfully plain! Blessed favorites send
letters of apology...Forgiveness of
transgressions remain solidly clean! Renewed
feelings so tender to care...Enclose our
two hearts with memories so rare!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Love's Boundless Leaps! ! !

My love for thee has no bounds, I yearn the
voice of your lovely sounds! A kiss from
your lips hold my heart a captive, Your
presence away from thee has me so sadly as
sorrowed! My heart does so beat with
anticipation, For only your companionship
so near my very own heart's location! We
should spend many a day so near as dear, We
should be so happy, as together were here!
A pained absence from your heart, Makes me
wish, that we are never apart! Anger should
never escape our lips, For shortly after,
the love's score could be entirely zips!
Heartbreak shatters lives so tender, As if
this romance should be an ender! Perhaps
we may attempt to be a-menders!
11-07-2005'.

2005 Michael Gale

Michael Gale

Love's Days Of Summer, Miss Spent And Lent, Never To Stay, Or Get Well Bent.

One hundred and twenty days of summer silent...
Replaced by winter's daily cold.
Chills of heart, refroze thy love...
Cracked of heart not moved or loved.
Freezer burns did burn thy care...
Of thy feelings had i spared?
Chilled to thy bone of love's own stare...
For thy loved one, do i dispair or repair?
One hundred and twenty days of summer silent...
Coldly met by thy love's one caught, fled giant.
Heart sunk down as like a ship...
For thine own care of heart, should'st i skip?
Spring spent up of deepened sorrow...
Will for thee, t'will i lovingly follow?
Heart shaped molding of thine pain...
Reveal to thee, thy love most gain.
Sorrowed heart to mine was well spent...
Smiled to me, lastly charged as boldly lent.
Time together left in flight...
Bring back to thee, as heartfelt blight.
Do please once again to put to my face...
A smile unbroken and not once more be out of place.
Wedded bliss is sent away as a lost way'ed arrow...
Step once more closer to my heart, and not fall by
thee way'ed of narrow.
Cannot we one more time to heal our pain...
Nothing lost or nothing to save thy inherited plain.
Luck less luster of thy care...
At last together, rid rare to fare.

Michael Gale

Love's Fearsome Storms & Moods!

Love is like lightening, it strikes when
least expected...Where or when, cannot be
predicted! Like a fast fearsome storm, it
comes without 'nary a warning...
As if left by luck, it arrives in the night,
or can leave in the morning!
Love's vast emptiness trailed into mine
heart...Should we be forced to be kept,
forever apart! Flowers and candy was how i
wowed...Forever yours i did make, and vowed!
Arguments of misunderstandings maybe so
erring...Our accompanying path's did not
wane and depart, our love for one another
is into our hearts, ever so tight, and
always caring! Hence our love shan't never
end...Our two own hearts shall ever mix
as blend!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Love's Forgiving Heart!

Love in the heart, should control hatred's
device, Love in forgiveness should be
guided by God and Jesus's life long moral
advice! To forgive one's mistakes in life,
should be what is desired, Love's forgiveness
for a happy marriage, is what should be
rightfully required! 11-25-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Love's Search For Lost Loved Perchless Sway.

Rush in real fast so fast at heart....
Rush in real fast to master thy art.
Love is an art so hard to handle...
Love throws out all rules not out.
Love is hard to hang above my heart's own mantel...
Does this art enshrine thy heart?
Does this angle capture to heart? ...
Reverent of heart as i beseige and beg.
You'll be my heartfelt leg for which on i depend and stand...
You'll have thee heart's song that is sung deep inside
thine own self's craving yearnful band.
Thy hand in marriage is what i have searched for forever more...
To have yon hand clasped tightly in thee's.
T'will't bring to thine a heartfelt please...
Bent to knees for loyal ordered sway.
Gives blessings freshness to thee as royally stay'ed...
Roses swept so dearly to heart.
Begins this fresh new heart felt start...
Beatment of movement in wake filled days.
Swells out loving, emoted of breast spreads to thine heart a renewed
swiftness as falsely delays...
Time marches on for those in search.
To at lastly at last to become love bird's perch.

Michael Gale

Love's Un-Anchored Place.

Above the wall, beside ye call...
Away did I ride that sombre night.

Ahead of time, had I bide...
A frightening pride.

But as of yet, and done alas...
Because of fear, without a tear.

Doth ye withstand my might? ...
Or, more perhaps, my suddened bite?

Belife of heart ache'th, break...
Reliefe of happily staggering stake.

Begone, begone, thy stage'd darkness! ...
Never fear, but fear'id-near.

Lest the fauceted, pouring grieve...
I was sent away, as a wind, blown-leaf.

Moved of heart, but beatless yet...
Brung to me, that awkward debt.

Penniless of heart and emotion's death...
Alas, alas-heart ache's breath.

Beyond that step, to Heaven's gate...
As of yet, I'm, lonely late.

For in the morn', when I'm done...
Shadowed deathly, forlonly-bourne.

Begin this chapter of the love...
Escape from death, and ones of Hell, above.

For in Her sted and heightened lift...
Of her presence, had I missed.

'Lo in love we waifer long...
Only wish to hear her song.

Love is the world of detouring's bend...
Hope, to hope, it should, never end.

Never end that love starved search...
May I land, and always perch.

Michael Gale

Love's Ups And Downs With Hills That Spills And Kills.

My wife, i love her, i do...
She is my everything-
My highway to life...
She is my rock-She be my wife.
Tis true we argue at times...
It puts fire and heat deeply inside
our own two hearts well shared...
That goes to show you we've
loved and always have cared.
I can find my way out of the lonely forrest...
She is my light-My search beam, my best.
Love can be like a steep, steep hill...
So many ups and downs-
Tis the sudden landing that kills.

Michael Gale

Love's Wine Wedded, Happiness Spilled!

Love's Wine Wedded, Happiness Spilled!
Grape liquid spilled, staining a blotch so
pink or pale, Remnant to a loving couple's
romantic night's frolicking tale! Those
grapes of wine had done their part, For
nature's love making-such an ancient art!
Wining and dinning our future mate's heart,
To one day, hopefully to wed, as never should
part! Spring time courting to wow and win,
Wanting to eventually legally wed without
sin! These many month's of, candy, flowers,
cards, wine and cheese, Has brought our two
hearts together, wanting only to please!
On down the road as time does pass,
Hopefully many wedded years shall gladly
amass!

12-06-2005'.

Michael Gale

Maiden Fair, Begins This Heroic, Fearsome Knight.

On a galloping steed as mine...
I rush to fair maiden's rescued thine.
Chilvary resides in every bone....
Truer Knights usually ride alone.
We are a group of few...
We give up naught, naught for you.
A sworded blade unsheathed for thee....
T'will rescue you for a sakely free.
Long blonde tresses attract thine attention....
We fight for truth's to disarray evil discention.
Lady fair, you beg for aid....
Screamed real loud, i bid thee say'de.
Lance and shield repel the whole evil lot....
Thine self's own Knightful ethic code
Be all of mine verily free given'th we do happily
spread by bowed.
A jousting's tornament lets do us all unwind....
T'win thy fair maiden's hand for my same
name'th thy own brand.
Rivers and lakes and castle encased motes...
Disspells all lies of history's Knight'ed notes.
As we or i storm thy enemie's castled drawbridge doors...
We'll not pillage or rape or take.
We knights are cautious and commit outward very little nary a single
war mistake.
Dragons rarely stand up to tested Knights....
Always and forever do we Knights not flee fro' war's skirmishes and
battles or even single handed pub-lick fights.
T'win thy hand of beautied fair maden....
Our Knightly weaponary stays close at hand and never be mislaiden.
The Knightly few are proud to ride....
Tho we be few in number, we ne'er break stride.
We'll forever charge and do only good Gentlemanly deeds...
Forever more upon the backs of couragious fearless steeds.
Our mounts ne'er give up nary own ground...
Whil'st both beast and man are full duty bound.
Coded ethics drive on our hand....
We are always a fearless on trodding unsuasive band.
On slow days we gather to meet around King Arthur's Round Table...

We are always and ever loyal and duty bound to our Sire.
For long as there is breath left inside this body, I'll continue on
as long as i'm able...
We give our horse's health and well being charge to our loyal royal Squire.
Continued service of King is all that we good sir Knights desire...
That is our only purpose in life.
Our only reward is thank thee Sir Knight...
Maychance later we need rescue and wed our own futured wife.
Onward now for tommorrow's nights...
For all time-loyal, this heroic fearsome Knight.

Michael Gale

Mairrage And Divorce? ...

God bless those who write, and read...
Without any
thoughts of revenge, or greed.

On days once thought happy and nice...
Only glad that most days, we're not forced
to eat only fish, and rice.

Let us all not stumble in our daily lives...
As long as we remain bachelors, without any wives.

Being married, is all, that is fun...
As long as we remember, down
the aisle, not from, we, should not run.

The married life is such a treat...
Full of happily, ever after, juiciest, meat.

Meat that we taste as love in heart...
Taste buds, sweetened, not we, to depart.

There are no worms inside this wedded apple...
No problems that we need to face, as grapple.

Love is the word we face and meet...
Loneliness, deserted, and finally of it,
loneliness, we beat.

Michael Gale

Mama's Boys Don'T Like Their Toys.

So you say you like the color pink? ...
Does this gayness make you reek and stink?
Femenism attracts to boys...
Who don't know which variety
that they prefer their toys.
When boys are young and live at homo...
50 years later held hostage by mommy-
Mama's boys much later turn gay...
This is the way-which they'll play.

Michael Gale

Man Kills The Innocent, As Best He Can.

Deathly sadness enshrouds man in it's evil clutches...

There are starving people in Asian and foreign countries, that are forced to live in insect infested straw built hutches.

Why can't man help out his fellow man? ...

That sadistic Devil who is sometimes known as Satan.

Seems to hatch evil plans that enslave and punish man at every turn of a page...

This in turn instills hosility and anger and unhappy rage.

Why must man continue to steal or kill or even live in sin? ...

Because man is filled with a hatred of man that naturally makes him a loser who may never ever win.

If man is ever, to in life, to finally win...

He'll have to find his God and promise to himself and God, to never, ever sin.

Michael Gale

Man!

Yes-Man can be so vile and evil and, careless fruit...
Man, is man, the monster-ed brute.

Man steps on things that cares for, he not...
Man only cares for, what, he has not.

Man will always make beau-tied things, to waste and rot...
Man is a man, that is all, the fame, that he's got.

For, what be a man, that be feeling without guilt? ...
Man, won't be happy, until, in gallons, blood be spilt.

Man to the air, does well pollute...
Man, one disgraceful beaut.

Man is uncomprehending...
He is man, he be mute.

Man, by others, does not to with, contend...
Man, will be, the total end!

Michael Gale

Man, I Am-I Am...

I walk on two feet, as straight and reign...
I am a proud man, that is sighted as plain.

I wish to pull about my weight in time...
I obey all the laws and commit no crime.

Man, I am-I am...
My name is Mike, not poor pitiful-Sam.

I pay my dues in things known as taxes...
I have worked hard long days, but
afterwards, It is rarely that I have breaks
or relaxes.

I have served my country and do like to vote...
I even do have time to go fishing, on my boat.

I worship my God, with full flavored heart...
I'll defend my country and it's rights, that is my loyal part.

To live the American dream is just, only right...
The right to bear arms, so that I am free to stand up and do fight.

You cannot tell me what I should go do...
Not many men can, not even some rarer-numbered-few.

Michael Gale

Man's Constant Fleeing Fro' God's Heavenly Kingdom Of Rightness.

Let brave of heart endure in time...
For their part of inflicted cruel crime.

Be it this day of unruly take...
Doth this be man's imoral mistake.

Man's own greed partakes in faith....
Be it known of wicked slate.

Man continues in evil exhile...
From God's own love because of man's
ever unyielding and sinning denial.

If man doth not revert his evil way....
Come judgement day, in Heaven he'll never
be able to play and stay.

Michael Gale

Man's Evil Ways Put To An End On Earth By God.

T'will hands of time continue it's uninterrupted progressed climb? ...

T'will the sands of the hourglass amount to an unmeasurable pile?

Can man unbury himself fro' his weighed down of time's own
passage? ...T'will a world war supply to the world a man's
own blastage?

God's Agent named as Jesus t'will come down to Earth fro' Heaven,
to pass final judgement on man and his ways...

God and Jesus t'will put an end to wars final destructive days.

Hooray for God...

Hooray for Jesus our savior.

In Heaven man t'will have to control and watch his own behavior...

Amen to God's loving like labor! Amen, Amen.....

Michael Gale

Man's Freedom-Ed Haughty Song.

Rocket's glaring fire's might...
Lighting up sky's darkened, night...

Freedom's fought liberty...
Flagged beyond, all right.

Hope, for man, by God be did...
He bid our championed fight.

Love for our land...
By God's own, guiding hand.

Makes all right through blind justice's sight...
Forever, for more, for natives chivalry.

Michael Gale

Man's Hateful Ways! ! !

Racial slurs are so degrading,
Bigots are wrong to be so hurtful
and always hating! Names to be
calling is so wrong, Racial hatred
has been around way too long! Why
should any racial group hate the
other? Why can't we all, love one
another? God frowns down at man's
hateful ways, These sinful men
will be judged by God, in man's
final days!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Man's Obstinent Acquittals Of Time And Immortal Ends...

As perverse divisional straights break off consistant resistance by man's obstinent acquittals of time and immortal ends...

Why must we become bleak depressional ends, of life's most valuable intake into the brain insane?

Lost horizons may only over-take our unevened levels of insanity pervase...
What does life instill at stake?

What-If any, does art do bake? ...

Delicious, is not life tasted, only burnt by destructive tendancies, that ingredients only add, to a recipe of the hazy dead and lonely, sad.

How bad? ...

Only unsaturated adultery, feeds the dark side of man's diet to feed as starved trans-fats, of evil thoughts to greed and over-grown seed.

What grows real tall as like a rotted palm, of the desert-ed heart? ...

Lonely seeds of destruction unleashes deciete, and disdainful ideas.

Jealousy and mild melodies, sing out, to only half self tempered deseases, that spreads as like a cancer that be unavoidable at best...

No savior may tame but only, one may cure this biological cur.

God almighty is the only over due feelings of pure.

Michael Gale

Man's Own Boring Useless Clich^ets.

Light at the end of the tunnel is an old clich^et that imparts wisdom to words that are usually not too appealing.

Clich^ets describe thoughts with no new original feeling.

Saved by the bell will only apply to a boxer's career.

To have the courage of a lion only describes a person who is unwisely without fear.

The pen is mightier than the sword, simply implies that a well recieved publicized report, will have a much more final all powerful effect by a printed word.

Clich^ets will always be around as long as unoriginal words crop up in the English vocabulary.

Civilized gentlemen will rely on old worn out phrases.

To this final assumption there is a well documentation under that theories basis.

Michael Gale

Many Cat-A Moronic, Mothers-Few.

My ma, had many cats, she'd chase...
A better viewed, viewing, than a steep-led race.

Have you ever been, on the boat of life? ...
Filled with grief and silly, angry strife.

What is it, the boat, a mother, chasing many cats called? ...
A Cat-A-Ma-Ran.

Actually, some mothers are rather worthless...
They care not for their children, they might as well, have just
been, born, birth less.

A lot of mothers don't deserve the 'Motherly', distinction...
These, uncaring mothers should be left, to, total, extinction.

A mother born to mental ail...
Should live her life, through, total Hell.

This reason is why many mothers fail.
This i say, to you, I yell, and I, tell.

Michael Gale

Many Knights Spent, In Loving God, And Jesus.

The sword was drawn...
For God, be my Father, Dawn.

Jesus Christ was virginal born...
Through God,
was He wholly(Holy) sworn.

To preach and by Heaven's, teach...
To all men and women, reach.

Swords were braced, to defend
the Holy word...
Knights of nights, searched
To rescue, as heard.

Looking of quest's for thy Holy Grail...
Hoping only to succeed, and never fail.

These are the rumors of Holy wars...
To find of them all, even, yours.

God, we be, loyal such...
We cannot ever feel forced
To forget, as much.

For Jesus, came, to save us all...
His, was the reason, He had to fall.

Upon the cross, was he put to, to...
Save our souls, as sin was due.

Sin, was since, the times of Adam...
The serpent, by Eve, did Satan, had him.

Jesus was foretold, to be our savior...
He fulfilled the prophesy, no one else,
would qualify, as being, much braver.

He was risen, on the third day...

So that son of men, would not,
Have to pay.

We rejoice and to God and Jesus
Pay, a great holy, over due, homage...

Michael Gale

Many Sleepless Nights At Shistor's, Shore.

Shistor-shistor-shistor, klag...
Not much need be trap'd thy stag.

Fluidic motions of bested moments...
Alas-alastly lessons learned-of life brings
later to thy table's much emptied
surfaced a fulfilling menu that completes
all as if done by a much loving as caring wife.

Drether-Drether-Duh-rether nor...
For thy wifely wifey's mighty loud roaring snore.

I bid thee sleep m'lady of the miracled snore...
Be i tiresomed and sleptly poor.

Bid my wifely e'ee'r to sleep...
I send out forth to all a prayer she rest's a'more o' the zees to keep.

Smiles are few and far b'tween...
Frowns due simmer as weptly i criedly and sadly weep.

Michael Gale

Me Dead.

Meathead...
Me-dead.

Me dread...
Be stead.
Y.

Why? ...
Why die?

Why try? ...
Why buy?

What name? ...
What fame?

Rebirth? ...
Me firth!

Michael Gale

Me You And The Moonfull Lies Of The Heart Depart.

Oh solvent moon resolved of thee Earth's plane....
Revolvement moved swift across dark blue'd cloudy sky.

Do not go down-Do not disappear...
Do not hide behind fast moving gray clouds.

I kneel down to knees praying to your brightness of the night...
I pray to thee do not take leavement of flight.

If could i lasso thy encircled girth with the longest rope in tow...
I'd know for sure that you'd be there and to this fact i would be sure to know.

For your ever smiling rounded girth in sky would twinkle like the brightest star
that would stare back at me with the slyest wink of the night...
Knowing full well our pact with nature-A promise kept t'ween man
and nature's own solid stature.

A moon over Miami with serene of air and silenced waves...
Did you see that spoon and cow fall over your left behinded side?

Now i know how it is to be mooned...
Unlike being stranded on a deserted island-all alone and pained and marooned.

Space fragments float on down to the surface of yours...
Your left profile would reveal crators and bumps and a surfaced course of course.

Blasted off of tempers flared...
Romance by your appearance reveals some rejection nor recieved too well as
fared.

Anger and resentment can be tossed at others creating attracted
scenes long stared...
Only to find your brother man who cheated b'hind your back and
not did cared.

Only my feelings could be spared...
Since in the end we'll never be romantically shared.

Atom bombs have been dropped and exploded upon your unmapped unanswered plan...

Never to never to stack and pile plans up to the highest skies.

Kiss to me and kiss to you, Begone of me those no more lies...

Our hearted heat got extinguished-Love's heart's flame really does end and dies.

Michael Gale

Meandering Oak.

Meandering Oak...

Tall and fine.

Strong stands it there unobservedly we stare...

To all men share?

We dine and wine on finely filtered wealth....

We poorly wander in stealth.

Life in America is taxed to the unlimited limit.

We are poor Uncle Sam's, blind sighted, dimwit.

Michael Gale

Memorial Day, Marches On.

A day of memorial...
For our dead.

Fallen heroes, rest instead...
When all is done, and all is said.

Our warrior-ed heroes have feared, none dread...
Valliant efforts, brought by parental teachings, dormancy bred.

Memorial day is but to celebrate, their life...
Be it by a descendant, or a husband or wife.

For they have toiled for traditional ideals...
For freedom's, constantly-spinning wheels.

Let it roll, our freedom call...
May it never succumb to fall.

For in the end, if not we be....
Be us all, as ever, free!

Michael Gale

Milky Way Monkey.

Milky Way monkey day...
Dreams in early morn'.
What now? if how...
Purple coddaddies
Slopping and milking
Mother Sow.

Michael Gale

Mir-Maids, Of The Deep, Blue Mirth.

Mermaids sunning upon yonder rocks, splashed from sea to sea...
What angelic vision, be doth ye?

Beautified harbor from thy land and seascape...
Imagination's happily scene scape.

Lighthouse slumbered blues...
Beams lighted through and through your, intimate views.

Seascape's Princess of the blue hued birth...
Merrily ye make men happiest in the emerald liquid mirth.

Trident's angered jealousy wife...
Neptune's unexcused excuses for a well angered wife, embedded with strife.

Michael Gale

Mirrored Halls Of Gods And Men.

I walked down the very long corridor of mirrored walls...
Nothing but i stared back in wonderment and awe.

Marble and Byzantine busts of Socrates and the like...
Nobody named Mutt, Jeff or Mike.

Seers of the future and anciently past...
Trying to catch long awaited and abated
ideas to cast.

Hercules to my left, and Thor on the right...
Looking to wrestle or get into a tussle with a monster, to fight.

The weirdest Gods at the end of the walk...
Only with me, to want to discuss with and talk.

Medusa gave to me her real angered stare...
Do you think, that I really give up a damned, or care?

The Minotaur rushed at me with undaunted care...
No weapons of me, wishing to share.

The china and dishes fell to the floor...
A thunderous crash, no plates, no more.

A thousand thousand fragments scattered about...
Only a pin being dropped could be heard, not any such shout.

The Gypsy told me that I would be reborn a life not earned...
Maybe that Devious Satan, sentenced to burn.

Alas alas my wings did melt...
How was I to beware the Sun's rays felt?

Down to downward did I spin...
Into Earth bound, not with grin.

Molten lava exploded in blast...
Bad bad dreams, not meant to last.

In a tizzy of a sweat, did I awaken...
At last alive, no more ways mistaken.

No mirrored halls, no busts of men...
It's now off to Heaven ward I go, without sign of sin.

Michael Gale

Mis Spent Economy!

Fashions are fads targeted at female buyers, that is very much over-priced, Women are one's who spend the majority of money, that keeps the amount of man's to at least by twice! The husbands can go on out and make it, The wife is the one who goes to the store and takes it! Why buy clothes at the rate of two thousand dollars at one time? , I could get a used car at that price, and that should be a crime! Unemployment and layoffs are on the rise, Due to big business managers mismanagement and continuous lies! Alas the economy is spent on Iraq, As military bases thru federal budget cuts, are under attack! Base closings are in the news, Why spend money here? , when we can spend it over there!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Misdirected Ways Of The Unwritten Word.

I write....

Only because, I'm right.

I'm right to write...

I'm, at times, very out of sight.

My brain, sometimes write on a very slanted track derailed...

My train brain is sometimes drained like a vacuumed swimming pool hall of the misgambled, erring hands down the alley's lane.

It is very hard for me to explain...

I am average looking, and very plain.

I am a plane that flies off the handle with care...

I like to boggle your mind, or stare.

I don't care where i am at, or there...

To you, I really do swear.

I swear many foul words, redirected at any unfortunate bystanders...

I live in the lowlands and not the highlanders.

I crash and burn...

I'm poor and never earn, or learn.

Mistakes often happen...

I get lost because i am bad with directions, while always mismappen' rappin', that does happen.

Michael Gale

Mistrusted Arrows Of A Deceited Untargeted Heartache's Own Misaimed Dart, To Her Heart.

Loving erasure...

Fro' heart pain's long lasting uneasure.

Bring forth feelings of lasting hateful emotions...

Jealous of attention paid to others.

Can cause uneasements of real jealous ones

who cancels feelings as one demon'ed does smothers...

Attention to details of a matrimonial marriage.

May be sought by lost lovers searching for Happiness'es

misaid and trusting thoughtless empty filled carriage...

To be emotionally inept can promote a cancerous filled
heart-unmotioned at best.

Cupid's arrow may be led astray, pointed at other
contestent's love bourne potions...

Love's invisible force field may hold long at bay.

A cherished loved one, not wishing to continue, or stay...

May exit through hate's doorway, to never more see or hold onto
love, enough uncaring mistrust that gives essence to a heart to
ignore or stray eternally away.

Michael Gale

Mixed Feelings Of Long Lost Unpeaced Denial.

Ya knock me off....
Ya may laugh or scoff.
White washed ways belays my stays...
By all it's bygonial days.
Let's reset history's long lost dial...
Let there be no more talk of peace and it's furthered denial.
Where may all minds wander to blend as mend? ...
When or where will it all end?
Can man recant and rescind of an altered rerouted right? ...
What might descends unrightiouse fight?
Heaven's quarry lost in limbo and time...
What must man be careful as thine.
Unclear and unclean deathly shine...
Never be lost b'neath Briney shrine.
Peaced of wars abhore the Devil's evil wicked whore...
A lasting, begone thy unbridled feeling's of this tiny stolen shore.
Less be sullen and forlorn ever ever more...

Michael Gale

Molestation Terms Of Uninterested Despairs.

Lo' that you touch'ed thy genitals of furie's unleashed...
Secretly fro' thy eyes of wife's unseeing of hidden deceit.
Explorational intrusion of things thought mine...
All church people and fellow shared family, kept ineptly as blind.
Forced sex should not cross these tides in hell...
Blindly misled by demonic disciples not tell.
Children of brothers and sisters not told...
Behind closed doors all wishes were left on hold.
How was i left to terror's by night...
Fostering of feelings all bent by evil's delight.
Demonic mistranspired by church people at mass...
Declining of other's to spell out all things truly unmasked.
Besieged by offers of tempting's most hallowed...
Keep going to church, unkept as well shallowed.
Disguises are hung on top of gay people instead...
Too bad that devil was not led deeply into the Devil's own bed.

Michael Gale

Monarchs, Hated.

Monarch...
Butterfly or king.

Dicktator, or Nature's beauty.
The first, usually being ugly,
The second, a creature of beauty.

The first, a dikhead...
That, all wish dead.

A butterfly, floating over head...
It's beautied, fulfilling duty.

Monarchs-twice...
Of men and mice.

Michael Gale

Money For My Lady- - Friend.

Tears, rested to pillow...
Shadowed, awakened to emotions, real sullen, and sad.

A tear stained pillow, bent, like the whispering Willow...
Bent, beneath, a watered storm.

A watered storm, sad but stained...
Like as me, the one, so emotionally drained.

All spent up, as if in a dream, all lent up...
Lent up, fro' thee, than mine.

Wasted away, like the ash...
All spent up, like the used papered, cash.

The ash, the ash, and wasted dash...
Below the crooked, Elm, or Oak.

Next to the river bend...
Where, i send-

The wasted strife....
Dishevel, thy meddled Devil.

Thy meddled Devil, lo' i cry...
Beneath, the wrench of unfooled, die.

Beneath the one, an, added sigh...
Beneath all pain, the one i hide.

Tear spent amber, the dropp of life...
All, so spent, for one, lone wife.

Money for my lady friend...
For, my parted, saddened, - - end.

Michael Gale

Moon Lit Bell Towers.

Church bells ring my daily toil...
Upon this world, odd shaped sphere.

I ring out my own drowned out pour...
To sing to all, my at last, settled score.

To thine heart, unmended sore...
Brittled rapt, no more, no more.

Along the blank lit shores...
Moon beams forever shine,

Lonely heart and steel willed brine...
Lovely felt, that I dine.

Beneath this willow tree's splendore...
I bask aloof,

Ever tender.

Michael Gale

Moon Lit, Dimmest-Darks.

Before I went, before I left...Lonely be thy minnoned cleft.

Bestilled mine waking mind...Be it ever, thinned, than thine, unharold, bind.

Never be the noticed pair...Can I share and wildly stare?

Of't be the unconsented hope...Cleansed thee, dirtied-naught, by soap.

Souls wander as if caught by light...Oftened seen, neglected sight.

Folding thy moon below thy eaves...Scattered amid the frigid leaves.

Darkest hours of thy powers...Glistening whispers caught yon heaves.

Lest ye dispell, thy squandered bride...Nothing left, to hold and hide.

Michael Gale

Moral-Lic Fiber Is An Unwanted Diet...

T'was a grandfather whom had a sex change...
T'would he soon to be known as a Granny Tranny?

T'was once a woman transformed to man...
T'would he now have a baby'ish new plan?

I am lost for words...
What makes sense? ,
Nothing i've seen as heard.

Cowards are like misled kids...
No hope for help without assisted of bids.

Moral fiber is an unwanted diet...
Why must today's society have to allow as well as try it?

Michael Gale

Morning Breathless So Early In Morn, Can Cause Teasement And Scorn.

Morning breath can spoil the day...
We try to correct as best as we may.
Eyes roll all about even in great sized halls...
Ears keep listening as if built into thy walls.
Morning breath can drag one down...
Left behind.....
A saddened sound.
That sound that keeps echoing in my ears...
Can send out vibes so careless and instill paranoid fears.
Trailing down cheeks are streaming many wet tears...
Heart broken down as if like a hoopty CART.
Both may not wish to ever once start.

Michael Gale

Moses Sent God's Own Freedom Scented Roses To Egyptian Rule.

Waken up to smell all roses...

God's slaved people were freed by a man named Moses.

God wanted His people free...

Moses did a parting of The Red Sea.

Persucution would follow them as a clouded, overhead dread...

God pounded down with a rightful fist, so that the Egyptian aroma would be stifled to the earth.

That Egyptian Pharoah received his dessert by Moses, a much deserved defeat...

God thru Moses delivered to the slaves, a freedomly waking greet.

These were the words of the Holy Bible.

Amen to all free men and God.

Michael Gale

Most Heavenly Father!

Birthdays are memories of times that were good, Life should be lived to the fullest, as life really should! Kindness of heart would benefit all of mankind, With love to others, the Devil's own would mind! When we give the gift of love to our own neighbor, God looks down on us with a loving, fervent favor! Hatred of men by men, should be erased, Instead, with love of God, and to others, these should be replaced! With commitment to our Most Heavenly Father, To each, one man, from this, should not bother! To pay homage to God in the highest, Should be what, all man is always wanting to triest! For God has forgiven man's sins, thru our Lord and Savior, We should only try to be the much wanting, of God's lovingly favor!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Most Suited Help! ! !

Pursed lips molded so pouty and frowned...
How can one be so sullen and down? Sadness
is of a poker hand, So beguiled and hidden...
With a flushed face used by many a lie, it
is red and so darned stressed, as well as
wornly ridden! My pain is etched upon my
face...When will we endure as try to win
this life's hard hurdled runned on race!
Suffering to other's own selfish wishes...
Though their motives, are mean as malacious!
Feats of heroism is often thrown at one's
self...Eventually fated to land on their
own, much needed shelf of aid, or most suited,
most needed help! 10-30-2005'.

Michael Gale

Mounts.

The river clings to cliff's towering toes.
As if in total blows.
Fro' rapid's swathing throes.
let that River ring, cliff, Be our only foes.

Belay that hard fought rows.
Belay all the feelings of all time lows.
Ice caps and rocky hills Mount.
Snowy rivers flow to and fro',
and about.

Michael Gale

Movies Have Gone Down Hill..

(Our Country's morals are on a run-away train wreck, away from God, and the Bible. Our country is suffering all it's troubles, simply because God and the Bible, has become illegal in schools, and perhaps, even in Politics.)

Vampires, and Zombies and Sorcerers, and G.D.'s flying faster then someone will be able to fly at you, that middle fingered bird...

Movies now a days, are so evil, and absurd.

What is our enthautuation with sex, and violence, and cussing, for sure...

By God, and Jesus, in the Bible, there should be a cure.

Movies are now like reruns, about adults repossessing their, once bodies of youth...

For all of today's humanity doth sin, so, forsooth.

Watch as the writers wish all to fornicate...

From all the trash, that they fornicate.

Special effects has advanced so well....

For the violent movies that the movie companies, want to all, to impel.

Today, movies suck...

To us all-we'll need a whole, lot of luck.

Michael Gale

Mr. Pea-Nutty.

'Peanuts, get yer peanuts here! ' said the house builder, as the hammer banged...

'Get yer peanuts here he rang and again he sang.'

Another volunteer looked in amazement up at the ex president of our country.

'We Habitat for Humanity volunteers are tired of hearing those words, Mr. Carter'...

'Ya need ta swing that hammer much longer and harder', said another.

And so he swung and he swung...

He even got the knack of climbing up and down the laddering rung.

From then on then, he was the hardest worker at the volunteer work sight...

He hammered and hammered and sawed through the night.

He told jokes still more and kept busy at work...

He was not lazy or a stuck up jerk.

He was one of our best men in office, only because he cared so much...

He did not believe in laziness or even things, silly as such.

It takes a much taller man to stand up for what he believes in and cares for...

To have common sense and convictions, you don't even have to be rich or poor.

Habitat For Humanity is such a real good cause...

Everyone needs to be like Jimmy Carter and move on forward without even the littlest pause.

Lift that hammer and push that saw...

Everyone will next be, by you, amazed and in awe.

(No disrespect meant here for one of our ex Presidents.)

For, no greater be he, without a sense of humor!

Habitat For Humanity is a worth while charity that helps the underprivileged get into a home.

Msg.

MSG is just an additive in food that makes you hungry...
It is also probably not good for you.

MSG is in potato chips...
MSG probably could give you a bad case of the running runnies.

MSG makes you want to buy them Pringles or what-ever...
Makes you wanna go to the store more often than never.

MSG...
Gee, i wonder?

MSG...
What a habitual blunder.

MSG...
My tummy says 'yes', but my brain says 'no and yucky'!

Michael Gale

Muck Raisers Of Desparity And Death's Own Ambush.

Flames of emotional smoke fans out in all directions to lands of unfreedomed countries and fevered hands...

Blinded by torment and death.

Where may one find solice and peace? ...

Mayhaps in Germany or Japan or even Greece?

Muck raisers of desparity unleashed...

Terrorist's be thy yon culprits of many crazed and diseased.

Starvation and Aids infests Africa's lands...

No help of money from wealthy of hands.

World wars brought about by a President oned Bush...

Bloodshed all troops bathed only in puddles of deathly an unobserved AMBUSH.

Michael Gale

Must We Look Deeply Inside Ourselves?

Must we look deeply inside ourselves? ...
Must we clean off our dirty hidden shelves?

Must we sweep off our sidewalk of life? ...
Must we shovel loosed the shit filled driveway of strife?

Must we closely examine ways of our days? ...
Must we cover up our our stain filled pains?

Must we lie about facts of life? ...
Must we disguise a strife filled life?

Lets all look outward towards positive days...
Lets all only show off our heart inspired ways.

Learn we not to smile at others? ...
Learn us all to love our brothers.

Life is only living if learned we did...
Life is welcomed to lies not hid.

Lies are wonders that all cannot grasp...
Lies are what has made all rude as crasp.

Truth envisioned of life obtained...
Truth of man to have won and claimed.

Truth is wisdom of experience at hand...
Let truth be our life long song that we've lived about and sung of
to the beated life of our life long lived of band.

Let this fact be played by bands of man...
Let this be our final played and soul searched plan.

Michael Gale

My Art So Close To My Heart.

The rolling of the molded clay...
At long day's end might become a mishapened oblong abstract ashtray.
A sunset captured to oiled art...
These brush strokes guide the waves well frothed.
This sunset too beautied to the eye...
This...No art critic can never deny.
My piece may not be a Picasso...
But in truth, my brain's eyes perception would like to capture
In mellowed relaxed rapture.
Possesed by the heart, to capture this state by a much moving Ropeping lasso.
Nailed to the wall like a Crucifix...
Admired by all.
This scenic assemblage shirks all critic's wrongfull call.
I drink coffee in the morn' before my art is born...
All my collection will rise in price after i die so lonely and sad as forlorn.

Michael Gale

My Ascension Up To My God- My God.

Jesus...I happily bend down to both knees...
I pray to a loving thee, to please.

My love for you and amass to my God up high...
Loyal to thee, i say ye my.

Yon angels sent to guardest me...
Protection ascent fro thee to ye.

I cannot wait to next we meet...
With Jesus and angels to happily greet.

Michael Gale

My Baby Left Me, For A New Place In Time...

My baby left me for a place in time...
A place in my heart all gone, all gone.

She left me for a place unlined....
A place undefined as long gone in time.

A heart felt emptied as a gas tank's place in line...
Nowhere to go but beyond of mine.

Beyond of mine, that long gone time of mind...
That time of thine.

No more spaces for her to search...
She hath caught my heart and brain so blind.

This heart felt stutter, utter and bind...
In the time of an altered lurch.

Done be flown, to lonely perch...
For a new found love as lovely as a new found search.

A bittered heart all broke apart....
To renew a new found start.

Michael Gale

My Comments, When I Read An Excellent Poem.

Verily a poem of this artly expressed talent
did knock me over...

I originally hail from Chicago, not Dover.

I know of art in it's raw, rarest form...

This written piece, rates of very high marks
well above the averaged norm.

I enjoy being of a high intellegenced quota...

Of all i have written or thoughtly-wrot'a.

My head may explode from routinely
patting myself onto my back...

Some would say i'm full'a myself,

I don't care-Poetry's my talented knack.

Michael Gale

My Dear Sister, Laura Byrd!

My dear sister, Laura Byrd...
I've had not longly seen, or even heard!
She did marry a man named Ferris...
He cheated at bars on her...
The mangy rotten curr!
We were in foster homes when so young...
Of news of her, i'd wish someone had brung!
My dear sister Laura Byrd...
Had gotten married to a real life's shit bird!
This i had heard so long ago...
I'd like to kill that no good so and so!
By blood we both, were related in half...
Her hubby was skinny and short, for a
viewing laugh! If i find he beat her up...
He'll surely regret, i'll make him sore and
unhappy-i'd surely bet! My neice named Cindy
was ever so cute...I've bet she's grown up to be
a real lovely beaute! Maybe one day i'll see
them at last...They're a mere memory of a
fond long ago past! They lived in Council Bluffs,
Iowa...I know they are not indians-not even
Kiowa! 02-04-2006'.

Michael Gale

My Dog Got Kil'T In The Middle Of The Road.

A furry lump in the road...
Sadness been brought to an end.

Poor thing alas is gone...
No more hunger, no more pain-
-Nothing more to ever gain.

Someone's pet, a cat or a dog...
Way too furry to be a snake or a frog.

Possoms, ok, even a skunk...
At least it ain't a priest or a Monk.

It makes me sad when i come upon the furry pile in the street...
Death it seems, the poor critter, did not cheat.

Just road kill...
No big thrill.

(It is not my dog or cat, but it sometimes feels as though, it easily could be.)

Michael Gale

My God, I Forgot.

I forgot...

A lot.

I forgot how to love...

I forgot how to forgive.

I forgot how to thank...

I forgot to bathe, and i really, really-stank.

I forgot the songs i liked...

I forgot to look inside my drink, it was spiked.

I forgot to pray...

I lost a whole weekday.

I forgot to awaken...

My wall of protection was forsaken.

I now remember to kneel and bow and pray...

I am rich in the belief of God and Jesus, this very day.

I do not forget anything important, to all...

I'll one day get to Heaven and never will i fall.

God is my friend, my friend of all...

I've heard the Jesus call.

I am tall....

I am with love in all.

I forever forgot how to sin...

I, with faith in God and Jesus, will love and win.

Michael Gale

My Good Friend, Oscar.

A statue of gold...
For actors, gifted
Bold.

An award for sound or music, and dress...
Special effects, location, and feelings
emoted, to express.

They have their day...
To make us say.

Wow, oh wow...
Holy cow!

What next, will they do...
In bringing entertainment
to me and you?

Recognition, for hard work, required...
Success, achieved and to all, inspired.

The same event, will happen each year...
Emoting a laugh, or even acquired a feeling
of fear.

These things will always, tug at a heart....
From a, well acted, part.

Michael Gale

My Heart Hath Broken, As Broken As Sprained! !

My heart hath broken, my heart hath strayed,
My heart has cracked, my heart has frayed!

My loved one hath deserted mine feelings,
Leaving mine senses, real dizzy and reeling!

My anger does explode, and also does rage,
This maddened fury does not easily gage!

Mine lover's lover shall be deleted, Mine
own spurned and spawned feelings shall be
won and warmly greeted!

Mine heart is rejoicefully repaired and
fixed,

Our own two souls of heart, have evolved to
become romantically betwixt!
12-10-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

My Lady Fare, T'Will Be Driven So Rarely Far In Roads Of Love.

My love for you is like a library book...

Well over due, and this date with you and i in the near future, wish to see and forward to look as hook.

May i never have to return your love away fro' my heart and never have to deliver it not far away...as do part...

I hope that it may stay as like a record still wantedly to be heard as repeatedly replayed.

To in my heart, never deadened as slayed...

May this record stay as engraved well into your heart's emotional player.

Always intact as it's eternal envisional displayer...

To your memory of my well intentioned love.

As to your heart's well fitted gifted glove...

My caring for your welfare is always at it's ever best.

As hopely in faith, will stand to time's own eternal test...

Never to leave, but never rest.

May my love for my lady fair, fair...

The time weathered test of one so rare.

We once were a thought brought together as rare...

At the end of time-shall stand as a inseperable pair.

My love shan't stop as easily as a car...

Only this heart of thine shall n'ee'r stall, but keep going on real far.

Michael Gale

My Lady Love-So Near And Dear.

That windsome wench who came on down to my silly stupid rescue...
I had no need for sympathy-Not even hers.

Is this my quest, my test-Her curse? ...
Nay-nay or even yea.
Is this how i am to pay for this day?

Naught needy or speedy or one well acquainted...
Am i by her dubbed and saved by one's beauty-Who
be eternally Sainted?

Lest ye whisper to her ear...
'My Lady love so dear and near'.

Come to thee and hither not...
Cannot i wait here too long to rot?

To taste your bod' as like a steak...
Your love by me-Be no mistake.

As the wind parts gentle breezed of waves in hair so fine...
My heart for thee beats tender muffled beats of love-Yearning
yon beats of your own.

Perhaps our love in heart may partake more many years n'ee'r apart...
Are we to kiss and spend times entwine?

Will you dare to dare be mine? ...
Will this old brown and gray bearded lips taste of yours?

Can i survive my fall into your lusterous beauty like stare? ...
Can i swim into your ever embraceful care?

Yes-I intend to surface and carefully
tread your timeless beauty of thine...
Fro' your love t'will i succomb to and of wine and dine.

Michael Gale

My Last Fellowed-Sorrowed Heart.

I ran and i ran as fast as i can and i can....
He was still after me, that man, that man...

What should i do or do and do? ...
Not many know, of what to do, by you.

The thrill of it all, is but only my call...
I am too, too short, not even tall-at all.

I must trick this cad...
Because he is bad, he is bad.

How may i win this war? ...
Strong willed of body, not hurt or sore.

He tore at my arm...
With sword in hand.

In deep it went to blood-mine shed...
I am now, real cold and dead-
-I am, i am.

This ghost be of mine, to scare with and haunt...
My last fellowed---My soft--sorrowed heart.

Michael Gale

My Last Poem.(Here @ Poemhunter.)

I have enjoyed my time spent here...
Now I leave because of fear.

Fear that I'll say something here real bad for two poets...
Two poets who are jealous and childish, it all, think know its.

One is Tony and one is Paul...
They believe that berating another poet,
makes them superiority tall.

What they don't know is that it in actuality, makes them to all...
Actually and in reality, in the eyes of other poets, actually immorally-small.

So now I take my leave...
To else where to writ-tingly weave.

Michael Gale

My Love Bird From High Above.

Love...
Hurts.

Love...
Sucks...

At...
Other
Times
So Well
Saddened.

Love...
Hurts.

Love...
Spurts.

Where
Hath
Love
Gone? ..
At day's
Ending
Nightlit
Dawn.

Rejected? ...
Dejected?

Reflected
Unwise...
Other
Men
She
Hath
Not
To
Despise.

Sorrow
Or
Unhappy? ...
Dumb
Or
Sappy.

I
Love
Her
So...
Do
I
Know?

Doth
It
Show?

Woe
Oh
Woe! ...
Hope
She
Doth
Naught
Go!

Will
She
Be...
My
One
And
Loved
One
Only?

Yes
I
Love

Her
More...
For
Her
My
Heart
Doth
Soar.

Like
A
Bird
Of
Love...
A
Heartly
Dove
Flies
Freely
From
High
Up
Above
This
Of
Mine
My
Turtle
Dove.

Michael Gale

My Love For Her, Shall Always Linger.

For her, my thoughts of the heart does linger...
Yes indeed, She has me wrapped around her tiny finger.

What she asks for I am sure to grant...
For her, personally, say yes-in chant.

For she is my main true reason...
She is my loyal season.

Always does my love to stay...
I'm her game, she likes to play.

She has me wrapped around her tiny finger...
My love for her, shall always linger.

For her smile, that I long to see...
My love for her, will last eternally.

Michael Gale

My Love For You, Not Doggy-He.

(This poem was only meant as a reminder that there might be ignored husbands out there playing second best to the wife's spoiled pooch.)

Nuff' of that smooch...
You heartly, thieflly mooch.

Just save it-save it all...
For your kindly pooch.

You have your dog's only need...
You have his heart, you, of him breed.

For that kennel's only glove...
Should you fit and wear as love.

It is either him or me? ...
My heart to you shalt not be free.

That dog of yours shall leave the scene..
It's me and you, accompanied by he-obscene?

OBSCENE! ! OBSCENE!

Michael Gale

My Love For You.

Watch silently as I place my heart, hard against your hard glass wall...
Will my love, sorely stall?

Will it penetrate your force fielded angst...
This, is not a joke, or any wicked pranks.

If you'll return my affections...
Then, and only then, You'll have my eternal, loving-Thanks!

Michael Gale

My Love Not Be Late.

I am sorry i was filled with so much hate...
I'm so sorry if its way too late.

How do i say 'I'm sorry for all the hurtful pain? '...
-That, from me, down onto you, fell as rain.

Surrounding you with torrents of saddness, drowned you down...
Etched to a face of an unsmiled frown.

If i could take back all my gifted words to you, of regretful hate...
I'd feel much better, that timed not late.

Would'nt that be real, real great? ...
To know for sure, that we better interact and relate.

Now i love you ever more...
No more pain to ache and store.

Love now leads us both happier through life once more...
Now i love my wife, so much, much more.

All heated arguments are at last put to rest....
No more unsurmountable obsticles, of love's own test.

Thankfully through God, our love is best.
Anger and jealousy and resentment are no longer a welcomed or even a wanted
guest.

For our true love, of each, is all thats best...
That for eternal time, will stand up to time's own test.

Thank God for us, our love will remain eternal steadier than all the rest...
A love so grande and beautiful as a peace filled tranquility, held tightly and
dearly to one's own breast.

Michael Gale

My Love Of Her Goes On Forever.

Sunshine freshness of the heart's own breath...
Breathes fresh love fro' one within.

My eyes of adoration for my love...
Is seranaded of my heart to fit her like a well fitted glove.

My engagement of locked eyes t'ween us tell their own story...
My love for her shan't end but forever more to always go on once it
always does begin.

My long lasting love for her shall only end when i've reached my mortal death.

Michael Gale

My Love!

I met my love at her work,
She decidedly knows I am no Jerk!
My thoughts are always b'out my Love,
She's my baby, my sweet, sweet Dove!
Our path's had crossed, Once by chance,
Ever since I took that glance!
The ol'e heart t'was beating ever so
lightly,
Now, that we're t'gether my outlook on
Life is lit very brightly!
When'st her presence is ever away,
My heart is empty, wanting her stay!
I do worry about my baby,
My love for her is sure, and not maybe!
To grow old together is all that's expected,
Better to be loved and not rejected!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

My Love, For You.

To you the words just flow onto the page...
Only thoughts of love, no rage.

For these words embody my soul for you...
Long, long over due.

Time ticks away at the clock's lonely face...
Wondering when next to me, you'll take your rightful place?

For you roll and shape me best...
You are more valuable to me, then all the rest.

My eyes never do wander to ward's another woman's gait...
You fill me best, upon my love, filled plate.

Your music is unequaled by any other, as played...
My heart for you, was captured, as in a battle's, waged, raid.

Love of you, by me, does filter on down...
Even when, you are absent, in your nightie's, red gown.

Love, as fresh as the newest spring...
Your beauty is launched, that you actually, to me, do bring.

Cascading to my vision, as eyes, longest, denied...
Your beauty, to thine, has nothing to hide.

Your soul, so pure as angel ed-nice...
For you, I'd gladly, pay the price.

Love, so eternal....
Only surpassed, by one, that's gentle.

Gentle as the smoothest ride...
Be that, the one, that you, for me, do provide.

Michael Gale

My Love, My Dove.

I am but a dry land awaiting your liquid kiss...
Said She 'the one i Miss, her miss'.

I miss the kiss of awe...
I was the one, she liked, she saw.

But that island of love sank deep, with my love...
Down, down, be she, from up above.

She be, my love...
My dove.

Michael Gale

My Love, My Wife.

Many words of beauty, have I heard in life...
Nothing on Earth, here, may compare to the
love, my love, I hold for my wife.

My wife my love, who holds me in her sight...
She is my guide, my heart, my hope, my light.

I am always surrendering to her beauty, in smiles
that twinkle, to me on....
They surround me with a full feeling, I of warmth
among the love's forested-vine.

She grows on me each day...
She's the reason, here on Earth-I stay!

Michael Gale

My Mortal End!

The winds of time pass me by, oh so
easy, This puts an empty feeling in
the pit of my stomach, which makes
me feel, oh so queasy! To go thru
life worried all the time, I should
turn to God, 'stead of worries bout
my mortal's self life or prime! Tho'the shores of worry
constantly overtake & endure my
every thought, Tis time I calmed
down & remove all my worry, that
I had wrought and sought! My nerves
do seem so shot, Weighing down
about my shoulders heavily does
this seem alot! Lessons learned
as should be yearned! All good
Godly deeds gain Heavenly entry
that I should earn, As in my
mind, I should etch and burn!

Michael Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

My Muddled, Middled Dream, I Weave.

Lo' we weave a dream of a middled dream....
Lo' i run to scream, within thy middled dream.

Alas-my muddled weave, as if thy dream had dreamed...
Alas, i saw thy horror's hallway, to thy doorway's beamed.

Because, i pause, as within a dream, i wander on, as if we weave...
We weave, out tendered dream, all so dark, as Winter's leave.

Alas, alas, my tenured lass...
A kiss, well sent, upon thy grass.

A grassy long knoll, about thy pasture...
Greenest mast, above thy, last year.

Again, i leave my middled dream...
Alas, thy asked, it's wintered beam.

I leave, my leave, no matter more...
As I, at last, walk out thy, exited, door.

Michael Gale

My Pearl-Thy Girl.

My love for my lady, t'will occur...
From me to her.

Her hair of long length's cascade
down her fine back sided,
feminine figure...All red, to thy
eye-allure.

All soft and billowy shown...
To in my dreams-grief not grown.

She be my tender pearl...
My buxomest girl.

Our seeds of love now, sewn...
Never to be heart torn, lone.

Michael Gale

My Powers Curve On A Roadly Crooked Sinning Thinned Path.

This task is at last at hand...

It is hard that fact i've absorbed mentally in my DNA
as well as a'gland.

My powers curve on a roadly crooked and well mixed and twisted...
This road's scenic wonders why i am blinded misted.

I surge of power's over powering delight...
I'm addicted to it's highest night.

A sugary enriched high ensnares me well in it's snatchingly clutches...
Holding me way down is but of my own weakness's, as of crutches.

Around and around i mentally get into troubling schemes...
Left defenseless with my fast and long holding mind bending themes.

I surge on in predatory unsurvival...
I'd been a lot better off if i had read of my Holy black bible.

Michael Gale

My Promise To You.

And the reason, that it is you...
Is because, no one else will do.

How do i tell you no? ...
Once you know, you not do know.

Every place, i set you free...
Will you ever, come back to me?

When can i see you again? ...
Possibly, next we see, just then?

Pains across my heart, you send...
Stops the minute, you say yes to end.

How may i make you smile? ...
When i look back at you, down the aisle.

A ring to you, upon your hand...
Given by me, your only man.

A pain that never comes your way...
Be my promise, to you, i say.

Michael Gale

My Sad, But, True Story.

I walked many a mile, in unusual new shoes...
All through life, I'd had a bad case, of depression's, blues.

I took the straight edged blade, and held it tight...
I leaned it hard, against a vein, with all pressured, might.

The blood did squirt and drip...
Life flashed before me, this saddened and lonely felt, trip.

Why would i wish to leave this life? ...
Why wish, to depart my wife?

The Ambulance Medics, shredded my leg'ged pants, and shirt...
They were taking, no unsafe precautions, to prevent them, from becoming,
drawn in, and hurt.

I held my left wrist, with my right hand, until the ambulance, had arrived...
I had a change of heart, i wanted the right to live, and had then, the night,
survived.

I was stitched up, then for safety's observation, held for days...
Unremembered, in my uncounted, ways.

I was advised, and counseled wise...
To wash away the pain filled, suicidal filled, self, inborn, lies.

I was held behind payned, (Pained) , windowed, glass...
I was just a number, amongst the statistical mass.

In society's gratitude, i was sent a medically induced, bill a-many...
I'd in time, lose a lot of dollars, or dimes, and or, many a penny.

Still, today, of self murder, i some times ponder...
Would it be worth it, to this life, to take it, and it, to-squander?

When dark feelings, sometimes, enter my emotional life...
All i have to do, is remember, that, the love, for me, is, by my wife.

My Sweetness In Life!

Chocolates attract the female persuasion...
Chocolates mark anniversary's occasion!
Sweetness in you runs completely over
flowed, Sweet thing, is how you are known!
Sweet thing, you have matured, to show how
much you've grown! Sweetness in life, are all
your ways...To grow old with you, as we
should so turn nice grays! Sweetness is your
own disposition...Thank God in Heaven, in me
you found inthatuation! Chocolate can be
your one lone weakness...I thank my stars,
of your total sweetness! Sweet, you have been
from the beginning...With a smile like
yours, i'm the one who is winning! A sweet
thing has entered my life...Thank God,
almighty, you've become my wife!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

My Thoughts About, Positive Change.

The President can do his job....As long as the other party, let's him do it, and quit complaining. The key word, should be cooperation. Something, the Republicans, don't want to do. Prime example is Gov. Bobby Jindal's speech,

(R) Louisiana. I am saying to you Mr. Jindal...Your words sound to me, like quite the swindle. You need to be quiet, sit down, and do something, that Republicans are not used to doing, Cooperate, you blow hard pirate!

Republicans had eight long years to do something about our economy, yet their backs were turned on it and their front eyes, only focused, on a war.

A war in wasted monies, and a war of words. It is now time to cooperate, by shutting up, and work with the President, instead of against him.

If Republicans are looking for someone to blame, it should be the waste, by Wall Street CEO's & Banking CEO's, & Auto Maker's CEO's, in Extravagant spending on Corporate Private Jets, business gatherings in Vegas, paying prostitutes on Corporate charge cards, need I say more? Republicans need to try, instead after the President's speech, to reply and cry. You should not run away from your problems, but instead, to your problems head into, and attack.

We as, responsible Americans, should want to be a team player, Not a dumb naysayer. I am personally sick and tired of hearing that song...Ignorance, is really all wrong.

Let's unite...

Not stupidly, fight.

Michael Gale

My Time Will Submit To Days Of White Hair And Wrinkles.

Look, look real close and deep at my well wrinkled face...
Not young anymore, just an old, old disgrace.

Will time win out, over my mere mortal race? ...
Will death soon greet me at my doorstep's place?

Long and longer i yearn to live longer and happy...
That idea to others might seem kind of stupid and sappy.

Observe now as the age of time, paints it's strokes to my entire aged canvass...
I cannot cope, or even just have this.

Where, or when will i crawl off, to die? ...
Where or when, will i be forced to lie?

My body's parts will submit to time's urge to cease to work...
My body will strain and shake, and even quiver and stutter and jerk.

Hair loss and some strands will change color to purest of white.
Weakening of the muscles will sadden to me to never delight.

The counting of the days to death's courting ways...
Is how my future is forced in rerun like replays.

Now i am doomed, to soon prepare, to leave and part...
I've done my best, i've left behind subtle hints of my lively, living like art.

I am now gone...
I have sadly departed.

I am no more, but a soon forgotten dream...
This fact to all, might seem obscene and seen as a long losing
battle, while swimming in a torrential drowning flood or stream.

I am no more...
I am now tired and sadly sore.

Goodbye!

Michael Gale

My Un-Social Unsecurity Disablements Of Daily Life.

My wife & i are living at poverty level...
I've been approved for Social Security Disability.
Now that i've been labled...
I am unpaid while disabled.

They have funds to pay me long overdue backpay...
When will the money come? Upon which unknown day?
My wife has need for a rebuilt engine for her car...
Without it, she may not get too far.

No money yet...
We have so much debt.
My wife does not make too much in her job as a cashier at WalMart...
We both are not dumb but yet not too smart.

We cannot go far...
Without her stranded been, car.
It has been months and months without nary a check...
When will it come? No one else gives much of a heck.

When will it come? ...
When will of it, the money, will i expect?
The Government keeps dragging their feet....
We both feel cheated by deceite and unholy like defeat.

No wheels...
No deals.
No lifely thrills.

Michael Gale

My Voice-I Hate It Best, When I've Heard Me Squawk.

Have you ever listened to your voice? ...
It is scary enough to make you hesitant to recover from shock and rejoice.

I like my voice when i talk....
I hate it best when i've heard me squawk.

Why is our voices so different then when we've heard? ...
Why to us does not our voices seem as like a parroted bird?

I hate my voice...
It makes me not feel good or rejoice.

-At hearing it over...
I feel i should resemble a dog named Rover.

Michael Gale

Mystic Draughts Of The Outer Minds.

Only when we enter a very dry and arid draught, upon our lands, do we miss the rain...

Only then, do we rest in pain.

Pain of the yearning for wetness to the soul...

Can that be our only goal?

We do after all, deserve peace of mind...

There might at times, be too much suffering of the Humid kind.

Lips parched with a crack of skin...

Dry as the cotton, upon the gin.

Fall, oh, please come down and fall? ...

Bring best with it, your rain heard call.

Your call, now heard beating against my skin felt pelt...

Cracking of the lightening, simmers deeply beneath my sweltering fear of sin,
I've felt.

The rising aroma of the misty, swelled....

The much wanted, the one I smelled.

At last-No more pain...

Launched hard, since the absence of rain.

No more pain hurled at my heart...

No more sadness, of my part.

A grin spreads across my face...

To a now, well, watered place.

Bad memories, now gone...

Remembered, only after awakening, from a slumber, before the unalterable dawn.

Michael Gale

Nasty Perfumes Make Me Really Ticked Off And Makes Me Angrily Fumes

A peaceful meeting of the minds...

Can compose songs to the listener's taste.

Complete compromise...

Old Spice after shave and cologne, can offend a nose
too near and precious to one's self.

Complete obvious-to fact-that such odor
producing bottles should have been kept unused upon thy
medicine cabinet's closed mirrored shelf...

A lot of perfumes can stink up the air.

Do not tell the user because they really do not honestly care...

Other perfumed odors can really to one's own nostrils, blandly bore.

While'st others make it's wearers smell like cheap French whores...

Trash those odors that be bottled...

If you wear it, you should thoroughly be throttled.

Red Door and others may offend my nose....

If i catch you, my bride, wearing that lotion.

I'll hose you down in the driveway, that's my best thought out notion.

Michael Gale

Nature's Beauty College To Seats Of Collage.

Floral greatness on green grassy landscapes...
Bring nature's greatness released these days of fallen beauty.
Sunshinning brown and golden autumned days...
Let all beautied rayed displays.

Scattered niceness falls to thine eyes...
Nature's rightness shine to thine.
Petaled picture framed to heart....
Nature's art shant soon depart.

Watering precieuse cargo's drop...
Let thy beauty of nature n'ee'r to stop.
Listen to silent pictured to ears...
Beautifully complemented nair to fears.

Alas non-noticed beauty doth reside...
Not to leave in silent stride.
Rarity of beauty rarely last's...
Age'd ugly, suddened past's.

Like a paint brushed color splashed to canvas...
Learn'ed seated upon ye campus.

Michael Gale

Nature's Perfect!

Waterfalls flowing down from the sky,
Snowballs flying by and by!
Winter and Summer return each year,
Autumn and Spring are oh so near!
Birth without death, has to have one
another, Of the latter, i'd have my druther!
Life are cycles in full tilt, Like
flowers of the Earth, they die and wilt!
Nature of man can be so vile, But of other
man's nature, it may be so good and ever
worthwhile! Sweetness of smells may
tempt one's nose, As sweet smelling as
Nature's single red rose! God made the
World, as near to His own heart, God did so
as, to complete this perfect art!
7-2-2005.

Michael Gale

Nature's Wrath, Does Give An Unwanted Bath.

A cool Summer breeze brings pollen to allergies's
own wheeze and sneeze.
Maple leafs wave against many southern winds...
Rain drops pelt rooftop's of metaled building's dins.
Storms affront the lakes of lands...
Nature's wrath confronts plans of man.
Flash floods push Californian landslides down hills
against homes a-plenty.
All about ruined homes, the remains too muddy.
Large palm trees wrapped around cars so spoiled...
Aft'ward cleanups resulted in many manned hours
so toiled.
Insurance is the brace damm'ed against Nature's
caused disgrace.
Faith in claims denied, resulted in faith misplaced.
Scattered destruction shows this planet's nature
gone wild.
'Tis time to face facts of vast destruction's very
own melee defiled.
Faith in God, should have, by man, been prayed for...
Answered with miracles, would be,
many, many more.

Michael Gale

Naught Our Lips Did Slip Apart.

I met her lips...
With wet hungered grips.
On a moon lit night...
All rounded flight.

Naught not left...
With but a chest hefted cleft.
Round bright light...
I held her closely tight.

Moon's yon orbital path...
Of her love i hath.
A'settetd bound by moon lit swing...
My heart to her to me do bring.

Different worlds collide of heart...
Tis' best we stay and naught depart.

Michael Gale

N'Ee'R To Leave Astray'Ed Of Heart.

Moon-beamed bridges a'top stilled mirrored waters give forth
visions of romanced nights...

Heart felt laughter haunts all minds.

Chirping crickets hid by bladed grass...

Removes silenced noisey gas.

Cloudy visions of lonely beyonderings...

Gives out one lone felt ponderings.

Songs of the heart felt lone...

Moon lit shadowed shadowy and darkened shone.

A man and a woman in shadow's mist...

Long to bourne and loved won kissed.

Heartached no more saddened gleam...

Found fond of dream slept peace filled stream.

Two souls akin to love filled heart...

Love's own feelings of happy part.

Grinning ending to frown's own part...

Rebeat'th the beat of rythmic birth.

N'ee'r to leave astray'ed of heart.

Michael Gale

Ne'Er To Miss And Beg.

As these clouds subdued
Ne'er a miss will dude.
For on the morning breeze
Enlightening the lung's own sneeze.

Beyond the staged unseen.
Ne'er the nose to lean.
Ne'er to shake.
As ne'er quake.

Michael Gale

Never To Never, To Leave And Depart.

As the ladies assemble round yon pole...
A'fit reel tight and snug to the hole.

A'baited lure to a wonderful delight...
Always a'sure'in' a comfy feelin' bite.

Lost to feelings of lust by moon lit light...
Merriment o' moment's happy night.

Heart filled smiles race to heart...
Never to never, to leave and depart.

Michael Gale

Nightly Prayer!

I go to bed with a prayer,
Wanting world peace and cleaner air!
Wishing to wake up healthy and wise,
For man's betterment, minus all lies!
Of my dreams I hope come true,
One for me, and one for you!
Without these dreams of betterment towards
man,
I open mine eyes, the best I can!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Night-Watchman!

Ever watchfull and ever alert, Standing
erect, not as a tiny lil' squirt!
Eyeing the screen with nary a distraction,
Always ready for all of the action!
Holstered Gun, ever at the ready,
As my aim is as always ever,
so steady!
With notebook in hand,
the pen at the ready!
The pay doesn't rate high in the sky, as a
Monetary value as Gene Paul Ghetty's,
Macaroni & Cheese instead of meat and
spaghetti! The wealth is not
what's on my mind! Serving the public tis
all I crave! For late at night,
job of the brave! !

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Nine Eleven Is The Day Of Days Gone Foreign To Heart Felt Angels Fallen.

On this annual anniversary spent in time of six unspent unhappy years..
Will disaster of another type come around with instilled feelings of terrorable fears?

Daughters and sons and friends of all...
Send out great love fullfilled and call.

Nine Eleven does haunt one and all in memories long and lonely echoing empty hall...
Sadness and sorrow sit upon shoulders of guilt felt tall.

Daughters and sons of angels, many the innocents fallen...
Will soon one day to reunite them all in a full embraceful yearning callin'.

Michael Gale

Nine-One-One-Needed To Be Given Us A Vengeful War Won.

Danger, danger all around...

Worldly tears came to rest at a long
measured affronted mournful breast.

In our heart's God's promised freedom
of country were shed many unnumbered tears...

A deadly reckoning, awakened many hidden fears.

T'was over three thousand deaths, had left to us all,
an enlarged painful cross to bear...

The whole free world has outburdened to all, a woeful,
saddened care.

This saddened burden was brought to bare...

Planely smokey, flame emblazoned twin buildings once stood
real proud and tall.

This pain filled catastrophe, ignited in America,
a much vengeful-freedom's call.

Michael Gale

Nips And Lips!

Plastic surgery is what is expected, Being better looking, by the lips that are Botox injected! With many cuts and a nip and a tuck, Looking beautiful is'nt born of anyone's good fortune and luck!

Lyposuction and Porcelain veneers, Makes one feel like an old car, that's had a tune-up with a new paint job, and redone new gears! Hence, improvements to one's own body, Makes everybody to believe, Of mortality and time's essence, there is one's own appearance reprieve! Looks are important, to society of today, As long as you have the time and money, and are willing to pay!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

No Christmas, This Year

The sled slid fast and wrecklessly into a great heaping mound of snow...
Was it St. Nick, Nose and cheeks a jiggly crimson red doth show?

Rudolph's map a questioning heart felt doubt? ...
A frozen tear dripping to leave an ice sickled trail, afronted Rudolph's frowning
and sad laced snout? ...

Toys and sacked satchel well in tow...
Deers and Elves thrown every where amongst all hill and delled, Wintered, icy
snow...

The toys this year would not be delivered, as well...
Santa would'st be riled, do tell, Do tell?

Unanswerable excuses spread from mouth and lip...
All the way back to home, empty handed, from this long wasted trip....

No Christmas, this year! ...
Oh Dear, Oh Deer!

Michael Gale

No Love Potion, Beyond, All Mine.

In the heat of day...
Only and lonely felt, were the pain.

The pain of sweltering heart brake...
Spoiled and over cooked in unshielded emotion.

No protection...
No screening lotion.

A lotion, to erase the burn of my memories notion...
A sea of hurt, left alone, like a great deserted island,
invassed feelings of drowning-sorrow.

Will there be, a better or bitter-ed-tomorrow?
I'll have to display my guilt, like a withered laurel.

Wasting away my sorrowed fright...
Lonely and longer left adrift, my sorrow's plight.

Bang! ...
No tomorrow.

Good fare-welled...
Be this night.

Eternal silence.....

Michael Gale

No More Carnaged Tongue In Cheek...

Persuit and perish inside Widowed Hall...
B'still the 'morrow of well traversed fall.
Begin and end my journeys one call...
Alas! , alas! , my standard stall.

Rope's length tilts at spaced out sight...
Tended strength beside my might.
Stranded and lost of hallow will...
Beset and laid to duty's swill.

Lanterns burn all unhallowed hour...
Life regrets to all but over.
I'd left my heart to tear it's fix...
No more beateth hour till half past six.

No more carnaged tongue in cheek...
No more vision of lastly we speak.
Our unraveled lives lessons fell of thought...
I tried to grasp and grab less brought.

Naught alas, alas, doth pained equipt...
Thy poisoned ring done pricked and dipped thee sipped.
Haughty but naughty are babes of lust...
I died at nine all dreamt, no trust.

Michael Gale

No More Down In Th' Mystified Moore.

To be or not to be...

Elixers of th' FounTENed of Youtheritus.

Nay ye to unsheath ye sworded sling lit arrows.

To be for not to me...

To shine not unshrowded shadowed shrine.

Enbankments circumvenetian blindness of the most hastened heart...

Youlipticus smelling salts assaults thy assinationational brethren hath part.

Beseech thee, ye altered stated path of mind...

Collage to thee, unalterable whi-net, winnie wined.

Claustaphobiblical bibliography red...

Dead Seas scrollitionism rebirthed as dead.

Hence forth ye, be dead no more...

Snore a score to snore

no more down in th' mystified moore.

Michael Gale

No More Friends-No More Money.

For after the war is a plenty...
No more friends, no more money.
Friends are enemies disguised...
Coughed to life's besmudged, rightly by God-be judged.
For after the war is a plenty...
No more friends, no more money.
Life is emptied when friends do leave...
We bring to us, our very own distaste of that, we've weaved.
Friends leave us for friends thus rich...
We trade to others for friends we switch or ditch.
For after the war is a plenty...
No more friends, no more money.
Like bees to honey we do attract...
No more friends-just ones that attack.
Friends depart with such sweetened, soured sorrow...
They do so desert-when needing real much needed moral.
After departed friendships, remains a contempted heart...
They descend away until tomorrow, they continue an unfinished
contempted start.
They acknowledged friendship's shortness in stature...
T'is better they bid farewell-of man's good nature.
For if be needed for my sorrow'd well...
All others can go to a damned evil'ed stinking hell.
After all the war is a plenty...
They can be sent to hell, so bestly they shall.

Michael Gale

No More Stared, This Day Of Day.

Body and soul now at rest...

At time from birth-attracted to noureshment's breast.

Sleep now soul in tranquiled peace...

No mere worries of earthly lease.

Free now more to wander with God...

No longer stuck but freed fro' sod.

Back to the earth...

Since time of birth.

Look, look on good child of ease...

No more time to blindly please.

Heaven does embrace to thee this day...

Pillowed to bed's eventual stay.

No more stared, this day of day.

Michael Gale

No Peace, No Tell.

Peace, not war...
Not an easy score.

Love, not hate...
That's what we rate.

That's what's great...
Hopely, not too late.

Why fight? ...
I'm right.

Let's kill? ...
No thrill.

Let live...
God give.

Let's pray...
Let's stay.

How now? ...
Wow?

Go away...
Yay!

Michael Gale

No Rescue By Cupid's Saving Bouey

Heartbreak is a treasured burymental recovery that falleth not on us...
'Tis a discovery uncovered naught on trust's.

Heartbreak is a flashment of time...
Saddened by you, and or thine.

The heartless rest...
Of an emptied nest.

These chains which capsize our boat...
Under a disheartened drowning moat.

No rescue by Cupid's saving bouey...
Does this fact to you, seem too screwy?

Michael Gale

No Sleep, We Weep, We Creep, We Brood.

Light, light, light by a moon lit night...
Pal-en shimmering of death brought fright.

Misplaced skull-en...
Woe so sullen.

Mayhaps ye experience a wan tasted deed...
Abreast to thee-of misled greed.

Horror-ed feelings spoon fed by fright this night...
Dietetics' duties spared by a far distaste of somber macabre food.

Frightening anticipation dispensed by a slumbering sleep stupefied mood...
No sleep, we weep, we creep, we brood.

Too much decaying crumbs sprinkled above to sad bowing heads...
We flee from deadly oracles and failing feelings of dreads.

A sill'ied being saddened forlornly whilst amassed at contemptment day of
rejoice...
Bad haunting of the innocents are only decided as justified by mistakes so sadly
accepted by a voice of mis-choice.

Michael Gale

Not Real Cuss Words

You might see of Me, these words that fly
Straight fro' mouth, do or die?
Not quite the cuss words heard uttered fro' Man.
Just silly or lame expletives, the ones that can.

Can seem to offend the ears of young?
Loudly yelled, or wildly sung.

Not real bad words, be They bad
Only said when might We be sad, or mad.

These words can zip.
Straight from lip.

Faster than an over sized gulp.
Hurting, or even seem to be maiming,
as in a smashed up pulp.

More juicier, than the last.
More louder than a sonic, blast.

Non cussing words, yet they be.
Unchosen as unsweetened tea.
Badly tasting as a Bee's stinging, be.

Michael Gale

Nothing Left But Wet Willie's Stew, Due, Dew, Do.

Doth a bee be a flower? ...
Doth it deflower by a flowering bee?
Doth a bee fly by thy flower? ...
Doth it flee for free

Flowers grow tall to tower...
Doth thy power be by flower?
When ye bee by a flower....
Is it thy next to ending hour?

Is thy flower only your's or only our? ...
Doth thy rain pour down yon hour?
Bumblin bees buzz busily by....
Doth it say exiting 'Bye, bye?

Are we stung when flung and hung real high? ...
Do we go on indeed goodbye?
What be these stingers that die? ...
Do they inject through sleighted thigh?

Why do we creatures of nature rely? ...
Do we silently unknowingly reply?
What be this waspy wisp? ...
Is it tendered and cooked real crisp?

Why hath ye bad bumble bee to land on yon bar-b-que grill? ...
Did'st yee thrill to fall and not chill?
Ye be hot and hotter yet....
Cooked for breakfast or lunch room's bet, you bet.

Peanutty brittle full of full dripping spittle...
Not nearly enough but way too much little.
Rain storms thunder and rumble through...
Next morning is nothing left but wet willies stew, due, dew, do.

Michael Gale

O' Ye Mermaids, Splashed Across Yon-Rocks...

O' ye mermaids splashed across yon rocks...
For do they sing their song-Afar be the star'ved loches.

Minstrel ladies sing aloud...Sailor's ahoy-Bounding through.

Time away spent fro' drowning boats...Fear all fear fro' foaming floats.

Rocky jagged ladies be...Assaulting men of shell-uh-by.

Ears so hammered to what deafness? ...Loving guy, that hath left us.

Widowed women on the shore...No more man to be-of moore.

Alas thy blue-ened lads begone...Never to be beyond my dawn.

Michael Gale

Obese Does Not Equal Oh? , Beast.

Obese does not equal oh beast...

Fat people don't need to be taunted and teased.

Names shant be slung around like careless arrows...

We should not have to eat like starving sparrows.

Please try not to stare at fat people while they are out in public...

Starring only creates moments of heated embearassing,
conversational matters or sorrely taken subjects.

Gawking is rude and undesired...

Overly chubby people should be hired and not fired.

This poet does not make fun of fat people...

I don't agree with others who think fat persons are over sized
like a building with many a shingle or steeple.

Why must others taunt and tease? ...

We should all wish to compliment others as well as please.

Name calling is just plain silly...

Fat people don't need to be forced to take a diet pilley!

Now-If you notice that there is no such word in the dictionary...

You'll continue to go through life being called a know it all show offish
person, that's to everyone else-kind'a mean and scary.

Michael Gale

Occasional Returns, To Home Based, Regrets...

Frosted, frozen lake's winds...

Unbridled passions, unleashed, to all four corners of the world.

Galactic storms, blow forth torn, tattered remains...

A super Nova's blinding, bright.

Moon Crater's volcanic ash...

A spirited, wild comet's sudden-ed, streaking dash.

For freedom's march, upon many uncharted waters...

Will we drown in selfish, splendor-ed starters.

Occasional returns to, home based regrets...

Far too many, harbored secrets.

Hem and haw, the laughment tower...

Regail thy tales, of the hourly, power.

Restart the waves, of many, occasional stretches...

Relief from all those, many haggard, wretches.

Alas at last, the wake filled days...

Prepare as ye doth, fend off, and pray.

Michael Gale

Ode To A Much Wanted Wet Dream.

Did ya ever dream that you were drowning in a sea of loveless delight? ...
Did ya ever dream of something as lonesome as a loveless night?
Did ya ever dream that ya kept arguing a winless fight? ...
Did ya ever dream that ya wanted ta' fly a flighty flight?
Did ya ever dream of that hopeful tight? ...
Have ya ever daydreamed of that awesomed light?
Have ya ever woke up all slobbery and wet? ...
Then you've had a wet dream, Your wet, you bet!
This poem was a nice tribute to suffering from a wet dream of that someone you
so desperately want. God bless all poets-MJG.

Michael Gale

Ode To Mothers!

Blue birds and Blue Jays just flappin'in
the wind,
They are one of nature's most beautiful
whims! For hath the music in all our hearts,
Going thru life with minimal smarts!
God's overseeing everything about us,
While man is busy, creating a fuss!
Shaded trees are down by the river,
As a crying child's finger is in pain from
a sliver.
As he fusses and cringes at all
his discomfort and disdain, All that is in
his mind, is all the frustrational pain!
For without his mother's tenderly care, Easing
the pain with love that is beyond total,
and incomprehensible, devotional compare!
Alas! Dear mothers, are lovingly there!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Ode, To Be A Well, Read Book.

Oh to be a best wished tale...
Oh so fresh and not too stale.
I am a book read by many...
I am not able to eat meatballs and spaghetti.
Oh, only if i had a brain or a tummy...
Then i'd never be known as a dummy.
Oh to be lent out to many readers...
I am so nutritious to the hungry, learning eaters.
I would like to be absorbed to the human brain...
Like an antacid pill to the human tummy, relieving
the unintelligent, underfed pain.
This book would feed the human mind...
Just for the betterment of all humankind.
Oh to be a much needed learning book...
To instill good honest habits, unlike
a lying car salesman, that is a dishonest cheating, crook.

Michael Gale

Of Our Twilight's Gleaming, Freedom, Sent.

Of twilight's gleaming end in sight...
Makes all sense of a wild, partying night.

Though we heard freedom's ring...
Did we proudly serve as sing.

It was our duty to sign and join, Of our military we did...
'In God We Trust' engrave in coin.
We were brave and showed, not were we hid.

Fight on for freedom bring...
For all terrorist, do we win, then sting.

In amounts, that we may be outnumbered...
We stand with backs to the wall, tho' we
stand as twelve feet tall.

We of The United States, always volunteer to hope and help...
To other countries, we move and act, instead of remaining so
still, as unmoving barnacle and kelp.

Michael Gale

Oh, Pen In The Fire.

Thy pen is in the fire...It hath given
birth, to an artistic 's soley
rendition of hate...Of this one stayed up
come and go to hand by hand...
Continually playing, as in a s of
poems escape thy thought...Of these, i wish
i'd fly by at a quickened
clip...Once only wished, to wisely grip.A
rare thought brought to paper...Perhaps one
day, will come about so much
arrive in times of sorrow...Fun times of
the 'morrow.'Poor, poor fellow'...Uttered a
'good hello'.Wishing to meet one in
lending...Wanting a sinful forgiven
! , alas! until tomorrow...Of
wanted time, hoping to relief
fro' thy tone...Verily, the last twilight
alone.02-13-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Old Fat Robin Hood Did Not Diet.

A Bavarian cream filled donut was eaten a-many by Robin Hood...
'My oh my', said he, 'How good.

If you've seen a man in green tights with a shoulder strap filled with arrows,
slipping off a swinging vine, with a spare tired belly protruding...
Don't make fun of him by snickering and pointing, as that is very pro-ruding.

Robin hood once was rumored to fall off a log, while'st jousting with Little John...
When'st he fell, he was way, way gone.

Water soaked toupee, dripping and wet...
Robin had a hard time walking, you'd bet.

There were many jokes about his stride...
Some even have said, 'he looked like an elephantine ride'.

Yes it is true, while Robin overly enjoyed his fooded fare...
People would'st see him a-comin' and just only point and stare.

Ole Robin was rumored to be bigger than old Friar tuck...
To everyone else Robin would give the finger and say, 'You can just go and
yourself do f__ck'!

The moral of this story is don't let your weight outweigh yourself...
Or you just might diet away, like a pixie or elf.

Michael Gale

Old Female Teachers With Poloroid Cameras Can Catch You Smilin' Surprised.

I once had a substitute teacher with hair of blue...
This fact that i tell to you remains factually true.

One time other i had a female home room teacher with a hairry mustached upper lip...
It gifted her with a five o'clock shadow just under her noses tip.

I once attended a classroom inside a make-shift circle of cabinets and book shelves and a portable black board.

All this shelving like wagon trained formed inside a school's gymnasium basketball court...
This female teacher, when after we've misbehaved.

T'would fastly whip out her Poloroid Land Camera...
So that she could inform our parents when we were bad, with a split second visual report.

She was a party pooper this female teacher of ours...
She was a poor sport and also was kind of fat and olden and even real tiny like short.

So the next time you think that you always have a bad school day...
You could be enrolled in my old alma matter and that of your valuable freedom, you'd have to give up and with pay.

Now you do know what kind of matter this truly does be....
No more free days-only more to be shortly real crappy.

Is that a bad school day? ...
You bet your ass you might kind of say.

Michael Gale

On Mothers Day I Love You So!

Cards n' candy n' flowers done sent....
Where oh where has all loving time been spent?

Years of rearing and dearing and cheering for all...
Hallelujah! for momma it's good thanks to them all.

Mother's day but only comes but one time a year...
A phone call is all it takes to tell her you hold her dear.

Mothers were put on earth to raise us good...
When they get real old it's generally understood.

We put them up into a nursing home...
So they don't hurt themselves when they get too old to wander
aimlessly as they walk slowly and roam.

Our love for them we share as to them all...
We show it well when we make that long distanced call.

Mom, we love you...
The one who loved us as we grew and grew.

Michael Gale

On Smallville, Clark Can'T Fly.

Clark Can't...

Clark Can't fly yet, on Smallville...

He seems heavier and clumsier, than a Caddy, or Seville.

He has no flying will..

He won't do.

When will he fly? ...

Will he ever die?

Will Doomsday ever reappear? ...

That will be Clark's only dreaded fear.

In the Comic book, Doomsday only appeared when Clark was a man...

Was that the original plan?

Superman had died...

In a stop actioned phase, that he had, in, lied.

Clark Can't seem to fly...

This fact, is hard to deny.

Where is his costume or suit? ...

He has super hearing, not ears that go moot.

A lot of people Can't wait till flight, he does take...

With his heat vision, at least he Can cook, or even of food, easily bake.

That is the odd view, that i observe and take, and make.

Michael Gale

One Butt Ugly Bug Looking For Unchartered Love.

Ca-ting, Ca-ping, Ker-plunk, now sunk...
A lone cock roach approaches the leaking faucet.

Only a lone fork is left to rest a many few arms and legs upon
silvery tines or nary the handle...
The insect looks over on the table pondering on how he might achieve
admitance per arrivaling near so the wooden mountainy high like legs.

There yet exist's on top of the table a little light emitting fro' a flame
arising upward fro' a jarr'd candle...
Shadows fall forlornly next to this dispickable bug.

Throughout it's poor little pathetic life this bug shall not ever know the feel of
another buggish like lover...
Yet-no kisses or even not one singletary lonely hug.

What a lisless and lifeless sad filled life...
Without the feeling of love from a buggy wife.

Alas- Poor unsweet bug o' the world...
Your only chance at happiness is a stray unkept crumb.

Michael Gale

One Day, I Went Fishing For Mice.

The other day I tossed a fishing line
with a hook full of cheese down the
heating vent...

I had hoped to get a line's jiggle.

It nearly did not wiggle...

But at last! ...

It had a slight wriggle...

I pulled and hard I yanked.

In God, I had a full lengthened-belief...

In this faith filled mirror, what would

I, have to retrieve?

To my surprise, it swung back and fro'...

Did not know what to think, or what to know?

I pulled it up very gingerly, and slowly-yet...

What would I see, and what, would I get?

I got a muffled 'Please good mister-Please let me go? ..

A voice of that, I did not recognize or know.

Well look here, I said to myself...

I'll not throw you back in-You'll go on my trophy shelf.

His eyes did look forlorn and trapped, in a darkened, brown...

To my face, it did, put on a frown.

The cheese was bloodied from the hook's barbed spear...

To some one else, this should appear-real queer.

His mouth was bleeding too...

As I looked at his round furry ears, I thought, what should I do?

I can't throw him back, for that would be a waste...

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! No more chase.

As i threw him in a frying pan, atop the stove...
He would no longer harass me and freely wander and rove.

I threw in a stick of butter to him to baste...
Then mixed around in the tomatoes among the gooey-sticky-paste.

After he was done in...
I deposited him into my cat's eating tin.

Now I no longer have inside my house...
Not 'nary a bothersome mouse.

Least ways-one that talks...
Not even a silent one that steals and sneakily, stalks.

Michael Gale

One Drunken Cat Sits Right Outside My Window Sill.

I looked out the window at the bowl of Meow Mix...
Staring back at me was a grey kitty skinny as twigs or sticks.
As our eyes yet did meet....
The red collared cat looked cute and sweet.

It was skittish that cat that ran....
Flying away faster than Peter Pan.
I called out 'Here kitty, kitty'...
Ain't she small that grey itty bitty.

Only had i, me and my wife...
Had two outside cats with many wandering days in life.
That cat looked as thin as rails or real thin metal nails...
Look at that cat's real twitching and shaking of the shakiest of tails.

Look at her look about that cat of grey...
Will she come again to eat and stay?
Poor kitty, kitty....
So thin and itty bitty.

Shhsh.....Look under the car....
There she is, when she sees me she'll run real far.
There is no telling what that grey cat has put up with...
It only has survived by using it's best smartest of wit.

I'll see that great grey skinny cat...
Where will it be next, where will she next be at?
Is it true that cats always land on all four feet? ...
How do they do it? Do they cheat?

Do cats really have lives of nine? ...
Do alley cats live lives real fine?
Cats can walk into a room that is black as dark....
With sensitive of whiskers they can feel with and know where to sit and park.

Grey kitty, grey kitty will you come back to eat with my other one that's black? ...
Will you reappear and soon be back?
I'll miss you so if you go away...
Never to return for another gone day of days.

I just wonder do cats get drunk drinking only whiskers sour? ...
No they don't, not in any minutes of days or even one such hour.
I do, however believe that cats can get high on kitty cat-nip...
If they would drink, they'd drink drinks laced with catnip to sip.

Michael Gale

One Hot Mama'D Turned My Sunnyside World From Upside Down Happily Unlonely Around.

One hot mama be you do'th be...
You are a visionary doorway by thine eyes to
a beautiful passage via mine brain.
Your visaged mortaled frame is just beauty to thee...
That one heavenly body floats down to thy plain.
Angel's trumpets sounded in thy headly ears...
Once one lonely day as thee had chosen to thee to as appears.
One hot mama had crossed thine own doorstep...
My heart had jumped skip'ed beat, only after rushed thy beat had flown and left.
Worlds dissappeared like a phantom zone...
Leaving visionary connection t'ween only you and i.
No one around-lovingly and pleasingly all alone...
Without you my hot mama in my life, i would only break down and die.

Michael Gale

One Last Poem.

One last poem...
Into the fire of the infernal pyre.

I choke-on consuming grief...
In sight-No relief.

Writing and inspiration have become adrifted amiss...
I have sunken to the 'All No More Thought And Ideas'.

A cloud of mental block's revenge has plagued me last...
No thoughts-No ideas-No poems-A new dye hath been cast.

No more poems of the unlisted page...
No more words on sadness and rage.

Michael Gale

One Lone Starry Love Hoped Night.

To wish upon a star for love that comes true...
This fiery racing star will wipe from my heart my
lonesomest song so blue.

Starlight starbright...
I wish for love for me this lonliest dark night.

I wish i may or wish love stay...
Hope for love to come this day my way.

Michael Gale

One Single, Mid Life Bled, For No 'Morrow, Shall I Dread.

While'st riding rapids of the slain...
Rocky luggage, tossed explained.
Bags well traveled, fro' trip due'd trip'd...
Banged among'st life's others, tasted-slipped.
Hawk the other's spied aligned....
Took to ladies, wined and dined.
Spells of love, cast to me...
Moved thy feet, spun under thee.
Flee'd the cage of wedding ring...
Hopp'd the train, to rail, did sing.
Heart now beating, fast at race...
Singling free, no wedded trace.
Skipped the chance of favored love...
Unchained orchard, praised above.
Clouded judgement, brought to thine...
Can'st not show thy faded spine.
Tree's of forrested bloomag'ed shed...
Dusted printing of mesled.
Wandering meandering to well about...
Trip the nightlife, unfettered, a lout.

Michael Gale

One, Nervous, Sitting Duck.

Back and forth...
Forth and back.

Never can i relax, always on pins and needles.
Touchier, than an over weighted man, naked, except for sporting a skimpy, pair
of speedos.

I waltz and strode across the cage...
Pent up anger instilled with rage.

Look out, you crying, weasel pansy...
Can you tell, that i am all nervous and antsy.

The fist went to your eye, and bloodied, falling teeth, and nose...
Look at all the blood, just trickling on down in rows.

The blood, sprinkles ever so gently soft...
I've killed you once and twice, i did, it fast, at last, I've finished you off't.

Michael Gale

Only God Knows If We Should Meet Defeat

As Moen faucets the force fed thy Moen thy grass...
Looked surprised as i raised up off of my lazy old ass.

Crabgrass and Dandyion flowers...
Increases to thine eyes as too numerous thy powers.

Rain and more rain to just reseed vinal like flowering weeds into
grain pain fed visionary hours...
At long last doth thee see nothing but weathereing sights that so doth does to all
farmers to detestingly abhores as sours.

Floods causes grainial death of a farmer's profit...
Drought is something of a nature's unnatural appearansed monster that
needs the help for rain or a well hidden well, that with the help by a
self proclaimed seer and prophet.

With draught comes seasons of dried grass fires in Hell...
Homes succomb for quite a burnt up spell.

California also has it's faults....
Cliff sidal landslides and insurance drenched and drained piggy bank vaults.

Every where else rivers and lakes over flow with added flooding...
Much more much too the mudding.

Wars are waged in foreign lands...
Regrowth of heart and an unhealthy slow growing economy is now and in the
near future in failing as dismal like hands.

What will happen and what will be? ...
Will we win the economy war and the foreign war, will we win and be free?

Only God knows...
Only God, if He wishes, will the answer shows.

Michael Gale

Only God Throws, Only God Knows.

Hurricane season is almost upon them and us...
That's about enough to make anyone curse and cuss.
Why does Mother Nature and God heave such heavy damage
and bad weather at man? ...
Probably because He knows, no one will stop Him, and that
is probably why He does, and can.
Tornado's hurl great items like cars, houses and trucks...
Everyone will be able to do nothing but dodge and ducks.
Snow avalanches, mud slides in California, Earth quakes,
floods, tidal waves, tsunami's, grass fires, volcano's,
blizzards, you name it.
God shovels it all, and He shovels it out real well.
Who knows why? Who can tell?
God does it all, and no one can object...
We are His pawns, His toys, His very own plaything objects.
Only God knows? ...Only God blows and throws.

Michael Gale

'Only Money And Fame Count, When You'Re In Paris', He Said.

Old young Paris, one day she got outta jail...

Today's she's out on a medical excuse that she broke a nail.

I guess fame and fortune is a get outta jail pass...

Those judges, lawyers and prison officials can just kiss my ass.

Poor little rich bitch...

If she'd have to stay incarcerated she'd most likely turn into a conniving
surviving, tattle tailed snitch.

Many people could hear 'Where's the money, honey? ...

Something in Denmark is smelly and funny.

'Wah! , Wah! ' she cried in jail to her attorney and the judge...

No more caviar, or ice cream or even dark chocolate fudge.

She got away with breaking the law...

Only because the wheels of justice were greased by her very, very rich and
wealthy Maw and Paw!

Michael Gale

Only Politicians Makes Use Of Wars And Whores.

No anger...

No guilt.

No hatred...

None kill't.

No bloodshed...

None spilt.

No wars...

No lives lost.

No friends or family's lives lost.

War...

Who really needs them?

A whore...

Who ever uses them.

Only politicians makes use of wars and whores.

Michael Gale

Oprah Is Reading The Wrong Preachings.

Oprah Should not deny Jesus, this is the wrong way...
She should get down on her knees and pray.

She is backing all the wrong teachings...
She is reading the wrong preachings.

Her book club is backing the wrong...
She is listening to the wrong song.

Jesus is the way...
Scientologist's and others will lead her astray.

Heaven can only be sought through Him from up above...
Jesus died, to show us, God and Jesus'es love.

Belief in Jesus, is our only gain...
Of why he died, in Holy pain.

It should be everyone's only duty...
To believe in Jesus and God's Holy beauty.

Michael Gale

Our American Men Are Pawns In A Political Game Of War.

Our fallen heroes, our fallen brave...
They fell not from being afraid, but only fell to
evil madmen who want all men and women to become their slave.
Yes, they sacrificed their very own lives...
Many of these heroic men leave behind
tear shed sad and lonely children and mothers and wives.

Tho this war should never have begun...
It never would have happened if for prez, we'd had
someone as honest as good ole boy(Ronald Reagan) .
With this war we do rue and regret...
One thing for sure is that at the next election
the war will end, that is a fact that if you were to
bet against, you would surely not win.

Lives are a comodity too valuable just to waste....
From a war started in unthought of major haste.
Yes this war is way too hard....
Of human life to waste and discard.
Peace is just within reach behind the Democratic curtain...
This fact is well for certainly, certain.

For the war was brought on by a sudden push...
For it is well known that it was also brought on by
a war mongering, and political burning bush.
Yes, our men and women are bold and brave....
They are the pawns in a political game as slave.
If one were to hope for another war, there is only one thing they'd get...
That thing is nothing more but death, you'd get, i'd bet.

Michael Gale

Our Brave And Patriotic Soldiers.

Thank You, One and All....
For answering that fateful
and loyal call.

Thank You One and All...
Even when and after You fall.

From morning taps with the raising of the flag...
Your bravery shall never sway, and sag.

You have and shall inspire all of Us
with Your unwavering and loyal pride...
As You mount upon that war battle-ling ride.

Off and into battle You all, bravely go....
To serve with an honorable mentioning
to and fro'.

Many places of this world...
Patriotic as Old Glory, never
intending to yield, always unfurled.

Stiffest into the face of odds yet
unplaced as hurled...
You are the unsung heroes
of this world.

Verily the march goes on...
Until finally at last, this war
that You've all, have
experienced, as won.

You've at last, have won...
Every daughter, or brother
or sister or Son.

Every Father and Grandfather
with more tales lo' let spun....

War is like Hell, and minus all fun.

To those that have departed and those
that survive...

Those that are lucky to still be alive.

We give You thanks and God given grace...

In all Our hearts will You shine in God's
own glory loved place.

Thank You...

Thank You.

No reward will be
enough, in all full, gratitude...

Immeasurably in heightened
full, magnitude.

Michael Gale

Our Country's, First New, African-American-President.

A first, an African American President arrives...

Two thousand and nine, brings with it, newly new strives.

Time to clean house and wash anew, the economics review...

Creating new jobs and our country's redo.

Energy alternatives, searched forth-right....

Recovery, of mis-spending, duly, and now, ending.

Arms agreements, in many to sign...

Redeployment of troop's, newly militarized, design.

Michael Gale

Our Free True Colors, We Defend In The End

People object to colors so right...

These colors are true good moral and bright.

True good moral colors display your fight...

True moral shows off well itself rightly even at night.

True colors do not blend in among lies unright...

True colors show well morals held within one's self soulfully close to one's heart real tight.

True colors let all know your moral high in it's natural good Godly might...

True colors make all sinners jealous of my well lit holy bright light.

True colors make me higher than sin's highest height...

True colors influence the bad.

True colors makes sin as afraid and conquered like a diseased heart's blight...

True colors are the shade of my country's flag.

True colors make sin defeated and sad...

True colors show your pride in the high morals which make you brag.

True colors provide a winning ride...

True colors instill all patriotic pride.

In the end jealous sin tries to lighten and bleach out your colors to the dullest color's shade...

In the rightful end, you've won and bade your will by God as Heavenly made.

Our country's colors showcase our pride won thrill...

Patriotic love of your country's color enable all to selfless sacrifice to stand up to foreign terroristic and justifiably end and kill.

We the people enjoy freedom's will...

We the people, thrill to the end of manual enslavement and it's awful thrill.

We the people, win in the end...

For we are the world's freedom righteous army, looking to defeat and win its rights and by God's blessing forever more fight for them and with our last breath-defend.

Our rights and free will, cannot be coerced by rules, that to our freedom tend to end and bend...

In the end we'll give out freedom's message to the world that we by God's blessings, will send.

The world's freedom are shed by it's light to freedom's bloody color of the red, white and blue...

Those only well lit by the freely few.

America stands for free true colors...

So that in the end, our military boys return safely home to their fathers and mothers.



Michael Gale

Our Heroes-All.

We must have the will
and fortitude to cheer up
our far off and away
military heroes who are
both brave and
courageous to take up
the flag's colors to arms,
to arms.

Wars come and go
but Our heroes and
their memories live
on, long after they
have departed this
red white and blue
stripped land, to fight
a fight for freedom's
rights.

The ultimate sacrifice for
those, We miss and love...

May God Almighty protect
them all against
many instances of maiming
and deaths.

May They remain
safe beneath all Angelic
wings that be spread to
spare, their dread.
Never to never reach
that numbered dead...

Always to room inside
the room of safely-bed.

Michael Gale

Our Love Has Bloomed And, So.....

My love for you must not fade, For my heart
forever enters the heart's over flowing
saddened made!

My love call shows climbing,
strengthened faith of hearts t'will stay,
After we be eventfully united, tis will be
our seperate of winningest day!

From this moment we are at peace, From this
emotioned suffering's lease!
Forever in love we do so say,
These hearts entwined wantedly play!

Love me deeply as my heart will go,
Eternally our love has bloomed ago from
today and ever so! 11-30-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Our Loving And Forgiving Lord (Jesus Christ) .

We are all flickering in the crowded space here down on Earth....
Just awaiting for our candled wax to melt then leave us free to travel and soar up
to Heaven, nearer the Sun.

Nearer the star, Nearer to God and Jesus...
For we all are crowded down space in Heaven's uncluttered arena of our now
accepted peace filled being redone by God.
Like a candle be we burn.

After we've changed, we've needed to earn.
Need to learn-Needed to stay...
We will soon be a brighter-brightest acceptance by God, of God, Only through
the ultimate sacrifices that has been ushered into mankind, by our loving and
forgiving Lord(Jesus Christ) .

Michael Gale

Our Poor, Four Legged-Friends.

So many hidden meanings...
Sprouting from these Human-Beings.

These beings, evil be...
Can't you see, they, be?

Yes, they be evil, these beings, be...
They'll make us sad, both, you, and me.

They'll make us wake, inside a cage...
Unjustified, though, angry, be their rage.

These beings once fed and walked we, yes, they did...
Away they left us, away, they bid.

I myself still show signs of scare and pain...
I'll never more, of them, trust's, do gain.

For on these streets, in the cold and rain...
I dodge the cars, to avoid, some pain.

On other days I scratch and itch...
But on this other day, I walk with a hitch.

That truck just grazed my leg...
To fill my belly, with food, I'll do tricks, and beg.

The Winter's cold and freezing chill...
To me in whole, will it some day, finally, due, kill.

THE END

Michael Gale

Our Souls Depart To Heaven's Flight.

Our souls depart to Heaven's flight...
B'neath dimm'd lit starry night.
Moon beams sparkle-as we pass...
B'fore that Sunday's-mourning mass.
Angel'd wings of God's own might...
Ushers forth our loving holy, Father's lights.
Souls welcomed happily, through Heaven's gates...
Enables good men to accept their time given fates.
Man was born sinful, upon this earth...
Jesus came down, to be of a worldly birth.
Man continued their sinful ways...
Christ was put to the cross, to forgive man's sin filled final'd days.

Michael Gale

Our Troops Are Trapped In A War Undone As Unfun

Our troops in a war that they back as believe...
Lied to by a president who fibs to deceive.

They are trapped...
These, our troops, misled by facts unmapped.

We should be trying to find the notorious O'samma Bin Ladin...
Instead of being tired of this longest ongoing war, which makes us
down trodden.

All facts for the war...
Were made up in a lie filled store.

Bought for by politicians with an agenda of oil....
Hopely due to us, the war like spoil.

Why do we continually toil? ...
Why stay indentured embroil?

House sales are on a clear downward plummet....
The math is wrong, clearly a mis-summit.

Taxes are paid...
Peace delayed.

Many lives are lost...
But, at what human cost?

I cannot wait for the new, near election due...
Then our Iraquey war will be done and through.

Michael Gale

Our True Love Together!

Your lips are like springtime, freshly, near
and dear,
Your eyes, as pools of sparkling water, So
blue and ever clear!
Your skin feels soft as cotton, so smooth
and velveteen too,
I thank God, for you, I'd gotten, Happy when
you did so, say I do!
These three years have been so nice, as
nice as Heaven's way,
Forever together, we should be, is how we
want to stay!
When our days, down the road have ended,
we would really know,
We always wanted to be together, so as
olden, we should grow!

©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Over Three-Hundred And Fifty Poems, That I've Writ, Of My Wit.

Over three hundred and fifty poems i've writ...
Hoping to show off to others, my humerous wit.
Perhaps when after i've written my five hundreth poem...
For the morrow', i'll have died and flown to my final resting home.
Will wings be sprouted upon my back? ...
After living a life of ever living strife and attack.
Will my poetry please others long after i've died? ...
Or will my life have been lived a real well told lie after i finally lay to rest and
have been sent down on my own stiffened, back-side.
Don't even ask me what i think of old Mr. President Bush...
For right afterwards, i'll tell one and all, that you can kiss my hairy tush!
Well, hell, let's not forget higher gas prices and our own troops
losing their lives...What's to look forward to? , Per-chance husbands losing their
wive's.
Mass weapons of distruction were never ever found...Doesn't that line sound like
we're headed toward's death and we're fully war bound.
How may we get death and taxes totally off us? ...
Why it's very simple-Kick Bush right out of office.

Michael Gale

Over-Flowing Faucets Of Life!

Lo' the faucet's of life spills out and
over my land...Slowly ebbing out, it's
hourglass's fallen sand.

Butterflies pass, while avoiding my shadowy
cast...Fearing my approachful, engulfing
path.

Clouds unleash down buckets of wetness...
As my run through life, has left me, oh so
tired and breathless!

01-13-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Pack Man!

Let the games prepare....
Yet to be to be and stare.
Let the buttons mash to fight....
All through the night, this night!

Tomb Raider....
Don't You be to afraid'er!
Alas with task at hand....
Another day forward within
video game land.

Michael Gale

Paleface...Ugh! , And All.

Some indians have interesting verbage...
Not all of them are real, bad savages.

Least' not since the times of the Old West...
The American Indian has suffered the worst and best.

Paleface...
Ugh!

White and ugly...
Looks like someone, appearing-alien-negic, and buggly.

The Indian had a keen language in verbage...
They had invented alot of the home grown medicinal herbage.

The American Indian is not bad at all...
They were here before us, me, you, or anyone at all.

Michael Gale

Parent's Day Celebration!

The years on my face has shown it's wear,
My skin does easily rip and tear! Years have
gone by so fast at hand, The land of the
aged(Q-tip land) ! Wheel chairs and rockers
adorn front porches, Races of walkers is the
retired one's forces! How can one's live to
be so old? These are the years that are
known as gold! Retiring in Florida is all
the rage, For those who are into their
final days of the rest home age! Old people
are scammed by fly by night contractors,
Telephone crooks are usually the aged's
main one contactors! Their children cannot
seem to wait, to put their parent's into a
home, For them to spend their final days,
completely alone! Inheiratance time is upon
the child, It's time to spend the money and
live on the hog wild! Can't wait for them to
go to their graves, This gives more to the
child to spend, than save! 11-29-2005'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Peaceful Slumbering Days!

Peaceful slumbers arrive at later times as years do so pass...Life's experiences has taught us all that every event in life only flashes by to be listed in God's own records of our deeds and mis-deeds ever shining or in the last past! Sleep descends on our human body of souls...As our chambers are outdated and containing many more holes! We will be judged for all past deeds... God will have to judge as He continues and reads! Spirits drift up towards the light, Our time down here has been dreary or bright! The hurdles in life were raised so high...If we had wings, we would try to fly! Cheating is only second nature... That is our only life's on heightened stature! If everything in life was too easy, It would only seem so free and breezy!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Peanutbutter Addiction.

I just love eating
peanutbutter...
You can even ask my fodder and
mudder.
There is just nothing that
compares wid peanutbutter...
There just is no utter.
You can even go ask yer
sister and brudder...
Dere just ain't no udder.
Go get sum peanutbutter...
Afterwards you'll never have no
more.

Michael Gale

Pearls Of Love!

Pearls of wisdom ever so faint, Erodes at
one's heart like acid to r and
softly, i paint my encircled loved heart,
Never to never to end and depart! Weight so
weighted onto shoulders so broad, Imparting
my lips as intended as awed! Feelings
traverses my universe so wide, To breathe
you in and at my bosom's a'fronted
in me, as near, For you are my one, so tender
and Dear! Life is so empty without you at
my side, Of this fact, i intend, never to
hide! Blessed by you as part of my heart,
My love for you, shall never part! Life so
zestful, as ever inside, Made me the
happiest, when you became my bride!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Perchanced We Became As Two Into One Beating Heart.

Forsooth thy ways i wine and dine...
Whil'st thou agree to accomany thine?
Mayhaps we be agreeable to heart....
Ne'er to ever sadly part.
Perchance upon thy days of travel....
Enmesch two hearts 'gether nay unravel.
Feel how tender thy heart beats for thee...
Let us two suppine on fondly consumptions of the hearty.
Can'st not we both duelly and happily do party? ...
Bid fondness adjacent to thine own feeling.
When'st said you, did affirm....
Sent one reeling, this head stopped turning.
Ears received thy answered of such confirm.....

Michael Gale

Peter Bird, That Dirty Tird.

Peter Bird that dirty tird...
T'was born to children, comprised as many.
Peter Bird, that dirty bird...
Stole from the innocent in life.
Peter Bird, that born as third...
Wanted riches, as any.
Peter Bird, t'was always heard...
Wanting a life, married to a wife.
Peter Bird, that killing Kurd...
Would hide from the free and mighty.
Peter Bird, that sneaking tird...
Became very elusive and kin'da flightey.

Michael Gale

Phantom Of The Hoppera.

Grasshoppers jump and twist to music...
They hide in grass to spit thy journey.

They hop to hop and be mad as hopping mad...
Can they be sadly sad as sad not glad?

When they hide in long tall grass...
Be careful for sure, or they'll hop on out and kick your ass.

Grasshoppers have been found hiding inside opera houses...
Does this therefore make for a good Phantom of the Hoppera?

Do they drink beer that's filled with many a hopp?
When they are not hiding in opera houses, they'll jump in and out
of vats of ale.

Their breath will be considered stale.
Because they're known to be constantly bar hoppin'.

After they've had their fill of barley...
They jump on and leave aboard their own two wheeled Harley.

Is this is what is meant by a Phantom of the Opera?
Do they invade farmer's lands and eat their fill until they've had enough?
They don't stand still.
They hop around.

They are what is known as hoppers.
For them there is no deter...

No, no stoppers...
No stupid senseless useless mosquito's.

In land they band...
So often they land.

Michael Gale

Picasso That Lasso

The myriad of paintings hang crooked to wall...
Threatens to shutter and shake and fall.

The nu-die cutie...
Showed off her big booty.

For all voyeurs to gleefully, see...
That His great brain still imbued,
next akin to the gutter, near Ye.

Masterpieces crookedly remain askew...
Juxtaposed to an inwardly and outward
inside out like view.

One eye up here, and one other, over there...
Reveal to all, a visionary woman in shades
of blue paled, next to Her over sized ear,
and blonde curly and unraveled, hair.

Michael Gale

Pictorial Verse.

A picture-Says it best...
Memories loving, inlaid nest.

Always close inside my heart...
Never wanting to leave, as part.

Etched to brain and memory's past...
Forever sadly, Never to last.

For when we part from this life spent, sphere...
We leave behind, memories-Dear.

Michael Gale

Pin Afor-Min Adore.

Pin-Afor...

Men Adore.

Pin-Afor is a woman...

Her name of first, is Pin.

Her name of second, is Afor...

It is safe to say.

That men just extremely adore her...

Pin Afor.

Men Adore...

Michael Gale

Plane, Unflighted Love.

Your love...

Your feelings, you folded mine, into a paper plane and threw it out the window.

There it went, way up high, and way above...

You cheated my heart, you chewed it up, and it whittled and spindled.

Why did you fly away with my heart? ...

Why did you, let us two, float further and depart.

Our love was but like a yo-yo, drawing away from the string of each other's heart...

Further, we bounced to the floor, and snapped back, further we from each other got smaller and became, we unsmart.

Hula hooped, rebound unbalanced we'd be...

Finalized, assuredly, we were free.

About face, gone our own way...

No more love, no way-Ho-say!

Michael Gale

Please Do Cut Mine Umbrellica Cord.

Please dear mom, do cut mine umbrellica cord...
To this spoilage, one cannot, well afford.
Love for thee i do contend...
Tis be it eternal, not to end.
Mama's boy, i do seem labled, to others...
They seem to read well, of your constant sent smothers.
My heart hints to me, to tell of my love for you...
Please give to me, my space, of you.

Michael Gale

Poetic Love Songs.

Some songs should be a poem...
Even more, the poems, a song.

The words in songs, assemble nice and neat...
Awaiting the consumption, of our hungry, ear-meat.

The eyes do see, what we cannot hear...
Our ears do speak, what might, we fear.

A song endures, deep to thought...
A poem allures, what love, had brought.

Michael Gale

Poetical Well Being.

Poets use verses that versus at best...

Do good poets use verses that stands within times own unequalled
at'test?

Lines and stanzas metered in count...

Creates many monumental entombments enshrined of thy most famous
unreachable mount.

Lessons of life brings honour felt being....

While at the same time enables our eventual seeing.

Michael Gale

Poetic's Edge.

Bequith this spirirt b'tween mine head...
Ever more numb'ed as headless the dead.
A shift shap'ed heart's emptied chamber...
To each and one all reads out the most lamer.
A quoted quote emoted by thee...
Becom'th plagerised and stolened by ye.
Hath the idea said so mine...
No one had ever caught thy, that ye was blind.
Writes of a passaged year so near...
Time is cautioned by neared as the feared.
Lessons of earnest learned so hard...
Lastly forgotten the once heard bard.

Michael Gale

Poetry And It's Many The Miles Spent, Happily-Read.

Trodden be the miles spent of me...
Miles lent in feet, that be.

Many more inches of number ed, added up...
Thirstily drunk, from thine, fine, learn-able cup.

Alas, we absorb and sup...
Like one obedient, friendly pup.

Devouring, we be...
A learning, hunger, for both, you and me.

Down the road of worldly trade...
Due, we march in this-parade.

Encountering, sights awe inspiring...
Happily we all, find in it, something, magnificently, desiring.

Tasteful, in want...
Immeasurably, by far, this jaunt.

Inside a dark, silent library...
Haply read, without contemptible bribery.

Not, we be sad...
Only glad.

Michael Gale

Poetry In Motional Displacement.

Poetry is a force...
That in the end.

Keeps driving us...
To share our views and wisdom.

To the passengered, reader...
On our imagination's adventures journeys.

Don't ya know? ...
For, in that journey.

We are all amazed...
In constant awe.

To finally realize...
What did seem real.

Was what...
We actually, had not seen,

But wished, what we saw.
And, Feel.

Michael Gale

Poetry Is A Love Cake, Baked By God.

Poetry is the crust surrounding the arty genius and appreciation
of man baked in with tender love and care...

Poetry and the love of it, is but of what i care, to God-Almighty-i swear!

Love is the heart laid bare...

Love is the showing proof of care.

Love of the one i care...

Is-after all, given unselfishly-rare.

Poems, after all-are from the heart...

Caused by man's own mind, and from-the rarest, unselfish start.

Let all good women and men, show to the world, a caring- loving breed...

After all- This-is-our most yearning need...

God will love all good men and women of sort....

This, in being-is just His all most perfect and operational-as sport.

God is a most forgiving and, most loving God of Gods...

He has to be-When in dealing with us mere mortals and clods.

Michael Gale

Poet's Ode

Nicely done, were Yon words
That flew faster to screen than
those fastest of birds.

Peck, peck, pecking to keys ahead
Like fingers, all alive and still
moving - not dead.

We have the job to put
into words, and sayings
Thought and phrases and
praises, in all the deaths
and life filled sayings.

We are the poets and seekers
of truth
We compose them all in
roughness or be they smooth.

In the end, where they land
By Our brains and
unbar - gained brand.

Ever be thy beau tied rest
To stand a testament of eternal,
time's best.

Michael Gale

Pogo's Rekindling Sticks To My Heart.

Pogo stick bound for greater heights...
Forever springing up for fancied flights.
An arc intersects for at the meeting...
A much searching trip for learning the role of cheating.
Boing! , boing! , boing! ...
Spring to thee a heartfelt kindeling.
Add more romanceful sticks to complete the whole heart's fires
Rekindling.
Crackel snap and pop...
Am i yet at the place held above the top?
Will i fell to a fast hard landing's flop?
Boom! ...
Clean up time.
There is no failed time or room.
Let's go get the mop up broom.
Go through life and pick up many fallen broken pieces...
To my heart and soul, What may be in life my eventual role?
Let's climb up the ladder's steps and slide down life's slidden down
path to a final succeeding failure.

Michael Gale

Political Curtains Are Assuredly, Certain.

Wars are waged by evil and powerful Men...
Men hid behind the thickest veils, be these
political curtains.

Curtains which bind the truth
behind tall told lies.
Of which these shadowy ghosts,
fulfill great minds and freedom ed stale.

To redundantly swell the muzzled, well.
With silenced and acrid the deadliest smell.
Another dollar for one so hid.
Rich to kill the one that bid

To put to an end by wicked wealth.
Silenced for good, with one good, stealth.
Crack goes the bullet's paths.
Even knives that tend to last.

Michael Gale

Politricks.

Get out the vote...
Post it note
(to myself) .

Get out the vote...
Lies that she wrote.

Get out the vote...
He got caught lying but he was already a preselected scapegoat.

Is this election times full of promises that won't be kept? ...
Liars! Liars! Liars! Lying political crooks are inept and exzempt.

Let's go to war....
Reelect that Iraqiian whore.

Of all the deceiteful tricks and constant lies...
In two thousand eight Mr. Bush's time in office will at last end and dies.

Politricks equals political lies and tricks...
That is their real meant meaning-POLITRICKS!

All lies! Is common sense never used and always despised? ...
Politricks- All promises all lies all unkept and all oh all unrealized.

Politricks is infiltrated by lying dicks...
That's who is in Politricks, Those dumb assed dicks.

Michael Gale

Poor Old Pete, Had 29 Feet.

For the love of Pete...
With twenty nine feet.

Who tells them most whopping tales...
Maybe-about a blubbering blue and another red and golden clumsy pair 'o
whales.

These talking whales you see...
To other beings, might seem quite brutish and ugly.

You see old Pete, with twenty nine feet, would have an over sized budget-in
shoes...
And Odor Eaters, please, what a laundry bill, for his socks, always come, dues.

Fourteen and a half pair of socks can create such a laundry bill, can't you see? ...
Talk about your hospital bills, How funny?

Poor old Pete, with twenty nine feet, ran out of money...
So he double timed it into a bank, rigged with a gun on twenty seven feet and
two hands-How this must seem too funny?

He would be like a human machine gun...
Son?

Pool old Pete with twenty nine feet came down with a bad case of Epilepsy and
had such a shaking attack...
That he kicked himself to death, in his derriere-sided back.

Michael Gale

Porous, Government Waste, Of Yesterday.

Porous waste...

Pouring through my fingers.

In my mouth, a most terrible taste...

Past, Federal Government, spending waste,

Like an allergic reaction, to a bothersome

bee's or wasp stingers.

It hurts, ever so long and hard...

Like a long, rusted, jagged, twisted in, glassine shard.

Spilling, long, languid, drips of blood...

Still, in mouth, unsavory and untasty, rushing to my moral

taste bud.

No more, nay, nay, forever, no more...

A new President in zero-nine, One who will help

out, the oppressed, and downtrodden and poor.

God bless this country, ours...

No more, mis-integrity, and, a state of being, sore.

Amen.

Perhaps, an over due, happy end.

Michael Gale

Promised Love's, Unopened Door.

Forever more, my tortured heart, feelings blue and true...May when ever love does follow, regroup thine feelings t and sorrow hurt my feelings, after ye scream and yell...A hatred's wrath is so steaming, as demeaning and sent to can i love thee fleeing? ...How may i ever tell? Mine heart for thee is ever beating...Beating to break and over love for thee is often debating...Debating on how degrading, how degrading thy heart be filled with heated made up af't passionate lovemaking...Spread so heated, up so late.

A love so healthy and more careless, Which does make thy heart well sore...All this storm of angered, vantaged, All more love, forever more... Lets no longer add the vantage, ever more to cease and light our heart's fired light, Fired long and ever loved each other down the aisle...Promised love's unmatched denile, Forever more at each other's love opened door. 02-14-2006'.

Michael Gale

Prose?

Should I wish to write some Prose today? ...
Will I decide to stay this way?

This written verse...
Could on the 'morrow, be the worse?

Should I now, wish to write some Prose? ...
Is it good, or possibly-gross?

The words do not good...
It is like moving out of the poetical neighborhood.

No rhyme or reason...
No poetic Season.

No other reason...
Only, treason?

Michael Gale

Psychologically Raped.

Psychologically raped people have for a time, been raped morally in their head...
This in turn can lead to a moral that's dead.
This victim is usually soulfully tortured by an uncaring selfish,
full of themselves, husband...
Stuck on one's self, seems to be their inbred trait.
They are constantly angered by their own impatient, failed state...
These Cro-Magnon men, think that they have to be the boss in the failing
marriage.
They belong tied up and cornered, trapped inside their own punishing
voiced, Inescapable held carriage...
These brutish, self absorbed freaks of nature, belong in a psychological zoo.
Held prisoners of their own nonessential verbal utterances...
Hopefully to one day, suffer by their own practiced fouled mouth.
They should be shipped into outer space...
That way, they'd not need to have to save their own unworthy face.
Forever, until death, they are forced to live in a total viewing by others,
as human waste of a disgusting disgrace.

Michael Gale

Pumping Iron.

Muscles and tendons always so sore, Lifting
the bells added poundage and ting
and bending joints to this day, Bulging and
growing for contest's ng and
puffing with sweat on my arm, Tugging and
pumping my health this work, one
day may pay off, Quitting smoking and ending
my cough! Walking on the beaches, turning
girls heads, Taking them home and filling my
ng real hard, landing that title,
Not being fat, lazy or in movies
and knowing the stars, Spending the money and
driving fast cars! These are rewards of my
being so smart, Not ugly and fat, but with
healthy a heart!

2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Pumpkin Patched To Death.

A lantern lit night bars all way towards safety and harbor...
Ghost's float round pumpkin patch.

Teenage pranks await escapement fro' policial catch...
The dead ones walking toward's all God fearing people who hate Evil ones that
they abhore.

That headless horseman one and all cannot ignore...
An ax to the head may make one way too sore.

Even dead...
As one fleeing ax put to head instead-
Of to proper' red log or tree.

Michael Gale

Pure Of Heart-This Soul, Thy Bard.

A man greateth cry....
He cry-he die.

A man greateth lie...
He lie-he die.

A man greateth try...
He try-was why?

He be a man of greateth stature-ever so pure...
His heart do'th stir-of emotions the cure.

Why must a man cry so hard? ...
Pure of heart-this soul, thy bard.

Michael Gale

Rainy Day Spirit Of Love Ever Be For Thee.

Rainy day spirit of love filled with fear...
For the loved one held so near and dear.
Showered down feelings of fondness as if from
parted clouds hovering way up high...
Love of thee shan't ever to be ever one to deny.
Rainy day spirit of love resides fro' thee....
May this spirited filled love always be spent to thee.

Michael Gale

Ramshackled Rubbings Of A Deathly Past...

Ramshackled rubbings amongst the lonely cold deserted stones...
Are these the dreaded dead?

A blood splattered stone drips off to living relatives their saddened life stories...
No more life and no more worries.

Peace of mind...
Worries and life's past left cleanly behind.

Michael Gale

Rap Music Is Merely C-Rap-And The Wealthy Famous Get Away With Murdering Crap.

Tary-tary me not...

No more extra time, is what not, i've ever had, or got.

If time were on my hand...

Perhaps i'd learn to read music, so's i could start my own rock band.

Not a rubber band-from Never never land.

OJ got away with murder...

He did so much more than merely hurt her.

OJ was found guilty in a civil court...

Not many days were spent in jail by this evil ex jock football sport.

He was accused of stabbing and doing the dicing and slicing of his wife...

He dealt her more than bad grief or merely psychological strife.

Was it jealousy or the fear of loss of money? ...

That caused that ex athletic actor to kill his honey?

This case just goes to show you if you've got the fame and wealth...

You can get away with murder, after you've stalked with silent talents of undiscovered sneaky stealth.

The song titled 'Beat It' describes what is done with any criminal law breakage or any such rap...

The well to do can get away with any such crap.

If you take the music that is called Rap...

You can put the letter c in front of that word and that's what you've got left.

Complete and total CRAP!

Michael Gale

Reborn To Love's Super, Superiority

Reborn to love's superiority while
flying high in a glad filled force field
of the heart, to never be penetrated
by sadness farewell!

Alas great light to Thy heart
wrenched tight...
To Thy eyes bid good news
in beat this happy night.

For into this darkened yet now newly lit site...
Into This wholesome and reassembled night.

Love hath now spoken...
Finally as like a titanium
chain, strongly unbroken.

Be this chamber of happiness and gladness...
To forever drift into this night of craziness, plus sadness.

Beckoned forth as into the once, lonely night....
Only partially aware of, infer tiled, heart aching-fright!

Be as emblazoned as grief encapsulated, that fight...
Beyond all help and hopeless flight.

Escape the heart ached light....
Into the torrential flood gates of bright
initialed, plight.

We will have no recourse, but to dredge
on into this unyielding flash of, light...
Ever so brightest this pained filled night.

Hence forth the smirk turned tail...
Only to at last to Thee, wail Thee, swell!

Hearken to Thy darkest black sight....
Forever to sniff the arid laid night.

Pain wracked flesh flit to a fiery pain...
Ne'er to gain an advantageous plane.

Always N' forever as ever This pained, aching carcass...
Truest the Druid and linguistic, fluid, mark Us.

In Thy reddest blood that dripped, Thy,
wettest, yet, reddest red-dead...
Into Thy chamber's spread throughout,
As in likewise, this final, arid dry-drought.

No more torture of the heart...
Forever bled, completeness all emptied-depart.

Michael Gale

Reddish Buffalo's Sunset Shadows!

Dolphins splash and splash and play...The
water sprayed one sunny do swim
beneath the water...From the sun, it sure got
Its swarm and attack the deep
blue top...Way too much liquid for any ole'
Rays of the deep play a game of
tag...Gliding swiftly and fast, as a deer or
pinkish sunset upon the horizon...
Shrouds such light over the Buffalo Bison!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Redirected Rage At Students Unblessed-Thank God, I'M No Longer Possessed.

Redirected rage tossed aside it's predestined path...
Can't blame 'nother problem by school and math.

In high school i was at a stand still in summer school math
and American history...
Never got an a or even a dee.
T'was just an eff just due to me.

I did not want ta become a rocket scientist or teacher of years
in time...
What law had i broken? -What caught was my crime?

Art and English were just my best subjects...
That fact was clear to my teachers, no lie or not even a false pretext or subtext.

As a teenager i was hard to control...
The grade school hall monitor was always out on Mike Gale patrol.

Fights were attracted to me as like a mighty over powering magnet...
That should seem to all readers of this bad fact that is solomnly
tragic.

I just don't know how my teachers put up with me...
The school board had unanomously had voted for a teachers pay increase for
observence of yours truly.

Overtime was their only way...
That's how teachers who broke school rules were forced to pay.

I'm just glad to this day that i've matured and changed...
Thank God Almighty-I'm no longer deranged.

Michael Gale

Regained Cupid's Love Stained Arrow! !

My heart hath fallen upon the ground...
Not witnessed by any, not heard a sound!

Anguished heart break did yearn one's
desire...Heatedly snuffed, t'was love's own
fire!

Darkened love's door steps, silenced by
hate...Jealous of a new lover's romance
and fast reaching gait!

Winning back mine mate's wanted love...
Enamored by Cupid's arrow, shot from above!

12-22-2005'.

Michael Gale

Retrofitted, By God's Own Loving Care.

Mocking my desire only encapsulates my all engrossing, growing ire...
Speed me onward toward's my 'Four Sea's On 'El dutied flowering hour.
Encase me in an all encompassing overprotective, constraintly-constant power.
Latch onto my well concentrated, ill fated stare...
Can you believe in it's well informed, entrappening snare?
Heart and sorrow, begin anew...
How can one, uncaring person, mess with you?
Fast winded sands, spread outward it's vast desert scene...
Such a beautied sight, by man, can never be seen.
Oh, so obscene!
Retrofitted by God's own garage in the most Heavenly sky...
Long over ocean's waters, as far as the human eye, may ever see, or
espy.
A water fall's cascadence, tumbles down, miles to good ole' earth...
Worldly bowels, leading to a new renewed, splashing, liquidic birth.
Nature is God's beautied, artful scene...
Hopely, from the 'morrow, that scene twill never be broken.
Happly, by God, to be kept to heart and forever be well spoken...
A lasting preciouuse, heart felt token.
Happly, by God, twill remain thy best kept, unbroken.

Michael Gale

Rhagoon

Who splits the the starry darkened night's shifting shapeless moon?

Who paints the night but one God like artist-Known to ancient man as
Arlo the all seeing being Rahgoon?

This Arlo Rahgoon whom comes down off pedestal'ed air-ic sky
Why did man worship night's death?

Why was he-man?
Doomed to die.

Where went'st his lessened breath? ...
Rahgoon'ly God too soon'ly was to explore Moon's shinning beams.

All was well-as doth lo' seems
Asundered not torn-Held fastly by strongest seams.

Prayer by man-was sent up to a god by all men-well known
Worship'ment sent by forlorn'ed of men-Their fates prewritten as anchor'ed and
sewn.

That man, was a hunting fiend whom relied on only himself-be lone
Rahgoon-That ugliest most god high-Would not grant man time for sins-atone.

That selfish man of long ago
Would'st procrastinate his time and allow only wasted hours and minutes to show.

That man'ly man would not know, if how to make proper warrior'ed
calls
If he in battle was extremely careless-T'would find himself by many enemies-
Minus his own precieuse hallowed balls.

Michael Gale

Right To Write

I sit and ponder what should be written,
Choosing the love bug, by which, I was bitten!
Themes and ideas are hard to come by, As
denying my love, 'tis would surely be as a
lie! Odes and sonnets are so well and
becoming, As anger and resentment is so all
and ever succumbing! Thy heart rules my one
and every mood, When it's empty, like a
stomach, it's due it's much wanted and
needed ones and task's are
assuredly at hand, Creates this type of
poetry as my mode and brand! To be or not
to be is the deep down question, To hone and
sharpen, 'tis as a tormented lesson! Lest
ye pass this all final test, Though without
trial and error, we cannot be thy best!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Ringin' Our Bell To Freedom.

Ring a bell, ring the bell, ring true, make it ring, it's gong...
Liberty's freedom, sing off in it's song.

Freedom's long unparreleled journey...
A right to an unchallenged, defense attorney.

Let freedom sound upon our shores...
Let us all share it's liberty's, in stores.

Let the Eagle soar to new heights never dreamed....
A love for our country and it's God, appreciated, it seemed.

In this land, to be able to defend it's honor...
Let the 'Stars and Stripes, display to all,
'Pride ever clear and set right tight-plainly,
'Upon her.

I am allowed by God, to bear arms in defense...
So that, in the end, no one may show me,
more feared mortal, offense.

Ring the bell of liberty's freedom...
Because before us, brave men,
sewed the harvested, and indeed,
did, seed, 'em!

Ocean's quell the fear of the damned and bad...
By God's own hand, Jesus will come,
then we will no longer have to suffer and
feel, so sad.

Ring the bell, ring the bell, and ring it hard...
I've saved my soul, the one, , this-won,
this- card.

What could go wrong? ...
Not in so many, words
-this, song.

Ringo, Grew Old, & Learned To Play Bingo.

When we get old, our bones do creak...
We get hard ta hearing, and can hardly speak.

There will one day, be a Beatle, who gets old, and his name will be Ringo...
He wont much want to gamble, except, perhaps to go to the parlor, to play
Bingo.

Too bad Elvis is not alive? ...
Into a wheel chair, would he easily, survive?

He'd wish to shake and rattle and roll...
But in reality, he'd be lucky to want to be able to walk, as stroll.

This Elvis you see, was buried real nice...
In an nonmilitary like setting, all much better than mere unpoorably he would
not set.

He, now is, better, off than just plain old, and nice.
We are all, very much lucky to live to be a hundred, yet, let alone, as much as, in
years, as, twice.

Michael Gale

Robert Frost Or Deafened Mossed.

Robert Frost with a heart of gold...
Written down well as artisticly bold.

Edgar Allen Poe...
Lived not long to go.

Given this day our daily read...
Dare we to walk as sacred dread.

Shakespear did 'ith long and hard...
Down thy barrel of a long emptied bard.

Tary not our way to right...
Lured to thee as well thee fight.

Must to us do we still thee trust? ...
Heads nor tails or smartly thrust's.

Michael Gale

Robin Red Breast, At Best!

Innocent Robin eyes that views as sweeps...
Morning bird songs of chirps and cheeps.

Spying a worm in grass so high...Tis' time
to take off and dive and fly.

Beak in the grass that stabs at best...
From one who wears an orange crested breast.

It's off to the nest with food in tow...
To feed it's young with morsals so slow.

The young chick did fall from the tree...
To learn to fly and thusly be independant
and free!

Once this bird did learn to fend...This
nature's full circle will continiously to
proceed and never end!

01-11-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Rock Star

With a song in my heart, as I step out on
stage, Intending to sing a verse revealing
my rage! A rock musician, I may seem,
Lonely yearning great wealth is my only
dream! Without fans to express my feeling,
Of life's let-downs I find hard in dealing!
Energy in vocals is my only escape,
As dealing with reality is my sorrowful
fate! When I can no longer deal with life's
sorrow, I get depressed and find no more
tomorrow! Drugs seem to follow me, at every
turn, Peace and tranquility I desperately
yearn! Cocaine soars me, to a new high
living, I guess I should be happy, that to
fans, that I am giving! Thine darkness be
closing in and all about me, When awakened,
my soul shall be ever so set free!
Meeting my maker forever, with all of
eternity!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Rocky Roded, Times Mis-Stayed.

Have you ever been child molested? ...

Have you've ever, had your life, controlled and contested?

Have you ever, most of your preteen days, wasted away? -

-In and out of foster homes, until at fourteen, that fateful one, day?

Have you ever had your faith in man, severly tested? ...

Do you ever wish, that the offender, had been arrested?

They are dead, now, that being, so vile and strange...

No longer free, to prowl and range.

Their time will now be spent in Hell...

This time, i know, this clear fact, i do foretell.

My soul has been tested, i am now feeling better and well...

There is nothing more, a sick mind could swear or tell.

The pain has been filtered, lifted and washed away...

Guilt feelings will never return, to steal happy thoughts, this futured, positive day, will, forever-happly stay..

Michael Gale

Romeo And Juliet, Were Dumb To Do, 'Till Death, Will We Part? '

Ah yes-We do leave sweet sorrow behind if we end it all..
Does this make us seem so tall?
Do we need to take at hand? ...
Should we wear this wedding band?
Should we end it both together? ...
Can we stand this stormy weather?
Death cannot end it all...
Only give a long hard fall.
Of to life, we do not forestall.
As Umps in life we do not make good calls.
Do we tie up our kinky lover? ...
Do we watch and only hover?
Are you crazily still standing up above her? ...
Just cling to life, Go on and just love her!

Michael Gale

Rude Or Thoughtless People- As Beings.

Do you want to know what is a stupid thing in life to do?Leaving the car keys locked inside a running car.

That has got to be the biggest bone head, thing to do...That in itself would be the excuse to get a brain that is different or at least, brand new.

Another stupid and thoughtless feat, that one should ever claim to accomplish, is to drink alcohol, or text, or even talk on a cell phone, while driving in traffic...The effects of this blunder-could be quite tragic.

Life should not be dealt with so willy nilly...Everyone should get a brain, and quit being so stupid and silly.

Another dumb thing to do is leave your child inside a car, unattended, in their car seat...Especially, in high degrees of temperatures of the Sun's killing heat.

With the key in the ignition...There here, should be no indignation.

People should not hit or mistreat a wife or a child...They should not let their temper go ramped and wild.

Michael Gale

Rude, Loud Mouthed Hotdogs-Turned Me Vegetarian, For Life.

I hate and detest hotdogs of the human kind...

They seem to have a low content's of the brainaged mind.

They appear to be forever cursed, to be loud mouthed show-oafs...

These people are not hard working, but are lazy and constantly meat headed loaf's.

Know-it-all dumb cases, lack imaginal fortitude...

They can be missing an indepth'd, full grasping imaginal latitude.

They are full of them selve's, they are crude as well as being rude...

They need to get a well structured life.

They need to quit dishing out much hated strife...

Hotdogs impress other people to turn vegetarian.

Maybe they'd become smarter, if they would get a job as a hard working librarian...

Hotdogs in life are reasons given, for everyone wanting to get an abortion.

Hotdogs possess a real lowered I.Q, by a brain, that has very low contented proportions.

Michael Gale

Rustic Beginnings Of Over-Emotional, Anger Charged Feelings...

Rustic beginnings of over emotional feelings...

Can at times seem foreign to inner dealings,

From family members to family members
engrained with animosity and genetic hate...

Inbreeds beings of entire heated rejectional ire and dealings of scornful passions
maddening and so crazily irate.

Scoffing rantings of strangering strangling, so alien to those of thy...

Fearing retaliation for purposeful deceitful meandering of thoughts not
seen as regular and right are sometimes viewed as heightened ways
to forever mightily defy.

Death and carnage may be the only rightful course...

Angered ire and hostile feelings are wrought only from misrepresented lies that
are disguised as the only intelligent level headed evened source.

For the morrow of wicked ways....

Shall return destinies' tomorrow, of all the unremembered and uneventful lost
minutes in seconds of day's emotional displays.

Michael Gale

Sad And Forlorn Whil'st Stranded In La La Land.

Caught in La La land without a ride...
Can leave one inert as if inside a pool of cement.
The sadness that arises fro' this situation can keep one mentally tied...
Are we drowning in our own pool of sadness and depression?
Is a lethal injection of forlorn loneliness close at hand? ...
Are we still feeling that we've been trapped in fast sinking quicksand?
Throw me a lifeline please and pass it fast...
I just don't know how long i'll last?
Depressional tides can drown me quick...
Survival of the psychologically unfit may be an unusually hard trick
to master at best.
How can i survive the life long test? ...
Because i've been around the block a few times more than the
usual mark.
I'm in my home...
My natural habitat indoor outdoors park.

Michael Gale

Sad Emotions Unclothed, Bare And Naked, True.

Sad emotions unclothed...
Naked and unprotected.

Plain in view to the heart of brain...
May seem to you or I, shamefully insane.

How might we view this course? ...
Saddened, true, our sighted source.

Truest colors inflamed to art...
Inhued to best, our lov'd heart.

Michael Gale

Sad Songs Of The Heart, Weep And Sob.

Sad songs of the heart weep and sob....
Heart-ache in pain to happy thoughts steal and rob.

How can we go on happy go lucky all through life? ...
Where do the turns in life end in strife?

Sad nested cries we weep...
Unanswered lies we sweep.

Under our carpeted, live-in closet...
Temper's struck-that we've lossed it.

Hell hath no fury as that of an evil'ed angered lady...
Look up and clear'ed as we bid fon farewell and bade.

Gravely we send off and unsoftened heart...
Tomb stoned and cluttered, spread earth'd, apart.

Body input deep to grave...
Man's turn to address, man's maddening, madness unbrave.

Death, in the end comes well about...
Death eats us up, hoof, cheek in snout.

Alas, alas death be beneath us all...
Death be our only call.

Michael Gale

Saddened Hairry Poo Poo.

Lips of glass that spoil my sightless sign...
Spinal back'ed bones reveal a jellyfished behind.
Penciled dirty girth upon my pillow...
Lets intermix thy spit o'le swallow.
Had i spent Christmas shot into the moon...
Popeye squinted spinach salad sandwiches at the Nerd patrol goon,
Not til' Howdy Doody spewed his Deputy Dawg Doo Dewed.
Arrest the Hatfield and McCoy few, few fued.
Playboy Bunnies hopping in the nude...
Clothes came off to show off naked pink, sprout things dat enlarged and grew.
Shasta soda drip from my lip...If you stole my drink, a zippered lip
t'will sipless be zipped.
I'll gladly pay you for the 'morrow...An emptied wallet sheds deepend
wet sorrow.
Frick frack, black attack the porclained broken sparrow...
Diet fads like Jenny Craig don't work for over fattened heads so narrow. Fiddle
dee doo doo...Your looks in the meer looks like
saddened hairry poo poo.

Michael Gale

Sadness Swelled And Ached Hardest Fell...

As i reached for my favorite bowl of oyster stew...
In life almighty, nothing else will do, oh do.

Like my favorite girl in life...
Destined to be my ever lovin' wife.

Our eyes locked together in eternal contact across the room...
My heart shook hard, to beat and boom.

Love did take me to complete surprise...
That love meter tripped to overflowing rise.

Eyes, once more locked in stare and dare...
Emotionally nothing matters, once we care.

Emotionally poor and empty when'st we walked out through yon door...
Feelings fell hard to never-once more soar.

Yon heart hath broken as like many shattered pieces, upon thy floor...
Away from my door's own ache-ed store.

Love matters only of the heart, dares leave and depart...
Tears fell down across mine cheeks.

Sadness swelled and ached hardest tell...
As loudest speaks my yearn'ed tale.

Michael Gale

Sadness is Only A Recourse Of Time Gone Astray...

Hi Frank! Glad ya came this day...

To finally play.

When your witty written words do so appear...

Into readers' hearts remain they so clear and dear.

Well written thoughts achieve great feats...

Marched only through the creative beats.

Alas young soul so fond of memories galore....

Happiest of time's timed days of lore.

Sadness is only a recourse of time...

What be this poet's most sorrowfullest remembered crime?

We all regret feelings that we did not spread....

Until too late except for the dead.

Michael Gale

Sandied Dunes Of Man's Unanswered Arrival.

Where is the wind of the Whipper-will-The one of clawed down candy? ...
Where be it's drawn frowned brandy?

False starts of my beating heart...
Make only for undressed failings of man's own mini-mart.

Of hope regrets altered stay...
Bejest this joke this austered way.

Sandied dunes of man's arrival...
Preset to thought of man's denial.

Make-shift huts of unlived in adobe
heart and mind...
Wraps up choices into thinly layered words.

That tree of life learned lessons dangle gently in breezes enjoyed wholly by
many nature's birds.

Michael Gale

Santa Hit That Power Line At Break Neck Speed.

Santa cracks that whip at Rudolph's nose...

Was good ole Santa cleared for a fast take-off from ground control inside it's tower? Was the gas tank filled by elve's very own unzipped flies urined power? Rudolph led the team straight into an electrical power line...Fast to the earthbound ground, was heard a crackling sound. Zzzz a p! was heard followed by this thunderous crash...

Those poor deer looked like an ashened blackish mound of potatoes stir fried and not a measley mis-mash. Santa got back up and dusted himself off...While gagging and he let out an unsuspected cough.

His hair was once all colored white...But the reindeer could not see too far because Santa's doo was way too bright. Santa took out his cell phone and called for a cab...But it was hard for him to get inside because of his excessive driver put poor old Rudolph's carcass

upon the hood...Now in this blizzard's night, Rudolph's nose and Santa's hair, while sitting up front, would make visibility ever so good.

Santa would return back to the coroner's office after delivering all the toys to every good girl and boy on his last stretch of this trip.

At the coroner's viewing of Santa's deers...Santa fell over and got back up with a horrible limp, Santa had a saddened end to this travel the airport as he flew away...He bid all good bye and ushered in a fit of at the North Pole he told his elves to patch up himself and Rudolph. He finally sighed and said fix up and repair my sleigh, For i'll need everything brand new for next year's Christmas Holiday.

Michael Gale

Santa Of The Hood.

Many many years ago i started a contract of work in honor...
You see my name is Santa Clause when i feel like it-Is driven around in a flying sleigh by one flying reindeer named Donner.

Other deers also pull my magic flightful sleigh...
To where good children live and stay.

Bad children never see realization of my one night's eve visit....
It's their behaviorable problems of their's that dictates my one nightly arrival.

It is those spoiled rotten children's fault is it not? ...
Or is it the nonparental parent's fault don't you think?

As parents they don't smell good-They just obviously stink...
It's the parent's fault is it not? or is it?

Is that why most times i just do not visit? ...
Is it? Is it? Is it? Is it? -For that one night's yearly visit?

Elve's locked up down in my dungeon way over at the far distant
North Pole...
Tucked away tighter than in a rabbit or gopher hole.

You may now ask why i seem to be as like the biggest of big assholes? ...
That is i by God's only hand were elected to this high office of power
in an unreachable highest tower.

Does this make you rethink your position on believment in Fairies
and Trolls? ...
Why do i as a magical being assume life's such mundane tasteless
of goals?

It is simple son...
You blind dumb Simpleton.

You believe in Dragons and Ogres and Pegasesses and even
Leprecawns who ride on the backs of talking unicorns...
Why believe in horses whom out of their foreheads sprout ugly twirling spiraled
of horns?

Pixie dust showers and sprinkles from clouds of thunder storms just off the horizon...

From lying untelling of truth word of mouth unyielding authors.

Panty wasted lying rich bufoons without common sense...

Have no rights having and raising spoiled children with over bearing and rudeness of much heightened tempers that be way too hot and worsely of worsted intense.

So for you that do not know....

I am Santa Clause-The one who delivers gifts and toys to only all good girls and boys.

I've lived forever way way over at the North Pole all completely surrounded on all sides by yearly mountains and mounds of white whitest of white snow.

God chose me to reward only the good...

If you are bad and live in the hood.

No toys you bad girls and bad, bad boys...

So if you think there is something you should fear.

Don't be bad or you'll have an empty Christmas tree right over here.

Michael Gale

Satan, Will To Hell, Be Eternally Hurlled.

Hands clasped together as in prayer...
God is there, yes, he is there.

God looks down upon this ground...
I am here, i am sound.

I look up to God, up in the clouds avast...
Bad days of mine, thankfully, my ways... in the past.

Jesus, our Lord, Loves me so...
This the fact, that i know.

I wake up every morning, loving all...
I've heard my summons, God's loving call.

I weep of sorrow, when death comes a-calling...
This saddened state, i find appalling.

Then it's up to the air...
That i, send my prayer.

God is good...
In my life's new and improved, neighborhood.

God, is my new land-Lord...
This is my good and healthy new way, to accord.

Jesus is the light of the world...
Satan, will to Hell, be eternally hurlled.

Michael Gale

Save The Cheerleader And The World.

The cheerleader has been saved...
The seer painter's forehead is sliced as shaved.

Peter Petreli was thought dead instead of alive...
Peter had risen just like his niece, He has flown and even can soar and dive.

Will peter petrelli explode in New York City? ...
Will this doomful fact make New York and it's viewers sad instead of real giddy?

Will the Heroes stop that real loud powerful blast? ...
Will the Chinese time transporter return from the foreboding future
to prevent New York's disasterous untimely past?

Who will be able to help? Will it be that mind reading cop? ...
What hero can help divert this disaster? , Will it be hard to help and stop?

Will Syler die? ...
Will he live and win as vie?

I hope that seer artist comes back from the dead....
Then he'll probably have a scar left on his forehead.

Claire Bear's dad...
Used to be labled as a guy who was bad.

What is in store for Mica? ...
Will he live to an age old enough to ride a motor-cyka?

Will Mica's good mom be able to keep his bad mother under control? ...
I can't wait until next monday night's show, to see them all go 'rock n roll.

The tv show 'Heroes will easily pass the nielson's rating's test...
Just because it happens to be one of the mystyfying of tv's best.

Michael Gale

Scrabble.

A turn goes by, and then, in two or three...

Thy board of wooden tiles, to me all done, in points, over fifty.

Double word score...

I want more.

That dreaded draw of the x or z or q or j...

These tiles, all few, will ruin my day.

At the end, the linking words, points are added, then deducted...

Then, by then, in the winner's circle, am I proudly, inducted.

Can you spell and remember definitions of words, from thy brain? ...

Do tired and sleepy heavy eye lids succumb to late hour's, worked up-drain?

Scrabble...

In the end, makes my, incoherency, do I, dare, babble?

Michael Gale

Sea Food Is Better

Shrimp and lobster is on my mind...Cracking
of the shells from the deep blue brine!
Butter is dripping from top to bottom...
With the opening of my wallet i may enjoy
these morsals of shrimp, knowing i've
really got it! With the lick of my lips, i
anticipate my taste bud's delight...Look
out stomach, tonights the night! If i
should become allergic to seafood in the
future so near...At least i can enjoy
a case of my favorite beer! Imitation
crab meat is easily a real good treat...
Sea food is better, instead of meat!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

See Her Later, Alligator.

There was an alligator...
That met a girl, and ate 'er.

He had such fun...
To eat and run.

And-Now since he met her...
Of she, he'd eaten, and thusly,
He would not have to date her,
but just leave her.

This old 'gator was oh so full...
He had his dinner, without utensils, or a bowl.

He ate her up and spit out her rings...
Nothing else was left, not objectionable things.

He chewed her once, and even twice...
She tasted better than Gumbo's rice.

Michael Gale

September's Birth, In Beautied, As Best.

September's baby is full of heart...
They to be filled with knacks at art.

They stretch towards ways of useful way of words...
They enjoy such as beautiful sights in birds.

September is a day in our life...
Since a day of birth and searching for that one perfect mate-
whether of that one most wanted husband or wife.

September's stone is that of a Saphired in blue...
A great beauty to eyes filled with, so blue in hue.

The sign of the scales will do...
Well due.

Michael Gale

Set Your Minds & Souls Totally Free.

Be what you can and must be...
Set your minds & souls totally free.

For happiness is set where the heart learns to land...
Only then-can your experience in life hope to navigate properly down the road
destined to enlarge and expand.

What is now available is now at hand...
Teach others to learn a new positive master plan.

For only then, will they realize that i or you are the man.

Michael Gale

Sew My Heart To Your Sleeve.

Keep my heart with you always, Dear...
For, when i am far away and not near.

I love you and wish my heart be sewn to your sleeve...
I wish, of you my sweet, to never leave.

May our hearts always be in tune...
May our love be long, even till the eighty-seventh, of June.

May our days apart, never be numbered...
May we always be together in nights, often, slumbered.

Michael Gale

Sexual Confusion To One's Bodily Possession'D.

Man twas born to be man...
Woman twas born to be woman.
Why utterly such mental'ed confusion? ...
Was there an unnatural, by Nature's
own misguided collusion?
An abnormal conclusion...
There may be a psychological
disorder of the normal destined order.
This would be a much distorted...
Demented, unsuitly order
of Nature's lawlly'd, dis-border.

Michael Gale

She Be Mine-Shinning Pearl.

She be my girl...
That shiny pearl.

Who smiles did brighten me...
She had my heart,
Fro' end to start.

She been my epiphany.

Her days of ire...
Be shamed desire-

Of one who slackened thee...
I stacked his back-

Upon thy shack...
And sent him packering.

Michael Gale

She Flipped Me Off, Not You-Mikel Borischnekoff.

Do Spaniards worship the Virgin Mary? ...
Are Horror movies chillingly scary?
Did Peter Pan wake up in bed next to Michael Jackson? ...
Why did Michael title his home Never, Never Land?
Is he loose in mind and morals like a rubber band? ...
Sex molesters are an endangered species on Oprah's show.
Il narrated Ali's Fights, blow by blow, you know.
Poker is the new rage on tv and the computer...
Before i got married, i'd have my lunches at Hooters.
Only because i'd enjoy viewing many a hooter.
The single man is always on the hunt...
His tool is used to get a homerun, not a foul ball, or even a pathetic
first base bunt.
I bet you thought i was going to use a different, dirty word? ...
I'm not that low, (dirty tird) .
I'm not well liked...
People just flip me off with the single, middle fingered bird.

Michael Gale

She Is Mine.

She looked at me...
Ever free.

Happy of heart...
And oh, so smart!

She looked at me and of I, did she pick...
That was no magical trick.

She caught my eye...
She made my heart soar and fly, ever so high.

The beat, did skip a beat...
Her beauty, was my eye's, loving treat.

She walked away...
My day was gloomy and gray.

I'd wished, she'd stayed...
My happiness had strayed.

She is my best...
I do not jest.

She is mine...
Hap-ply, as we lovingly kiss, entwine.

Love is grand...
I make my stand.

Michael Gale

She Is My Precious Gem.

My bridge was thy span that reached to my heart...
From her, it arrived, to stretch deeply into mine.

Her splendid tremor-red beating heart...
Beaten for me as mine for hers.

Her smile quenched my heart's hungered thirst...
For she be'ith mine heart felt place of first.

We extinguished each other's fiery flamed passion...
We complimented each one's traits.

I left not to her, a feeling of guilt or displeasure...
My love for her, is in quantity, hardest of hard to measure.

Of her happy feelings, i gladly grazed of her beau-tied, pasture...
My love for her, I have told her, that will last longer than last year.

Many, many more emotional loyalties...
Let's me withstand, all her time spent into the
'get-ready' area of the toiletries...

Waiting' on a woman, is what all men, can soon, learn to master...
Forgiveness of the heart, is what we men, soon do learn, much faster.

We do get mad at them, women folk...
Even if they constantly of time, do poke.

But-that is usually expected...
Only, if for no other reason, we are not rejected.

Women, we can't live with them, and not without them.
They are our jewel, and very precious, finely polished gem.

Michael Gale

She Ran A Fowl.

A hoist my hope of better days...
Raise them, best, as not dismayed.

Dismayed less, than days long gone...
Transformed more better, than deer-swept Fawn.

Hunted behind the burnt ashed bush...
Smoldered blacker than their, buck shot ted, tush.

Rounds spent up faster than time spent last...
No more fouler than fouled and trashed.

Michael Gale

She Said To Me, 'I Wished I Were Dead'.I Said In Reply-'I Wished It Were Me Instead'.

As i sit here and listen to a wife who ruins my life...

On many an occasion i have heard her say that 'she wished she were dead'.

I on the other hand, wish that i was dead instead...

I wish that i never ever have to hear these nagging words'We can't get along'.

That would be a nice title of a 'song of break up of the heart'...

'We can't get along' song.

What a wonderful song...

'We can't get along'.

Now, is this fact, or is it wrong? ...

My wife and i fight like cats and dogs.

Same old, same old, silly love not silly of songs...

Not a day goes by that my heart seems to suffer with aches and breaks.

She is choking away my quest for life...

Why not, after all-She is my darling, giving, smart-assed wife.

Michael Gale

Shhhhh! , Look At Momma Bird, Fly Back To It's Nest...

Shhhhh! , Look at momma bird fly back to it's nest...

Her babies tweetly cry for their food of worms or bugs that they think taste the best.

It gives them noureshment those squirming worms as they slide down baby bird's gullets so that they'll grow to fly...

A mother's love may never to deny.

Tweet, tweet chirpping they go...

Momma bird puts on a loving and caring show.

Won't be long b'for the youthly babys grow to fly away from their home...

From tree to tree they'll fly as roam.

Nature will work a return to it's past...

Love by a new mother bird will recycle and last.

A nest is built by loving tender in a survival mode thought...

Look at all the twigs fro' blown free tree branches that hard working mother and father birds have brought.

A cat or large crow or black bird is attacked by diving parental birds...

It seems as if they join forces these birds in their own formed flying swarms or herds.

Then one day these birds fall out of their nestly homes down to a grassy cushioned landing on old Mother Earth...

They were designed to fly since the time of their hatching birth.

It's up, up, up into the air after many long hard flapping tries...

Look up yonder in the skies...

Airbourne they sail by many attempted flapping feathered tries...

Lo' and behold as they continually ride trade winds in skies as they really do put on shows of air menuverable stunts in fashionably triply dangerously flies.

Mother Nature starts in the nest...

For birdly love does flight prove to be an unseemingly unsurmountable hardest of
unpassing-this test.

A sudden smile springs up on an amazed child's face who is watching hidden only
by a houses window of glass...

Isn't Mother Nature just one, on going show of class?

Michael Gale

Sidewalk Of The Heart That Lovers Stop At And Stomp On.

Is your sidewalk of the heart home to where lovers come, rest, and stomp on, then walk away casually since this stop over ended? ...
Has their love for thee been rescinded as well as ended?

Dead End should be tatoo'ed on thy chest just above yon torn, tattered battered heart...

Where they've busted your loving vessel to nowhere or no one in particular.

Doth thee feel as tho' feeling's hast been trespassed upon? ...
Hath she taken a box-knife or meat cleaver to yon heart's Jugular veine and cleave'th completely in two?

Doth thyself feel as tho' both of you be through? ...
Doth this commotional emotion of thy heated hearted locomotive give forth impressioned feelings of an emotional vehichle crashed.

Doth thyself feel like yon hearted home hath been broken into and raped and then later trashed? ...

Doth thy heart feel sat upon and additionally smashed?

Then i do suggest thy free thyself fro' an emotional crippling turmoil...
Close thy heart's eyes and feelings to a stagnated screeching halt and resume to a one final rottaged spoil.

Take absence and leave of her heart...

Exit fro your homaged heart.

Walk out and far away fro' that emotionally opened door...

Depart!

A love for her no longer remains...

No no and nay i say'th no more! , no more.

Michael Gale

Single Horny Women Out For The Man Hunt.

Pain in my gutlit spirit...
weigh in faults of words by men who often fear it.
Mistakes at love may doom all unfettered men...
Days faced as single or divorced may be my life heard din.

Every step miss taken by flight...
Becomes indentured slaves to night life at darkest night.
Lasso tossed by a wandering eyefilled lass...
Candied sighted of men by singled girl's reaching hands for guys who
these horny tarts must she to has as outrun enmass.

Eyeballs bulge for wanted sights...
Better viewed by a tall hill side's telescopic's sighted fro' heights.
Chase as the chase does to approach...
Like a bird of predatory ever alertly sneaky encroach.

Lookit' the shadow down by the lake...
Beyond the dock's watery shadowy visionary intake.
Hath thy prey escaped thy catch? ...
Give heart to thy one most wanted chase wholely to be one of a unmatch.

Bait of the fishing female....
Has to be royally as luring and loyally regal.

Michael Gale

Sir Falatio Hornblower's Ill Scented Titillating Bad Smell.

To Sir Falatio Hornblower, ye persuades as these...
Lips well thirsted betrays facial fullness as fast of breeze.
Breathened quickness gives pulse to heart enlightened...
Sir Falatio Hornblower smile's has brightened.
Fluttering lips tickle to ear...
Tongue done inserted fro' thy rear.
Vibrational instances entrance thy heart...
Longly and lonely as after thy fart.
Odar waftes as up to thy nose...
T'is true to thee, thus not the'ed smell of one bouquet of sweet scented red rose.

Achoo! - thine nostrils felt tender and sore...
A'fronted by barraged gassed odor, thy nose be way too sore.

Michael Gale

Sitting At The Poker Poetry Table Awaiting The Readerable Deal.

Here i sit day to day...

At this card table of poetry that i daily relish my dealings in readings.

What this day will i be dealt? ...

Will any words be perfect or only be misspell't?

I search happily to Poemhunter Dot Com....

Lines and stanzas t'will by gifted authors make me happy and calm.

Are there misdeals that may fall to my table? ...

Do i ever write?

Only when'st i am artisticly able.

Thoughts in poem can at time be stagnate at pace...

There should not ever be a competitive race.

Feelings of horror or ideas of happiness are delivered as if they were mysteriously shuffled and dealt...

Some writers of poems have giftedly tell't.

Days of sorrow and nights of violent fights....

Missing visions of faries in fluttering flights.

Do these faries and ogres ever get caught wearing tu tu's or even pink polka dotted tights? ...

Only if they are fruity like faries spreading fairy dust on long wintery nights.

Awesome writes of poetic talents can be found on the poetry poker table from day to day...

Of this great game that i love to be a part of and play.

Is there an ante that i must pay? ...

Only in talent and effort and times spent writing each day.

Here i sit daily awaiting my dealings anxious and nervous...

The poetic artist is the dealer artistically at my very appreciative reading who

deals out his or hers invaluable wanted service.

Michael Gale

Six Drummers In One Apartment?

(I did this poem, in comment to the video on youtube, entitled'six drummers and an apartment'.)

A girl and five boys...

Who likes to make, such a mish-mash, of strange noise.

We each, would feel great feelings with paranoid, if we be caught...

Did our trouble, that we brought.

What should be seeming so much dumber...

In number.

Six rhythmically filled, deep in slumber...

A band of six-a dumber, crummier, once muted, this drummer, ?

Like my poem, i do not know, what to think? ...

Is it good, or does it, - - - stink?

Michael Gale

Skies Of Blu'Ed Hues, Gives A Muse.

Skies of blu'ed hues would transform to
purplish beet red tints, half blocked by
clouds real peppered gray'ed...Storms
gather swirls of wind, scattering dust
particales debri'ed everywhere.A sun's rays
blocked by clouds as thick as hay, baled on
a farm's acre'ged in rows zigged as zagged
as crookedly straight.A black crow sits on
a tractor broken down...Caw, caw, caw is what
is heard by a scarecrow, lashed to a pol'ed
crucifix, of silenced ignorance, ignored but
by an emptied head be , caw, caw-to
nothing but clothes echoed
whistles about this field of hay...No, no, no-
nay, nay, nay, this gloomy darkened stor'med
day! An orange cat scampers across this field
seeking shelter from this wind...Alas, sin of the wind.

Michael Gale

Skinny Dippin' Sippin'.

Willowy wisp's of smog layden dreams...
Can at times bring about wettish dreams of cream.
Dreams felled foul with evil lurking in every corner...
Can surmise to thee across a many sinful border.
Why do dreams begin filled horror? ...
What has fulfilled this brained sinned storer?
Does this statement last-make one evil to the corer? ...
A dinasaur chases right behind thee.
Keep watchin' now, to see thy cowardly deepened flee...
Giant bugs can prey on it's holy roller rollers that pray.
These bugs so big, have had their happy feeding frenzied day...
Crosses of the mount cannot keep out the evil filled vampired shout.
While'st lying on thy desert isle get away...
While'st being served mixed drinks fro' frumply scant dressed undressedly bare
naked mistresses of thy night.
Lips held tightly to mine neck....
Bitten blood done dripped real redded dread.
Hark thy angels do sing to me...
Wake up young Prince.
Wake up for thee...
Snowmen dangle ice sickles to all show.
Perchanced this untimely meeting, before the shinning shore...
Dreams of flying as through the air.
Does this under neath feelings mean that i dare to never more thee care? ...
A Planter's Peanut sipping deeply onto a glass Martini and Rossi at last.
Guarantees a fun filled partying animal celebrational happy blow out blast...
Panda Bears dance round yon stripper's pole.
Is this to be one's far fetched wishful goal? ...
How shall'st i ever'est know?
Climb back up on that high mountain top...
Shall'st i fall or shall'st i tend to clutzingly drop?
Wake me upp'th to fulfillfully drink of thy youthful engifting cup...
I bask thyself of enough is enough of this nerve racking tough stuff.
Here'st i lay to sip, dine and supp...
Are we-a skinny dippin' sippin' as of yet?
No no no, Miss Nanette...
Forever more as dare i fear to ever bleakly forget.
Wake up mister Johnny let her up...
Dream is more of no no more tomorrow sorrows.

Visions of wakeness becomes my forever filled tomorrows...
Awakened at last.
This blast from ungrateful past...
Are not we the final next last?
Von Boyage good sarge at large...
These dreams are varily smallenly gone.
Wakey, wakey-Good Sir Flakey!

Michael Gale

Skinny Dippin' Sippin' /

Willowy wisp's of smog layden dreams...
Can at times bring about wettish dreams of cream.
Dreams felled foul with evil lurking in every corner...
Can surmise to thee across a many sinful border.
Why do dreams begin filled horror? ...
What has fulfilled this brained sinned storer?
Does this statement last-make one evil to the corer? ...
A dinasaur chases right behind thee.
Keep watchin' now, to see thy cowardly deepened flee...
Giant bugs can prey on it's holy roller rollers that pray.
These bugs so big, have had their happy feeding frenzied day...
Crosses of the mount cannot keep out the evil filled vampired shout.
While'st lying on thy desert isle get away...
While'st being served mixed drinks fro' frumply scant dressed undressedly bare
naked mistresses of thy night.
Lips held tightly to mine neck....
Bitten blood done dripped real redded dread.
Hark thy angels do sing to me...
Wake up young Prince.
Wake up for thee...
Snowmen dangle ice sickles to all show.
Perchanced this untimely meeting, before the shinning shore...
Dreams of flying as through the air.
Does this under neath feelings mean that i dare to never more thee care? ...
A Planter's Peanut sipping deeply onto a glass Martini and Rossi at last.
Guarantees a fun filled partying animal celebrational happy blow out blast...
Panda Bears dance round yon stripper's pole.
Is this to be one's far fetched wishful goal? ...
How shall'st i ever'est know?
Climb back up on that high mountain top...
Shall'st i fall or shall'st i tend to clutzingly drop?
Wake me upp'th to fulfillfully drink of thy youthful engifting cup...
I bask thyself of enough is enough of this nerve racking tough stuff.
Here'st i lay to sip, dine and supp...
Are we-a skinny dippin' sippin' as of yet?
No no no, Miss Nanette...
Forever more as dare i fear to ever bleakly forget.
Wake up mister Johnny let her up...
Dream is more of no no more tomorrow sorrows.

Visions of wakeness becomes my forever filled tomorrows...
Awakened at last.
This blast from ungrateful past...
Are not we the final next last?
Von Boyage good sarge at large...
These dreams are varily smallenly gone.
Wakey, wakey-Good Sir Flakey!

Michael Gale

Slavenly Freed From Uglied Past.

A slave i was born...

To run and run and run till there was no more master's to run
from those days wasted on the plantation, sweating while making
to toil.

Picking the cotton in bar'ed feet set upon the June'd bug soil.

My master had beat me with a leathered whip of nails...

I only had dreams of being a free man, on a far off way'ed boat,
while not looking back, to enjoy the breeze run through my hair.

Only to relax and set off free to an island, i'd well do sail.

Worry spreads from the top of my head-transformed to sweat,
running down to my back.

No more toting bags or bundles of cotton...

Nothing, no more life so rotten.

I am free at last...

Thank God almighty-free to leave this ugly, intolerable past.

Michael Gale

Sleep Dreamly-Prince Of Night.

Sleep sweetly oh prince of night...
Dream heartily for frightened heighth.
When'st thou dreams may return and haunt...
For the 'morrow of thy mind's unconscionsed taunt.
Relax and comfort thy body's aches...
Nourish thy mind and chase down thy breaks.
When'st the morrow of sweet sorrow? ...
Tend to evening's once struck partake.

Michael Gale

Slim Jim.

Feed the child...
Don't be wild.

Take care of him...
Teach him to swim.

Be his stable...
Make him able.

Is he slim? ...
His name, be Jim?

Slim Jim...
On a whim?

No thought...
His wars will, be fought.

What's in a name? ...
Surely, no fame?

A beef Jerky(Jer-key?) ...
Slim Jim (A car door unlock-er) ?

Names, names, names...
Games, games, dames?

Michael Gale

Smiles Of Change, Might Seem, Oddly-Strange.

Let the birds sing smiles to my heart...
Let the rest do their part.

Let the rest inch towards their blinding deafness of the whole,
practice of shame...
Let the rest, reclaim their page of blame.

Blame, thrust upon the innocent ones...
Like as to the bullets, of evil guns.

They, that be the sinning sons...
Rest only, upon their burning, Suns.

Ablazed of hate, and sinning past...
Eviled revelry, awakened by a darkened-blast.

Light from darkness into light to last...
We weave our own webs, that we cast.

For on the day of judgement, plays...
It will be too late, to usher upwards, our Heavened, praise.

Lord and God, we wish to change...
To all others, that are normal, this may seem, too strange.

Michael Gale

Smoking Is Drinking From A Death Dealing Cup Of Death.

The smoking of cigarett's leaves me at times with a shortness of breath...Will this nasty dirty habit lead me to a life's end or death?

Puff puff puff as fast as i may...To bring me to my last final day.

Circles of smoke rings rise over head...As i look up to witness this smoke signal's warning of impending death. Hacking and coughing up this liquidic, sticky light greenish phlem...I'm slowly sewing together my coffin's own seams with many a hem.

Smoking in public places and parking lots will soon be real illegal...

This should tell smokers that their legal rights will be gone and appear to be not too appealing or regal.

Second hand smoke causes lung cancer to people who do not smoke...This should not be viewed as an unbelievable joke.

People get work breaks to eat and drink...Even smokers are people who still need their smoke break's, rights not to vanish or sink.

Smokers usually reak or smellingly stink. Of this nasty habit, this should make you more than once to about, thoroughly think.

So the next time you get that urge to just freely, stop and light up...

You may just be drinking from an invisible-death dealing cup.

Michael Gale

Snoozeland Or Zeeland Or Baggy Eyesland Of A Snoring Fat Slob.

SnoozeLand...

The isle of pressure noisy sleep.

SnoozeLand...

A state of unthoughts and unsilent many a silent lone, lone peep.

ZeeLand...

Where bothersome to yon other bed partner.

ZeeLand...

Noise keeps thy bed partner up all night.

ZeeLand...

Why not yee be slept rested in thy restful fight.

Baggy EyesLand...

Where puffyness of under eyes haunts thy looks.

It's cause is lack of sleep...

It's blameful bandit is thy snorey snorey land.

Logs are sawed all throught the night...

Mister Sandman seems to have taken full fast flight.

Ear plugs are inserted into very very aching ear canal drums...

Too much noise of the snoring banditedly bums.

Not even with the use of our indexed, fingers and thumbs...

May much not, for long, hold out long zee beats of the nasal'ed drums.

Can't think at the office or job? ...

Maybe it's time, to be rid of that, snore induced, haunting, one slob?

Michael Gale

Snow Flakes Of A, Youth's Day, Spent.

That fluttering white thing of
beauty that floats down and
melts it's cold, that
liquefy, onto my tongue...
These memories, that I
experienced, when i was
small and young.

The snow flake that
tickled my nose...
That at times
Made me sick, with
a cold, and temperature
that steadily rose.

That freezing weather,
can at times crack
my skin...
And makes me
hungry, and dizzily, thin.

The days of youth, can
be fondly remembered...
Of days, in past,
as cold, and olden, and
November and December-ed.

Ah yes! ...
Fond memories of a day, gone bye.
Me, oh my, how time does fly?

Michael Gale

So Hath, Say'Th The Angels...

A flapping breeze...
Wings spread wide for an angel's sneeze.

Stormy winds brought about by an angelic flap...
Feathers nestled among'st the Satanic trap.

Lies bridged across to an isle of deceite...
Flooded waters of a demonic defeat.

Yay, tho' i follow behind the shadowy death....
Too much consumed of the drug induced meth.

Flap, flap, flap of those Heaven sent wings....
Angelic protectioning from guardian's vocalistical God-like beings-
-whom forever goodness, brings as sings.

Thunderbolt and lightening rocks thy rods...
For, He is King of Kings-Our God of gods.

For there is but one God of all...
We come to Him, when, and if He do'th call.

To down all knees in royal praise...
Do we go as if it is our last of days.

For love of God, by God, be Him...
We stroke and swim, we swim and swim.

Listen...Carefully to the noise, crested gently above yon waves...
With faith in God's love, In Jesus, we know, He saves.

Love equals our Savior...
God equals our Land Lordly neighbor.

The final peace equals our Heavenly labor...
Flap, flap, flap- Jesus Christ is our lastly saver.

So hath say'th the Angels...

Sojourns Of Time.

This passage of time does descend...
Of it's light, does so end.

The Sun expends all to light...
Only to define, it way too bright.

The end does transpire it's use to end...
The sands of time does falter, as bend.

Bend away the minutes passed....
Time immortal, to forever last.

Away, away do we exit this life in turn...
Will we sojourn to Heaven, or only burn?

Beneath this land of time so spent...
Away to Hell, did all sinners ascent?

Michael Gale

Some Poor B_Stard, T'Will Get Married As Plastered.

On U.S. Post Office walls-Most Wanted mug shots are many as, plastered...
Some boys and men were born without married parents, which in turn-make
them pre-born as many a B_stard.

Many things in life, i, never have mastered...
For, i am nobody's slave driven, B_stard.

There is a warning or joke about Mailmen going Postal...
To live by the Sea, One might be considered, very Coastal.

But i do know, that i do believe in Jesus Christ...
And, after death, i shall have, like Jesus, to, have lived to arised.

A man, as a husband, shall forever, be known to be wrong...
He'll end up saying how sorry he be, t'will be his, life-long song.

Michael Gale

Some Where-Over My Break Up.

Some where over some Rainbow, where I'll die...
I'll gather, in my pain filled aches-And forever, sadly cry.

The birds will chirp about my death, in melodious-eerie, rhythm...
Announcing to all-my all time sum.

That some where, i once would lie...
For all eternal's restful sigh.

That all will moan fully-cry...
Some where, over my heart ache,
should I die?

With all, the pain of my heart felt...
Here is where, I'll lie.

In death I'll have a life, one way up, and well, felt bright...
And stay up...

Please just let me die! ...
I'll roll over in my grave.

After the arrival, of that knave...
I'll finally at peace reply-let me die!

Michael Gale

Somewhere In Time A Child's Abuse Is The Lifely Crime.

Twass i in and out of many a foster home as a child...
From a broken home i originated crazy and wild.

My mother would beat me in a tantrom'ed rage...
While'st stuck with relatively uncles and a grand mother who would beat me
senseless with their combat boots and two fistted stage.

Punched in the gut with fist's of fury...
By my crazy uncle without a trial by a defending lawyer or even a jury.

Uncle Ronnie's combat boot was swiftly addressed to my head...
After awoken-I'd thought i was dead.

Uncle Pee Wee was the good one that was good to me...
Who would have thought that he'd go to prison for killing his wife
with a metal frying pan to the skull?

Who would care or who would know? ...

I stayed in the sixth grade for way too long...
In and constantly out of foster care was my childhood's anthem song.

How would i grow up to be a good honorable member of a civilized
society? ...
With good schooling and a good work ethic i'd have to really try.

That grandmother finally has died...
If i seemed sad, that would be the world's biggest tale lied.

It's hard to climb a ladder of school grade climbage....
When as a child you go to way too many schools due to
too many fostered homes due to broken home'd livage.

I used to climb many tall chicago building's roof's...
Life was boring but better staying away from a parentlessed goofs.

My father and mother were always arguing an angry heated rage...

But for me that only set up for me a most disturbing childhood stage.

My mom would lock my dad outta the apartment...
He'd break down the door and then call the cops.

Someone molested my little sister when i was at one of my many schools in time...

I think it was my crazy mother who committed that crime.

My other half sister had gotten us away from our bad grandmother and her boys...

She told a teacher at our school which removed us from that most hated situation-We were no longer our mean grandmother's personal punishing toys.

I cannot wait until my mother dies...

She is one crazy bitch that i mostly hate and despise.

There was a mental imbalance in my mother and her family tree...

That family traite is a traite of being totally bloomin' crazy.

My mom was in and out of insane asylums....

She once said she saw a gorrilla driving a car while smoking a cigar.

I guess in life i was predestined to never go far...

At least i'm not overly hairy and smoke a cigar while driving a car.

She my mother was crazy by far...

Because of her my sister and i had not seen each other for over thirty years.

My sister suffered a most horrible crime....

Due to our mother-Us siblings had lost a lot of togetherness in time.

I finally found my sister due to a message left for me on the inter net...

We met each other and she was at my wedding.

My wife and i were wedded on Valentine's day in the town where they filmed the movie Groundhog's day....

That day in memory for me will eternally stay.

Michael Gale

Spaghetti Woes, We Chose.

Tomatoes red and true...
Food and vegetables-blue.

Garlic and onions bend...
Beneath the cold running waters-we send.

Pasta salads drowned in vinegar...
Toss it all, be sure, you stir.

Begin to spit...
Because into it, you threw in the fur, you dim wit!

Throw it now out...
You'll have to cry and pout.

Michael Gale

Spare The Rod

The teenage years are full of many a
thought, They can be deceitful like liars,
that constantly get caught! Drugs and booze
are what is desired, When in truth
discipline should be what is required! The
spoiling of them, when they were so much
younger, They should have been sent to bed
without dinner, as punishment, so they would
suffer with hunger! Respect for parents is
rare indeed, Some parents might say, that
that is a point that is hard to concede!
Parents should'nt leave for over night, For
if when they come back to a messy house,
due to partying and a fight! Spare the rod,
and spoil the child, Will guaranty that
they will grow up to be rude and wild!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Sparrows Of Light!

Sparrows of lucite while being lost in flight...Resembles a star-man diffused dully of the light-not too smart or bright.

Sparrows of light-weighted as a dropped paper-weight, so fragile and broken...
No longer, a man well versed-in life's traditionalised and communicated of words thusly spoken!

We tend to want to spread our ideas of late...As we tend to not pay attention to our very own future's misfortunate fate!

Payment of bills to experienced of best...
Enables man to finally pass life's very test!
01-17-2006'.

Michael Gale

Stallions White And Purest Bright.

Stallions white and purest bright...
Hoof beats best when done at night.

Pegasus unbridled free-est flight...
Into air in clouded night.

Bucking the system's solar ice....
Starry flew as flew and nice.

Rainbow's arc in glided path...
Beyond of all as all a clouded bath.

Extinct, this winged horse...
Blinded dead by Sun's ray'ed course.

Michael Gale

Starve The Devil And Feed Our Souls.

The jaws of death, feeds us straight into the poor house...
Depression, starves us straight into the insane asylum.

The Holy spirit, feeds us wealthy...
God's laws, guide us healthy.

Pride delivers us selfish...
Only Jesus can rightly help us.

God is our only food...
We must diet on His laws.

For God and Jesus, is the one and only, righteous, good cause.

Michael Gale

Steepled To Ring!

Tho', a bell once did ring...
Like a song, died but sing.
As before a sudden crowd...
All but be it, ever so loud.
A thunderous clap that wait, be bound...
Ever the more a silenced, one sound.
A bell so cracked but at it's side...
Soon to take the freedom's toned ride.
Courage and Faith in God, by His people...
God's house, t'was topped, by one ringing,
lone steeple.
02-11-2006'.

Michael Gale

Stiff In Tombed, Silent In Death.

Walk and talk like a man? ...
Stalk, see and spied as i may or can.

Look as i walk as fast as i can...
Look both ways before you cross the angriest of woman or man...

Seek out a lonely soul....
Only one that i may just know.

What in life will i wish to seek?
Watch out for now of what i speak.

Hence forthwith utmost wonder....
Look out for all my blunder.

Will i submiss to all my folly? ...
Rest through life as all went jolly.

Will i miss a girl named Holly? ...
Good old times without her sis named Molly.

In her tree house out on a branch...
Lived this brat all spoiled to a life lived on a ranch.

Money dear sweet old dearest of money...
Life spent alone is queer as funny.

Friends no longer wish to befriend me these days of enow...
Because i am rumored to look like a cow.

A lonely luckless life mispent...
Gone a-wasted never lent.

Dead i now lay to untasted of life's own breath...
Stiff in tombed, silent in death.

Michael Gale

Still I Rise In Nature's Scape.

Still I rise like a flower reaching for the sky up high...
Might I reach out real far, before I die?

come to me, with sustenance to life...
Come to me, like a really yearning wife.

Water-please fall down to me, as like a cloud in heat...
Nourish me with strength, to guide to my heart, it's healthy beat.

Sweep away the darkened skies...
Give to me, yon wizened ties.

Clean the skies to breath me easy...
Grant to me, cleaner air that's clear and breezy.

Mother Earth, come to hold...
So that like yesteryear's, days of old.

We will have a future, that is colorful and bright...
We'll go to sleep peacefully, knowing, our future's safe and right.

Michael Gale

Stinker Bell, Drinks And Dives.

Peter Pan milks the cow's udder....

When'st he is not churning, his own, brand of peanut butter.

He has a little pixie friend, named stinker bell...

She is now due, nine month's off...

She has a cold and a cough....

Her nose is all clogged up and she cannot smell.

She is always mixing drinks from her still...

That she drinks until she does swell and does to her tummy, she fills.

She zig zags, here and there, in mid flighted air...

Don't look at her frizzled up hair.

They call her stinker, because she drinks and dives...

She used to hang out in bars and cheap alcoholic dives.

She is slated to have her flying license revoked from the FAA...

She has a flying problem, that is not, too okay.

Bad habits, hardly ever die..

Even, if you drink and fly.

Michael Gale

Stories And Fads!

Marshal Dillon was oh so good, Not quite as
good as Robin Hood! Remember Robin stole
from the rich and gave to the poor, What was
Marshall Matt's unselfish paid score!
Batman and Robin swung on ropes, In their
costumes, they looked like nerdy, dumb, dopes!
Superman could leap the tallest building,
But only to Kryptonite, was he, oh so
yielding! Rock and roll is great to play, As
Country, is here to stay! The music, Rap is
minus one letter, With a c in front, makes it
so much better! With this new union, we have
some crap, Forced listening to this music, is
my only regretful trap! There once was fads
like the Hoola Hoop, yo yo's and Pet Rocks,
The story hints that the Three Bears ate
up, Little Miss Goldi locks!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Storms In Fields So Wasted, As Tasted!

Flowers in fields littered with weeds,
Munching all day, this grass, engorged into
Pinto's, Palimino's, black Apaloosa's or
blonde good natured steeds! This day's
winded breeze, Sends butterflies scattered
off their first intended courses, As
bothersome flies muster and cluster at the
tail's of many horses! Clouded days with
lightenin' at hand, Brings many a
misfortunate storm's gales to spread and
part the beache's waves, and mounds of
windshaped sand! Jellyfish gut the beach so
far, Emerged of half it's body, in water,
remains a sinking old car! Funneled winds
lay danger and waste, As this is nature's
mete out justice for man to taste! God's own
judgement is handed down throughout the
land, This is the almighty God's, ways that
were planned! 11-19-2005'.

Michael Gale

Storms Of Loud Clouds!

Billowy cloud movement is on a steady
slowed pace, As winds do move these cotton
candy looking images sometimes they look as
if they do have a face! Clouds can be so
dark and forboding, Some are in storms that
are sometimes wetly unloading! Lightening
sometimes can be seen, intermixed or
sandwiched between each cloud, Noises so
crashing from each, can be ever so loud!
The darkness's gloom can be so dangerous,
Could this be Mother Nature, in a mood as so
contankorus? Fear is spread as from the
storm, Even college students look for cover
after they exit the dorm! Hail and flood
waters, as well as winds and twisters,
Can be such a force that cannot be
stopped by any resisters!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Stormy Weather!

Stormy weather is on the horizon,
Lots of moisture is sure to make
a fast water's level to be
a risin'!
Winds and lightening, soon followed by
thunder, Golf ball sized hail stones
falling down from up yonder!
Whirlwinds of twisters travel on by,
Rooftops and debris do so fly!
Take cover as soon as possible,
behind anything low or a solid like
obstacle! Flash flood's warning is
over the tv's air, Weatherman's warnings
are all on tv, showing they care!
When the all clear signal is finally
given, All the fast heavy breathin' is
slowed down and even!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Stranger In The Wind...

Stranger in the wind...
Beckons at my door.

Stranger in the wind...
Wanting even more.

Stranger in the wind...
Hard to really ignore.

Stranger in the wind..
Making my heart ache, as sore.

Stranger in the wind...
Rapping at my door.

Stranger in the wind...
Who knows i am so poor.

Stranger in the wind...
My time here-has me bore...

Many aches and pains of a thirsting heart...
Can only be quenched by ye, your remembered part.

Stranger in the wind...
My heart, you'll win.

Stranger in the wind...
Yon soul so deep.

Stranger in the wind...
My heart you'll keep.

Stranger in the wind...
my soul you'll reap.

Stranger in the wind...
You make me weep.

Stravinsky, Moe, Or William Do Tell.

Stravinsky, Moe or William do tell...

Some days i just feel like i'm going straight to hell.

Writer's cramps are nothing more than merely known as
Authoritus.

Don't ya hate it when a group of smart asses tell you to just go to hell.
or even to just bite us? One, two three or four...

Are you a whore? or do you just want more?

Greed is a funny evil little dude...

Sometimes it can make anybody turn out to be angry or rude.

Anger can blind one's judgement and at the same time bother some one who is
disturbed as well.

This can blindly guide you straight down to hell.

Shrinks are doctors who charge you a lot of money,
so that they can call you crazy...

One day you will be required to get off your butt and get a job-

You no good slob, you are too damn lazy.

Michael Gale

Street Racin' Teenaged Spoiled Brats R Only Drivin' Themselves Closer To Death.

Teen street racin'...

Is to all dangerous and publicly distasteful and looks like bad as disgracin'.

Why do many teenagers not use their empty dumb head? ...

Doing drugs and drinking while driving drunk instead.

Teenagers need more reliable friends and well rounded role models...

Not being constantly spoiled with traits that are as one being to cogle.

Teens now have cell phones to talk off their heads...

Instead of getting their sleep while lying in their beds.

Rich mommy & daddy buy them their fancy new expensive of cars...

Treating them as well off, rich and spoiled and known like a celebrity more famous of all the stars.

Mommy & daddy need to make them get off their butts and just get a job...

Instead of letting them become too lazy and commonly a fat assed slob.

No morals or someone in charge to answer to....

Only a futured time spent in jail, for them then, will do, be due.

Grave yards will be their final careless rest...

Their only remembered grade in life, will be their only last best.

Michael Gale

Strife Should Be Flown Away With All The Birds.

Strife should be given away to all the birds...

To be flown away and never to return.

No longer to be bothered or burned...

Forgetfulness should be rewarded,
not earned.

This fact of life will have to be taught...

Not learned.

Michael Gale

Successfull Praise Pays!

Records are worth preserving and breaking,
Many individuals want wealth, and are
willing to buy lottery tickets or gamble or
even do sweepstake! Cash and cars are on
everyone's minds, Big company executives as
lawyers like to go home at the end of a long
day to relax and unwind! Hard work is what
successful candidates wish to aspire, Big
winners do not lack discipline, but become
their own bosses for successful ends! To win
is the goal that is usually required! Why
make money for other's own wealth? It's best
to make money for my very own self! Money is
not the root of all evil, The successful big
wig only prays on the alter of money's
successful rich people!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Suicide, Is Lived, And Died.

Life is always full of pain, in every turn or crack.

We must learn to ignor the pain & be positive and move on to happier, pastures of the heart.

We must learn to be willing, and smart from the very end, and start.

Depression is the lesson-ing session.

Suicide is cyanide of the happy, heart felt, best.

Michael Gale

Sum Tymes Spead Kin Bee Ay Dedlee Nd.

Sometimes if you speed too much...
While'st ye drive straight away into a sounded crashly crunch.

Drinking and driving just don't mix...
If you drive erratic and shake too much, you'll get real sick.

When that cop pulls you over for zigging and zagging over the white roaded stripes...
The breathalyzer test will make you exclaim 'damned and yikes! '

Its off to the hoosgow that you go...
Your car does follow waylain in tow.

Its a call to your lawyer and bail bondsman that you make...
To help you legally and monetarely to straighten out your real bad made vehichular mistake.

When you wake up inside your jail cell...
The room will spin and loud voices will call and do tell the tale.

Have you learned your lesson of the over done drink? ...
The morning after your breath really does wreak and stink.

How do you explain the facts to your dear loving, worried wife? ...
That if you don't quit the drinking you'll ruin yours and her well shared life.

So its off to rehab that you two, do go and drive...
To make sure for God and both your sakes, that you remain safe and alive.

Now you must try to make the marriage and home life work....
While to her, you promise to never to become a loud mouthed uncaring jerk.

Michael Gale

Superbunny Not Too Funny.

Many rows of caged bunny rabbits...
Nibble on the cage of their life.
Cannot they to get out and escape...
One did don a red cape.

Bunny rabbit did so lept...
'Stead that he lead to an unpromised kept.
Carrots give that superbunny his super powers...
T'wich give him the abilirty to leap many tall building or towers.

What's up doc? ...
What a complete made up crock!
Ha!
Superbunny...
Not very funny.

Ha! ...
Not!

Michael Gale

Super-Man Was Mortal- But In The End-He Was Still Super.

He flew...

He stood.

He came to stay...

To save the day.

Sent to chaired of wheels one day...

Last of life with loving wife.

She tended to him the rest of life...

Last days spent solely upon one back.

Bed and chair illness caused an end by death's attack...

A son became lonesome of father's presence.

No more man the father-Emptied of essence...

Loving wife was robbed of life.

N'ee'r did she to smoke of breath...

Left only to one lonesome coldest death.

During his remaining days of living...

He fought for a hope of walking by a medically researching way of giving.

Fund raisings were his way...

To give ever hoping hope for others to pray.

He will be missed his super ways...

Always wanting to be caring in his final last days.

What a man he was...

He was a Superman even in the end.

I give hope and a prayer to his son-Amen.

Michael Gale

Sweet Silenced Knight Of Quiet Speaks

let the quiets speak feeling silent as silent to thee...

'Nother great write...

Quite right.

The right to speak.

A song of the heart could be sung by a lone one tenor of heart gone right.

This heartily lit heart of the written well spoken speak...

At it's inner core of care doth keenly seek.

Happy silenced night...

Good night sweet knight.

Michael Gale

Sweet Sorrows Of Bemoanments.

Sweet, sweet sorrows of bemoanments...
Allocate my love for peaced allotments.
Herald my secret crest...
Harden and coddle my tempest's breast.
Berate sweet sorrow to an impeding marrow
of sweet harvest's end...
Danger rears it's most ugly dread.
I ingest it's angered bread...
A midsummer's sweetened sausage.
Reveals it's most deepest lossage...
Take heart to indemnity's ired rife.
Partake to a busted heart's most loyal vial...
Drink in it's rimmed loaded course of errosion'd.
Tied, are my hands, by errore'd devotion...
To be, is to be most of loved.
To bathe in it's most drowning wet tub...
Avast, far reaching dead.
Read to me, my night's own stead...
Loftly toss to me, this night's impending end.
Give to heart, a most eternal end...
Sweet sorrow, to no tomorrows.
Beget and reset, all by mouth, well loudly oral'd.

Michael Gale

Swing, Swing Hardest, At The Curve Balls, Hurlled At You

Swing, swing hardest at the curve balls hurlled at you by the big pitcher up way high...

That is all we can do, is but try and sigh.

Now, mind you, i'm not implying that we are punished in any way...

We just must forge on through every trial each and every day.

Life hands us events that would tempt even the best...

In return-we must keep Jesus close to heart and even pass the test.

Remember that it was He, that died on the cross...

In the end, He'll assuredly be our friend and forgiving, and loving boss.

Sins are forgiven so that He will clear and light the way...

For God did send Jesus to sacrifice Himself so that in Heaven-

-We'll have a place with God to spend all of eternity, the one and final day.

The flames of truth will burn away our sin...

Like a festering sore, will heal and make us win.

The truth is that Jesus gave us all a second chance...

To our souls and hearts, God will magnify His goodness.

In our beings, our promised place will be at their sides...

Under their rule of love, will they shine their light of goodness

over our faded shadows, will be an image to emerge, that they will clear and enhance.

In Heaven, here on Earth...

T'will be our soulfull rebirth.

All other evil men and women will reside, down in the deepest, darkest shadows of Hell...

That will be the end of this truthful tale.

Sword In Hand, Beau Tied Fair.

With sword in hand, do I mount...
Nobly searching, Love's own count.

Light of heart in Love's affairs...
learnedly do I climb these stairs.

Affairs of the heart do I sway...
Of thy own obstacle's, uttered say.

Tongue of heart, beastly opted...
Head done split, kindly chop ted.

Angled head, done astray...
Dangled strangely, must I pray.

For her heart, had I fought...
With a dragon, not I sought.

Maiden fair as fair of old...
Smite me with a beauty,
breathtakingly bold.

Michael Gale

Take The Tenth Note! !

Take the tenth note, That i did wrote! These
musically scales climb and sing, They do so
fluctuate as zip and zing! Music has
inspired from the beginning, Til the end, it's
a welcomed winning! Harmonies fell to ears
with a smile, Music is great, there is no
denial! As a beat continues on, the song is
best, Music has made history, many can
attest! Melody and lyrics go hand in hand,
That's the name of this magical band! Music
is here to stay with man, til the end of
time, That's the end of this music of rhyme!
11-22-2005'.

Michael Gale

Taylor Hicks Or Miss Mack Fee?

Kathleen Mcphee is really greedy...
Taylor Hicks is well so hay-seedy.
Watch Katherine Macphee yodel 'Over the rainbow'...
Do you really think i care how to spell that second final Idol?
Taylor should rip her another misplace...
For that Idol TV race.
Soul and charisma has Taylor got...
May she go to second place, where she may rot!
She might win if she learns not to yodel the rainbow...
But she thinks she is pretty, But she won't brag about being too witty.
Too bad if she should lose...That fact might make her go out to the
bar to succumb to more booze.
Too bad up in her head she is missing a major thinking fuse.
After tomorrow she'll be dizzy and brainless as confused.

Michael Gale

Tea Kettled Blues Of Love Gone Wrong Song.

Tea Kettle blues...
Tea stained hues.

These stains are like pain injected straight to my heart...
Always to ever be there in memory accompanied by a wish that she never will
ever depart.

Steam erupts violently and unexpected fro' that tea'd kettle's spout...
Soon followed by anger in feelings in the form of a tear or shout.

Sadness escapes as a lone fallen tear...
Wishing that my Darling lover was to shortly rejoin to my heart-
To be held against me as near and dear.

Here-As i sit impatiently awaiting that most anticipated ring of the telephone...
Longer are the longest of hours in silence this anticipation leaves me
a feeling of swimming way over my head in a sea and state of
being alone.

The clock on the wall emits it's senseless angry ticks...
How cruel is time of silence seemingly mean?

This long silence is as like a slap in my face and coincedently a
low down rotten dirty trick.

Ring! , Ring! , Ring! ...
I answer to a disappointing sales pitch.

That BITCH! ...
Anticipation!

It's makin' me wait...
Ka-Bang! - Ka-Thud!

(The final end of heartache and life can be only met with a last-long-lone-
silence!)

Michael Gale

Tea Or Water, Are The Only Drinks, For Me.

Beer...

Oh, dear!

This, I no longer drink...

Alcohol, I think, does stink.

Water, or Sprite, or just plain, tea...

Are the only things for me.

No more head aches the next mornings...

No more stomach aches, left as my warnings.

My memory, no longer leaves me cold...

I am now sharp as a tack, and very, very bold.

I don't drive while being intext-icated...

I am smart, my reactions are not dwindled down,
or absently, from me, vacated.

No more drink...

Now I freely, choose and think.

Michael Gale

Teachers, Of Life, Or Teachers In Life.

Teachers are special, they enable...

Teachers are speakers to adults predestined in life.

Teachers are single or married...

Teachers can be, a husband or wife.

Teachers are specially able.

Some men teachers smoke pipes branded 'Dr. Grabel'.

I had a Foster Mother, who earlier in life, was a teacher.

It was a most erred way to end the life under God's own nose...

T'was breast cancer, that God gave to loving families of many women,
as His last lonely unacceptable unwanted answer.

Disease does not be easily accepted or does it happily please...

Teachers in life should always get pay raises.

Teachers, Police, and Firemen, always need pay raises and also much
and many people's praises. Teachers, they are the best...

Teachers, they hand out many a test. Teachers, ya gotta love them, than most of
the rest.

Michael Gale

Tears Wept Disappointedly - Sad

These tears shed disobediently and forensically, shallowed bent...
Were Thy pure evil and diabolically sent?
Like the greatest rapids or falls to fall
So Expedite, far away the squall.

Hay makers won too Three
Loveliest days beneath this tree.
Shall stay language d, away and adrift
To fondest memories odoriferous Thy script.

Etched yet furthest deep
Languidly solid and paralyzed in unconscious sleep
For no more no more be welcomed unsought after tears
Until at long last, begone the Dawn's angriest fears
since many many years.

To reappear
Dearest heart
So near, to leer.

Michael Gale

Tears Wept Disappointedly-Sad.

These tears shed disobediently and forensically, shallowed bent...
Were Thy pure evil and diabolically sent?

Like the greatest rapids or falls to fall....
So Expedite, far away the squall.

Hay makers won too Three...
Loveliest days beneath this tree.

Shall stay language d, away and adrift...
To fondest memories odoriferous Thy script.

Etched yet furthest deep....
Languidly solid and paralyzed in unconscious sleep.

For no more no more be welcomed unsought after tears....
Until at long last, begone the Dawn's angriest fears
since many many years.

To reappear...
Dearest heart
So near, to leer.

Michael Gale

Teenage Days Of One Helluva Chicago Summer.

Hey, you sittin' over there by yourself...
Are ya playin' wit yerself, or a handy mini pocket elf, offa yer homely home's
bookshelf?
EyE Said, it's time yew hid and resume playin' wit yerself! !
Whut, yew kinnot here mey?
Well, just yew go down to frickin' Hell! ...
Don't mind me, I will not tell.
Hey Tinkle Bell, Yew fuckin' Fairy...
If looks were gay, Yew'd be fuckin' scarey!
Nobody ever said anythin when i was just a fuckin' law breakin' teen...
When i said to a wandering by woman, Hey, can i sample and feel yer twin
boxes.
Or every bi-stander was silent when i ran between the movin' cars on the
Chicago El....
Iffin dey did, i'd tell em ta just go on deep into Hell.
Ah yes! I do miss those long ago days of teen days.
The End.

Michael Gale

Tennis Champions!

Aces and volleys burn by the net, serves
appear with scores of a let! It's my add! , we
have heard, Tennis balls travel faster than
a bird! World cup tennis is widely televised,
The results in the sports pages, are highly
publicized! A pair of sisters are now
tearing up many a court, One sister is named
Venus, who is dominating this sport! Heads
move from side to side, witnessing this
game, For many of it's combatant's, there is
much sought after fame! Fame and fortune is
often desired, Many years of practice is
what is required! Not everyone can succeed,
Very few are able to fall and bleed! Money
is the prime incentive, One must be very
talented, and more so inventive! This is the
key, For one's success, is it to be?
7-16-05'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Terror-Ibly Freedom'D Bound.

Freedom rings and brings good sound...
Toward's good man does liberty resound.
Infectious by terror do terrorist's condem...
Evil is rooted by their floral like growth-
-Evilly planned by a subcultured loath.
Routed by such a disease's hatred...
Does all this hatred, from-sadly stem.
We'll win and conquer...
Over an all, ever hating, stupid and misled
War monger.
How righteous and brightious.

Michael Gale

Terrorist's And Lying Government Politricks Keeps On Dragging Us Down.

Airplane sabatage by terrorist's t'was spoiled this time...
Why oh why are we still over in Iraque?
Due we still need to instill foreign terrorist's attack? ...
Doomfull days for U.S. (us) lie just ahead.
How many of our troops need to be committed as dead? ...
Is oil the price we have to pay?
Due innocent deaths due our government for pray? ...
Is this the stupid game we'll be forced to play?
Oil and stock prices remain real high...
There is no oil shortage- Lying to us is the politician's most favorite past time-al sportage.
Our own V.P. has stocks in oil company's on the line....
Why are we so dumbly lied to and easily blind?
Why the hell in the world are we to constantly lied? ...
Where are those mass weapons of the well imagined?
Let us now just worry about the unemployment statistics and troubles back here in our own back yard...
Lets remove a lying government and President from our guard.
Of all those liars we need to kick out of office and trashingly and rightfully remove and discard.
How many of the poor and troddened on and hungry have we forgotten? ...
Why not remove from Federal offices, all lying crooks and the all ill gotten?
That black list should include all the lying rotten...
They need to rename politics to politricks.,
Or maybe even bad polipricks...instead of bad politics...
Why did not President Bush ok a higher tax on oil profit quarters?
VP Chaney then would have lower profit showing...
His office has shown very little honesty ratings.
Little improvements as always show little progress as shrinking-not growing...
We need to spend money to fix Social Security.
We need to spend money to fix our hungry and unemployed...
Mispending money for a war not needed, can make us dissatisfied tax payers completely annoyed.
Lets spend 175 billion dollars on things that should count...
Our government cannot explain all the money that they've wasted.
Power makes them completely unanswerable to our account...
Unensored and unanswerable power makes them blinded by

hunger for power that they've overly tasted.
Let us quit telling foreign countries how to live...
Let us instead help the oppressed races.
Let us make for safer border boundries and safer United States places...
We've got more sense, we've got a lot more to give.
Lets make for a better United States...
Lets step closer to God and Jesus Christ's own predicted of fates.
Racial discrimination needs to leave all of mankind...
So that the world will be a better freedom held bind.
By God, that has got to be the best ever kind.
Amen...To God Almighty...

Michael Gale

Terrorist's In India...

Terrorist's in India...

Just want to stifle man's freedom call.

These manly demons-must fail and fall...

Killing is just their calling haul.

These creatins must fall...

They must be hunted down and be extinguished like
a very bad flame...

They be lame...

They are the blame.

They are the evilest black flame...

Violence requires violence.

The same-their shame.

Let death to them, be the call...

'Let them fall', 'let them fall'.

Michael Gale

Th' Glass Was Half Empty...

Th' glass was half empty...

As empty as his hair...

Do i dare say, that not i care?

The all surrounding hooplah creates all tempting...As i myself am self
exzempting.

Yo, yo, yo and away i should go...Git a-back on my raft to sail asway on the
oceanic sprays...

Bubbling avast th' tendearred lossed days.

Michael Gale

Thank God For Mother In-Laws And A Cautious Clause.

Look down, then look fastly away...
Ashamed of your past of yesterday.
How can i tell the world about the pain of life? ...
Who cares or dares cheat on one's own denied one wife?

The knife fresh'd dripped with blood droplets dripping down...
Down, down and down my t-shirt's unwelcomed clowned frown.
My wife-my wife-where be my lovely wife? ...
Away at her mother's home of well homely crazy strife.

Til the morn of our deafened of feeling's first born...
On that Halloween morn.
That to this day we sadly mourn...
Will that milk wagon deliver bad news on the other side of the state park's many rows of corn?

Travel trailers bring on many lost hours of time...
Cream and sugar in the coffee mug of life left dismal
and lonely without my other glass of iced tea and sugar and the juice of the lemon.

That other woman snuggles on down beside me next to the fireplace's warm glowing flames in time...
I've once again have lied to the old battle axe of the tortured soul and broken hearted bitch.

Corn flakes or Cheereos make up for days without wedded bliss...
With divorce papers served like a breakfast of happiness to last as fast.
Hell! i don't need my shredded wheat now that no ring no longer be needed beneath the tree of heartburn or heartache without the nagging wife of whom i'll never to be ever willing and freely the one i do not miss.

Liberty bell of the heart is not all cracked up like it's suppose to be...
More like an anvel of deceite that hovers over our heads like a blackened darkend cloud of saddened spillage.
I'll celebrate this day of freedom without her bossy way of she.

Good bye bad feelings of remorse...
Happy i be of course-of course!

Michael Gale

Thank God For This Great Land Of Poe-Tree.

Wheeee! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

To be free in the lost land of loved poetry...

Free to get lost and find my way back to a poet's tree.

Able to climb on a branch so high...

As high as thee.

Free to capture the elusive poem good to me...

Every branch has a leaf well composed.

Poetry branches out to venues not recently traveled...

Like a rough road filled with pits and holes and at least one path

Untouched as graveled.

Let's hear it for one land of poe-tree filled

with a many poems of varied taste...

Found upon many branches of that tree.

Thank God for poe-tree!

Michael Gale

That Artly Loved Life, Much After Death.

When'st i pass fro' this unspirited plane...
My life before seemed uncolored and plain.
Could have killed many for newspaper headline's fame...
That would not be moral or originally an artistical notoriety's name, to claim.
Poetry and the art world is where i play...
Aft' mine deadly demise, mayhap my work twill be put to a timed and
honorable, appreciated artful display.
Then i would'st not mind in this mortal mind and every man's standard...
For my work to be morally scrutinised, and conversed, and lately, and lastly, by
all man, woman, and child-happly scanned and a'gandered.
This makes life lived to it's fullest...
This makes life lived to it's full, flavored boldest.

Michael Gale

That Bitchy And Often Times Witchy Hussey That Was Way Too Damned Fussy.

There once was a heartless cruel hussey...
She would forever bitch at her hubby.
This bitchy hussey was always all the time so utterly fussy...
She was told that she only had a few month's to live.
What legacey would she leave behind? ...
Who would she remind everyone about?
Would this fussy hussey leave this world kicking to shout? ...
Was this shouting as screaming hussey to give good memories of good times
a'plenty?
I don't believe so, not too, too many....
Only happy memories should we want to us to remind.
Only happy times of these memories do you wish, to happily
leave behind....
So just remember, it's up to you to have to solenmly be well caring,
and to others, just be humanly kind.
The moral of this story is that if you want to be bitchy...
You'll probably only be remembered as a personal little witchy person
who was quite often too much bitchy.

Michael Gale

That Blondish Curley Haired Fair'Ed Virginal Sacrificed.

Perchanc'ed, one evening spent by a moon beam's light...
Heathenistic murders trap others behind safety's sight.
Darkness conceals anger's evil'ed hid traite...
Perhaps it would be best, to stay hidden, until half past real late.
Saftey's haven can be bought by traveling in groups of large numbers...
That witching hour, calls all from hiding b'neath a darkened full moon.
Not one is safe, until following a day's clock at noon.
Were wolves and vampires, lay dormantly asleep till September's
guest...
October days awaken, all the slumbering rest.
Death's smell rises thickened into the air...
Garlic, submerged b'neath Holy Water, remains out of season.
Those creatures look for a fair maiden, virgin's, curley blondish hair...
A sacrificed, silent witness. Observed by someone who cannot, ever,
care.
It be time to get that virgin, upon the sacred alter...
This fact be known, may never to be stayed this day.
T'was not abling, thusly-never to be ever, haltered...
 Heh! heh! heh! Death be done to all known, nose, y,
curious, tresspassers! ! !

Michael Gale

That Chill Winded Frozen Heart-Left Frozen-Left Apart.

The leaves of Fall...
Bids welcome to Winter's call.

Those bone chilling winds...
Sends swirling windsome leaves that twirl and spin and align not of me.

Be'stilling feelings on me of emptying head's visual frames of one-oh so reeling
and dizzying...
Freezement of emotions release their hold on me.

Bitterment of heart clings to thee as if hatred and dissent...
Have grown by thee.

Resentment of one once loved so well...
Like North's wind of Winter to heart doth chill, not inflame
thyselves heart to warmly by pride to shout to all and ne'er tell.

Regret of thy once loved heart...
Leaves and diminishes to us to forlornly-by sadness-depart.

Michael Gale

That Clatter Of That Deathly Sound Gives No Host To Birth's Resound....

Shhhhssthhh! Listen to that clacking sound...
As my dentures connect and hit to the ground.
What will i do?
Why just did they have flew?
That fist, that very large hairy fist...
Pushed well hard through mine mouthed teeth as like a ghostly once but now
well solidified mist.
That fist, that very hairy and hard fist...
Connected to me and had not missed.

Clatter, clatter...
What doth matter?
That bestial bully hit hard to my lips...
Only thru the soda straws swill i be able to sips.
No more teeth that bad unhealthy day....
Had i not wanted to partake in boxing lessons, then with my bloody false teeth
would i have to this day to suffer and pay.

But whence that real large brute of a bully with real hairy arms, turned
his back to me...
I pulled out my trusty old Smith & Wesson and shot him into his neckless back,
He did'st not to move or even'ist to no longer to breath'i'dest and to be
He is no longer of this world, He is now but buried b'neath the leaf filled earth
and dirt and leaves...
Look now and say your silent shhhhhsh!
No tears for him t'was ever spent.

Look and lo'....
No one is felt sorrowed or for he hath to have grieved.
No longer mortal...
Not well recieved.
Death hath no friends or foe...
That deathly spectre will shove to me or you or others to well go away
deep down below.

Michael Gale

That Cop Killer Of A Random Thought, If He Got Caught.

I just pray and hope they get that 4-Cop Killer, in Washington!

I actually hope that he gets the chair, once caught.

I know that I should not be like that...

But, what did they do, to deserve to have their lives extinguished?

They have left behind many grieving friends, family, and caring co-workers.

He should get the chair, that cowardly escapement from his daddy's rubber.

He should be made to pay, and sweat, as he dies by a chair of electricity, or makes him beg and cry for his unworthy stay.

I'll, as many others, that day will be happy-when he dies, and has to pay!

Michael Gale

That Darn Old Cat-Where Be He At? ...

I privy this-I privy that...

To sense the where abouts of that darned old cat.

That darned old cat that bats at bugs in the window sill...

Lays all day and catches rays and plays.

The sun bathe's that darned old cat...

Does he really care of where he's at?

That darn old cat knows he's cute...

He'll one day be a star-That awesome brute.

I shake and dangle a string in front of his inattentive and
unflexing stupor's face....

He finally jumps and pounces as if with a timed clock he is paced
in a race.

That darned old cat...

Does he know of where he is or even where be at?

That darn old cat does not know where he be...

To him-Everything is handed on a golden platter.

Does to him does it really matter? ...

No matter, no matter how far in life he'll go.

For the unobservance of that darn old cat-

He'll never do or show, since he be so awesomely fat.

He is fat...

That darn old cat.

He does not know that he is not a dog...

But that he be a cat-That darn old cat.

Michael Gale

That Dream Filled, Pride.

Dream lit clouds alit to brow...
Of this thought, was mine to vow.

In that dream that sparked new life...
Beyond all mortal's foolish strife.

In the skies own fallen cleft...
All twas left but tears I wept.

Sad this heart of those I despised...
All my dreams were swept unrealized.

For on that morning's ruptured soul...
Reclaimed to me, an emptied, goal.

No more dreams were kept to thee...
Only gone, and never free.

Michael Gale

That Evil Mother In Law, Is About To Visit.

(This story is not about my mother in law, as I never met her, she departed this world, before I had the pleasure of meeting her. I am sure, that I would have enjoyed meeting and getting to know her) .

Tis' not the end of the world, that your mother in law, is coming to visit...
You might not now, become melodramatic.

Tis' not the end in sight...
Surely she is not such a sight filled fright.

With her, you'll just have to get along with her...
You don't mean it when you say that she is the ugliest doggish cur.

Will there be a fight tonight? , will there be too much flying fur? ...
Will there be violence to occur?

Tis' not the end...
Surely, she does not, to everyone-offend?

Tis not the end...
We must all at times learn to put up with, and be flexible to bend.

Tis' not like a big gust of wind, that we must survive...
Give her an under standing and good wishes, while she is here, and alive.

For in the end, she'll have to up and leave...
Then her evil web will be broken and cleaned from our lifely sleeve.

Away she'll dissipate like a bad gone stain...
Then you'll have no excuse, to get mad, and complain.

There is a light at the end of your heart, troubled tunnel...
Only so long, as she goes back down her exiting funnel.

Michael Gale

That Greatacious Periodic, Era Of Time....

The Sun went down on that greatacious periodic era of time....
Without, reason or rhyme.

The dark ages, reigned on, with all...
Those warriors of that day-were short, not tall.

Swords were drawn stealthily astrewn...
Wickedly swung and vastly hewn.

Blood was spilt as all about....
When death t'was dealt, a warrior would survey and to steed, remount.

On and on were the number of the dead to rise...
Civilizations now extinct.....To all, no surprise.

Michael Gale

That Grey Old Man, From Altoona.

There once was an ancient old man from Altoona...
Who could no longer chew his food with a fork or a spoon-a.

When he found his place...
Filled fully with Grace.

Now God has his attention...
No longer was that man full of dissention.

Now he hath, been saved...
No longer Satan's, unthinking, dumb slave.

Michael Gale

That Little Drug Bug.

There once was a little drug bug, named Harry Jewels Begone...
He'd spend all day, smoking joints, upon the front yard's lawn.

Come Sun down, he'd be real merry that night...
The starry sky to him, would spin and give him a sobering, scary fright.

He thought himself, to not to want a job...
His friends, and even his parents, thought him, a way too lazy slob.

Now Winter's freezing chilled air, brought to him a non warning, caring way...
Until it was too late, to awaken, a pop sickled cone, that unfortunate frozen, day.

The lesson here, is get off drugs, and get a job, or you'll be gone...
Way too late, before the coming Dawn.

Michael Gale

That Long Silvered Corpse In Life To Nowhere Off Tracked.

Klack-klack-klack go outward heard the rails of life...
Forever going in lifely disturbed strife.

Look at the old homeless individual trailing a shopping cart...
His self esteem left forlorn but only saddened of heart.

All the homeless bum's personal possessions fill to the toply brim...
His hope or outlook in life seem to be fully grim.

He talks to himself and answers very angry as mad...
What a saddened life he has led or had.

His life is so sad...
His outlook is dismal and bad.

As i look out the Amtrak's windows i see only a long metaled trail...
I look to my left and only see a man talking to himself-This fellow passenger is
only in a cell phoned unzoned spell.

Glassy eyed-This passenger reminds me of that lonely bum
who also talked to himself...
Like a discarded toy or book taken astrayed from a home's
lost forlorn lonely saddened shelf.

This train ride to sadness that i've climbed aboard...
Reveals to all a world of restless travels of lonely saddened
men and women who spend their lives lost on rails of trestles that
reach out to a dead ended life unscored.

The Sun's rays reflected off the train's metaled silver corpse...
Blind all viewers to life's successful railed and trailed on course.

It's a good idea to remember to only jump on the tracks that may
lead guaranteed to a real day of winning...
Just remember that it takes common sense to keep from life
many misleading days of sinning.

That Love's Lasso'Ed Around My Drowing Neck.

If we are lucky enough in life....
We get lassoed by love's leash hung around our lively necks.
We meet that special person-whether they be a husband or wife.
That lovely loving woman becomes our life boats first mate on our life's
own living happy decks...
Love's life preserver keeps us afloat in the high seas of life.
As at long last, we've met our wife to live out the rest of our lives
completely happy and without strife...
At last we've landed our floatsome buoy.
Which keeps us on an even keel...
That love that keeps us from a lonesome boring lively spill.
My wife-I'll never get too mad at her...
I'll never hit or even in anger spank her.
Amen to God from up above...
For bringing us our till life ends-'mately stately love'.

Michael Gale

That Mother In Law's Last Read Will-Oh Wow-What A Thrill.

Reading books is so enthralling, especially mysteries.

Art and poetry in literature is real inspiring with every

Turn of the page.

Sleep is robbed only from the body after patiently

and longly picking up that book once thought borrowed and not bought.

Time is wasted on the television set vegetating-instead of reading

Books.

A wasted mind is as useless as wasted time, and that unexpected,

Dreaded, eventually over extended soon to be visit from that much

hated mother in-law.

Mother in-laws are not hated, if they have never been met.

Michael Gale

That Old Barn's Shingles, Silent And Pained.

Shingles, with trembling shutters...
decrepit temperance.

Weathered flutters...
Chimney's trance.

Heated scathing pained through the roof...
Cows giving milk in the meadow's utter.

Barns shake milk upside down....
Earth quakes all others found.

Pain of pains with itching scabs...
Makes all illness the wretched shingle's as
it's chambered mass.

At least, it is not crabs....
Only a disease of embarrassing stabs.

Michael Gale

That Opened, Friendless Smile.

That Sunni-ed, dis positioned smile...
That, at times, can recede away,
like as behind a darkened storm cloud.

Let that smile adjoin your face...
Let it shine, upon all grace.

Let it come out to rock one's world...
Let it open up, as like a proud flag,
finally unfurled.

Let it shine, out it's lasting shine...
Set it free, to all mankind.

Michael Gale

That Other, Heavenly, Side.

That other beyond....
Beyond, this passed.

Another being, being
Able to last.

Another sphere, one
paced differently, in
Speed and vibration...
A different obligation.

Beyond the light...
Ever far, as far, the night.

A herald one, as one, His journey...
Peace filled being, once on a gurney.

Messenger...
Passenger?

Death felt ride...
Fell to Earth.

One Holy tide...
That Holy tide.

To ride this day...
Eternal now,
Forever stay.

Angel fallen, on other side...
Heaven sent, to ever glide.

Upon this sphere...
To stride, right here.

Mortal now, in ever flow...
Forever, gone, tomorrow, now.

We near, and mere mortals here...
Cannot see them, they angels, no, not appear.

Until, they, allow us, they do...
Away, they went, away, they flew.

Death, be spent as spent, undone...
Before the one, the Holy, Son.

Engrossed, in love and love, done given...
From God to us, as gifted liven.

We will adjoin, to the One, of the cross...
No more sadness, of things, we've lost.

No more cares, or saddened feelings...
No more death, or tragic dealings.

No more wanderings of man filled days...
No more suffering, of mortal ways.

We will be enfolded in God's own love...
From His perch, way up above.

Heaven and Earth...
Will have, a renewed birth.

City of God...
Will, receive, His approving nod.

, be at peace...
A new fulfilled day, a new life in lease.

No more sickness and angered days...
No more worried, stayed, in ways.

Befallen angels, be no more...
We'll be no slaves, to a Worldly war.

Left, will be only, silence...
Lightness-ed, only by a bright light-brilliance.

That Poet's Lively Endeavor'D-Despised.

This poet's life is filled with lies...
Fro' one to one, and mainly despise.
This life's endeavor yearning of rise...
Dissappointed to thee, without surprise.
How does this poet rise to occasion? ...
Search for love in work's own compilation.
When'st this work-remains undid...
Possessed of this evil-over greedy, inept id.
How may i rise to this much appreciated read to view? ...
Am i the last of this vast written, artly mastered of few? .
How may i improve of to my work? ...
Of this poetic endeavor
A hard work's toiling.
I must responsibly not flee from...
Not due, per, shirk.
Never to never, due the spoiling.

Michael Gale

That Rope A Goat Suburbanite Cowboy.

Rope a goat, rope a goat...

Go without dope, cause i gotta use my lasso rope.

Just ran clean out of my much supplied supply of soap...

Grasping this fact is hard on my brain to fathom this scope.

Some call me a suburban cowboy...

From wearin' boots, i'm smelly in a big city is my own way of life,
that makes me sapply happy.

Muh boots make clunking sounds upon the concrete trails of the big city.

Country boogey music playin' on my pick-up truck's radio, every day of the
week...

This goat ropin' music on my truck's radio dial is what i seek, so to speak.

The Sun sets upon my truck's painted reflectioned side, while travelin' many a
mile...

A suburban cowboy wears blue jeans and boots.

Country bars play music on the jukebox that makes my boots scoot across the
sawdusted bar's floor...

I am unkindly sometimes known as a city cowby, We are like boys who have not
ever owned or ridden a horse.

We are wanna be cowboys and this secret lies silently dorment, and
unspokenly behind our closet's darkened unopened door of safety...

Just hand me that rope to rope my goat and ride that bar's mechanical bull.

'Hi-yo silver! ' i shout in that country and western bar, as music plays on the
jukebox...

Those Hick-Em'-Up tunes make me feel completely free and safe, as
a Karoky singer's voice disguised behind loud songs and words printed upon a tv
screen.

City Cowboy, (what a name?) that's mean! , i mean.

Michael Gale

That Splintered Tree's Darkened Path.

That splintered tree which spent deeply inside total darkness...
Imitating life's own lonely heartless.
How may one call me crazy as all other's best? ...
May i forlornly pass that darkened deadly test.
That heart that beat'ith to one's own speed...
Love farewelled as my daily need.
Have no trust upon thy breast...
Forgive me not-forgive and bless.

Michael Gale

That Woman's, Hairy Lip.

There once was a woman with a hairy under lip....
Who had to put up with hearing many a quip.

'Hey there, Miss lippy hair'...
'We all are always, to forever to stare.'

'Do you really care? '...
'About that hair? '

'Yes I do', she would say...
'You are mean to play your oral say.'

'For, now I tell you, I am about to kill you so! '...
'I've often to have shaved it, yet it does still grow.'

The knife did go deep into His chest...
All, that was left, was he, be-a bloody messed.

Michael Gale

That, Fatal, Car Crash.

Crunched metal, of cars accordions aside...
Ended by death, in bloodied, this ride.

Her fair skin, blond hair, ushered a-strewn...
The life of hers, was, diluted by noon.

Ambulance's sirens wailed off, in the distance, afar...
She lied bleeding away, lain useless, beside her rumpled car.

He got the call from the E.R's Doctor, on duty...
'Your wife has passed! ', escaped your ears, as in silenced,
mish-mashed, unintelligence, and mooty.

Your world, now seems to have crashed, in and around you, tight...
To keep the tears held at bay, would be, an emotional, saddened fight.

Three days have passed, with you at her forlorn, and sadly grave....
Now, for your children's sake, you must be all pivotal, and, unmovingly brave.

Your lower lip, did quiver and quake...
At her memories, love, that was from you, by death's, greedy, grasping, take.

Your lover, will be no more...
Left behind, will be a heart in-hued, with an angered sorrowed,
ached feeling, in-store.

Michael Gale

The Amazing Brain.

The brain is such a frail, fragile thing...
A drain of energy, that makes us cry or sing.

A ball-ic mound of muscled mass...
Can enable us to attend school
and learn things in class.

A brain, controls, the ability
to write or draw...
With a pen or pencil
held tight by my paw.

Lefty or righty...
Don't matter, the
brain, can make
us all powerful,
and mighty.

The brain...
Controls my
actioning train.

Michael Gale

The American Dreamer.

The American dreamer....

Sometimes chaotic, often the most loudest screamer.

That American who dreams of success and powerful accomplishments...

Followed by a cheering throng.

He, who is hardly, ever wrong...

The American song.

We'll never be beaten...

You'll be my slavery-cretin.

I am right...

The American fight.

Terrorists-taste my might...

My boot up your butt, fits real tight.

You are a scum...

That deserves no crumb.

The only morsel that you need...

Is my freedom's warning-Take my final heed.

Justice, delivered, with a mighty speed.

Terrorists, you are an eye sored weed.

That needs to be plucked out of the freedom's ground...

That's a peace filled, happy, sound.

Good bye, you miserable speck...

You belong out in space, that is where you should trek.

That is the only place...

That is by God, you'll have to race.

Go now, and begone...

By the dawn, off my lawn.

You are society's, poisonous pawn.

Michael Gale

The American Eagle, Majestic To Eye And Heart.

The American Eagle, Majestic to eye and heart...
Like a fine sculptured piece of Nature's chiseled, art.

Spread wings in flight at ease...
Nature's beauty to eyes do please.

Floating ever higher as undefeated in war...
Look at that giant feathered symbol, chore it's soar.

His dive, near at hand...
Prey be caught, in a once forrested, beautied land.

Sky blued in mountain's high...
Flighted hues, as ne'er to deny.

Freedom's picture adjoined with stripes of red and white...
Behold lo' beauty of it's might as ever right.

Michael Gale

The Auburn Sun Drifted Down, Slowly-Hid.

The auburn sun drifted and lowered behind the forested, mountain peak...
Rustic blazing so beautified, as we now might read or speak.

Such beauty stagnates the breath...
Seemingly as in death.

Leaves us alone in a silenced speech...
Vulnerable as a rotting peach.

Were we blind to all it's beauty? ...
Were we dumb to our, inner duty?

Why weren't we awed...
Were our feelings numb, or frozen-not thawed?

Beauty should be read and appreciated, beyond all scope...
Must we blindly-remain a stupid and ignorant dope?

A lone pine needle stuck, to the earthly dirt...
Fallen, abandoned, mutely hurt.

Nothing heard...
Not even, by a squirrel, or bird.

Michael Gale

The Bacon-Readied Toast.

Begin, begin, the morning with the bacon readied toast...
Slug down that scalding cup of coffee, that you like the most.

Having fried eggs, over easy...
Greasy, always greasy.

Each morning I read the morning paper...
Never, to finish, but much later.

Hash browns mixed with onions and green peppers...
This morning treat, makes you motioned, in fast paced, in steppers.

Fast and more direct, towards bathroom we head...
Before, we shed, and, then, our life does enter the land of the dead.

We don't want to be sick...
We'd rather be chic.

To be known for our stylish walk...
To be judged as having a genius's talk.

Onto work, do we get rushed...
Into traffic, are we crushed?

Packed onto roadways, are we surrounded by cars...
Like in the night skies, many, amassing stars.

Like many ants, funneling into lines...
Are we trapped, surrounded on all sides.

The rat race...
What a disgrace.

Let's all, just, get up, and get away.....
So, that we all, have a much happier day.

Michael Gale

The Book Of Life Full Of Oomph!

Peaches and cream fill up my bowl of life...
Since i found my sweet loving wife.
This life is now flavored beautifully the best...
God forgave me of my sins, so that i may later
Go on to pass his Heavenly entrance test.
The book of life was written by he...
Come judgement day, he'll pick it back up and
reread the facts about silly old me.

Michael Gale

The City That Never Sleeps-Is The City That Sadly Weeps.

The city that never sleeps...
Is but the city that always weeps.

Be this city of explosioned terror...
By only way of man's eternal evil error.

Minds led astray of evil intent...
Always these men be jelouse of and uncontent.

Twinn'ed towers fell that one sad fateful day...
Smokened and clouded fro' man's savage evil disuay.

God will rightfully punish those to be held accountable...
City that still weeps will conquor sadness that seems ever so unsurmountable.

Michael Gale

The Cross-Permitted Us Grace...

Snowflakes freckled here and there...
Upon landscape's featured, face appear.

Coldness snuck inside our bones...
We citizens wandered slowly as thoughtless drones.

Were we to be acknowledged, as people of love? ...
Put down to here, to show off a Godly pride, from Him-above.

Our sins to be pardoned by Jesus Christ...
Given a chance, not just once, perhaps-even twice.

The cross-permitted us grace...
By God's own son, that we would trace.

Into Heaven one day, will we fly...
To adjoin to God and Jesus, way up high,
we'll forever naught, deny-only respectfully love and rely.

Michael Gale

The Dabble, Of The Poetic Arts...

The dabble of the poetic arts...
Requires an arsenal, of the dictionaried parts.

Many great poets have come and gone...
Since the creation of the Sun and Dawn.

Poets have been born, only to die...
Some only hope, that loved ones will cry.

Some poets cared, of their work, was as good...
Comparatively praised, as one should hoped, it should.

Af't the time of my passing...
A-many a poem, will i have been amassing.

For quantity, sometimes is not the best...
To stand the critic's objectional timely test.

Quality, by me, is only what should be written and said...
After, i've gone, and am finally dead.

For on the 'morn, that my dusty ashes
have been spread in the wind...
You'll know, from high up above,
i'll have been sporting, a know-it-all
smile, as a laughabled, grin.

Michael Gale

The Davinci Code, Undecidedly Read!

The 'Davinci Code' has been widely read...It has gifted its author, plenty of bread.

Many arguments have arisen, right from between its pages...This book has launched several mixed emotional rants and rages.

This author has been criticized for getting facts wrong...As to, every man or woman's opinion, whether the author, is right or wrong!

01-13-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

The Devil, Wants To Be Your Friend.

Yon nestled imagery in fabled softened trees
of thy heart lit night...
Begg no indifference
to thee in unappreciative spite.

No hate or heart ache intended to thy ears...
My soul this day, I do so choose, to delay off,
all my fears.

My Lord, my God, Doth to thee, instill
a straightened truth of heart...
May obstinacy's own depravity, flee an
exiting fast paced, journeyed of it's-part.

This aching vessel, now in darkness, shall see thy righteous light...
If not for the love from God, almighty, yon plight, would, be encumbered,
beyond thy sight.

This day of days were to be numbered, in life held books, of Thee...
But-If not for the might of God's encouragement, sinless men, , would never see.

The folly of their ways, lived forever-
upon this Earth...
All bad things of the Devil, was of his
unenlightened as unwanted-birth.

Pity be the fool, that listened-down, to He...
God will up end, one evil, Devil-as He be.

Unto the lake of fire....
Be the Devil-burned up, be.

For, all the rest,
Of eternity...
Will man, at last, be free-
Well-Beyond all, mentality.

Michael Gale

The Devil's Unleveled Of Storms!

A forever flower's faltering missed...
Begets all nature's promising list.

Dew drops settle so lazily in the early
morn's grassy blades...As crickets
carefully run for cover, from an upcoming
storm's torrential rain!

Flash floods spill out chest high waves...
Making men, nature's unwilling held slaves!

Storms so forboding and darkness well
spent...Eminates from the Devil, so evilly
sent!
01-09-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

The Emotionally-Well Lifted.

The heart speaks what the mind or mouth will not be heard, aloud.

God bless all romantic poets who are not afraid to write what is of the heart.

From the heart...

Comes much every art.

For the mind can be well gifted...

To the mind make others' have feelings
of the emotionally well lifted.

Michael Gale

The Ethereal, Evil Misstep.

The ethereal acknowledge of the past dance with danger...
Are we from common sense-The stranger?

Must we come to the cross roads of our untimely avenues? ...
Must we stumble upon our unjust dues?

Will we reap our dissatisfied juices, that we'll be forced to swallow? ...
Will we continue down our path of evil, that in this day, we as a society, allow?

After taste does not go down smooth...
It taste's bitter like Bourbon, or Vermouth!

We must learn to live with the mistakes of life choices...
Or to comprehend, our in between the ear's, bad and evil voice.

Michael Gale

The Final Attack.

I walked upon this world since the time of my given, birth...
Wandering to absorb all knowledge, when i walk this Earth.

Words seem to come to me, more easily, when I stop to write...
To showcase of my talent's ease, and my poetic might.

Mental block can come at times, that I do not expect...
Like a tallest barbed wire, fence that, i reject.

As much as I try to scale it's resistant uphill, wall...
Sometimes to face, do I land, with flattened nose, I fall.

This aged memory, stalls to a stand still, when i reach to my, recall...
Inspiration overcomes all obstacles, when I fight my fall.

At last, I land, to win this war, of the worded battle...
Now, I am no longer predestined, to be lost as like, a wandering, misherded,
type of cattle.

When my days are almost at it's total, end...
My keys won't be able, to emit, it's entered and pushed, motioning action of
'send.'

Story's end...
Unintentional, I not send.

Michael Gale

The Gamey Chess-Shired, Fraidy Cat, Cannot This Day, Fun Thee Play.

A chessful piece, to and fro'...
Which way placed, to show the go.
Upon thy board of chekered white and black...
Dictates a horse or queen.
Meanly king'd, sneaky attack...
War of a game board's-royal take.
Wrong move, wrong way-Too much at stake...
Push yon button of one timer.
While'st sitting in park, playing on in time...
Pigeons up high, bombard thee with bombs of slimey slymer.
This seems Nature's revenge on thee...
Nature's only crime to be.
Tis' a good Knight, to one bid'ded away...
Kiss my Queen Goodbye, 'nother piece, t'will have to play this day.

Michael Gale

The Gator That Ate It's Tree Frog.

.....A Rain Forrest Tree Frog
.....plays Peek aboo with
.....an Allegator down in the
.....
.....Florida Everglades, right
.....behind a mutated Tulip...

Just don't ask me
to explain this

Rare but strange>>>>>>>>

Happinistance.>>>>>>>>

I still don't know what>>>

A Tree Frog is doing
in the florida Ever Glades.
or how a Tulip
sprouted too.

Don't be
dumb

said

the

fly.

Do you wish

to know.

Where will

yee go,

you

know?

Michael Gale

The Giants Have Done It Best...

The Giants have done it best...
A'for'a the day they passed the test.

That pigskin just-a arced thru space and air...
Look out enemies-just all teams beware.

Super Bowl time is a'now on the horizon...
Just look at the Giants keep on a'risin'.

The Giants will win and come in first anxious place..
All New Yorkers will be filled with pride and not disgrace.

Michael Gale

The Gnomes Of Time Waste No Time At All.

Gnomes sit a'rest under umbrellic toadstools protected from the severe
downpouring rain...

The magical forest is obtrusive with it's impending doom and gloomy pain.

Shhhh! Watch out for the boney hands that reach out from b'neath th' graveley
dug..

Watch out! Or they'll get you and tightly to you hug.

B'ginn'st the nightly brave...

Children accompanied by friends and parents, that be yet too young to benignley
shave.

Ogres and witches and bats and monsters...

Mermaids and Frankensteines filled with blood torn stitches.

Full bloomed moon, ablazened with mistyfyied haze...

Nighttime minus th' mannish days.

Halloween's altered fear...

Only, once to you-does it appear each year.

Ghost's try to frighten off Spiderman...

'Boo! 'says he.

Spidey replies, ' Not very funny'.

The scariest holiday, intended to get all of your money...

It starts at night, not a day that is all sunny.

Michael Gale

The Good Books Many Right Pages!

Fast sports cars flashing on down the road,
Passing dump trucks on construction sites
dumpping their load! Army tanks blasting
shells at targeted pill boxes on the
horizon, Flood waters rising to storm's
limited amount that is steadily risin'!
Faith of God is spread in every church,
While Blue birds sing their songs in trees
of Birch! Rainbows stretch out their long,
long arch, While wives iron husband's
shirts and trousers with plenty of starch!
Butterflies flutter by every Lord's flower,
While man keeps on praying, while awaiting
our final Judgement's Hour! Stocks keep
dipping and rising in different stages,
As all holy men praise Jesus, while reading
in the Bible and absorbing the good books
many right pages!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

The Goodness Of Men, In All, The Sea.

Bring forth, upon him, his own greatness, and goodisity...
Bathing in the waters, of unselfishness.

Always be they, kind of heart...
Always committing, their caring part.

Of, men, the ones, of right...
In the end, carry on the fight.

For who of them, that cannot see...
The goodness of all, in all the free.

Michael Gale

The Heart And Brain Might Grow Cold.

God bless all the spirited imagery...
Of poetry.

For without a such imaged word...
Love, may never be heard.

And then-...the heart and brain might grow cold...
Without words so swift and bold.

Michael Gale

The Honey-Due-To-Do List.

I'll get to it...
When time-prevails.

I'll get to it...
Only time-ever tells.

I'll get to it...
Just another empty oath?

I'll get to it...
As promised by me, to both.

I'll get to it...
Sunk my word-B'lo th' lordly moat.

I'll get to it...
Probably will be known by my wife...
Of what i've often most spoke, as wrote.

Michael Gale

The Invisible Man-Part Two.

I, always during my life, have been unseen...
I, might to all, seem, obscene.
I have always been ignored...
I always felt depleted and needed to be wholly restored.

I make others feel real bored...
Everyone has felt, as if i was a fungus like and instilling one spored.
From the hate filled pitcher, have i been poored...
My drops have absorbed into many men and women's own bloodstream, as
poisoned as stored.

Why do i repulse thee, as the strongest anti-magnet, on this Earth? ...
Since the inception, of my birth.
Am i not, important enough, to really matter? ...
Or do i seem to you, as a slightly unsightly speck of insignificant, grey mattering
splatter.

Am i but an ingredient of life's unwanted in society's melting pot? ...
What do i have to offer, but have not got?
Should i go straight to Hell? ...
You can say it, you do not have to whisper, this fact you don't have to spell.

Do tell...
Let me be knowingly welcomed and not an empty unwanted, hollow shell.
Let me be myself...
No longer an empty shelf, or an invisible self.

I should really matter...
Without wasted pitter-patter.
I am not a stain, in life...
I cause no harm or strife.

I am no longer an invisible man...
I am the man with the plan.
You no longer have to stare past me, as i walk into a room...
If you don't agree, you need to leave this room, on your flying broom.

Michael Gale

The Key To A Blissful Marriage!

Arguments tend to be so demanding, The wife
thinks she is always right, and is remarkably
forthright and commanding! When asked am i
fat? don't let an affirmative response
fastly escape your lips, Instead say a lie
(that's a big one that's fat!) and that's
my free advice or many free tips!
We as husbands, are always right, But
when the wife thinks we are wrong, we argue
and fight! For all peaceful conclusions
to arrive, Lets say we are both wrong and
keep our marriage alive! Apologize once
in a while, Making peace is the answer, this
fact is true, there is no denial!
It doesn't hurt to make her think she
is right all of the time, Just hope she
doesn't find out, and that someone else
doesn't dropp the dime!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

The King Died At The Heartbreak Hotel Of A Pained Unanswered Fever.

We're caught in a trap of suspicious minds down
at the heartbreak hotel of stuck on you.
I'll remember you as i'm all shook up and i can't help falling in love.
So just remember me and treat me nice you hard headed woman.
I want you to be my good luck charm and
only surrender and treat me nice only after you make me all shook up.
Remember that you don't be cruel to this sad looking hounddog face.
Please love me tender and not too much of a big hunk o' love.
Love me as i love you too much, i'll remember you sitting in that jailhouse rock
of sweet memoried pain to a moody blue promised land.
Just remember something, welcome to my world that you gave me something in
that old Kentucky rain of shameful pain.
What now my love because
i am suffering from a fever of a lonesome time without your lovely faded
accompanying presence.
I guess it's over since you gave me a mountain of memories.
If i can dream of you as some have to see
you as my see see rider of my dreams.
I'm so lonesome i could rock a hula baby.
Too bad it's over with this Johnny .
You don't have to say i got stung but
you still need to wear my ring around your neck.
You stepped on my blue suede shoes right on top of this strangled pain.
You were some what like my little sister, her name was Long tall Sally.
That's when you heard i did it my way coming down with those steam roller blues
as before you were my boss anova baby.
This heart is lastly dead as the king is dead,
so welcome to my world of a farewell swollen painful end.
I just have one last wish that
you could have been my teddy bear just one more time.

Michael Gale

The Last Remembered, American Poet.

With imagery, held so tight and close to their hearts...
Is what poets, all wish to explore their own
thoughts and impress a lasting
image, to others' all.

Originality and images best...
Will, no doubt impress the rest.

The poet, only wishes to be remembered
for works, done, or executed real good or well....
He or she only wishes to be remembered
as the one who could have a story, skillfully, to tell.

The poet, always writing...
Days of last, all exciting!

Michael Gale

The Little Big Dipper Brings Attention Of A Sighted Stripper.

Little Dipper sings a song...
Biggest Dipper can't be wrong.

Both night dippers seen at best...
Little Dipper seen as first

Larger Dipper makes me thirst...
Star lit water in skies of light.

Pour out to others a scene of sight.

Michael Gale

The Littlest Big Dipper Sings A Mighty Song.

The little dipper sings a song...
Biggest dipper shan't be wrong.

Little big dipper floats as in the West...
Both thy dippers at night be seen at best.

Little dipper was seen first...
Largest dipper makes all viewers due thirst.

Starlit water of skies of light...
Reveals to all viewing a wonderous-well lit sight.

Michael Gale

The Longest Slipping Tear.

The longest dropping drip...
Of the longest slipping tear.

Drips slowly and saddened in time a-keep...
For all the children beaten, we must weep.

The parental mother or father who kills their child...
Will rot in Hell for to them these children defiled.

That monstrous mother who lets them die...
We shed our tears we send to cry.

A soul lost to tempered feel...
We pray for all to be within God, thy will.

Michael Gale

The Mad Grizzly, That Bit My Foot.

With large swiping mitts claws enacted...
Sharp white fangs, not retracted.

The huge Grizzly Bear on it's hind legs...
Towers over me easily, which inspires
me to fret as it watches me-begs.

I close my eyes and kneel in prayer...
When I open them, to witness, nothing there.

A close call, to all I swear...
This encounter, to I, it did so scare.

My guardian angel was close and over head...
To keep me from being hurt and dead.

I exhaled with feelings of relief....
Now my wife would not be a widow,
filled with grief.

Michael Gale

The Man On The Moon Lost His Tangy.

There once was a man on the moon...
Who chewed a lot of leather soon.

He chewed and he chewed until he blew...
His jaws got locked and he did not know what to do.

He stuck his air hose where be no light...
He soon cut one bad, to his dismay his suit was way too tight.

He floated up high in a sewered smelling space suit...
This sight was not too keen but it made his nose wish he was naked and nude.

He bounced around from crator to crator...
He struck a jagged crevice and now we won't see him till too much later.

His space suit now allowed the gas to leak...
His pecker was hanging much out, which should ashame him, if anyone should
spy and peek.

His safety cable has now snapped and made him adrift...
No more was heard from the man on the moon, He must of caught him self an
inter-galactic-up-lift.

He threw out his thumb to a passing space ship...
The aliens tied him down upon a table, and disected of him many pieces, with a
cut and a snip.

The moral of the story is don't hitch hike...
Or you'll go to pieces, wishing you were down on Earth, riding a bike.

Michael Gale

The Misbegotten Hope Of Lottery Nightmarish Nays.

Money...
Lottery tickets.

Will i win? ...
Losing is such a sin.

Funny? ...
Did not win-did not win.

Spending...
On hope.

Did i win? ...
Guess not?

Nope...
I'm such a dope.

Let me cuss and mope...
After i cuss, i might need to wash my mouth out with soap.

Is there a lottery of hope? ...
Nope! oh you silly, silly dope.

Michael Gale

The Mis-Wanderings Of Old Klondike Pete.

I am to e-mail news of stories past and old...
Of the Californian gold miner who struck it rich while on thy fly.
He dug and sifted every morning...
From the stream and ground so near.
He wished to find that fond unfound treasure...
Forever so far away.
His search did make him very tired...
Throughout his last-final day.
He did so sweat out in the sun...
So many, many miles away.
His name was Wandering Klondike Pete...
Forever losing his way to stream.
His direction was oh so erring...
He'd waken up from a drunken-losed, unconscionsious dream.
His dreams of riches had so expired...
His ways of life was well uncaring.
His days were lost to time...
He was forever sadly dispairing,
Forever was he robbed by crime.
He was always telling me of his long time exploits...
He had lied to me of a find so wonderous.
His riches were lies of time.
He was known as Wandering Klondike Pete...
Finally put to rest from off his feet.
His memories were tales and fables so tall...
His days were finally ended,
Old Wandering Klondike Pete had his final, fan fared-Final, final-'last call! '

Michael Gale

The Mount Of Olives.

Jesus Christ, will set His Holy feet,
once again onto the 'Mount Of Olives'...
Then 'The New World Order', will ask
themselves, during their defeat,
'What gives? '

The answer, is obvious...
Jesus-Lives.

That Olive Mountain, will split in two...
All the worldly men-Will, get their, due.

Then, from then on, Jesus will, forever rule...
All the sinners, will be through,
their uncaring ways, will make them rue.

Michael Gale

The Night Of Lessened-Light.

Be little, be light...
Lest ye be kissed by night.

This night...
This frightening night, of less seen light...

Do we miss the kiss, from our light? ...
Should we welcome, the night filled fright?

Are we allowed to be blanketed, in darkness-unfold? ...
To continue to suffer and shudder, as cower, as young or old?

We relish the thought that all is well...
We question all, that tell.

Alas, at last, the cold arid breath, breathes chance to lungs...
Against all life's, unclimbed rungs.

Many words rubbed raw, against ribbed aching and caged...
Went-Nothing new and no one olden, spent.

Pushed up daisies...
Wilted and dangling, lazies.

Michael Gale

The Old Lady, So Broken, As Blue!

T'was an old lady who was constantly blue,
She watched in horror, as her family had so
instantly grew! All the screaming of
children drove her, oh so crazy, As her
husband sat on the couch watching tv,
because he was so unexcused as lazy! The job
market was ripe for his own picking, But he
was unemployed as his choice, he would always
stay, as to sticking! This old lady could not
figure what to do, So she left him and the
kids, and she was no longer saddened or
felt so blue!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

The Poet From Nantucket.

There once was a poet from Nantucket....
Who was deathly ill and just ready to kick the bucket.

Once he was healthy...
Even he, be real wealthy.

Once thought to live long...
For a sought after song.

He'd search out all the cures....
Confident for sures.

Only he was told...
He'd not live to be old.

And now this poet from Nantucket...
Would be told, he'd for sure, soon be forced to kick the bucket.

Michael Gale

The Quiet Quiller Killer.

(This is not a true story.)

The quiet quiller...
He t'was the killer.

He stalked his prey...
One fine chilled day.

He got him cornered...
Behind the shrubbery bordered.

At the East end of the house...
Just like a quarried mouse.

That quiet quiller swung the axe with maximum arc...
This being done, not at the park.

The sharp edged head, did miss it's mark...
What a lucky break in as a lark.

The axe's blade bit hard into the old Oak tree's roughened scaley bark...
The intended victim, remained hidden, until evening's risen dark.

The victim was a literary critic who accumulated the Quiet Quiller's ire...
The Literary critic was trying to silence the Quiller's artistic desire.

Revenge was the Quiller's license...
Anger was the Quiller's incense.

Remember the moral to this story:
To try to silence the genius of the artistical vision, is a mistake...
This is the bad choice, that we some times make.

Michael Gale

The Red And Green Tulips Of Spring.

Tulip's leaves, sprung upwards in rejoice...
To the Sun's morning's of 'How do you do? '.

The tulips answered 'I do, I do! '...
Heard, close by, by a cock robiney, close-by.

The Robin had said 'Twitter, twatter'.
'Does it really, by far, really matter? '.

The robin took off, to catch a late arriving worm...
That worm, could really be seen, wriggling and a-squirming.

The robin dive bombing after the worm, accidentally, knocked out of the sky...
An iron butterfly.

An iron butterfly that over dosed on one a day vitamin pills, left outdoors by a
very forgetful health nutting-jogger...
She was still, very fat, and her husband, probably, just, should'a flogged her.

With a very wet noodle...
Her dog, was a dieting fat, over weighted, French Poodle.

That jogged on all fours...
Out, in the great out doors.

That poor, poor Iron-induced butterfly was just about now, pretty groggy and
seeing stars and as you guessed it, seeing butterflies...
Delivered so carelessly, by that Cockrobiney, show off, predator of flight.

Sad and to the point, the butterfly, was eaten by a religious, sort of type...
A Praying Mantis, from Atlantis.

The Mantis, still had on his snorkel mask and scuba fins...
Ya see, he still could get food, or rather bugs that skim, or swim, on top of the
water.

A watered down dieting din...
That Mantis could not win.

He had to settle for, bugs instead of salads, bread, or even a steak...
That was his, miserable dieting, water diet, mistake, to make.

Bugs on the water...
They're gonna get'cha!

I know, i bet'cha...
That Mantis will, let'cha!

A cat caught up to that Cock-Robiney, up, in a tree...
He was eaten raw, the cat, is no longer on a diet, or even too hungry.

That bird's goose was not cooked...
He was feline-booked.

(Moral of the story, is that on a beautiful spring day, anyone can get eaten, or
beaten!) Bwah! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Michael Gale

The Republican Unchanged Toilet Finally Got Flushed And Hushed.

This country will see no trauma...
Since we have voted for Barak Obama.

There would'nt be no state of failin'..
Had she lost-Mrs. Sarah Palin.

Oh wait, she really has! ...
No unlikely states of these miserable blahs.

This country's economic woes will be a-safely ridin'...
With the election of one Vice-President, Joe Bidon.

At least we don't have to listen to the TV news, that the new vice president has
charged over twenty five thousand dollars in clothes...
It's bad enough, our government in the past, wasted a lot o'money
as they'd -blows.

This fact that everyone here should knows...
Our National debt keeps a-continually grows and grow and grows.

At least we did not privatize Social Security, to blow it on the stock market...
The money now lays untouched-please observe as it untouchly lays.

Now we seem to be on a recovering path right on target...
No wasteful spending on our dumb Stock market.

Bonuses given to stock market CEO's...
Is as much wasted waste as blowin outside our nose.

Let us require our country be reimbursed...
For all the money wasted on rebuilding Iraq's war even worsed.

For they had all kinds of monetary oil profits...
Lets get paid back and to the war just lets say' Lets just dropp its! '

Is'nt eight years of job layoffs due to be flushed? ...
Good economic recovery will not be uncautiously rushed.

Only a wasteful government has finally been crushed...
Down the Democratic voter's toilet were they flushed.

This poem is not a political attack...
It is just words of promise that is finally to us- (U.S.) - back.

Michael Gale

The Roofer's Final Job.

A bus hath by to pick me up, in reality, and as in spirit...
Had i been deaf, I'd be run over and in ill health, I'd not have heard it.

Heard it, or herd it by cows painted in war paint and well adorned, be they...
Be they, en route to a party of five, that hunger filled day.

Ate, on the hoof...
Is a whole lot safer than be a roofer, dining out, upon a roof.

Had he have would have fallen...
Then he'd for sure be pained and a-bawl-in'.

For for sure, the hammer would have been released to the side, or top of his
head...
Where at night fall, he'd surely been laying injured, or not till morning, he all
night would have remained lain dead.

At the tips of his boot...
Would they be pointing high up into the sky, he'd have died, and
no one that knew he, would care or give a hoot.

Oh shoot! , he'd been better off to be shot...
Then the poor old roofer would have something to be pleased for, that he'd got.

Not a whole Hell of a lot....
At least he did not get shot.

He fell to Earth, blessed by God...
No more human, no more Earth-bound bod'.

God gave the eternal nod...
Below, he be buried, beneath the sod.

No prayers of his was ans'ed...
No final, exiting dance he'd be able to pranced.

Up, and through the Pearly Gates...
Was he admitted, Heaven's Holy, Real Estates.

The Sewer Of Stupidity...Traditionally-Ever Clogged.

The sewer of stupidity...
Is of the old guard or ancient antiquated poet-in-style.

Name calling should have to come to a screeching halt...
Let the stupidity be stopped or burnt into the mind or even burnt hotter than
scald't.

Th' sewer of stupidity is th' all evil way...
That th' brainless self centered love ta' play.

Filthy mouthed brutes-Like th' T-Rex, t'wilt not last...
They'll soon ta' be ancient an' extinct-Like a thing'o-th'past.

Michael Gale

The Spaghetti Eatin' Yeti.

The Abominal Snowman is sometimes called the Yeti...
This unwary snow white furred creature is widely known
to enjoy eating meatballs and spaghetti.
If you should ever see this Big Foot a'runnin' at you...
You'll know your done, you'll know you are through.
He carries his fork and knife while on the fly...
If you are dumb enough to stick around, you'll assuredly die.
For his second most food he likes to eat...
Is a human man named Fred, Joe or even Pete.
No photographs of him have ever been taken...
'Cause the photographer is missing,
slid down his gullet like a baked potato or a slab of
beef-so much unfortunately mistaken.
Broken tree branches and large footprints are his
stock in trade...There must'a been a femaled bigfoot,
for he never wood'a been made.
Bigfoot is rarely ever seen...'Cause out'ta his mouth,
usually is protruding a wet red dripping kidney or spleen.
So it's off he dashes real fast behind a trunk thickened tree...
So that tomorrow or next, he'll be rumored by someone else
that, the spaghetti eating yetti has been spotted, you'll see.

Michael Gale

The Sun And The Moon Of Man

The rays of the sun and moon and stars that align.
The rays of the Sun that remains as far and wide.
The rays of the Sun that gives life to those that think and plan.
The rays of the Sun, that plants the rivers so He can drink and stand.

For He is of the Sun that stood forever stark.
until the days of His unaltered ways, misled to some be, dark.
The Earth and moon and stars grow ever glum with stride.
Remember that it is Man, who prides himself glad, with sin, this ride.

Shadowy realms follow Him as He greedily stays.
Just remember this, He bathes within His own untarnished rays.

Michael Gale

The Talking, Poor Squid, With Nary, A Quid

There once was a talking squid....
Who had nary a farthing or quid.

He went out to look for a job that would pay, real well...
So that he'd not have to pawn his property or do sell.

He had not gone to a vocational school....
He had not even graduated from high school, because he thought he was way
too cool.

He needed a job...
Because he drooled a lot and he was an eight legged, fat slob.

He tried parking other people's cars...
He looked like he belonged and came from Mars.

He tried pumping gas...
He still was broke and alas-

He tried to be a fisherman's first mate...
He found out he did not even rate.

To live in the city, so he just jumped ship...
He had eyes and no lip.

So he headed back out to sea...
He did not belong, so can't you see?

He was a dismal failure...
This is the fabled tale, i tell ya.

He was broke and poor...
His ego was bruised and sore.

Michael Gale

The Three Stooges, That Farted, Their Parted.

There once was a man...
That ate a lot of beans, from a can.

He got heartburn and gas...
And-Knocked out most of
the neighboring mass.

The man did exclaim, 'Awe shoot!' ...
'I just had'da poot!

Beaners and weiners...
There is no non-gassey, betweeners.

Another guy was walking by...
Whil'est smoking a cigar,
All Hell, broke loose, just like
the fourth of July.

The sparks and explosions,
got louder and louder...
As if containing, lots of blackest-gunpowder.

A lot of sounds were heard that day...
A lot of smells, were released to stay.

Ya woulda thought this was started by the three stooges...
Those three had mugs that were more hidious than doggy like faced pooches.

Michael Gale

The Tree Of Knowledge! !

The tree of knowledge started it all...
Adam and Eve's unminding fall.

Man has killed man since that time...
Continually committing many a crime.

Good men worship up to the father...
While sinful men don't even bother.

Jesus will come down to reclaim His
throne...We all will be loved by God
and never to be sinfully alone!

12-28-2005'.

Michael Gale

The Trees Have Shed The Leaves Of Past.

The trees have shed the trees of past...
Nothing new, nothing last.

The branches spread a web of fate...
Nothing new, nothing late.

The bark had heard no call of the wild...
Nothing new, as in as styled.

The grass was green as green can be...
Peace filled winds, unto thee.

Alas alas, the Spring felt scape..
Upon my back, to all escape.

The winds left behind a hindered past....
Alas, alas, no sudden, last.

Michael Gale

The Unholy Un Holiday Inn.

Allow me, one day to be able to peel away the angered and bruised onion-ally emotion's layers, for a much closer inspection, reveals great animosity and hate...Let me write down, in accordance-that date.

That is a date i wish to attend in attentional jacket worn in full...
That, in itself-Is no bull.

Then, and only I be able to examine in scope...
A sad less, hopeless-hope.

Beneath all the layers of hate and guilt...
Must lie a sad filled heart, awaiting for the inanene feeling's of life
to be over flown and spilt.

So that the Sun may once again shine on in...
To keep oneself filled with nothing but
happiness to 'The Deep Shine Inn.'

Always checked in...
Where it is always
gladdened feelings
where you've
always been.

Michael Gale

The Unshattered Pieces Of That Broken Heart As Of Late.

It's time to sweep up all the small broken pieces of that broken heart...
For it may now be time to move on and ignore the pain and heartache brought on
by
others from us that take up and depart.

Pain of the heart may be sudden and sorrow...
Those that hate in the end may be times of wasted haste b'for the morrow.

Is there a band-aide that we might apply to that aching piece? ...
I think that it's best to create a forgotten stage on which to climb fastly
so that in the end we might find a new beginning for inner peace.

Anguish and heart felt sorrow can at times seem a hard habit to break...
Just forget and move on to another, so that there is no longer a heartache
mistake.

Happiness of heart will eventually fly fast and high like a furied fast moving eagle
flying toward's a most heartly freedomed bell to be rung...
That last final ladder of pained heart can be stepped hand over hand in unisoned
climb to a most welcomed mounted obsticled passed by a much well placed
footed to rung.

Michael Gale

The Unsweetened, Callings?

Sweet images amaze all Angels of Man...
Brought great peril of one who ran.

Who ran be this one so long...
This Man who doth sing one saddest song.

Where or when will this personage appear? ...
Or now to be absent to a leave, as in arrear.

Hush this unsweetened taste of Men who call...
Call to all, a call and appall.

Taste the unsanitary blossoms in life...
Forever to woo in solitary and separate strife.

Michael Gale

The Very Successful Rich Man From Van Couver.

T'was a man from Van Couver...

T'was a larger than life big shaker and mover.

He wrote books which became million dollar sellers...

He got where he was by being the best of the best damned spellers.

His books were turned into block buster movies and even ones made for tv...

He had a very voluptuose and desireable wife by many worldly men.

With looks like hers, no wonder there was such much worldly sin...

He was a worldly successful author and star of a vast richness of wealth that caused him to live a life while always walking around with a shit eaten grin.

Now that's the story of the shaker and mover from Van Couver...

He is a well known winner and not a mere stupidly poor loser-That man from good ole' Van Couver.

Michael Gale

The Ways Of Love.

Friend of a friend of a friend to thee...
How might i count the ways of yee?

The ways i love you as near as be...
The ways afar as far to thee.

Closeness as close to thy heart...
I love ye more than thou knows as art.

Yon beauty breathes to me for naught...
I should know for sure as sure as ought.

A tempted kiss was sent a-start....
Because of thee, because thou art.

Michael Gale

The Weeping Willow, Fell, Naught, Not Soon.

Yes-The weeping Willow
is a tree that bends with
the wind, or wills it's
own resistance...
Mother Nature's
own insistence.

Oh Willow, strong and tall...
Remnant of things that
never do fall.

An image of an object,
very immovable...
Always here, anchored
undo able.

Here, always had...
Never gone, never
sad.

Always and forever,
a gifted smile...
To my face,
along, long, many a mile.

Stretches far...
Like the Earth's
scabbed, like a scar.

Into the Earth, do
the roots deep sink...
Like of a protected
armour, to never
part, or chink.

The Willow tree, stands
bent but tall...
Never fell, or never
to feebly, stall.

Onward and upward
towards the sky...
Sun doused in strength,
Never less, to die.

Timbered, finally, loudly fell...
Beside the river's, ebbing swell.

Ebbing swell, hath heard on Earth...
Doomed to die, since after a
long, grown, absented, birth.

At it's base...
The most monstrous a girth.

Michael Gale

The Woman In The Short-Shorts. (A Very Funny Story!)

There was a woman wearing very short shorts...
The Husband just stared at them.

You'd of thought that She just had performed a can, can? ...
But still He stared as best as can, only because, He was just a Man.

You might say that 'Her risen hem...
Attracted many Male stares, all of them.

Men just love a curvaceous booty...
Their eyes are always performing their, usual eye candied duty.

That Husband was slapped as hit...
By the looks of His right eye, You'd think Him as landed in a Wasp nest, or an
Asp's, or a Rattle snake pit.

Black and blue, as well as exhibiting a nasty, large swell...
Was His right eye, as easily, You'd tell.

This Mild Mannered Husband, would no longer stare...
For the benefit of His eyes, He would really and cautiously care

Michael Gale

Theatre Goer Shot Down Dead.

Is he dead? , is he dead? ...

Did he die since being shot clean in the head?

Yes he died at Ford's Theater...

The man that shot him, was so much meaner.

The assassin's name was Boothe...

Somebody should have punched him clean through his teeth or tooth.

The great President shot, was known as good old Abe Lincoln...

The coward that shot him was dirty and real, real stinkin'.

That man did get hung from the neck...

His mom cared, but no one else, gave a heck.

Boothe is famous for one bad reason...

He committed a crime-Considered as like a historical treason.

Michael Gale

There Will Be, One For You.

One day, there will be, one for You...
Only He, will be true-blue.

He'll wait on You hand and foot...
Aw, dang it! I can't think of
anything that rhymes with foot!

He'll tender to Your every need...
With the reflexes, He'll need His speed.

For He'll never wish to hurt Your soul...
You'll be His ever lasting goal.

He'll want to make You happy...
Love will be
makes You to all, seem sappy.

Sappy as the sweetest tree...
Only in Love, But Never
Heart-Free!

Michael Gale

These Damned, Crazy Terrorist's...

India, New York City, Oklahoma City, London-Where does it stop? ...
All have died, civilians, Government officials, firemen and many a cop.

Who are these terroristic vermin? ...
Have they never been inside a church on Sunday, to hear a Godly sermon?

These people are mad men at best...
They will fail the Almighty's test.

These crazy fanatics are such a humanity's, bothesome pest...
They come from many places, in the North, South, and even the East and West.

God, in the end will have to deal with them...
They will be unholy, and dull as the dullest, tarnished gem.

They will, by God and Jesus Christ, be judged sinly unclean...
They will, by man and woman, be judged, unholy and mean.

May their days of terror, be put to an end...
May God of all, to Hell, due, them send.

Michael Gale

These Waters Are Infested With Political Sharks.

Spanish cock roaches infiltrate apartments and houses ever so deftly...
And theftly.

Japanese beetles can strip a leaf just as fast as a Phirranah...
Do you believe?
Do ya-really wanna?

Sharks are hearty eaters...
If you run into an epileptic shark that stutters, you'll meet some repeater-
eaters.

If these sharks have fin-tails that smells....
Then, they'll be called odor eaters.

If these sharks sit around watching on tv-PBS'es Victory Garden...
Then they'd be known as weed eaters.

Then these sharks would be labeled as being intelligent and
also a -smart'n...
These sharks drink alot and are known to get real hammered, don't ya know?

Michael Gale

They Bombed A City, With Wings Of Steel.

They bombed a city, with wings of steel...
Showered people with concrete to kill.

Ashened ruins of structured twins...
Americans saddened by terrorists cheating way's-wins.

It made me ache inside, me shudder...
As i quaked, and did madly mutter.

With anger rising inside my head...
While on the screen, watching all the strewn away dead.

Blood and smoke consumed us all...
On that day, we felt not, too tall.

Later on in the day, we looked to kill...
Revenge, all we thought, was our only, sought of will.

The thrill to kill those deeds of hate...
Would not go away and thus, abate.

For on the day that judgement comes...
Those terrorist', demons-will rightly taste
the righteous crumbs.

They'll stay in Hell, when'st all they came...
Live in heated and forbidden shame.

In the end-
God's judgement-will be their fame.

Michael Gale

Things That Tick Me Off! ! !

Keys that either stick or don't even comprehend the friggin' punch of the old finger...

People who are way too loud while on their cell phone...

Some people think they are much more in life-too much bigger.

People without a handicap sticker in their car windshield, who park in a handicapped parking space.

People who smoke when a no smoking sign is in plain view as posted.

People who abuse a dog or a cat...

These are all the things that tick me off...

Even those, that don't cover their mouth and nose, after they've sneezed or barked off a rude and germy cough.

While out being in public.

A Democracy is much better than a mere goofy Republic.

Michael Gale

This Arrow's, Heart

The arrows of disgust usually find their way directed at Me...
Always sharpened and honed in on time to Thee.

Razor's edge to sharpest point...
Freely moving within the joint.

Unhindered as the bleakest parody of Man...
You know, the One who knows that He must
do what He freely wants, and can?

That arrow which can pierce and
dissect, the cleanest wound...
You know which one, the One
that can go unobtrusive,
to Those, unsound.

At it's very core...
To forever remain, thoroughly, sore.

Michael Gale

This Beard.

This beard...
Feels very weird.

It itches....
It never b_tches.

It don't wear a dress or even britches..
It don't get hurt, or has any stitches.

This beard is very weird...
By man-is never heard.

This beard-is not insane...
This beard-is very plain.

This beard i've grown all along...
This hairy thing, cannot hum or sing a song.

Why do i detest, this beard of mine? ...
Why must i cut, this fluffy-thine?

This thing is not a witch...
This thing, i must cut or ditch.

This beard is what i hide behind...
It looks way better than my bare behind.

This beard is bristly-at best...
This beard, is just my test.

Why can't i get rid of this? ...
This beard is just my bliss.

This beard, i would miss...
If be gone, i'd be amiss.

This beard is a part of me...
This beard requires no water-
-it be all free.

This beard, that frames my face...
Makes my appearance, look out of place.

This beard, that is a part of thee...
May one day, depart from me.

Michael Gale

This Evil, Craggy Hairless Much.

This ivoried wig which fell down amongst my face...
Left it's oiled scars, from left the hefted space.
How now may i weep my mobiled scowl...
Licking dogs of a hellioned clawed cats scratch fevered to my cleft.
Alleaving one so tenderly as if we were never ever wildly kept.
Doves of peace deposited a brownish wholely scowl...
I wipe away the blood left stain of life's own journeyed towel.
Perhaps i may become so now, for when i do deem a well wished
dirty brow.
Cliftoned halls of narrowed waste...
Beyond my wildest taste.
I have to bend my well rend paste, for far the maddening insipid
crowned on down.
This evil craggy ungaged hemp, wretched unto my own slipped touch.
I bequeeth the morrow of my ills...German bred and nay born Dutch.
Lest the neighbor got my breath...Got my penny any, not so death.
Pained to my beating heart as never nevered stayed well closed.
Bridled love does not this rankish hellish day...May the beastialized
heart beat that fathomed beat as slow as wintered wonder.
May the hands of time beat best to my beat so that i may cleave the
learned books of want. Perchanced meeting of the morn' will tag my
body fullened trained not shoddy body. Hence the day of well not fished...
Aboard the hotty knotty. Waves fell acrossed my shores as
branded was that brandy...Tattoo'ed across my chest of hairs-
-My name is an oldest boldest bandy Andy handy.

Michael Gale

This Heart, This Stilled, Heart.

I cannot escape your beautiful looks...
Your unequalled beauty, is another one, for the books.

I cannot escape your unequalled smarts...
Of many men, you have broken, their aching,
hearts.

But what of all, is what i cannot, understand...
Of all the catches, in the ocean, you chose my
heart, and hand?

Your heart, your heart, be that, as, I may...
May I continue to, consequently-have and play.

Will you not, become, my loving agent? ...
For all eternity's, decorative, encasement?

All your beauty, is kept to myself...
Put away as a treasure, upon the highest, hidden shelf.

For of yourself, I wish not to, ever share....
Of who does know, I do not care.

Of your unchallenged beauty, do not, I share...
For ever, in time, by me, to stare.

Heart of hearts and lasting love....
You've given me, from one above.

My land, on Earth, be oddly, swayed....
In this heart, that you've graced, and stayed.

Michael Gale

This Heart'D Table's Royaled Flush, Brought To Me Your Loving Rush.

When'st our hearts lastly met...

You were my full house-My royaled flush.

You bring to my hearted table, continuing mush...

Sweetened lips to mine, a sweetened heart's silenced gentled hush.

Come to me my darling...

Come full ahead like as in a forlorn loving, come forth as in this heartfelt rush.

Please bring to my heart's color faded, artistic flourish...

Your artsy loving colorful brush.

Michael Gale

This Heart's, Sadly Stained-Tainted Sorrow.

Morning has broken of a life's unbridled loving emotions.
This yearning unspoken of love's hidden emotional roller coaster...
Overcoming roughened hills like as stilts to be constantly climbing,
With life's brakes, always applied with resistance of this abandoned
yearning of love's ever compassionate burning-not far from a torturous Hell.
This disheartened depression sinks deeply, into my bones, as well.
An emptied hole left inside my heart-Of this loved one, that has since
did fastly and lonely desert and depart.
This abnormal dismal empty feeling has left me oh so sadly reeling.
A heart once was whole and unpierced...
Now resides intact and pieced in half, Oh so broken and saddened
so fierced.
Love will never encroach my path...
I'll forever more soak in my dismal blackened depressing bath.
All alone as for the 'morrow...
Sadly stained with tainted sorrow.

Michael Gale

This Heart's, Transgressional Pain.

Past tensed issuance of the flaggering beat...
Thump, thump, thump-Oh so neat.

Pains sweltering toward's haltering gain...
Alas, oh lass-This failing mass.

Beginning this battlemental menstratral lapse....
This organed muscle wears out to total, ruined-collapse.

Give cause for alarm...
Regain this rythmic beating strain.

That crashing ache in pained, these eyes-
Realized this pain-to thee, thine harm....
Finally-arreared pain, she dies.

Michael Gale

This Life....

This life so blessed from being so messed.
This life so humble to endure the day to day tough resisted tumble.
This life is lovingly shared with my patient, beautiful wife.
This life is filled with Grand-kids, shared to mine.
This life is met with old tired aching bones.
This life is brought with many added taxes, to pay to thine.
This life is carried from birth to aged.
This life is gifted with mad tempered rage.
This life is dealt with many bosses unkind.
This life at times, seems will totally mix up and become unwind.
This life so tangled from start to finish...
This life will decrease after times, to sadly, finally end and diminish.
This life has ended to the grave...
No more sad times, no more happy times...
Life shan't be without Death, even death cannot be stayed or to stave.
Death may be our only last evil, unstoppable knave.

Michael Gale

This Love For Thee Is Finally Way Over Due, It Be True, I Love You.

Lo' to release feelings of grandure and appeasements displayed...
How can i fend off feelings of depressionall disdained?
Why does it seem that i wander around in a dismal abysse? ...
When will feelings of missment loving escape me finally to the great
beyond and also of that transitionaled way be to dismiss?
I yearn for that someone special that will be remiss...
Oh for the love of God to at lastly last miss that long gone kiss.
You bring me to my senses this heart so hollow...
Feelings for thee will lead me wisely to follow.
A heartfelt fondness now begins my whole new day through...
Angered sadness is few not due.
I love and dearly miss you....
Yes i do-believe me i truly do.

Michael Gale

This Love Will N'Ee'R Leave And Depart.

Th' sharement of a golden sunset...
Hand 'n hand walking amongst the ocean's spray.

Wettest of wet sandy beached toggs...
Cometh unexpectedly upon lagest of logs.

Where uponced wandering wonderfully th' day...
Learned b' th' happiest stays-

Smiles upon th' memorie's wild...
Innocently taken aback by th' friendliest child.

A look of wonderment of earnestly best..
Can only stand up t' th' chanced time's test.

She smiled my way that lass with her hair o' gold...
M' heart she captured with beauty so bold.

Hourglass filled with emotional sands...
Like m' love for her, her softest of touched hands.

My heart like the hourglass's grains filled up with pride...
Fully over filled with love, since b'coming my wed-had bride.

My love for her was truth well known...
Together we enshrined our hearts to due best and own.

This heart...
This love will n'ee'r leave and depart.

Michael Gale

This Melted Heart, By Words Of Scorn-O'Ee'R Time Be Healed, Not Left Sadly Forlorn.

Lip's textured radiance of thee....
Shinn'th thy most, just for me.
The redness glares light, blinding per sight...
Your love for me, gives a happiness, that delights.
You are my lady love, well close to my heart...
Our love will not trade, not even part.
Troubled waters flood open a disparing sad gate...
For the morrow', to hope our love, be not too disolate.
Angered words can compromise respect for your mate...
It's best at times, to remain silent, not angrily irate.
Yon smooth flowing hair, dwells about as fiery red...
Your silenced grimace to me, can bring about angered
words filled with heated hatred of spite and dread.
Words should not have been unchecked as spoken...
You caused pain to my heart, you've made it badly broken.
Pieces of the heart, may never be mended...
Oraled by hate, our love has ended.
Thy place in your heart, may well be displaced...
Words given to haste, may advance myself to be
lovingly replaced.
Forgiveness to heart may be rare of state...
I forgive you, your words, dear- Twill not be, too late.
My love for thee, will never cease...
Not even for words given, inflamed by a hating disease.
This flame of love, remains unextinguished.
My respect of thee-Remains distinguished...
That wayward wink, fondly, flashed at me.
Fulfills my void, Of heart by thee.
You made me happy when you did finally decide...
That to say yes-To be my Bride.

Michael Gale

This Poetic Piece-You've Artly Crafted.

Yo thee way thee transfixed said words...
Flying about as free as birds.
Easily placed as logically read...
An insightful done write, rightly bred.
You flow your ink as in an artist's brush...
This painting is so a masterpiece-
Done carefully-not done in a rush.

Michael Gale

This Prolific Entity's Temperance.

A prolific entity regains my strength...
Reneged my stamina, for posterity's sake.
Beguiled by others, has inflamed my obviouse sores...
Rediscovering my temperance, indicates my hallowed secret source.
Perhaps a discovery of humor well thee, timely honoured...
Ignorance of meanness, has not obligated one so dishonoured.
Wasted days of valor, inates, a far spirited, leading head...
An always longing for other's approval, sped up my becoming, longly dead.

Michael Gale

This Snow, This Snow!

This snow, this snow...
I know! I know!

I hate all this white stuff...
Enough is enough!

It can be formed and hurled fast to knock off some one's hat...
It can even be aimed, at a dog or a cat.

I would never do that, though...
I would never hurl a ball of snow!

At some unsuspecting one...
Not Me! No such fun!

This white stuff can be used to build a fort...
It can also be used to down hill ski, as a winter, Olympic, sport.

This stuff, can be rolled, to make a man...
A man of snow, that You, can.

This stuff is as cold as ice...
Whiter, than the whitest rice.

Whatever You decide to do...
Don't get stuck in a car, in a storm,
or You'll have had to ask Yourself, who, knew?

Don't forget about snow blindness...
It can make You quite, the sightless.

The Sun reflects, off it nice...
It can kill and freeze, just like ice.

I hate, the snow, the snow! ...
I know this more, I know, I know!

Michael Gale

This Storm's, Angered Heart.

This home made kiss that rides the wind...
Sprints forth feelings of love, yet not ever, to rescind.
How may i deliver my heart to thee? ...
Can ever your eyes, locate my love for thee?
Storm swept anger imbeds all hate...
Sweeping away our loving state.
Words all angered inflicts wounds to heart...
Forgive me dear, please not, depart.
My words do swear, my love for thee...
Our two hearts forlornly, angered free.
Forgiveness of the heart, does mend ways of old...
Forever our love, be ever so bold.
Inflamed hearts, burn as together...
Eternally the morrow, ' all storms, shall we weather.

Michael Gale

This Summered Dance, To A Deadly Chance.

Summered dance...
Without a chance.

Of catching up to the wind swept fall...
Shortly due, Winter's call.

Time aloney...
No bologney.

Whispered indifference...
By a Summer tramp.

Whinno's inspect, the alcoholic camp...
Here we be, with the hang-over-champ.

Can the catcher-istic player subdue his inadequate skit? ...
Will he the supposed master, make a home runnestic hit?

Whinno's in the outfield miss all their life's-balls...
When behind the wheel, their vehicle of life, sputters and stalls.

Summered chance...
At last-no dance.

A Wintry chill blow out to port...
Grave diggers in over time, sport.

The end....

Or is it?

Michael Gale

This Summer's Final, Sleep.

Before, the last dried leaf, had fallen...
Jack Frost had sung his, Winter's final call-in'.

The breezes brought, the winter chill...
That would grab, all the flowers, to a freeze-dried, kill.

Snow flakes had fallen...
To blanket all the Earth.

Spring, was now forlorn, and sullen...
From the winter's, cold-en birth.

Summer, is now, offed as gone...
No more plant life, amid the, snow white lawn.

Winter's blanket, now covers every thing, that's seen...
Every inch is cloaked in white, nothing, be a-green.

Ice sickles, hang from every, branch and tree...
If anything, that winter has taught us, is, Summer was not, for free.

The creatures are hibernating, in a state of, silent, sleep...
Summer's time is dead, for this fact, we all do, weep.

Michael Gale

This Van Goughistic Way Of Life.

Twist's of fate are a rare taken path...

Van Gough.

Whack! , whack! , whack!

Cut's off his ear...

All but naught-for ones so dear.

Van Gough...

Whack! , whack! , whack!

Lack of love for none as near.

Van Gough...

Whack! , whack! , whack!

Lest not more left to make thee clear.

Hark and listen not no more sound to hear...

Van Gough...

Whack! , whack! , whack!

I'll not be back.

Michael Gale

This Wayward Heart.

The wayward heart, flung to thy winds...
Torn apart from deep within.
That heart so barren and emptied fro' thee...
Wretche'd of life so carelessly.
This heart was one, so tied to thee...
Forever more - Torn ten-dearly.
How can life proceed ahead? ...
From now until-
This solemn dread.

Michael Gale

Those Wonderful Days Of Last, Our Past!

Showers onto the flowers all about the very
colorful garden with variety's galore!

These clouds do pour the water galore, which
makes them all do grow and multiply some more.

These seeds spread out and reach up towards
the Sun...Kites drift into the wind, just
riding the drafts so ever more profound!

Those young soul's of children, who smile and
play...With those kites into the wind, wins
their final happy hearts on that fine, fun Sunny day!

Ahh! to grow up, way too fast...We tend to
wish, those days would last!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Thoughts Of Poetry Readers, As They Read A Good Poem.

'Tis worldly words picked here today...
Thru thy heart and brain, may this eternally stay.
For words well chosen imprint to soul...
That becomes poetry's final smart goal.
Poems as art speak well to thee...
Of all thy readers t'will best agree.
Imagined presence o'er take thy words...
Pictured well of bees and birds.

Michael Gale

Three Bedroom Den.

It has a nice homey feeling and sound
A three bedroom Den, Bookcase and
chimney doth surround.

We have yet to acquire the proper sectional
Priced right, it would need be inexpensive-al!
What with three plumbers already been called
Just because the main line was initially, stalled.

Now it seems as if the chimney sash
needs a good Water proof Caulking
Because of the watery damaging stalking.

That has seeped behind the fire place mantel
Ruining a picture, I guess, that I've managed to handle.
Just remember to tell Your Realtor to get a real good inspector
Not one that lets things get by, like a water injector.

The repairs keep amounting to nothing more, than
a little more patience adhered
To my corner and My shouldered, impatience,
endeared.

Michael Gale

Three Poets Sit!

Three poets in a corner or a row...
Will ideas like trees do soon grow?
As like weeds sprout to shout out...
How ugly doth I be?

Weed eater in hand...
Like a silly Gypsy band.
Crystal ball doth seem too tall? ...
Small?

These seeds scattered here and there...
Growth regrown to one's disown.
Do not Ye sadly stare! ...
Never do to sadly dare.

Fingers inter twinned...
As Thy heart had emoted as dinned.
Both in tune...
Warm and hot in June.

Michael Gale

Threw It Out, Threw It Out, Threw It Out, Whore...

Threw it out, threw it out, threw it out whore...

Threw out just one, one more.

Bedaggled and staggered as on one beach...

Look outward to see the ones we reach.

Look no more, for some to teach...

Look some more for more to preach.

Harken to ears to fetch of thine...

Drink for harvest's of sun drenched wine.

Grapes of wrath...

Prepare ye soulful bath.

Soak up all droplets by a sponge of bread...

Redd'th soaked to table's shadowed stained bled.

Michael Gale

Thundered Lightning Spreads Clouds So Near.

Hip hop-slickety splits, All ideals are not great hits.
What has words been written in time? ...
Lonely, lonely-deserted rhyme.
From this once holy, imaginative explosivley-scattered...
Failed to one's own self-which really did not so much matter.
The end is nigh as on clouded horizons...
Punished by God-to all his evil'd betraying minions.
Escaped hearts filled with fear...
Hopely a forgiven forgive'd-dueness as near.

Michael Gale

Thy Ball And Chain-What Be A Constant Pain?

A ring, a ring, in the nose...
To be led around, do you suppose?

What a big bad pain...
What is in a ball and chain?

Nag, nag, nag and rag...
What comes next? , but a gravitational sag.

Nip and tuck, nip and tuck...
The only way that he'll wanna f_ _ ck!

Plastic surgery is well on the horizon...
That's the only way, you'll see him risen'.

These ideas are what some men of marriage deem...
Juvenile and Male chauvinistic pigs, are what they seem.

I however like the institution of the normal marriage...
Two women or two men holding hands and kissing creates a real unacceptable
situation. problems followed by a lot occasional spells of unwanted stairriage.
(stare-age) .

Male chauvinistically views...
Always seem to make the TV and head line news.

Michael Gale

Thy Echoes Of Yon Voice.

The echoe of yon voice-Oh so trembling...
That voice-Doth cause great pain of grace.

The grace of disgraced findings...
Finding musings of the heart.

Those musings of the heart...
Do they muse me to start?

All mannored troubling beings...
Always to truth, are they forever fleeing?

Fleeings of memoried balk...
Forever more to haunt and stalk.

Hunting and stalking it's weakened beast...
Th' one we care for, of what thy least.

Hunt for more answers naught...
Upon yon, riddled caught.

Michael Gale

Thy Heated Way, That, Eyed, Adore.

Obtuse this heart, beyond thy door...
Unlock itself, inlet-ting you, wanderly, explore.

My feelings of love, tho', be silent....
Alone of heart, be-rift in an entrench-ed, grave.

For this emoted, perplex ed-wave...
Washed over me-Naught drowned, That you'd, saved.

Among my heated, heart lit, hearth...
From yon love, Twas given, an adjoined, birth.

Alas alas, this smitten ed, day...
Mine heart of hearts, began it's happy, play.

Attuned of hearts, become at hand...
A lot was gained, as yet, not planned.

Beyond thy shadowed, lengthened stand...
This heart doth beat, as thy doth, command.

Beneath thy Willow tree, One, day, do I dare, due-depart...
Lips of gleaming, red cherries, Sadly displayed, as like scornful, art.

Always to remind me...
We'll remain, sadly far and apart.

Michael Gale

Thy Literary Heart, Felt Torched.

It seems to be man's duty to emblazonedly ignite the imagination of their fellow
man's higher learning...

Inward felt-This heart felt dealings, ever sought, this knowledgeable burning.

This wanting edge of our heart deep, known...

Ever learning, what not-be sewn.

Once the pyre be inflamed of heart...

Twill, we once again, gain insight filled art.

Let's keep lit the un torched flame...

Always burning of unburdened blame.

No words meant to inflict saddened heart...

From those of other's maddened part.

Let us grow up into an adult like literate state...

Always educated sooner, for a bettered date.

Hopefully, not too badly late...

Tho' in the end, We'll really rate.

In stature of kindness done...

Knowing, in the end, that we've won.

Michael Gale

Thy Moon, Thy Moon, Thy Sullen Swoon.

Thy moon, thy moon thy sullen swoon...
Thy swooning sphere, right over here.

Thy baseless baron, snarin' tear...
Thy wasted sharin', starin' fear.

Behold off't all thy quakened-near...
Behold as always thy hastened dear.

Regrets do never re shake and halt...
Remain behind, in thoughtless vault.

Suggested waste upon thy heart...
Regained as seated as tasted start.

Remain avast thy stated fear...
Remembering all, thy hatred, near.

Be-quested flank of heartened sight...
Remain so lonely as disheartened might.

Abruptly avenged, avenged tonight...
A heart so near, as dear, delight.

Michael Gale

Thy Mortal, Self.

Why must we exit, this sphere, down here? ...
Why must we clear, something, we hold so dear?

Must we go away, to a new life, we know not how? ...
Must we go away from all, to test our knowledge,
enough, en-ow?

This shell, be mortal...
Why must we enter, thy portal?

Why should we wish to see the light? ...
What of heart, should we delight?

A trip, departed, from this birth...
Why, oh why, must we exit this Earth?

No more, are we to again to live....
Nothing, no more, to substantially, give.

Michael Gale

Thy Servant Of Thy Cross.

Servant of the Cross...

Preach toward a saved beginning.

Teach fresh a new envisioning...

I see sunshine shinning down on my busied parade.

Please Lord, erase from my life this continuing rantful tirade...

Perspiration of beads, drips slowly down a furrowed brow.

Work and a far reaching of asperations, compose which what is to
becomes to my past experiences with many a much learn'ed know how...

Pureed fury knows no bounds.

Love enhances life's dull boring sounds...

Be prepared for the change of thy ways.

For a nearer futured better of days...

A call usually is put forth for a Servant of the Cross.

Sometimes, only when'st we and all experience a loved one to this lively loss.

Michael Gale

Thy Shril Thrill Of The Emancipated Hunt.

The shrill, thrill of the hard learned thrill...
Ironged of stiffened and strengthened will.

How now, might i seal the deal? ...
Whom, will i be selected to kill?

Will, i, in turn, be forced, to get behind the steering wheel? ...
Will i, then, in turn, have my total fill?

Will i, at last, get fed up? ...
Will i, in long time, end up in the gutter, holding
tightly upon thy pencil filled, tin cup?

Will, i end up in jail or in prison, on death row? ...
Will i, before, learn wisely and then know?

Which course, i must travel down? ...
So for, now on, I'll not have to be forced to wear a frown-
Upon, thy tempted face.

What a low down, rotten, disgrace?

Michael Gale

Thy Sunlight, Silhouetted, At Thy, Pitied, Door...

Thy sunlight silhouetted at thy, pitied door...
Thy renewed moon beams, yet,
less, transfigured, time a more.

Time a more, yet thy pour...
Ignore this ignorant spore.

Ignorant spore, doomed, be bore...
Make me sleep, less yet to abhorred, snore.

Rest this sleep induced bore...
Shore me not, not thee soar.

Soaring deep into slumbered land...
Be it best, yon idled hand.

Light, light, disheartened shroud...
Billowy settled, unsettled loud.

Lowly bent as blown this cloud...
Vastly debt, be not thee, proud.

Lowered death, slower-ed time...
Bequeath ye friends, as stilled, ye prime.

Rap, rap, be knocking by me door..
No naught, thy aging and decrepit, sad, fed poor.

Light, light, this darkened desolate yearning...
No such, unenlightened, diffused-burning.

Dark, darkest-silenced secret...
No more light, darkest fright.

Begone, thy dawn dented night...
Hallowed and horrid, sight.

All night...
Lonely blight.

Michael Gale

Time Is God's Own Gift To Thee-Happly With Her I Spent To Be

Like a planted flower, her lips to mine...
The two pair of lips sublime so fine.

Magic fireworks exsploded in air...
Lit up yon sky to show i care.

Her red tinted hair ignited my love...
Her fresh shaped figure as if made fro' heavenly made above.

Sent down only to me...
She set my heart free
To love only her warm as well as softened skin so tender and
rested, and gingerly gently.

Her poisoned beauty did drink me in....
As if by the Devil to give in sin.

Tempting her smile as well as sent...
Down to thy own heart did God hath to me lent.

Time is God's own gift to thee...
Happly with her i spent to be.

Michael Gale

Time Saved Freedom, From Times Misspent.

He seized upon the moment's last...To change it's course, of history's past.

Back into time, had he travelled...To untie his mess, finely unravelled.

Time travel seemed real nice...Into his life was added great spice.

Adventures spun as like a great tale...The ones we weave-The ones we tell.

Mysteries answers fall unexpectedly into our laps...Unbeknownst the stranger saps.

Spies verses spies of all the world...Freedom's flags are now unfurled.

The brave young souls of our service men...Gives out their freedom so that we in the end, will morally win.

Michael Gale

To Be Full Of Oneself.

To be full of oneself is as near as possible as being full of it...
I just hate people who might brag how better they be, than others.

Why do men put down others? ...
Why can't men be loving brothers?

Do men feel better when they spout off and defame? ...
Why do unjust men defame as blame?

What do'th be man's own game? ...
Why must we to put forward sad shame?

Why must we humiliate someone out in a public forum? ...
Why cannot we practice a proper decorum?

Why must man wish to shed shame? ...
What is man's most evil like game?

Does man normally feed off his fellow man's own sadness? ...
Is it because basically, man is full of badness?

I guess so....
This, i sadly know.

Michael Gale

To Be Gay, Is Not Acceptable, In The Bible.

Jesus forgave Mary Magdalene...

But, I do not believe, that He would forgive, Jerry FagDelean.

If God would have wanted His people to be gay...

Then, He'd have saved the city of sin, to still be alive, today.

Where is Saddam and Gomorrah? ...

Why is Aids, the miss-sexual, a-score-a?

It is in the Old Testament(Adam and Eve) ...

Nothing, in it, is mentioned, about, Adam and Steve!

Why does the word, queer, mean, strange and abnormal, or unacceptable? ...

Think about it, irregular, or unimaginable?

This is a life style, that I do not condone...

I ignore them, and think, they ought to go off and live on an island, by themselves, completely all, alone.

Just because, I might ignore them, does not mean, that I think they are right...

They are way too wrong, and belong kept, out of sight.

Gay people do not like words like fag or queer...

I did not invent these words, I only found them in the dictionary, so conveniently, near.

Gays might change their wrong behavior...

If they truly found their straying way, to God and Jesus, their, hopeful-savior.

Michael Gale

To Be Grapefull For The Wine Of The Vine.

Should i be grapefull for the wine of the vine? ...
Fun times romantic-That is fine-That is fine.

Cabernet? ...
Yum yum yum-
Shall we play?
Shall we play?
This fine wined and dined defined fine romantic day...

Fruit of the grape....
There just is no waylaid escape.

Drink but do not drive....
Cell phone detoured right of way.

Shall we make the innocent by life forfeited to pay? ...
Stay alive-Do naught drunkenly drive.

Michael Gale

To Drink In All That Be Gladdest, Met.

Glistening glade and blades of grasses...
Drinking in all that matters.

All that matters naught...
Dew drops nothings-not.

Hail to gladdening s songs of heart...
Into the wind songs maddest foils.

Hypnotizing gaps of breadth...
Initialized and realized at
least and indebtedness.

Indebtedness nests entwined...
Absently minimalism memorialized.

At last in Hath? ...
Begin the newest nation's mast.

Built newly upon tallest shoulders
and mountaineering's mass...
Alas and alas in this eon's past.

No more meanderings and philandering pans...
Like a well adjusted bridge between all spans.

Michael Gale

To Fall Victim To A High Priced Dentist.

A throbbing pulsating ring of pain...
Remains akin to my aching tooth and gum.

Where will this pain to disipate and leave? ...
Will it to rise and melt as well as swell to sleeve?

This tooth ache sticks to me like a once softened salted wounded scab...
Never to be away as a fat piece of meaty flab.

Like to be a collar worn hard and round my ever aching stain and pain filled neck
and back...
Always dragging and sagging and wiggling with a sound filled sound of a sounded
smack.

Flabby skin can make that sound of thudded flubber gainst sweat filled
moisture...
What else could be louder than the louderest the noisier.

Pain still stays and sticks around just like an arm pitted stain...
No money or reason to explain this pain.

How to be rided this pain in teeth or gums?
No wealth or money in heightened of sums.

Just like a flea or tick this bug of pain lands and stays infested in thee...
Time wasted spent invested of ye.

Let us just pull out every tooth in gum...
Then i'd have to sport a smile of fakeness in teeth that is numbered as stupid or
dumb.

Now we have no more teethly gummy pain...
Now no longer hurting as bad as an ankle like pain or sprain.

That dentist is rich and owns a boat called a yaught...
He goes to Las Vegas on a plane ticket that the money he stole from a lot of poor
indignant patients that he stole instead of being sold or bought.

When the dentist's bills go up in price...

That dentist actually has his eyes on a car or boat that he wants so the price he charges his patients will steeply fly as rise.

Michael Gale

To Find A Song, To Sing, That Rocking King.

A kingly thing, that king, that king...
To find a song, to sing, that king.

He sold alot, that king he sing...
He acted of roles, that kingly sing.

He girated his hips that king who sing'ed...
He sang a lot of songs that worshipped king.

He had many of fans that saw him sing...
He died at a young tendered age, that rock'n'roll king.

At forty two he died, that king...
Now famous of all, that king did sing.

May he rest in peace that sleeping king...
He had many of fans, that singing king.

Initials E. P. that once singing king...
Laid to rest, that once singing happy king.

A shadowed presence befalls those who heard him sing...
The shadow of fame crosses the grave, after he sing.

His record sales has risen since he died...
He was the king and will always be, even after he finally hath lied.

Michael Gale

To Lose A Loving Sister In Life Now Left Empty.

To lose a sister in life is really rough...
To miss their company on this earthly plane is really tough.
We miss their laughter of jokes told old...
We miss their smiles so bright and bold.
We miss the secrets told only fro' one to one...
We miss each other's days of fun.
I lost a friend of one called sis...
It's hard to let go of the one you love and sadly miss.

Michael Gale

To March, Upon, That, Righteous, Path.

The winds of war waft on down, deep into my lungs of pain...
Only emitting odors to my nostril's, of an ugly and foul smelling, pain.

Pained this heart, to emotional disdain...
Cannot I be utterly, a very, visibly, as plain?

War, hunger, and worldly disgust...
The things of which, we all, mis-trust!

We warriored groups, must march on, in time...
As we avoid all hurdles, that we know, we must scale, and climb.

Atop life's peaks, do we cling...
Crowned in glory, we be a, king.

Set aloft, the feet to God...
Us all, inhaled, in a righteous, new bod'.

Michael Gale

To This Poem, I've Found The End.

My art teacher told me to knock it off...
I pushed everything off the table.

My mother told me to watch it...
So i stood up and walked over to the mirror and looked forever more.

My mother would keep on hitting me..
She would then gouge big chunks of flesh from my arms.

She hurt me...
I'd prefer her dead.

In wood shop...
I exclaime-Oh how boring.

Kill the cur, that dog...
Cannot, i await her end.

Why would her continue to offend? ...
To this poem, i've found the end.

Michael Gale

Toad Rage.

That frog like looking creature got behind the wheel...
He ran me over, with a vengeance's stern, steely, stared, will.

I got up and at his departing dust...
Shook my fist, with a revenge filled lust.

Our paths on down the futures road...
Will eventually cross, then i'll get even with that maddened toad.

This is just another in history, turned, valued page....
About the fairy tale, of maddening, Vehicular-Toad-Rage.

Michael Gale

Today I Watched Oprah And Heard A Guy Just Say....

He spent nineteen years in prison for trafficking crack and cocaine...
He did learn a lot of insight he had well did gain.

Should we give this man a gold medal for changing his ways? ...
After spending many of his years in prison counting the rest of his prisonable
stayed days.

Yes this man did at last learn...
To break the law is to of him of freedom in days
he did just use up and burn.

He would not have gone to prison or jail...
If his parents had given to him a right from wrong way of tale.

Michael Gale

Too Many Pills, And Not Enough, Time.

Why take pills? ...

Will these pills, cure your ills?

Some times, they give out side effects,

Worse, than the cures...

Some times these pills, give you, even more ills.

Some times these pills, make you get hooked...

Even, they make you, get in trouble with the law, until, you've gotten booked.

You might get constipated...

Or-even, diarrhoea-ated.

Cold sweats...

You bets!

Rashes? ...

Even, some, that look like, checks or hashes.

Soured stomachs...

That are always, to you, always, come, and go, backs.

Fevers and chills? ...

And-Many more ills.

Elvis Presley, used to have to take pills, to get up...

And even, to pee in a toilet, or cup.

Elvis-Used to have to take a pill, to go to sleep...

It made him have bad moods, to make him cuss, or weep.

Too many pills cannot be too good for you, or I...

Taking too many of them, Made the King, finally, quit and die.

Michael Gale

Torn Apart Heart!

Your words to me had torn apart my heart,
I thought our love was eternal, from finish
to start! A wish for a disease to consume
your very own life, T'would be your erasure,
as my wife! How can i go on living, with such
distaste? Does this mean our life together,
has been such a waste? I would gladly cut
off my very right arm, If it would prove to
you that i mean you no psychological harm!
Your words are sharp as the sharpest knife,
It's no longer worth living a life of
strife! Children can consume a marriage, from
the start, Tearing two people in two, and
totally far apart! Must we argue day to day?
Together, we should ever last, as well as
finally stay! My love for you has no bounds,
Please forgive me, is the final rightful
pleasant of sounds! I'm oh so sorry, as
sorry can be, I do love you, for all eternity!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Tossed Rag-A-Muffins.

Dust bunnies just-a-swirlin' in the wind...
Scattered all about as tossed rag-a-muffins.

Winds of war awakens the beast in us all...
Tall fall, for penny-anti gamblers.

Whistles for men and women, enlist, aid to the hungry...
Man eats only his own failures.

Baby tornadoes assemble in dark back alleys...
Felines sit upon fence-boards.

Angry mobs amid angered hoards...
Many dummies not making best use of their empty little goards.

Michael Gale

Touched So True...From Me To You.

Lips oh lips fairest one all...
Skin of cream all dreamy white touched.

I bid ye fare well as well can be...
Ye be the one for me, for me.

I yearn for that touch by Heaven...
Touched by you.

Touched so true...
From me to you.

Hearts touched by clever embrace...
Beat, quickened fast at fastly race.

At fastly pace...
It beateth it's hardest.

Beateth it's fastest as fastest darndest...
I'll trace my path back onto you.

You will do as only you...
Wish for me to friendly you.

We were the one at chance...
We had our one last wanted of dance.

Our sweet embrace embraced me well...
Embraced us all to emote and tell.

My path had crossed as crossed not before...
Our love hath been told as ancient love lore.

Be poor or poor...
Until exit's door.

Our love pitied faults...
No more this morn.

Traeh Sdrawkcab Eht Fo Rorrim

.luos eht otnu derehda dna dehsealnu selunarg dnas fo sdnasuoht ynam fi sa
niarb eht ot dehctatta segassem fo syaw eht tnuoc eno seod woH

Michael Gale

Transgendered Unknown, Unsewn Be Known?

Who are they as trapped inside...
Of that body do they hide as to themselves as lied.
Sorrow and sadness is felt for those trapped inside...
Why had to them did God had lied?

Tho they be tormented from day of birth...
No happiness or merriment in misery of mirth.
No one understands the way they have felt...
Of their own misery of lifely hand that God had dealt.

Why do these people feel so way out of role? ...
Why do they suffer in their own misunderstood stared at soul?
Why were they born so wrong? ...
What do they mostly for want and long?

To be born in a seperate foreign host...
What do you think they wish for most?
To be in and have that other most wanted body...
Not to be a man but instead just be that womanly most wantedly hotty.

Why did God dish out those inbalanced of genes and DNA? ...
Who can know, or even say?
This topic was covered on today, just seen on Oprah's tv show...
Who knows the answers, whoever on earth does not know or know?

Born inside the wrong filled life...
Forever more to spend in strife.
Only the hope of a many more numbers of a seutured stitch...
Can help them to become into a much normal feeling
and subtle switch.

How can they hope to escape from a useless life and hitch to ditch? ...
Which sex is which as which is which?
Are they all just merely greatly misunderstood? ...
Of their own status as their own known woman or manhood?

I do not understand? ? ? ...
Who did give the unknown command?
Was it God? ...

Who knows and gives the final righteous nod?

Who knows? ...

What by nature really shows?

I give up...

As we all should.

Only one supreme being knows what is up.

Michael Gale

Trees That Weep, Amidst The Lakes.

Along river's edge, the trees do weep...
After rains, bugs do creep.

Watery signs of liquid seep...
Ever so, ever deep.

Wakes ripple ever far...
Reflected takes, never mar.

Pools of beauty, do we take...
Another look, that we stake.

Sighted beauty upon thy lake...
Once was spied, not by mistake.

Ever clear, ever trance...
Ever caught, by mischance.

Waves gone, waved, as cast...
Lastly looked, left, not past.

Michael Gale

Turkeys And Uninvited Guest's At Night, What A Sorrowful Sight?

Hot steaming pumpkin pie...

Brought from all day's cooking to windowsill to coolant she does lie.

Atop the windowsill do eyes belie...

Days earlier at night a many mask's did hold identity's own lie.

Gobble, gobble can be heard...

A'from that over stuffed cooked turkey bird.

He is our company on family gathering holiday day...

Around that long extended table display.

Look in wonder as the table's extensions are dragged from a long undisturbed darkened closet...

Next are the table pads.

Awe struck staring lads...

As all family members and friends sit down to eat.

To enjoy that Thanksgiving treat...

Dad thinks and hopes there in the kitchen the faucet was shut off.

Is there a running non stopped water kitchen faucet? ...

Hope not.

Fall and all it's holiday cheer...

Will soon be here.

Time to break out the extra bedding and spare bedroom cot...

For this coming holiday there will be many visiting alot.

Relatives come a'glory...

For the bedtime Christmas story.

Time soon to rake off and shovel and clear the roof...

All them reindeer will land hard with many a fast breaking a hoof.

Hope there will be no accidental mishap of old St. Nick's own
fast moving sleigh...

After the Christmas eve's own night passed holiday.

Santa left off under the tree....

Nothing for my bad brother and someing real good for me.

My brother did nothing to deserve 'nairy a gift...

After Santa took off in his fast moving lift.

No more Jack o'lanterns to carve till next year...

B'fore ye knows it it will be Chrismas time again near here.

Michael Gale

Twin Towers Toppled Of Heart's Sadness And Memory.

Ye twin towers have toppled of heart's sadness of New York City...
Twas twin building's toppled by terror-not pity.

City of York be new not old...
Shown it's beauty of town known bold.

Kindred hearts of city beset...
Nine eleven that day t'will be hardest to forget.

Many helping hands united to give help that day...
Care and grief of sadness fortold.

Tis now writ of history doth be unfold.
Kindness of heart spread out to this city...

Still be it proud and hopely healed thusly filled with a real truest of gritty.

Michael Gale

Twist And Shout Out!

Gray clouds muster enough...
Whispering winds erupt, it's
Guff!

Roofs removed and cars knocked
About, here or there! ...
Twisters ramp up Their tempers
And insist Their ways, of airs!

Tornado's dart in and about, everywhere
As People's populations pray as not a
Prayer?

People huddled tightest storm shelters...
To each other, sweating sweat's,
Worrying, spreading's falling, helter
pelter?

Look up to God, for His sparing...
Thank God to All, each other

Staring, and woeful, caring!

Michael Gale

Twist And Shout?

Gray clouds muster enough...
Whispering winds erupt, it's
Guff!

Roofs removed and cars knocked
About, here or there! ...
Twisters ramp up Their tempers
And insist Their ways, of airs!

Tornado's dart in and about, everywhere
As People's populations pray as not a
Prayer?

People huddled tightest storm shelters...
To each other, sweating sweat's,
Worrying, spreading's falling, helter
pelter?

Look up to God, for His sparing...
Thank God to All, each other

Staring, and woeful, caring!

Michael Gale

Two Lines Cast For Naught?

I have in the past, cast my line and hook...
Only to erringly, snag a tree branch, or leaf.

I am the un greatest fisherman of loss...
While Jesus was the Greatest fisherman of men.

I miscast-ed my line...
Whilst Jesus, did real fine.

I gathered the well caught twigs and branches...
As well as Jesus, gathered the bent and lost souls.

Jesus and I had something in common...
I would gather the lost and broken leaves and branches.

While Jesus would toss his line at sinning and lost
and misdirected ranches...
We both would reel in our hard day's caught.

I, With my trials-misc-aught...
He, with His, sell able, He brought, and bought.

He was a teacher...
He was the Preacher.

He sold his product-salvation...
He paid the most highest tax-Himself.

He crossed the High Priest's...
Politics-Never ceases.

In a way-He crossed Himself...
He was the most unselfish man.

He paid the most highest tax...
He was the most highest credit-
He was the best, the most, max.

Unbelievers In God Shall Go Onto Their Self Inflicted Punishment.

Poems are what makes me tick...

The reading and writing of them is the brain and heart's tickling trick.

How may i read all enjoyed writings? ...

The good ones have arrived through God's own divine hands in guiding.

A poem written about God's own flower...

Reveals to all readers of God's own beautifying power.

For if there was not a loving, all forgiving God...

We would not be here in spirit as well as physical bod'.

For those who insist that there is no higher being...

I say to thee, sceptics are dumb for not believing in

this loving holy one-without ever seeing.

You unbelievers will never be saved on judgement day...

Jesus and God will make you eternally sorry and make punishingly pay.

Michael Gale

Unfaithful Cheaters!

Cheaters aren't faithful as we all know,
Their morals and scruples are very low!
They sneak all about, and behind your back,
For telling of the truth they surely lack!
A true marriage of love between two people,
Takes place in a church atopped, by a
and the lies do not mix,
But for the liar, that's their trademark of
tricks! If closing of your eyes you
constantly do, the truth continues to elude
simply by you! If you look for their change of
habits, Of these true facts, You'll be able
to finally grab it!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Unhappily Married To A Wife Named Strife.

Long swigs of that bourbon bottle thirst's to thee...
Saddened forlorn memories 'fess fro' me.
Anger rises fro' days of past...
Hateful unforgiveness can last and last.
How can i react just right? ...
How may i suppress this urge to fight?
Tipsey and topsey and turvey and dizzily i'll fall...
Missed of conscionse i'll pray to forstall.
Angered arguments always seem to abound...
Nagging noises is the daily heard sound.
Cops are constantly knocking on my door to
spread some quiet and peace...
With marriage license torn in half, i'm finally
breaking our arguing's lease.
It's time i took on a new lifetime wife...
Good-bye forever-This past life's days filled
of strife.

Michael Gale

Unicorns Land On Pots Of Gold.

Among the guardian ghouls...
As they sit on stools.

Awaiting the serpents sway...
On the river slay.

Beyond all wandering spray...
Always at ease as they play.

Amongst the faltering towers...
Without, any of their original powers.

Weakened were they beyond all days...
Ancient and older than all the elder grays.

Stumbling farther down the road...
Had, they since, shrunken, insteadda grown?

In the dream of weakest wrong...
In the skies of wonderous song.

The Dragons strayed upon that earth...
Since the time of their accidental birth.

Strained through clouds of white...
Upon all shoulders be they, right.

Awaiting the trumpet of twisted blessed...
Pygmies stressed, and failed their tests.

Below the rainbowed colored pallette...
Live the wicked wretched, challette.

Shall it be so home bound stained? ...
Lastly captured among the remained.

Ping pong balls bounce like pennies from Heaven...
Once they've hit, all are deaden.

Mullberrey bushes grow onto a pot of gold...
Since the day of new or old.

Kick the can as best ye can...
Be the woman and sickly man.

In the end...
One does send.

Michael Gale

Unlawful Censorship Of Artful Writted Wit.

Tho i cringed when'st i saw the warning, crasp upon the wall...
Only rules to govern of yee to stall and pratly fall.

Words and rules do stunt thy growth...
Freedom done hath blundered on.

Perchanced these days of last...
to failed miserably thru silent oath.

Ye hast haddath notherest great write done right.
A freedom's inTENSE left afloat to drowning spoilage by governing dictating
lifeguards of untruth.

Michael Gale

Unloved And Set Free.

Why from my letters do you not answer? ...
In your heart, do i appear a disasterous cancer?
Will you hide from me until my dying day? ...
Will this heart breaking game, continue, you'll play?
Stay in my mind, like a rerun tv series, play the same
episode-sadly day to day?
You cheated on me with John Phillip Scott...
I did not cheat on you, but now pride is all i've got.
What does he have, that attracts him to your heart?
Has he lied to you? , Is that his skillful honed art?
You puntured my love, like a balloon shaped heart...
You've hurt me bad, with your long hateful, pointy sharp, love deflating
dart!
It's plain to me to see, you've gotten over me...
Like a wounded animal caught in a bear trap, Your heated, hatred
unapologetically has set me unloved and free.

Michael Gale

Unmerciless Candor Ignites Man's Sinful, Ired Fires.

By merciless candor, ignites ire's fire...
Homeward bound fools delet trials for hire.
Given up courage, lends creedance to aborted plans...
Concealed with calloused hands.
Hard work inspires lowly tendered desire...
Swayed aside by man's own grudge.
Man creates endlessly his very own septical rotten souled sludge.
Man can no longer be the stronger...
After all, he is usually the most of all the worst'ed one's wronger.
How may man correct his boo boo's?
He must believe in God's Bible, so that he may no longer, continually
in life, lose.

Michael Gale

Unstarry Fright.

More taxing of mind...
More fraudulent of the brain.
Most seen opened eyes...
Most often brought unto thee.
Hid most amongst us...
Unhid past us all.
Will we climb above the stars? ...
As we hit dead fall.

Michael Gale

Unsweetened Pennies, Hard Swallowed, By Thought.

Steps of life fulfilled as like a shiny new penny...
Horror filled lanes of a lively filled highway to nowhere.

Hearkened keen senses of the spirited filth...
Char coaled rubbings of a crayoned, smear.

Imprints of warranted glee...
Makes all students of merits and free.

However so, we inflict pain to our heart...
Sadly embedded with troubles of art.

Colored cool aide, slurped entwined...
Man born again, without nary a thing to hide.

Absence gratitude, beyond repair...
Instills all consciences of an inherited scare.

Michael Gale

Up Late, And Into, The 'Night-Fright'.

Up, late, up late, here I be lonely, at my paced gait...
Why is it so goofing late?

The wee hours escape me now...
Like the grass, all eaten by a very huge, hungry cow.

The tick of the clock, on the wall...
Cannot forsake, Father Time, or to even, to him, stall.

Seconds, into minutes, into hours, into days, into month's, into years, in pace...
For these are the facts, that, we may never, borrow and replace.

This is the continuum, of time and space...
Always and forever, we, in our place.

We all, are doomed to die...
Our human parts, wear out, that is not a made up fact, or lie.

For-Some of us, enjoy all our wake filled hours...
That is only, the sum, of our, mere, mortal powers.

Michael Gale

Upon The Cross!

Christ for our sins was put to the cross...
For our forgiveness, was why His was the loss!

Before the cross, He walked among, preaching
to Man...
For it was written that He was the plan!

Healing of the blind, and the raising of the
dead...
Caused the people and Pilot to make Him
rise and ascend!

He preached of love toward's
all fellow man...
To live a good life, as only
God loving men can!

He is seated at the right
hand of God...
One day he'll come down to rule
with a divine final nod!

Up to Heaven will we
be afloat...
With God's accompanying loving
eternal gift!

Angel's trumpets shall sound
his arrival...
God's love, is eternally written,
in the Bible!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2005 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Upon The Screen Of Bloodied Hues.

Can't wait to ignore the tv news...
More violence spent upon the screen of bloodied hues.

Why must violence meet my eyes and ears? ...
Why must we unbride our fears?

How can man descend his ways? ...
How may he adhere these days?

What oh what can save our planet? ...
What will help the gambled gambit?

Our chips will be scattered to the losing spheres...
That's my days of daily fears.

Violence will only end with the coming of The Lord...
While the rest of men die by their own hands and weaponed sword.

Michael Gale

Vaginal Discretions Of The Most Seekened Of Kind.

The vaginal discretions of the accessibility by the most deepest bind...
May be the rarest virginal of a sexualed pleasure's kind.
Virgins are well sought after from all of the worldly mankind...
This celestial experience may be the hardest to find.
This in turn can be the most best way to expressionally unwind...
One does not have to seek something as rare.
One only has to meet that special person for which they may
lovingly and dearly for-care...
This type of love is best to have and ensnare.

Michael Gale

Vanity Has No Flooring Beneath One's Feet.

You say that 'Vanity has no flooring under your feet? '...
You'd rather be snoring while entranced under a spell of defeat?

Your chair is basically made of guilt and sorrow? ...
You might not wish to live for the 'morrow?

You sometimes as often enjoy reading about a 'Raven'? ...
Do you ignorantly assume that others think of you as a disillusioned person who believes that everybody needs savin'? .

When you will next have a seat...
Your chair will crumble and break beneath it's most heavy heart of often felt feelings of self defeat.

Then, and only then, will you realize...
You can no longer hide behind the wall of protected lies-
That you keep telling yourself.

You then will be begging for the help of someone else...
You will become dependant on others as well.

Then your new chair of confidence will be rebuilt out of a more sturdier wood...
For you well have could have or would.

Michael Gale

Vaults Of The Mind!

Vaults of the mind, are hard to be
unlocked...Ideas of the imagination are
formed and stocked.

In this complicated file system, that
remembers and stores...Memories are used
as keys to unlock these doors!

Retreiving those memories can be lost to
time...Amnesia and an Alsheimer disease,
should be nature's own crime!

01-12-2006'.

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Vices That Piss Off Even Uppitty Bible Thumpers.

Let me let me count the hidden ways on the way to the racetrack...
Let me see? Where is that licquor store?

I don't care if my wife constantly snores..
She'll always have her honey dew list filled to the brim with many more chores.

I used to play 'Scrabble' or 'Upwords' games of words...
I was never interested in as a hobby of looking at birds.

I used to collect postage stamps and American coins...
Since i've grown up and got married-I've had happier loins.

Ha! Ha! Ha! As a poet one must have a sense of humor...
Now my vice is rarely drinking and constantly having the use of the tabbacco'd
paper stick'ed fumar.

If i die one day soon from lung cancer...
Then for the tomorrow i'll never have the chance to take lessons to become a
professional dancer.

One thing in life that i could not master...
Was the playing of musical instruments or in art of the moulding of Paris De'
Plaster.

I used to go bowling and fishing.
I used to draw and paint but now i'm only into the art of publishing and it's
printing.

A beer or wine on and again is A-All right....
Not too often-Booze can always cause a mighty violent fight.

Alcohol i do not consume that much...
That's one vice that i hardly ever touch.

Church and the reading of the bible is more my cup of tea...
And the consumption of Murder Mysteries into my brain is usually just for thee.

Writing of poetry is my new hobby of choice...
I sure don't sing because i have a terrible voice.

The reading of poetry is relaxing and nice....
That's my new life's most healthy like vice.

If you don't like my rhyming lines...
You can go to jail and pay off all of your criminalistic high fines.

Michael Gale

Viet Iraq And War Is Hell

War is hell...
So is death.

The war of Iraq...
Causes deathly spread to our troops
own wide spread ever reaching lively attack.

War is hell...
This of you i do Godly swear and tell.

War smells a hellish death instilled smell...
This i unproudly do to you tell.

Busted heads and amputations are
results of a Hellish war by a death possessed President
hungering for way too much stench of the unwarranted dead...
It's way up on top of his empty wasted head.

Is he a war mongering war raging hound from hell? ...
Our favorite prez should swell as smell.

Yes he stinks...
He really, really reeks.

The stench of Viet Iraq...
Takes it's tolls as worst on track.

They are eighteen and can die for their country...
But can they legally drink?
Hell no they cannot.

Do they rate our brave men in uniform? ...
That fact should change and stray from the now legal norm.

I'll gladly wave that flag just as soon that lying president
of ours lets our young eighteen year olds legally drink it all in...
In more ways than one.

Lets write our congressmen and get the legal drinking age
lowered to eighteen or at least make it legal for them with a military i.d. card...
Surely it can't be that damned hard?

I still wanna see them mass weapons of destruction....
That would have been a much better introduction, to that pesky
Iraqy war.

For that would have been nice start of the war...
That makes us all so entirely angry as sore.

In 2008 we'll be rid of him, and that will be the end of the war...
No more war mongering whore, that uncaring presidential bore.

Sorry but i find it hard to respect someone self centered in their ways...
At least there will be next year not too many left of his days.

Michael Gale

Vinyard Of The Hearted Grown As Two....

She hath given true fruition to thy growth in heartly love...
She my wife was born for thee.
God gave her to thine fro' up above...
All that she may be.
My lover hath kissed of thee...
As if by fate to be with me.
How may i count on her?
To be my illful heart felt lonely cure.
Days of absence bestill thy heart...
Dare we to ever part.
She hath relit my burning emotioned heart...
She hath ignited thy frozened unmoving start.
She hath instilled to this beating heart...
A love for her from early start.
This basement of lonliness of cobwebs and dust....
Are now renewed of loving trust.
We are matched complete intact...
We both are matched as divinely exact.
We two are enmeshed as a jigsawed puzzle piece...
Found new heart is well at ease.
Moment to moment as shared with us...
These two found hearts are just a must.
Vinyard's grapes are as in vine...
As hearts have grown as two entwine.

Michael Gale

Waiters Love To Spit In Our Food...

Violin strings spring to life...
Lonely life-Minus a wife.

Lonely hours and days of practice...
Look out for the mad butcher that hacks and attacks us.

Waiters love to spit in our food...
Always rude and uglier and crude.

It does not help to be mean to the waiter at large...
For he is the true one.. (STILL IN CHARGE) .

Walking down the lane towards the park...
Listen closely to the dog that wildly does bark.

Flowers of nature awaits more showers...
Sunshine gives off to them, the livingest of powers.

Yearnings field for jealous feelings....
Except for angered of dentist's drillings and fillings.

What do i do about the constant throbbing pain? ...
I'll pay the bill, I will, I will.

Michael Gale

Wake Up Or Else!

Snorezzzzzzzzzz.....
Sleepy noizzzzzze.

Don't know how a mate can make this noise....
But, i'll tell you from experience-
-It keeps me awake at night-and it to me, can really anoizzzzze.

But what can you do but just roll over....
Until it finally subsides into my own drifting filled sleep.

With a little friendly nudge i say 'Honey, roll over'...
She won't spill over.

Those zeeeeeeeees-...
What a sleep diseeeeeeze.

Oh well...
Just another sleepless new night arrives...

Given to all of husbands or wives!

Michael Gale

Wakefulness, Makes Me Weep.

Do not want to go to sleep...
Wakefulness, makes me weep.

For at times i want to stay...
Want to live forever to never nay.

Life is way too short...
For this always playing sport.

Sleep is always over rated...
As b'fore, as i've stated.

I know i have to sleep once in awhile...
That's a fact without denial.

Ambien came to my aid...
To count the sheep filled parade.

Life can be such an addiction...
It may as well, also be an inheirant affliction.

I at one time hated to sleep...
My mind would wander, aimlessly deep.

Now i sleep to surrender my soul...
Wake-refreshed, ready to go, as a whole.

Michael Gale

Walk The Mall'Ed Mauled, Bearingfull Roaring Call.

Twist these Cheeto's upon my face...
Let crumbs oranged, fall from grace.
Snacked meteors spread good cheer...
Originating fro' ear to ear.
Moon pies and green bean salad...
Taste so great and is such good a palat'.
Taco salad tossed to wall...
Tis long time, timed to stall.
Love child of my brother's mother...
Twas so ugly-should have smothered.
Let's do go out to the shopping mall...
Women hear the sound of the spending bear.
He roars real tall on hind legs well sprawled...
He roars real loud and is so possessive and proud.
Girlfriends cheat on their soldier true...
Later twill be the dear John, HellNo kissed so good letter.
No more or not much better.

Michael Gale

Walking & Chewing Gum, Can Be Deadly.

Walking and chewing gum, could be very distracting...
Especially, if your gums bleed from, by accidental gum biting.

How detracting....
All the bloody blood.

What could be worse?
Cell phone usage, and texting while driving.

Drinking while driving, could make your name, as in mud....
This in turn, could make you a real dead, dud.

What a bloody curse....
No more life, or even any money, to make or disburse.

Finally dead...
From-not using your head.

Michael Gale

War And Death Begins This Final Err Of Man

The days of sadness regressed so slow...
Of these morose feelings of this fact i know.

Leaves turned brown and truly breakable, and crumbling dusted, dead...
Litter softly off and about my shouldered dread.

Insanity can haunt all feelings of my head...
This long dreaded sorrow can only show how through life i've been morally
drained of happiness in bled.

Look up silently as the crow of death lands so close b'neath my feet and their
darkened shadow...
We all in life, must always learn to meander aimlessly as many herded lost like
trance induced unknowing cattle.

We have now been misled by evil...
By a burning bush that burns almost shunted silent as a muted and blind sighted
buggish bowevil.

Into the earthly bowels we crawl and churn...
Trapped by silent blindness of something we need but yet never do stumble
through to finally learn.

Is it our final hoping turn?
Do we learn? or truly due we learn?

War must put on it's ugliest face...
Death must come to it's final disgrace.

War...
Is it Hell?
We tell no more?

Is war and death one slow unnoticed part of the Ten Commandments? ...
Where be all the tiny little unnoticed fine print?

Smaller and thinner than the tiniest of lint...
No noticable hint or glint.

Wars Of Death.

Bursting missiles erupting over head are heard exploding way up high...
Bloody scorched earth remains remindful of many that have and will die.

Howertzers belched and spit out their loud fires of the dead...
Deafened ears have heard their noisiest noises way over head.

Reigning raining of death and destruction...
Promises afterward alot of rebuildment and construction.

Torn limbs of legs and arms and feet and hands...
Lie on battlefields in other foreign places and lands.

Buildings display the silent breath...
And the foul smell of decaying bodies in death.

Blown up brains of war's beheaded...
Reveals to all of life done ended.

Dumbfounded are reporters who report to home the battle
unleashed on man...
No signs of peace or the end of the war of plan.

Death spread rampant all around...
Dead of silenced the lonely, only heard sound.

Have at thee, the rancid smell of death and only sound
heard is the decaying of rotting flesh...
Rotting corpses mixed of blood so well doth it enmesch.

Peace-out of mind out of sight...
Only death is met with frightening fright of flight.

Michael Gale

Was I Shark Bait-I Warily Wondered?

Breaking the surface of the water, with drumming music score, stuck deep inside my head...

Only makes me realise that someone close, could be dead.

Not me, as I gulp hard and long....

Don't need to hear that song.

The water foams a lot of bubbles anew...

What to do, to do?

Chomp! , I hear, as I feel my leg be tugged at hard...

Blood spurting amid the wetness mixed, will my body parts be due a fate of discarding discard?

Pain shoots hard and long to my brain...

Did I lose it, or only gain a sprain?

Darkness surrounds me and threatens to bring me under...

Will I awaken during the night out of a bad dream filled with thunder?

A storm has infused itself within me deep...

This life I value-Will I keep?

A roughened dorsal fin, brushes my cheek...

Not a dream, I cannot scream, or even speak.

Not a shriek, or even a sound...

I am not anything but a stumpy chew.

Not square, only round...

No sound!

Only blackness takes completely over...

I hope I'm drunk, and not sober.

Silence and darkness only...

Nothing else-oddly boldly-

Silence!

Michael Gale

Was She Bad?

Yes-was it all, so suddened mad? ...
was it all so suddened bad?

Was it all so, shallow this life? ...
Was she bad, this one-My wife?

Did she fling full force into my heart? ...
When she left me to depart?

That jagged edged knife, ripped me far...
As she left me, in my car.

Was it bad, her maddening pain? ...
Which-in the end, upon me landed like, as rain.

This pain so hard to fathom sad...
Was by all accounts-Her unpardoned-Bad!

Michael Gale

Wasted Days Worshipping Of Way Laid Idols And Gods.

Doorway to thy soul...
Brings to thee the one i know.

Mayhaps we retrieve thy glow...
Good seeds of thee that doth in'flow.

Strings of thy heart play melodies of good start...
Well wished wishes become thy part.

Mushrooms blossom by thy tree's root problem.
Evil diety's remove thy best sent gifts b'for-a
God whom lets all just steal fro' and unjustly rob 'em.

Pagan entities reserve foolish idolozed haste...
Fro' akin to man who mistakenly worships Gods by totaled waste.

Michael Gale

Watching Tv Wife Swap In Evening Weekday Nights.

Wife Swap...

Is the new mom a neat freak or just cooks up slop.

I think its real funny...

The way the new spouses just do not agree...

On how a family should be raised and run....

No tv or even video games for fun.

Rules for others can be or seem mean at best...

The breaking of these rules can lead to a policial arrest.

Arguing and complaining and name calling too....

Is not the good ingredients for creating a good flavoring social stew.

Why must kids be made to do their chores? ...

Why does a lecturing new parent, seem like to all the kids, that she makes them hate her and seemingly to all kids, she bores.

Wife swap is zany tv entertainment in the evening hours....

It has medicinal laughtering healment like powers.

It is good for the funny bone...

Even while watching with many, or just a few, or even alone.

Michael Gale

Watered Down Bows!

Angel wings under the Sun, fluttering below
glowing haloes of gold, Harp music playing
God's everlasting Gospel tune of love, ever
so eternally cherished, by all, young and
old! Skies of blue interrupted only by a
bow's covenant with man, promised no rains
of floods, As scattered down upon man's
land and flowers and all the plant's own
buds! Noah's Ark survived all the rushing
high waters, Man did so wish, that there
should have been around many a blotter!
God did so dispatch, his very own son, To rid
Earth, of all bad sin of each man's evil
idea's of fun! A Sun drenched sky, parted
for storms of lightening and thunder, All
had succomed to water's drowning, as well
as without air while being pulled down
beneath, as under!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Waylay This Far Traveled 'ship Of Blame.'

A captured heart doth' shown to me her fondness's gift to me...
A smiling way for all and one, to happily see of thee.
Spirited advance of wayward hope...
Not bested as it's advanced a'risen slope.
Refreshen all thy couraged heart
to beat it's fashioned faith...
Cast off all this unfettered shame.
mute and stagnate that unwanted evil'd wraith,
Rid all to weigh that wasted shame.
Through God Almighty t'will i n'ee'r begrudgingly-
-shed brightened light upon
that 'Waylaid Ship Of Blame.'
Wayfare this trip to wasted death...
Renew this shipfull refreshioned breath.

Michael Gale

Ways Unseen, As Unchanged-As Last.

As we defend for all, that is right...In the battled fight.

Sorry-are we for those done wrong...In innumerably words is sung, that one-sad song.

How may I justify, all that is spent? ...We owe our faith-to an indebted, debt.

Lest we be foolish, one more time...Over due to all, man's insidious, crime.

One more battle, waged one, last time.

A-gazing in awe, at amazement's, bloodied dead...Let us not, to be blindly-led.

destructive bombs, were dropped once more, real far...Hatred-in man's 'lusty star.'

Why must we endure, this long lasting pain? ...Why must we once, and again, to witness blood's, ever lasting stain?

Of all man's wicked ways...May yet, we spread, time's full felt, and rewarding-delays.

When at last I win my days...Only to hope-that in truth, it pays.

Michael Gale

We Are The American Dream!

I am an American citizen, always right...
Like our cars that drive on the right side,
of the road, both directions divided by lines
of painted strips, that are colored, white.

I am that car, that only travels in the
direction, that is right...
I hug the road, that is my awe
inspiring, might.

I keep moving to the rhythm
of freedom's sound, , that's
always, heard as being, right...
For liberty and freedom, will
I always fight.

I never go off, into the wrong direction...
I can always, of lies and deceit, have
an automatic sensing, force of detection.

We Americans, believe only in God,
and all things fair....
We Americans have a natural and
care free, artistic, flair.

We Americans, really do care...
We like to help out others,
we can unselfishly, share.

We are not flighty...
We are of God, The Almighty.

We invent things for the
betterment of man...
We do this, only because
we care, and we can.

We reach out to other countries
with a hand that is always helping...

We do not curse, and keep on
yelling and shout, and keep up the
loud yelping.

We will, again, in the future near...
Lead the World, in freedom's
forth coming, and reject all
of the Communistic ways, and
unforeseeable, evil fear.

The Bald Eagle, will again,
once more, soar...
That will be our legend, our
undeniable, often heard,
American, folk lore.

We will lead the free world,
once again...
Our values, to the death, will
we defend.

No longer will we tolerate
the Taliban, and other, cruel
regimes...
We'll self publish,
world freedom and
liberty like imaged magazines.

We'll once and for all,
be seen as Freedom's bell...
To be rung and heard,
for ever, for all to see, and tell.

Michael Gale

We Must At Times Cringe Among'st Acidic Critiques...

We must at times cringe amongst acidic critiques...
Which at times eat at soul's selfish ego mystiques.

Must we brandish a wall of contempt for man and all? ...
Must we wander aimlessly among cretins galore only to fall?

Do we fall to preyless nights? ...
Instilled to thee of abashed delights.

However we try'st these tender hard fought miles...
All along well fought, best bet trials.

Along thy way of mistrusted ignite...
Experience of failure is winning's most might to will thy fight.

Won at hand of tried most might...
Left as to unsighted sleight.

Michael Gale

We Need To Be Shepherded, Into Our Lord's Bosom.

Like leaves fell dead upon the ground...
In a land of no dead sound.

Crimes against men, all kind...
Replay, each day, seen over
And over, in stalemated,
Replay, and, rewind.

Crimes, from man, to man...
Because, they will, and can.

Only, God and Jesus, may save...
Our souls, from a Hell, induced
Manner, or slave.

We need to change our way...
So that we'll have, a Heaven
spent, stay.

With our Rapture...
Our time, in Heaven
Will we capture.

In the bosom, of our Lord...
Will, we be shepherded
In His word.

Michael Gale

We Ran Away From God, So We'D Have To Pay.

The wealthy will lose their shirt...
Only the rich, shall hurt and hurt.

It is in the Bible...
Who will be held libel?

Many jobs will be lost...
At what cost, this cost?

The new President, inheirited a bad economy...
He might wish, that he had studied. instead, Astronomy.

Houses became too high to buy...
Stocks plummeted, to make the wealthy, wish to die.

More jobs will go far away...
We in the U.S. will have to pay.

We lost our grace with God...
After we had strayed, away.

We removed God, from prayers, in our schools...
Can't you all see, that we were the biggest fools?

Michael Gale

We Troll Our Lines Of Time In This Great Pond Of Life...

We troll our lines of time in this great pond of life...
We catch nothing no more and no less.

What baited breath submits our stares? ...
What ever being doth send forth ill chills?

Oceanic waves of terror fro' deepest deep feelings...
Away all other different layers peeled of pared fillings.

Harken closely to breathless breast...
Begin a once renewed strenghtened test.

Stuttering convulsions toss and shake....
Relive relieved feelings of a past tensed mistake.

Blood spatter upon ceilings and walls....
Life's errors to correct last cast to calls.

Bang this drum slowly as slow in wake...
Move on to others from my long forgotten mistake.

New life visions seen uncovered discovered...
That long ago day bed had spread it's lonesome sheets.

Sleep peacefully while'st suckling thy teets...
Memory of madness's forgotten recovered.

Heated hate once converted by one's own self lover'ed.

Michael Gale

We.

We wed...
We said.
We dread...
We read.

We fled...
We ate our bread.
We prayed...
We sped.

We crashed...
We dead!
Ouch! ...
That hurt.

For cert! ...
For sure!
We concur.

Michael Gale

Weep For Ever, More, The Shaken, Gone.

The Devil shook his great big fat tummy which felled all other poor souls...
The devil laughed as shook.

Those many lives, that he took...
Come, now, espye and look.

Look at all the torcher...
In Satin's book.

The suffering of all sad faces...
In the country, of all, the races.

Can you, now weep, for the dead and gone? ...
Can we smile once more, before the next dawn?

Not likely, in this age...
Cannot you, or I, feel all the rage?

Happiness-no more...
The people are sad and sore.

Weep a final tear...
For something, else, we might not have to fear.

Michael Gale

Well Weathered Storms Of Love Shadows Of The Night.

A shedded tear puddle at my feet...
Cried for love gone in retreat.

Heartache aches at heart sadly best...
Makes one sorrowed of heart'd chest.

Heartbreak of last days onward of trial...
Can forever seem sad fed of unblinking denial.

Treasured of your smile in my accompanied of time....
You'll be sorrowfully missed as if bequeethed to heartache's monumental
depressed as in inhumane of all time daily of crime.

My heart beats erratically at thoughts of your eternal absence...
Like an opened flesh wound or even a tooth's pained of abcess.

Back to me in life you returned unspurned...
My love eternal for thee is at last found consumed in my heart
at last well earned.

Futured walks in the park holding hands real tight...
Forcasts better weathered of loving with promised words of eternal delight.

Michael Gale

Were You To Go From Me, To You.

Don't know what i'd do? ...
Were you to go from me to you.

A tear would most likely cross my cheek...
Like in a bad dream, i'd awaken to my surrounded reality-and not speak.

Sadness of watered down awes...
T'would mix to my feelings of lifely and unhappy- like-pause.

Like a roller coasters' bumps and turns in life...
My ride in life t'would be filled with sorrow and strife.

Without my baby...
My one true love-My wife.

Michael Gale

What And Why, Due We Write, Thats Right?

Why do we write?

Is it right?

to write?

What must we write? ...

All right, all right.

Is the idea morally right? ...

Due we wright, all right?

Is that word of denial, not the River Nile? ...

Do we just write a word of mistrust and mistrial?

What must we write for readers of our words? ...

Will it be about a western, or just cow-poke, and the ranching of unheard herds?

What about diebetes, that disease? ...

I think it should be spelled as dieabeetus, or perhaps even, even as even or uneven as duyabeatus, don't you see, if you must please?

Why is there no sound of ess in that island all unheard? ...

Why do we Americans spell those words of letters not well heard.

What is in the spelling of a word? ...

Gone away, as in, flew the bird.

Why do we not spell as heard? ...

Of that other misknown word.

What is a word? ...

But of one idea, thought or heard.

What is inside a word and also in between? ...

So unheard, as best unseen.

Michael Gale

What Be A Friend Of Thee? What Be This Friend To Ye?

Perchance i might say old friend...

You are my one of all friend to friends of a friend of all friends.

Friends are a lot that are few in time...

A friend is a friend of mine be so ever good and sublime.

A friend will not ask you to go to jail for them...

A true friend will stay behind with you or not

soon depart from you when you've become mad at them.

A friend will stay and talk with you when time is of the area of being early or late...

A friend will accompany you on a double date when the woman

he has chosen for you just might be of the ugliest and hideousest of state.

What is a friend true or best? ...

A friend is a friend, no matter what be your best given test.

Michael Gale

What Be'Th This?

What be'th a Hindu drinker? ...

A Taj, Maholic.

What be'th a church teetering to the side of a cliff,
that sells shopping bags? ...

A Sac-ri-ledge.

Who be'th a yarn teller that is the farmer? ...

A knit-picker.

Michael Gale

What Exactly Do You Think You Are Smokin?

All is not right in the world...
At least not mine.
A zit has appeared middled upon my nose...
Nothing that distracts from a rosey red rose.

Does my nose knows it glows? ...
Does anyone know, it grows?
When'st i have to sneeze, it really blows...
Am i alone, while in my throws?

In front of a camera, i am shy and wish to not pose...
I only wish of my nose.
With a zit, i could successfully dispose...
Nobody knows.

That of my nose...
That is not as long as a gardening hose.
Mirrors need to crack and break...
A borrowed or stolen gaze to unknowingly take.

Watch as i hide away from mirrors unbroken...
No more heard of words poking fun at me and not silently unspoken.
Should i move to Spokane or perhaps even Hoboken? ...
Held deep to heart of rubbers for pokin'.

Jobs are left open for a racial minoritied token...
Reverse racial discrimination does not exist.
You must be literally jokin'? ...
What exactly do you think you are smokin?

Michael Gale

What Jesus Might Say?

Out of my tomb, I arose to walk amongst men again....
My boulder removed by an Angel from my Father, sent.

I once again saw my people and my pupils upon thy land...
I again set sandal-ed feet upon the land of sand.

I even appeared to one 'Doubting Thomas' agreed...
I gave him proof, that he would need.

Now they and he knows that I must go to My Father in Heaven...
No one will know when I may return...Those that have chosen the wrong path, in
Hell, will burn.

Will these manly sinners never learn? ...
Of mine and my Father's forgiveness, they must earn.

By making a choice that is lovingly right...
Faith is right even glowing to all, in it's glaring, bright lit light.

Jesus Christ in our hearts, does live...
Jesus and His Father God, shall love us all, and forgive.

Michael Gale

What Love Will Often Do.

Beyond your beckoning kiss...
I yearn for you, you i miss.

Burning passions ignite my nights...
Make me dizzy from yearning heights.

Dizzy from missing your wonderful smile...
Since, last we'd been, together, upon the River Nile.

Your company in long-distance, from you, I regretfully long...
Every time in days, I hear our song.

I remember the swooshing sound,
your gown made against the dance floor...
Makes me realize, why of you, I wish to
see much more.

Your grace and elegance, infected my
dreams-all on going, night...
For me of you, such a beautiful sight.

For without you beside my self...
Makes me want to put you, upon
my own private, love shelf.

So that, only I, have you...
No one else, will ever do.

You are my only one...
That brings to me, such
wonderful fun.

Your heart is full and pure...
I love you, I am well, as sure.

We always happily date...
You are my one true mate.

What Might We Have Entered Into?

Cosmic enlightenment full bloomed into a great black hole...
Our memories may at times fade as go, don't we consider and know?

Cosmic dust scatters along great devoids in astroidal ineptness...
We, as Christians, have trouble with others, wanting or needing to accept us.

We do all love, and respect the Sun of God, in this day and age...
We are not, true and a saintly sage, in our lively stage.

What might we have entered into, in recent times? ...
What be our manly crimes?

God sent his son, to unburden our path...
Our soul's solar system, is vastly full as of a dirty bath.

When we sin, we cannot correctly spell or add...
What our lives should be, or what we should have had.

God and Jesus Christ will have our love...
After we've been saved, we'll join them way up above.

Michael Gale

What Non-Trying Men, Often'Estedly Sinned?

Gust's of winds into thy sails...
Must's of men to win yon sales.

Many gallant men often'est win...
What non-trying men offen'estedly to sin?

When'st thy directions, led men astray? ...
While'st thy misdirections, made them pay?

How often'est due they trip? ...
Guiltless hidden'est, minus thy lip.

Blessed wealth of the rich...
Stock Marketed agone when'st thy adrifted a'switch.

Storms sent asundered, mish-mashed away...
Unsteadied discomforted amassed thee aweigh-ed.

Michael Gale

Where Are The Children?

Where are the children? ...
Should we pray?

Are they OK? ...
This one more day.

God, please have your Angels stand guard...
To watch over them, really hard.

Make them safe and fully whole...
That is my only, life filled goal.

Michael Gale

Where's That Cat?

As the daisy filled grass, grows up high in
the sky, As torrential rains fall down by the
by! The Sun sheds it's light rays ever and
about, Sending out it's interference, is a
graying like cloud! Darkness and gloom is
hovering up and above, Nature's own storm
covers as a cap and a glove! As the
Woodpecker does it's rat-a-tat-tat, While up
in a tree at it's very own base, hides a
hungry Tom cat, staring up very greedily!
Dog behind the house, gracefully stalking
that cat, Cat unaware of where that dog may
be at! The Mailman sneaks by to deliver
the mail, Where is that bothersome dog?
All barking and not wagging it's tail!

Michael Jeffrey Gale

Copyright ©2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Whinney The Poo, How Do You Dew?

What do you call a stuttering poo?

Give up?

Answer: Poo-Poo!

Yuk! Yuk! Yuk!

Michael Gale

Whispered In My Ear, Upon My Death.

The boos! , were said in a hushed sound....
Very low, very eerily, a sounding, found.

Low, as in a shushed, whisper...
Very quiet, a barely, heard Lister.

What have we got her? ...
A ghost whisperer, that is her, for sure.

This ghost whisperer, has very big boo-bs! ...
Ms. Hewitt...
To a lot of guys, you really do it.

Excite them? ...
Exit them?

Like a far away ghost, in the distance....
So far away.

No more seen, another, day.

Michael Gale

Who Died & Left You In Charge To Judge Me? Show Yourself, If You Dare.

You had this comment for my poem: This sounds just a bit over the top angry to me. Too much hatred?

Who left you in charge to judge me? ...

What be your duty be?

I was not filled with hatred over the top and filled with anger...

I was just fed up with pandering but at the same time a conning like swagger.

Are you a coward to leave a comment and then erase it all? ...

What doth entrail ye to tell me small?

There t'was no hatred but just plain frustration of asking for money e-mails sent to me...

From a crook too lazy to go get a job, that crooked one does be.

Boy was he ever way too lazy...

To ask of me money, not real too funny.

Was i way over the top? ...

These dumb criminals need to be introduced to an arresting one cop.

Please do come out from behind the well hidden shadows...

Just try to be a man and show yourself braver to the well shown hitting and seeing revealed paddles.

Do not shrink from responsibilities well endowed of thee...

Just don't judge me less or more filled with i-rational-nality.

Yes, i just got well fed up...

From pesky e-mails with outreaching empty wanting a cup.

Why do i seem way over the top? ...

Who made you my unreasonable and judgemental one busy bodied bad, bad nose, and way too much a bothersome cop?

Who Do We All Blame In This Lively Unwisely Shame Game

Who is best to have had to, to blame? ...
Are you or i the one who is lame?

Why should we all be filled with an inner coating of bad feeling shame? ...
Why should anyone have to be forced to play life's own silly stupid like game?

We can all sit around and at each other to point an accusing like finger...
Of our own bad luck we can seem like the ultimate unexcused one whole bringer.

We rig our own lively fishable stringer...
We reap what we weave and harvest to ourselves our very own slinger.

What we really need to do...
Is start the day better with knowing who we'll teach stuff to.

Michael Gale

Who Killed Marilyn Monroe? Peter? Jfk? Or Perhaps Bobby? Or Fbi?

Did JFK or Bobby get Marilyn in more ways than one...

Both brothers had her seperately, i hope.

What fun! ...

Soap on a rope?

Probably-nope.

Was Ms. Monroe pregnant with child?

Oh Jack! Oh Bobby! Oh Peter! ...

FBI spying may have caused her death?

Sleeping pills but not Crystal Meth?

Marilyn talking to Communist's caused her death?

I think not.

Famous married politician brothers...

Boinking famous others?

Embearassing facts suddenly silenced?

Back in sixty two...

Who knew?

FBI agents in the Presidents pocket?

Marilyn asked a friend for sleeping pills

the night she died? ...

I smell coverup, who lied?

Both Kennedy brothers, years later silenced.

By the killer of her? ...

Am i sure?

Nobody knows-no diary found.

Peter Lawford made his round.

Phone records confiscated by the FBI were destroyed? ...

This list of facts would make the curious, really annoyed.

Will poor Marilyn's body be exhumed, and tested for drugs supposedly taken?

Is the conspiracy cover up theory, sadly mistaken?

These same drugs her doctor did not prescribe.

Too many lies...

Maybe there was a well hidden bribe?

Marilyn's body should be exhumed and heavily studied...

Was her killer the pal of a President-one so buddied?

Once her body is finally examined...

Inside her self, will an unborn baby be found crammed?

Too many hidden facts about this case...

Has many historians looking for the conspiracy cover up,
Mystery chase.
These facts should be revealed with many an answer...
Instead of eating at the curious public like an incurable cancer.

Michael Gale

Why Can'T?

Why can't medical research scientist's cure cancer? ...
Surely there is a reasonable answer.

Why can't they introduce into the human suffering victim....
An disguised and more healthy blood cell that lures in bad cancer eating cells to
be eaten by a much stronger eating cells that attack cancer cells and eat them
up.
Go bad cancer eating cells, eat 'em up, go get 'im, go sick 'em.

Why can't our medical scientist's renew nerve endings that have been severely
damaged? ...
Those that have suffered an illness'es timed days to be ravaged.

Why can't our medical research scientist's repair and open up the end of these
nerves? ...
To make anew for man's suffering ways and medically aids and to us all to give
out help as well as do serves.

Why can't an auto mobile's engine be developed to run on pure tapp water?
Because oil companies would pay that designer lots of cash.
Greed is what is neat and appealing, so what idea could even be as ideally
hotter?

Why can't modern medicine find a cure for all of man's disease? ...
No disease? Please! To doctors and drug companies that would only piss off
them and unappease.

From doctors, funeral directors, and drug companies this fact would only
release....
Frustrational anger and heated hateful hostility and mental greed
fed feelings of unease.

Here has been unleashed in this poem alot of why can'ts....
And even much more reasons of why shants.

Michael Gale

Why Do Men, Want To Look Like A Girl?

Today, why do guys want to look like girls? ...
With the longest tresses, or curly curls.

What is wrong with men today? ...
Are they straight, or even gay?

The word gay, in the good old days, used to mean happy...
Today...It makes me feel crappy, since today's men are seen as
strictly, sappy.

This is not a poem of hate...
But-just live the good word
of the Bible, then you'll feel
really good, and great!

Michael Gale

Why Does It Have To Rain On Me?

(This poem was inspired by the music video 'Why does it have to rain on me? ' by the singer 'Travis', seen on .)

Why does it have to rain on me as i barge on down the misfortunate river'ed sand-which that i'm stuck between?

Why does the down pour hit me in the face with such full Gale force, that i no longer wish to suck up on life's untastey milk, but only wish to ween?

Why do i get goat ed into situations of ever drowning suffocation and misalignment's of my life unbalanced, that makes me dizzy and sick? ...
My only life preserver is my wife, that ultimate, loving and caring chick.

I must learn to jump aboard that raftacious feeling of survival on the river of blinding and binding life...

I must feel the currents of misfortune and bad luck, so that i may navigate it's treacherous wakes and eventually avoid the sad felt feelings of strife.

And yet-This boat must set sail on my journey of misadventure and inhumane tragedy and remorse....

To finally sink down, drowning beneath my unbreathable, unbubbled course.

Of course, with her, no remorse...

Michael Gale

Why Immortalize Wives In Poems.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with a wife wanting to be immortalized in a poem or a painting...

Boats are named after women that be wives.

This fact enables them to endure a much happier day in their lives...

Hurricanes are named for women.

Because they are winded of mouth and also enjoy daily swimmin'...

Have ye not thought this out?

Hurricane=Herr-ricane...

Cane as raising a ruckus or cane.

Is this a life endured by husbands to be longly in ear aching pain...

Our wives are things of graceful curved lined visual art.

Their place is close to our heart...

Us remembering our wedding anniversaries is a new good trying start. This would prove to them that we are very real smart...

Michael Gale

Why Is Old Man Noah Wearing A Snorkel And Scooba Fins?

A thundered storm sends down water as like as being delivered down in over abundantly filled buckets.

Woe is we...

What to dew?

Why is Noah over there building that over sized boat? ...

Does he think we will soon be treading through a watered like moat?

Why is old man Noah leading animals up that ramp in pairs?

Who knows? , Who cares?

Why is old man Noah sporting a snorkel and scooba fins?

Does he think this rain will never end?

Why is old man Noah loading that boat up with all his belongings?

When is this bloody rain storm going to quit?

Little did Noah's neighbors and friends realize that they were without a clue or that they were short on wit.

A wiser man or neighbor would figure it out...

It was way too late as they banged and knocked on old man Noah's door...

There would no longer be dry days, no more.

They laughed at old man Noah for the very last day...

They would pay for their stupidity with their very own lives-Yes they would.

Michael Gale

Why Must We Rhyme?

1,140 poems...

Have i climbed this mount?

Must i rhyme?

To not, is not a crime.

Should the words sound alike? ...

It should be as easy as to riding a bike.

R is one of the sounds...

S is a curvey one with abundant edgy rounds.

What will rhyme with this line? ...

Nothing. I wouldn't give a dam, unless i was a beaver!

Michael Gale

Why This War Is Another Possible Lie To U.S.(Us) !

We had a president tell us that there was weapons of mass destruction, that was a lie...

Then he told us that Alcyda was over there in Iraq doing their strikes to U.S.(us)
Should we accept this very possible lie to buy?

If one tree of lies can bear fruitful lies...

Then buds can morph into many more deceitful leaves that fall and flies.

Just like a mirror of misinformation of magical misdirection...

It is really cracked and distorted and filled with deliberate infection.

This lie was told to the public to just get Bush's way...

Now our uniformed men and women with their lives have to give up and pay.

This mentality is smartest at best...

I deal with it just like the all lied to rest.

Because if one lie can lead to another...

Why should i chance the life of a fellow under god sister and brother?

Where is all the proof...

I just think that this war was a presidential path that became a goof.

Yes, this war is nothing more than a spoof...

The burning war Bush burns hardest freely and aloof.

Now i think that all facts should be hard-solid and clear...

B'for we send off to a certain death our loved ones that we hold close and dear.

(I think that if the President could lie to us once then it is most likely that he lied to us once again.)

Michael Gale

Wiener Dog Callie!

Wiener dog, wiener dog, flipping your
rawhide toy, Playfully romping and chewing
and creating your own joy! You bark at the
postman, as he delivers the mail, You end up
eager as you chase your own tail! Your
master calls you, as to his own side, Your
teeth are sharp as you open up wide!
Barking is your hobby on thru the day,
You can only keep on wanting to romp and
go play! Milkbones help to remove all that
tartar, You are definitely worth it,
Because you are so much smarter! Dogs are
man's best friend, Always loyal till the
end!

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

Win That Windsome War, Of Eighteen-Twelve.

Win the winning windsome war...
Blare of trumpets, tell their tale.
Have at thee, my makeshift whore...
Best the ways of wayward times.
Blast the sound of daylit chimes...
Have for thee, trumpets tell.
Sings the song of windsome'd spell...
Hang the man from Shilo'd Hill.
Broken branch, leaves reddened spilt...
Of the blood, dripp'd right from Hell.
Tell the song of windsome sail'd...
Win one winding war that fail'd.
Roll them over, feared by elm...
Tree that spun one windsome tale.
Beat the hated one, that sailed...
Cast off boat's, left wet by Hell.
Find some buscuits, dripped with gravy...
Sailed the world since join'd of Navy.
Won the war of eighteen-twelve...
Dare i say or even delve?
Did we lose, or win one maybe? ...

Michael Gale

Wings Spread Wide Upon Opened Blue Skies Of Lies- Part 2.

I cometh to new land's edge forth fro thee...
Ang'st of angered times warriors reach new heightened height's.

Bring wined of brews for thy crew...
Red goblets or green may yet fruitate obscene.

Clubb hit upon sidded of head...
Pray tell to lose a sudden dread.

Misty filled eyes of mothers brought sad...
For the boy of one once named bad.

Let us hunker around the camp fire's pire...
Sweat to forehead bequeeth one and all to perspire.

Unclamboring yields in wet open fields...
Of uncontrollable feast's denied full fruitation among'st
prosthetical miscreants of tomorrow's futureless denial of
inequity and baseless faceless interruptions on the moralless
few descendants and cousins of attrocity and it's failure's of man.

Michael Gale

Winter's Coldest Wintery Wind.

It is cold-It is cold this winter's wind...
It chills me to the thinnest bone.

It makes me ever so lonely lone...
Fall leaves fall and flutter so fast.

When'st will it ever end this madnessed wind? ...
T'will madness end this madnessed wind?

T'will'st this coldness end and rescind? ...
Northern most wind whips and wraps it's most deadly cold.

T'will i live to be olden old? ...
Will i ever be known as warmly bold?

Snow flakes jump and dance in the wind...
Wind currents send to winter's edge.

A most coldest sell to sold out tales...
Ripples of chills sent down to spine's coldest feelings.

Abrupt endings to coldest endings...
Last winter's sent frost's winter blessings.

Ice sickles hang fro' house eave's ledge...
Forever be gone that wind's most sharpest one edge.

Painful fury of coldest days unveiled...
Snow bank's highest mounts as snow fresh fallen and never
ended and failed.

Snowman with eyes of coal and a nose of a carrot...
Snow angels carved like a vulture's bald parrot.

Ice skating and fishing on a pond of ice...
Can be real sad or to others may be happily real nice.

Snow drifts piled heavely upon inches in heighth...
Winter has given us it's most ferociouse blight white.

Michael Gale

Wintery Whiskers.

The Wintery whiskers askew'd to face...
Provides real warmth during Winter's frozen grace.

These hairs disguise to old...
Grayly lit, not be bold.

Age'd days in years survived...
Wisdom's rays, are mine, surmised.

Chances taken...
Many choices, mostly-mistaken.

Michael Gale

With Booze To Lips Doth Not Death Be Last Gasping Breath.

The wandering vodka or bourbon bottle attracted to lush lips...
No regret but only deniable uttered reprisals and quips.

Liquid dizziness travels to aching and soured of tummy...
Chosen path by one such dummy.

No turning back thy hands of time...
No regret, only stupidity's crime.

Aware of embarrassment only in sleight...
Beware this life's pictured as only this unsettled of right.

Life spent entirely in gutters own way...
Bubbles do rise in bottles last day.

A tomb filled arrival t'will be next to yee...
Soul to life hath no choice but flee.

Tom toms beat out it's untimely breathed beated bleat...
No hush or unsent sorrow as silenced dead silence whispers out
lifeless defeat.

Pangs of sad pain hangs round a neck worn like a blackened golden pendant only
to others appear as saddened wreath engrav'ed...
No hope, no wish, no help, all has gone on as like wasted life be unsaved.

Michael Gale

With Booze To Lips Doth Not Death Be Last Gasping Breathe.

The wandering vodka or bourbon bottle attracted to lush lips...
No regret but only deniable uttered reprisals and quips.

Liquid dizziness travels to aching and soured of tummy...
Chosen path by one such dummy.

No turning back thy hands of time...
No regret, only stupidity's crime.

Aware of embarrassment only in sleight...
Beware this life's pictured as only this unsettled of right.

Life spent entirely in gutters own way...
Bubbles do rise in bottles last day.

A tomb filled arrival t'will be next to yee...
Soul to life hath no choice but flee.

Tom toms beat out it's untimely breathed beated bleat...
No hush or unsent sorrow as silenced dead silence whispers out
lifeless defeat.

Pangs of sad pain hangs round a neck worn like a blackened golden pendant only
to others appear as saddened wreath engrav'ed...
No hope, no wish, no help, all has gone on as like wasted life be unsaved.

Michael Gale

Without You

Bless'ed be the ones at hand.
Even the ones that yet, command.
Emotions of the heart.
Soon depart

As like a sad tattoo.
The one in art

Like a frown.
My world, upside down
If You'd leave Me far away?
I'd tend to sadness, all My day.

Michael Gale

Woes Or Whores Are The By Product Of A More Bitchier Class.

Woes are for the forlorned heart...

So much broken'd, all the basic sad points, of my part.

Frozen shrimp hardened as a miffed muted aspect...

Ignores my heart and all it's unthought ideas no matter
how negligent of a more, mere moral respect.

Thought and ponder is and should be on the near futured horizon...

Shocked amusements of hoity toytey stuck up stiffs, only begets
cold shouldered responses, that are somewhat usually alienated
and hateful and not such a well received heated surprise.

If ones nose is way above clouded seagulls...

Maybe that one stuck up stiff, needs to inflectuate their ideals and long lost
goals.

The air at a much lowered atmosphere is very relaxing and also
real neatly received as happily agreeable...

Happy thoughts and unselfish practice, makes one a little happier,
more well received and hotly, a most wanted, sought after individual.

Michael Gale

Women And Wife Beaters Need To Go Straight To Hell

Doth there be such a thing as a bee'yotch or a ho? ...
I say'eth to thee, nay, nay, no, no!

Women should'st be treated as like'th a royal queen...
So beautiously curved, so shaped as slender and neatly lean.

Doors are opened by thine self's right handed arm....
I detest mangey men who commit'est to the female'd race, a hurtful
state of a dangerous physical harm.

As i say, to them, 'nay, nay, this too long detested day'...
Forsoo'ith ye this dastardly, bastardly way.

Change of man-er-ism's is what all men must to do...
A gentleman, this day, is rare and far in numbered few.

My lady love, i hold closest to my heart...
Let all woman beating men from our race should all be extinct, and at long last,
this earthly race to finally take their much yearned company from us to depart to
a much non-sinning fresh, new start.

Cut out thine own tongue, should this to do, this daily man...
Desist this black hearted, behavior for an unsinning Godly plan.

Begone! Devil filled man....
All today's gentlemen should band together and make one last righteous banning,
stand.

Michael Gale

Word Weavers, Of The Past.

Word weavers of the past....

Classic poet's works, with time, does last.

History's corners are stood long, by poets, and every, skilled poet...

History by and for man, eternally, appreciatively, readers, they do, know it.

Lines and stanzas, beat and mark time...

Gladly, heard, and spoken in rhyme.

Society and civilizations, looked over in retrospect...

Poets, examine and fine tunely inspect.

Poetry is a real positive aspect...

Of our world, viewed by others, with over due, respect.

Michael Gale

Words

Words

The ones that rhyme.

May or might increase with time

This in itself, can be no crime.

Maybe the beat or meter?

Can rearrange the ear's most intrinsic thoughts.

Into more suitable beliefs.

Of wars well fought.

Words, that add dimension to time and space.

Gives good riddance, to those I hate.

Words, that roll easily from tongue to page.

To endure close to 'poeticalness', most wanted rage.

Words that sound like alike and patter.

These words make sense of things that really sometimes, don't
really, matter.

Words.

Are like birds.

Flying higher to free themselves, from our conscious selves's.

As like the clouds above that move freer than Santa's Elves.

Should We believe in tales told off'?

Or land hardest onto the ground, that

remain harder than the hardest soft?

Will these words remain to Our brains and souls, freely aloft?

Or will they choke Us and make Us to have often ed gasped as
coughed.

Tripped over words be naught

Be these roots unholy caught.

Ever said and anchored away.

Never to say, and haply sway.

Roots like our ancestors, go back a time a long.

Sometimes more often ed, remembered fondly in song.

Verbs to Nouns then Nouns to Verbs.
Always used and good as herbs.

Appreciated be these words that rhyme with reason.
For the much anticipated poetic, Season.

Michael Gale

Would God Give Us A Choice, Unchosen.

God gave us a brain...
To train-ourselves not to over strain.

He gave us a heart...
As our solid part.

He gave us, thought...
For free, not bought.

He gave us a soul...
To not waste our time to go bowl.

He gave us a soul....
In a head, not in a wooden bowl.

He gave us a part...
In life of modern times of art.

God made us say...
Work hard and not to play.

Why waste a day? ...
In silly wasted play.

God gave the forbidden fruit....
Only Eve, gave to Adam, that naked gullable brute.

God gave of Adam's rib....
To Eve to use instead of a bib.

From dust to dust...
We waste unto instead of rust.

From the dust...
Due the bust.

For the bust...
Man forever wanted in lust.

For the breast....
Man had taught that that was the best.

We must feel great sorrow...
For the past before the 'morrow.

Heightened awareness...
To the ability to ignore the forgotten, rotten fairness.

Fro' the crib, to the bridge means to all...
Death will be thy great sad fall.

Arc of the coveneth...
Way beyond all our Summer's Wintered withered, summon'th.

God gave us music country...
To look forward to something, heard ugly.

God gave us the serpent...
So that we could choose to be the master instead of the Devil's servant.

God gave us freedom of choice...
So that we would choose the Jesus rejoice.

Michael Gale

Writers In Life?

Who must know what must be, must be? ...
Who knows what is free for thee?
When will we meet our maker? ...
Throughout life, must we remain lying-ever taking-fakers?
In life we use people like a throw away towel...
We are not wise like a non caring owl.
Writers just sit in on life and examine with care...
Who else would do this?
Who else would care and stare?
Being objective has all it's own perks and credits...
We writers just do not get involved in life.
All we do is read, peruse, scan or edit.

Michael Gale

Writing Poetry Can Be So Hard.

Writing Poetry can at times, be hard...
Nobody said, 'it was easy being a Bard.

The English language does not spell as it sounds...
There are many obstacles, to navigate, with it's many outer bounds.

Silent esses, with, p-esses, to boot....
Some times, i just don't give a damn, or even a hoot.

Words alike...
Like damn and dam.
Leaves me at times-
Lost, i am.

A dictionary, i am, armed real well....
A spell checker en route, enables me to spell, real swell.

In the old days, you'd require a pad and pencil and an eraser...
A later on, you'd need a small plastic bottle of liquid paper.

Now a days, you need, way, too much stuff...
This in turn, makes me riled and want to just get up and leave in an angered huff.

Michael Gale

Year Anew.

A new leaf...
A new year.

A new leap...
A new fear.

A new sweep...
We're all clear.

A smile upside down...
Can't really clown around'.

Have to begin anew...
Failures now, undo, as due.

Failures, hopely few...
Days unwanted, true.

Michael Gale

Yearning A Closer Burning, Beside Death's Own Door.

I awaken from rocking bed...
I awaken to a sledge-hammered head.
Iron's in fires too many...
Burn't too long, to a well, remembered song.
I hunger, to be moved, to death's close door...
I hunger, to live, no more.
If extinguished, this life's flame of strife...
Continues not, without continued life.
That burning tree of life, t'would ashen'd to me...
A Pheonix, incarnate-T'would be death to me.
I long for that, most, yearned break, of tide...
Better, to have lived less, than to have, a longer, soul, died.
A tearful believe, in spirit, shan't be cried...
Doomed to be forever, deafened-belied.
I break, with life's tide, blindly intoned...
Wished by sole, only well lonely drone'd.
Cast my line, to life's, lone river...
Cast me, finally, to my most high-life, grieved, misgiver.

Michael Gale

Yes-Elvis Died-His Very Own Way.

Born with a silver spoon in one's mouth, so to speak, as being rich...
Is a whole of a lot better than being born poor, & hardly with an ounce of
clothes, 'nary a stich.

Some people cannot handle the money and fame...
It is as if they are mindly sick and full of nothing but shame.

Kurt Cobaine, Elvis, Heath Ledger, Janice Joplin, and the list goes on, and
endlessly forever...
If i had such sorrowed troubles, I'd love it till the next of forever and never.

I'd learn to be happy and give generously to needy charities...
I'd be wealthily happy and live life to the fullest, and still have no disparities.

Depression and drugs, seem to be the famous ones', major downfalls...
I should only be unlucky enough, to have those worries, that to some and few,
are their final curtained, calls.

Oh God, so much to lose...If only this-i had my own way,
instead of the drugs and booze, i'd rather choose.

Michael Gale

Yon Beauty, Doth I Stare.

Yon dairy-air...
Is lustly round, i swear.

Yon beauty, is by far, above all, that, be fair...
Yon cascading fiery billowy, is thy hair.

Yon's hand in mairrage, is all that-I care...
Yon's bluest pooled eyes, that in, I do constanly stare.

Next to yon, in eternity, is thy place...
by me, to be there, as only do I care.

Michael Gale

Yon Lips Of Red

This kiss to lips, sublime....
Tender and loved, as soothing time.
Tastefully sweet as sweetest, wine...
As tendered fairly, that I dine.

Yon lips all red and true...
Know Thee well, that I love You.
These lips like cherry sign...
Makes me for more, to woefully pine.

Until the next time We met....
Be We two, to never forget.
Never get away to time...
Of Your love that robbed
Mine heart, this crime.

For without Your hot felt love...
Assuredly, We'll want to
reunite, above.

Michael Gale

You Alone.....My Love!

If i could place my love for you inside a
box...I would have you keep it next to your
heart, with many, many locked up locks!
For you would have the only keys...For you
are the only one, that i wish to please!
You alone continually stay on my mind...
You alone are one of a special kind! You
alone remain my only one desire...You
alone can be the only one i require! You
alone wake me up in the morning...You
alone, when angered give me your heated,
look of warning! You alone share with
me, your heart's most desired cravings,
You alone put up with my some times,
rantings and ravings! You and i, have remained
so tight...You alone have been my one
perfect, ! ! !

2006 Michael Jeffrey Gale

Michael Gale

You Are A Beautiful, Great.

You make my heart, freeze in time...
Baby, You make my heart skip it's beat.

You make me, fit this crime...
A crime of passioned, heart's
sweetened-tasty, treat.

Yes-You are so neat....
You are God's, artistic-Feat.

For you, I'd reel in the moon...
Of You, I, dream, early, morning-until,
the late-after noon.

My late, evening's wait...
Greetings, your, eternally-long awaited-gait.

You are my love...
A beautiful, great.

Michael Gale

You Are My Angel Dove.

Forever, my darling true...
Without you, I become too blue.

My pain, becomes, ever so large..
I am your obedient soldier, you, my sarge.

I'd walk a mile, to be again, with you...
I hope, we'll be together, and never, be through.

Through a hoop, would i leap...
My love for you, runs well, and deep.

How can i wander through love so blind? ...
You make me well, and peace filled, i unwind.

Your heart, melts me too...
I just, love you, it's true, I do.

Go not away as far from my heart...
You are, to my heart, an integral part.

Lost of words, as I'd be, lost of you...
No one else, will ever do.

We while away the hands of time...
For you, I'd find a million, instead of a dime.

You hold my tendered love...
You are my angel, and morning dove.

Michael Gale

You Are My Heart.

You are my heart...
My appreciated art.

My love captures your beauty, in it's being....
You are worth every breath, I inhale, at, your, seeing.

How can I continue without your heart entrancing my heart, even deeper? ...
How, may I depart, up my hill of absented-steeper?

How may I keep you like a bird inside my barred up heart? ...
I knew that I loved you from the beginning-est, start.

Your beauty slayed my sorrowed dragonistic heart....
Your personality, makes me from you, to never wish, I depart.

You are my flowered spring...
You instill to all, an honoured feeling, that you bring.

You are my enchanted forest...
Enabling my happy chorus.

The beat of mine heart, doth fly into the moon...
In all evers of ever, I'll hopely see you, that much-soon.

Michael Gale

You Are My Hot Cake's Syrupy, Love.

Pour your sweet love, over my hot cake...
My hot cake, be my heart.
Your tenderness, is my sweetened syrup,
That I constantly, wish to ingest and take.

You, for, I yearn, and am insatiable...
Until you are served, upon my love denied, table.

My table of love deserves the best...
Only, your being there, will, fill my zest.

Of life and love, you've always been...
My tendered moment, you, my fulfilling bin.

My aching heart, that you've healed...
You are the fertilizer, of my emotional field.

You plant your lips, upon, my heart...
You are my motor bike, that gets me, to start.

You are the key, to my engine's part...
You keep me going, you are beautiful,
and smart.

I'll ride the rails, of your love filled Jeep...
I love you now, my love, you'll keep.

I weep in my heart...
When, we be kept apart.

But, when we are together...
We are an emotionally, smooth,
running, motor cart.

You are the gas, of my start...
You are my much appreciated,
love en-swelling, mini mart.

You Are My Mate For Life.

A sunny smile that melts warmly to my heart...
I wish for us my dear, that we n'eer to ever part.

Your sunny smile shines brightest, when i see you next...
You rock my world all tender, af't we've had our sex.

You care for me the most, and only after i've smiled...
I cannot wait for the phone to ring, once you've phoned and dialed.

Distance is of no object, as long as we do talk...
It does not matter to me, if in many miles, that i may have to hitch or even walk.

My love for you, knows no bounds, as long as you are near...
You are my mate for life, to me you are so dear.

Michael Gale

You Are Not Better Than I.

Attended and graduated from the school of hard knocks...
Worked hard most of my life.

Don't believe in belittling anyone because of race, color or religion or even education for all that matters..

Why the Hell, should i care how you voted or what religion you are?
What makes someone special, is what is in their heart.

I was thrown in and out of one foster home to another most of my childhood and teen years and graduated high school thank you very much. So don't act like you are better than me because if you do i'll probably tell you you can kiss my arse and be done with it.

The only time i'll call someone stupid is if they infer that i am.

For all men are created equal in God's eyes.

Michael Gale

You Belong In A Zoo, If You Write, Haiku!

(I know i'll probably catch a lot of flack for doing this poem, but you Hakiu artist out there, don't need to take great offense at this poem! What i always say is 'To each, their own'! My taste is my taste, and your taste, is but your own. View points should always be free to be known or be, as it is. Freedom of speech, don't you know? In the U.S., it's known as Freedom of the Press!)

God bless poets, all. -MJG.

People who write poems as a Haiku...
Probably, would better belong living in a zoo.

Sorry, i do not see what be the challenge of write...
I truly believe that my styled in rhyme, is the most styled right.

I do not under stand, how to do this style...
It does not to me, seem to be, too, worth while.

This style in verse...
To me seems so much worse.

On this poetic, occasion...
In this style of the Asian-

I find, this, oh so very hard...
To be my best, thy rhyming, makes me the very, best, Bard.

Sorry! It is nothing personal...
This style just makes me, very much, cursonal!

Michael Gale

You Kicked, My Heart's, Own Butt.

You were the one, the one I liked...
You were the one, the one for me.

You was the one, that i set on my lap...
You, later, was the one that, made me a sap.

That sap, was I, now duped for love...
I thought you were the one, sent from above.

Why did you, just spurn me on? ...
How could you, just, unburnt me, none?

What would you gain, from setting me free? ...
What would you do, who would you see?

Why stab the knife, deep into my heart? ...
And keep on tearing it, the farthest apart?

What would you, have to gain? ...
Why, would you give me, so much pain?

The wheels were turning, hardest, under your head...
That was the reason, that i ended up dead.

Yours, was the mere, main reason...
That, I've had all the unreasonably, heart burned, treason.

Upon my stone, will they engrave...
I was your, stupid, puppetry slave.

Michael Gale

Your Heart, Your Heart, Forever Looms.

Her heart, was my moon...
Come to me, not to soon.

She orbited my lonely space...
Finally landed, to my place.

Her heart her heart, she lent to me...
She loosened my days of being lonely.

Lonely, lonely days gone by...
Never due, never fly.

The moon of our hearts, cast full bloom....
Our love not gone, but will always hang, to loom.

Looming into a view not previously spied...
Eternally shown, ne'er lied.

Alas-alas, my beau-tied best...
A love fro' time-twill stand thy test.

Time in an hour glass's, unspent, grain...
Never broken, long last-gain.

Gain and gained, thy love now-long...
Haply found, as in a song.

Song done sung, as sung for you...
Happiness is now, for me and you.

Blessed this day, that had not, I thought...
Since time we met, since you brought.

You brought to me, more days of love...
True to me, from One above.

From one above, we be as new...
Be as new, and loved as few.

Loved as few, as day is done...
Day is done, brought on by one.

By one as you, as you, be mine...
Yon beauty of yours, I'll forever dine.

Michael Gale

Your Smiled Beauty Tattooed Well Close To This Heart's Memory.

That wayward heart so far away lost in frozen time of the mind's picture...

Will my heart be able to start itself?

Will the beating heart beat another rhythmic love beat for thee? ...

Or will this heart, depart this loving land, deserted by your faith in me?

How may i go on in life without the love of a dearly devoted wife? ...

Will the morning bring back to me her friendly honoured loving faith?

Will this love so strong? ...

Be yet a long lasting, righted wrong.

Her smile which could launch many a sea faring ship...

Floats to my heart her love well grand.

Be it ever well tainted...

Her smiled beauty tattoo'ed and branded deep within my heart and brain.

May this heart's emotions never be tried or strained...

Our emoted heart's love, well likened and trained.

Your morning glory smile awakens the deep beast trapped forever inside my being...

Your elusive strength holds me tightly close to your heart.

Our days journied together, will never flee or part.

I will forever drink in to myself, this rare loving, beautied art.

Michael Gale

Your Sweet Kiss, Rests On My, Window, Sill-O.

Was i sad, and sudden, sent home...
Without a kiss, upon my lips.

Without, a long, good bye, my darling-missed kiss...
My darling, missed kiss, be the one, to me, dear, that i miss.

That i miss, the one you sent...
Of that one, that was misspent.

How i miss, your shadowed bliss...
For, you are the one, i sadly, miss.

Your kiss, well rested upon my pillow...
Next to my heart, as near, as good, as on,
My window, sill-o.

Michael Gale

Youth Filled Days, Done-Miss Spent

Remember the use of many a, church key, to open doors of ale?
Sealed of steel, to never pale.

Tastes refreshed as frothing's tide...
Imbued in depth to a most, liquored ride.

Dizzying effects bent to throes, aligned as never lost, astride...
Key holes of aluminum doth glide.

Crowned caps bent...
Sailed air currents-abide.

Drinking games like tops or beer pong....
Quarters, endured most to ballad-ac, song.

Never righteous, only wrong!

Michael Gale

Yukon Cops Are Cons In Yukon, Such Bad Boys Are They With Their Toys.

Cops are on the scene...

Cops on the silver screen.

'Bad boys-Whatch'a gonn'a do'?

'They's gonn'a come now, gon'na come getch yew'!

Cops on the silver screen puttin' their lives in peril...

Out on the streets cleaning up the bad guys who are dirty, germy, and very unsterile.

Cops are unappreciated as they are constantly put in danger...

In schools they warn children and students not to talk to Mr. Stranger Danger.

It seems cops are not around until you've not had the time or the money to pay for that expired car tag...

In the town of Yukon Oklahoma they were caught with a convient store, woman sales clerk in the back room undressed and playing 'one eyed snake to red snapper game of tag'. One was fired and the rest were investigated but still have a job...

Too bad these people are still working on the force while being an over sexed crime breaking slob.

I guess you'd say that these cops were 'Bad Boys'...

I say these cops could not resist the urge while on the clock to keep playing with their 'groinal toys'.

I guess that means its all right to break the law...

Only if you are the law!

Michael Gale